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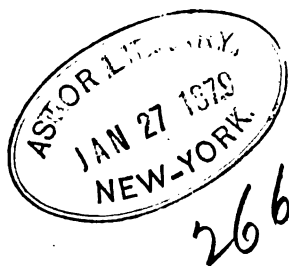
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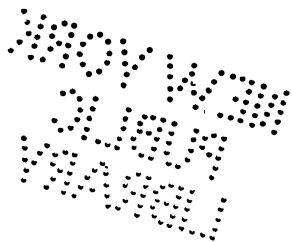
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THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

NO. LXVII. NEW SERIES.—JULY 1, 1872.

THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

The Latin Peoples.

II.

It would be a mistake to think that the republican movement in France has only a political character. The schools of science have also a powerful influence in the development of our ideas. Among them all the most prominent is the Positive School, whose general tendency is to substitute for theology and even metaphysics the purely human ideas which are indicated by reason, strengthened by experience, in harmony with nature, innate in the spirit, foreign to every transcendental tendency, and opposed to the supernatural. The series of fundamental ideas of this school is not at this moment a part of our theme, but its influence is clearly seen in the political and social tendency of the republican spirit of our time. Since the fourteenth century human reason has tended to rebel against the theocratic rule, and the human will to revolt against the feudal rule. This double spirit of opposition led in the Latin peoples to a monarchical and plebeian dictatorship; in the Germanic-Saxon peoples, to an aristocratic and Protestant dictatorship. But while this was taking place in the political and social world, human reason was gradually freeing itself by analytic efforts from theological ideas. The eighteenth century did much to accomplish this work. Political systems absorb ideas, as the plant the juices of the earth in which it grows. Three capital facts indicated the termination of the old theocratic state; first, the expulsion of the Jesuits, the army of authority and theology; second, the reforms of Turgot, which tended to found society upon a positive basis; third, the American revolution. All these facts were necessary preliminaries to the French revolution. This revolution was born in the midst of illusions, fancying it was to harmonize its new ideas with the ancient monarchy; but the annihilation of the monarchy was the first result of the revolution. For the monarchy, based on the hereditary transmission of social

functions, represented the last relic of the ancient caste, which was incompatible with the new intellectual and moral condition of the human race. The Convention founded a new society free from all theological ideas and opposed to feudal institutions. The hatred of monarchical Europe coalesced to attack it, forced it into dictatorship; the dictatorship drove it to internal terrorism, to sustain against French rebels and foreign enemies a universal war. But the dictatorship was carried too far, and even led into reaction by the disciple of Rousseau, by the master of St. Just, by the heir of the political idea of Louis XI., by the forerunner of Napoleon—the implacable and cruel declaimer, Robespierre. The war gave birth to a great army, and the army to great generals. While the army fought on the frontier for the national defence it was patriotic and republican; but as fast as it moved away it took on a pretorian character, and, forgetting the country, it identified itself with the chief who gave it victory. This chief converted it into a docile instrument of his own ambition. Blindly reactionary, Napoleon restored the military and theocratic rule; but this rule, which was opposed to the intellectual condition of the age, could only sustain itself by force, and could only derive the necessary force from war. Reduced to this necessity, its work became every day less popular, and resistance every day more popular. The power of Napoleon passed like a dream, and his name will be handed down to posterity with the names of the great reactionary rulers, like Julian the Apostate and like Philip II. But he left the monarchy standing, and the Bourbons thought that it was their ancient monarchy, firmly based upon faith, and transmissible from generation to generation, like an heir-loom, to their anointed family. The revolution of July demonstrated the impossibility of the hereditary principle, and consequently the impossibility of the monarchy. In the new social situation there were contradictory elements which the public judgment would sooner or later eradicate, such as the compatibility of national sovereignty and monarchical power, of religious liberty and Catholic supremacy. The confusions and anomalies of the law required many commentators and expert practitioners, whence arose the influence of advocates, who sustained the influence of the middle classes. The monarchy confessed its weakness when the parliament continually sought amidst its own debates the men who were to fill the places in the government, and to sustain the administration as well as the responsibility of affairs. In every way power abandoned its ancient intellectual direction of the people, and lost its hereditary, that is to say, its monarchical character. In consequence the theocratic and military and colonial rule, if not destroyed, was greatly weakened. Industry gained by the employment of new mechanical forces. The central idea of the literature of the age has been that

the eras of fetiches, of polytheism, of monotheism, and even of theism, have passed for ever, to be succeeded by the era of science. In the scientific world there has been a transformation. History has become philosophical. Mathematics have taken on a synthetic character. Astronomy has widened space, and discovered new planets. Biology has revealed the most hidden secrets of the human organism. The natural sciences have systematized the series of species. All these stages of progress are sure to give science a political power greater than it now possesses. There are many savants who ridicule or who oppose this power, because they do not comprehend it, as the priests did not comprehend the immense social destiny which Gregory VII. was preparing for them. But science, applied to the welfare of humanity, will one day obtain the voluntary assent of men, just as religion formerly did. The spiritual and temporal power of the Middle Ages will be restored; only in place of maintaining that attitude of opposition which grew up between them, through the theological character of the one and the military character of the other, they will be fused into mutual support. The spiritual power will be dedicated to education, and the temporal power to action. The European republic will replace despotism and anarchy. This system, in which may be seen some of the social ideas of St. Simon, and in the application of which it will be difficult to avoid aristocracies, or at least hierarchies subversive of natural equality, has given origin, not only in France, but in England as well, to many sects, which, apart from their technical divergences, are all liberal and republican.

The name of Littré would alone be sufficient to do honour to a school; and this is one of the distinguished names of the positivist school, although he does not agree with its founder in all the phases of his system and the entire development of his doctrine. There are other schools within the republican democracy, which respond to other scientific tendencies. Hegel especially has exercised in France the great influence which his synthetic genius merits. With him the state is the synthesis of the family and of civil society, and the moral quality of individuals is merely incidental. A republican system could with difficulty be evolved from this doctrine, although the entire philosophy of Hegel, especially in its historical conclusions, tends to the republic, the necessary organism of fundamental right. Vacherot, the disciple of Hegel, in his work on democracy, comes to the conclusion that the republic is the only form of government adequate to liberty, and demands for the republic centralization. But I hold that a centralized republic, directed by a sovereign assembly and by a single executive power, the emanation of universal suffrage, which shall have power to name judges and governors, and to direct the entire administration and policy of the

state, may be called a republic, but it will be a republican tyranny, and will end by falling into the hands of a Cæsar or of an oligarchy of office-holders.

Pierre Leroux is an eminent philosopher who has combated with severe logic the superstitions of that false religious education which forbids to the Latin peoples the comprehension and understanding of right. Profoundly spiritualistic, after demonstrating how little the moral law gains by founding itself on principles inadmissible to reason, he seeks God in the conscience and in the universe, and his providential law in nature and in history; and having established these sublime ideas, he deduces a theist religion with a pure moral code born of the conscience and sanctioned by a future life, in which the spirit concludes, after progressive ascensions, in attaining absolute good. This philosopher belonged in 1848 to the number of those who comprehended and who desired the republic. But he saw no republicans, and for that reason postponed the new form of government to a time when republicans should be educated and fitted to receive it, as if that education were possible in the bosom of monarchies, which are bound by their interests to do everything possible to keep the people in degradation and ignorance. Leroux now admits the necessity of establishing and organizing a republic, and has written a book dedicated to this object. This book is more occupied with the question of power than of right, more with the minute organization of the republic than with the new ideas which should animate it. He proposes in this book to suppress the presidency, in which he is right, for the presidency of a single citizen will always lead toward a monarchy; but he proposes also excessive powers for the assembly, in which he is wrong, because sooner or later every powerful assembly will tend to parliamentary dictatorship.

Let us continue the examination of the chiefs of the republican schools of France. An incomparable writer, a most eminent literary artist, of an eloquence whose tones are numberless, and a richness of ideas, and, above all, a feeling, which gives to his writings the unity of movement of a Greek tragedy, Michelet, who is above all a historian, in his account of ancient times, sympathises continually with the hates and griefs of the oppressed, as if his spirit suffered with all those who have suffered in the past, dragging their chains and receiving their wounds, till he becomes the prosecutor, the judge, and the executioner of tyrants sentenced by his righteous anger. He divides the modern world into two eras—the era preceding and the era succeeding the French revolution. The former is the era of grace, in which a God, who has grown up among the superstitions of the Middle Ages, distributes his arbitrary gifts; while the latter is the era of justice, in which the idea of God, purified by human

reason and incarnated in society, distributes among all men communion of right. In one of his formulas he says, "The word Priest means monarchy; the word Schoolmaster means republic." Eloquent also, and enlightened by great ideas, less energetic but more tender than Michelet, a thorough mystic, priest of the idea of God, before which he offered all his thoughts as if they were prayers, looking at space as the temple and the conscience as the sanctuary of the Creator, Quinet thought that the republic could not establish itself firmly in France for want of a moral foundation similar to the basis of the republic in America; and he also thought that this basis must be found in a new religion, promulgated and diffused by the revolutionary state: a great and fatal error. States never produce religions. Spontaneous movements of the spirit, religions are born from the conscience, are diffused by preaching, are purified by discussion, which fixes them firmly in the voluntary assent of enlightened spirits. The State cannot destroy and cannot create a religion. Moses and not Pharaoh created the religion of the Father; Christ and not Tiberius that of the Son; Luther and not Charles V. that of the Spirit. On the contrary, religions have been born in open opposition to the State. They have never arrived at the summit of power without having first sprung up and grown in the conscience. It is unfortunate that the Latin peoples find their liberties united with an authoritative and hierarchical Church; but it is impossible to replace this Church with another which shall rely on the sanction of the State. To raise and regenerate the world morally, it is necessary to enlighten it, to warm it with the glow of ideas which issue spontaneously from the conscience, and by their moral force possess themselves of the minds of men. Only in a moral doctrine, morally founded, can the republic be solidly established.

To these scientific schools may be added the school we may call the American. It is natural that an ideal so well known as that of the United States should have supporters in a nation so open to all ideas as is the French. On the soil of America, which seemed called to regenerate the planet, at the same time that the human mind was regenerating itself, without stamp of antiquity, without prestige of historical traditions, far from all aristocratic privileges, all ecclesiastical hierarchy, all monarchical authority, the descendants of the Puritans, intent only on uniting society with pure reason, founded a liberal and popular government, where human rights were placed above all ideas, above all institutions and laws, and the social authority distributed itself like the warmth of life among all citizens, universal suffrage inspired in intellectual liberty demonstrated its practical truth in popular sovereignty, and man was the entire master of all his faculties, and the family was sovereign by the sanctuary of the fireside, the self-governing muni-

ciality was the germ of the State, the sovereign States were independent in their sphere, united by natural gravitation to a strong nationality, justice was administered by all for all in the tribunal of the jury, and the Church, independent of the public authorities, served as the visible conscience of society. In these wise combinations of liberty with equality they harmonized antagonisms which seemed eternal—stability with progress, order with liberty, pure democracy with obedience to the law, the widest freedom of different social tendencies with a powerful nationality and ardent patriotism, the humanitarian with the cosmopolite spirit, indomitable independence of the individual with religious respect to authority—as if this experiment of progressive ideas were meant to demonstrate to all doubters how the sophistries and errors of reaction are dissipated in the pure light of independence and free reason.

This ideal had ardent apostles in France. A writer of aristocratic origin popularised the excellences and triumph of democracy. Sober in style, rich in ideas, De Tocqueville revealed the marvellous qualities of this government of the people by the people. A democratic state composed of great masses could be a state of order. The municipality serves as a school to all the citizens; justice serves as a check to the authorities; the laws are stronger than nature itself. To create and sustain this great and liberal democracy, general ideas, which appeared the patrimony of the Latin race, are adopted by the Saxon race by virtue of the universal education of the republic. A taste for science and the arts reached and influenced the masses. That exaggerated individualism which might degenerate into great selfishness disappears beneath the weight of free institutions. Every honest profession is, in the land of liberty, an honourable profession. Manners become modified by equality. The relations of masters and servants become more intimate, because both participate in the same dignity of citizenship. Wages are augmented by association. The equality of conditions gives simplicity to manners. The New World seems destined to demonstrate to the Old that there is no danger in the accomplishment of the two conditions necessary to human rights—liberty and equality.

These ideas during the empire were made known to the people in a book, by Laboulaye, much read and much admired, called "*Paris en Amérique.*" The practical exercise of natural liberties is seen there in its purity and truth. The proprietor sees that the republic assures him his income; the working man, that it assures him the reward of his labour; the priest, that it respects his conscience and his sacred liberty of speech; the mother, that it educates her children carefully in magnificent schools; the citizens, that it calls them to public life according to their various capacities, and guarantees their rights; that it opens to them all public offices; that it inspires them

with a full consciousness of their being, and with a severe sentiment of their responsibility. By its grace of style, by its moving narrative, by its growing interest, the book of Laboulaye is a living lesson given to the people in the difficult and necessary art of self-government.

These books have been followed by books of travel, in which the excellences of American democracy are practically shown. The supporters of this school of federalism and of the republic have rendered great service to civilisation and liberty. America has been for the people in their conception of democratic rule what England was for the middle classes in the foundation of constitutional government. The apostles of the American school in France, especially its two illustrious chiefs, De Tocqueville and Laboulaye, have not successfully cultivated, in reality, the idea to which, in theory, they have been so purely and platonically devoted. De Tocqueville belonged in 1848 to the Constitutional Commission. In what were his profound studies of the American constitution made known? Laboulaye is now a member of the French Assembly. In what does his adhesion to the American ideal appear? The thinker has only to give account of his thoughts; the politician should convert his ideas into acts. The public man should repeat before the people what he has said in his books and his writings, and he should repeat in Parliament what he has said to the people. De Tocqueville and Laboulaye ought to have been the founders of the federal republican party in France.

Can they be excused by the unitary character of France? I have never thought of denying it. But France has also federal traditions. Ancient Gaul was federal, like ancient Germany. Federal, also, was the communal movement which brought into life the burgher class; federal that sublime beginning of the French revolution in which each region asked for reforms, inspired by its interests and its necessity; federal that cohort of great orators, of great tribunes, who brought the honey of Attic eloquence on their lips, and the recollection of the Amphictyonic league in their hearts. Almost all died on the scaffold in the prime of life for having opposed the gigantic dictatorship which, absorbing municipal and provincial rights and the power of the State, necessarily tended to bring in Cæsarism, which is impossible in federalism. The French revolution would have been less powerful, but more enduring, if it had been federal. Little republics within a great nation: this is the saving formula. The kings of Europe in coalition and their armies made the federation impossible. The federals, accused of an intention to dismember the country, died on the guillotine, after having left the brilliancy of the loftiest eloquence in the tribune, after having debated in their last fraternal supper of the immortality of the soul with the same language placed by the divine Plato on the

lips of the dying Socrates. But in normal circumstances, if relieved from the pressure of war and the dictatorship, the federation is the fitting form of government for democracies. Proudhon, who resolutely advocated the federal idea in the latest writings of his laborious life, had a true presentiment of the fate which impended over democracies. Singular destiny of this man—he claimed the title of socialist, and yet dissolved the socialist schools, and attacked the power of centralization, and left like a ray of light shining through all his works these two important affirmations—the philosophical dogma of moral liberty, and the political dogma of a republican federation. France has had fifteen constitutions since she adopted the democratic system. She is about to adopt the sixteenth, and she has still scarcely comprehended the secret of the rapid decomposition of them all, in the excess of authority and central power. There is no means for democracy to obtain and preserve power, for authority and liberty to harmonize their historic opposition, for the fundamental tendencies of society to be associated without losing their individuality—there is no means of resolving all these problems, of realising all these advances, but in federation and through federation. The federal school in France had begun to be formed. Chaudey, assassinated in the last days of the recent Parisian revolution, defended the federal republic with genuine enthusiasm. Barni, a great propagator of modern philosophical ideas, banished on the 2nd December, sustained also the federation as applied to all the nations of Europe; in the same sense wrote and spoke Cochin, the author of a valuable book on the origins of revolution; Accollas, an eminent lawyer; and Simon of Treves, a German writer, whom persecutions and banishment have naturalised in France. All these contributed powerfully to the Congress of Geneva, where the republican federation was proclaimed as the organism necessary to modern democracy. But this party, perhaps through its small numbers, perhaps through its bad organization and the historical misfortunes of France, which created the republic in the midst of threats of foreign invasion, when the empire was destroyed on the 4th of September, did not, perhaps could not, avoid the ancient formula of the republic, one and indivisible, which I do not hesitate to call the republic of authority, and consequently not durable.

Let us admit the whole truth. The revolutionary tradition most followed in France is the tradition of Jacobinism. The Girondists have gained the admiration and the sympathies worthy of men who could feel like Barbaroux, think like Condorcet, and talk like Vergniaud. But though they could thus think and feel and talk, they were not equally successful in action. Men of ideas, they were continually out of harmony with events. Their intelligence seemed

to grow dizzy in the vapours of real life. They accepted the power of the monarchy, and conspired against it. They opposed the death of Louis XVI., and then, by a servile compromise with an excited public opinion, conceded it. They gained a majority in the Convention, and were not capable of retaining it. They sustained an offensive war, and did not display energy sufficient for such a supreme effort. They annoyed the Montagnards with harangues in the Assembly, and could neither overcome them with votes in the sections nor drive them out of the council with authority. But history has pardoned them this, because history pardons everything to those who know how to die.

On the other hand, the Jacobin tradition extends from the 31st of May, when the Girondists were conquered, to the 19th of Thermidor, in which those men were triumphant, who were called from that fatal date Thermidorians. And at this time all those works were undertaken, and all those miracles performed, which have immortalized the Convention. Speeches gave way to acts, and the hesitations of the government of talk to the energy of the government of action; the complications of the Girondist policy, which discussed and consulted where it was necessary to decide and to work, to that immense dictatorship which sought only victory at every cost, and placed the generals on the frontier, and the scaffold in Paris. Fourteen armies were improvised. Six hundred thousand young men rushed, with the "Marseillaise" on their lips and the old republican virtue in their hearts, to fight for liberty and for the country. Their mothers, whom the revolution had filled with fanaticism, spoke to them of death, like the mothers of Sparta. Twenty-two commissions were opened in the Convention with the mystery and celerity of nature. Thus all France contributed its labour to the war, thanks to universal requisitions. The young men fought, and the rest sustained the epic contest. The kings of Europe were conquered and humiliated by obscure volunteers. The ancient tactics of Frederick the Great were disconcerted by the new tactics of Carnot. France, sold by the king to the foreigner, saved herself from the foreigner by a sublime effort which will always be counted among the prodigies of human heroism. Two men principally directed this—Robespierre and Danton. These two men possessed very different qualities. One was art, and the other nature; one was chicane, and the other thought; one was declamation, and the other eloquence; the one unfeeling virtue, and the other human perverseness; the one used cruelty as a system, and the other as a last resort; the one was partisanship with all its narrowness, the other humanity with all its vices and its virtues; the one the Machiavelism, the other the frankness, of revolution; the one was conspiracy, and the other war; the one selfish in his most humane impulses, the other generous in his

most abominable crimes; the one anxious for power and glory for himself, the other for the grandeur of the country; the one astute and calculating, the other strong and passionate; the one the disciple of Rousseau, as men of common talents are always disciples, the other personal and original, as profound talents always are. In his cold, pallid, bony countenance Robespierre revealed the desolation of his soul; while in his giant-face, scarred by small-pox, Danton revealed the interior flash of his genius. The head of Danton, who was the brain of the French revolution, fell into the basket of the guillotine through the implacable hate of his life-long enemy; but when Robespierre, harassed, accused, driven to the brink of the abyss by the men of Thermidor, wished to speak in the Convention, and they refused to hear him, wished to supplicate, and they threatened him, tried to threaten, and they laughed at him, tried to silence them, and they rose against him as he leaped from bench to bench in the hostile and tumultuous Convention, seeing no place of safety, a terrible voice uttered the meaning of the whole tragedy: "Robespierre, the blood of Danton chokes thee!"

X Robespierre has retained the greater authority among the men of revolution from two causes—first, because only his friends survived and preserved the spirit of the revolution; and second, because on the death of Robespierre followed immediately the reaction of Thermidor, which at last, from one excess to another, led to the 18th Brumaire and the dictatorship of the empire.

It is, perhaps, through all these causes that Jacobinism retains many partisans still in France. There are some who are still in favour of acts of terrorism, and others who oppose them, but all have a conception of the state which, in my opinion, contradicts the essential basis of democracy and the republic. Among French Jacobins may be named Peyrout, a writer of depth and moderation; Hamel, who brings to his historical studies all the passion and zeal of the first revolution; the austere journalist, the late Delescluze; and the poet Felix Pyat, often inspired, always bold in his statements, and warm and eloquent in his language.

But I maintain, and shall always maintain, that if the French revolution was saved in 1793 by its unitary spirit, it was afterwards lost by the absence of the federal spirit. I copy here what I said on the 12th March, 1870, in the Constitutional Assembly of my country, presenting the parallel of a federal democracy with a centralized democracy. "The French democracy has a glorious lineage of ideas—the science of Descartes, the criticisms of Voltaire, the pen of Rousseau, the monumental Encyclopædia; and the Anglo-Saxon democracy has for its only lineage a book of a primitive society—the Bible. The French democracy is the product of all modern philosophy, is the brilliant crystal condensed in the alembic

of science; and the Anglo-Saxon democracy is the product of a severe theology learned by the few Christian fugitives in the gloomy cities of Holland and of Switzerland, where the morose shade of Calvin still wanders. The French democracy comes with its cohort of illustrious tribunes and artists, that bring to mind the days of Greece and the days of the Renaissance—Mirabeau, the tempest of ideas; Vergniaud, the melody of speech; Danton, the burning lava of the spirit; Camille Desmoulins, the immortal Camille, brilliant truant of Athens, with a chisel in place of the pen, a species of animated bas-relief of the Parthenon. And the Anglo-Saxon democracy comes with an array of modest talent—Otis, the unassuming publicist; Jefferson, the practical orator; Franklin, common-sense incarnate—all simple as nature, patient and tenacious as labour. The French democracy improvises fourteen armies, gains epic battles, creates generals like Dumouriez, the hero of Jemmapes; like Masséna, the hero of Zurich; like Bonaparte, general of generals, the hero of heroes. The Anglo-Saxon democracy sustains a war of various fortunes, brings together little armies, makes campaigns of little brilliancy, and has for its only general Washington, whose glory is more in the council than in the field, whose name will be enrolled rather among great citizens than among great heroes. Nevertheless, the French democracy, that legion of immortals, has passed like an orgie of the human spirit drunken with ideas, like a Homeric battle, where all the combatants, crowned with laurel, have died on their chiselled shields; while the Anglo-Saxon democracy, that legion of workers, remains serenely in its grandeur. A parallel which reveals the brilliant means and scanty results of the one, and the scanty means and brilliant results of the other—an instructive parallel written in history with indelible characters, to teach us that the French democracy was lost by its worship of the state, by its centralization, by its neglect of the municipality, of the rights of districts, and even the rights of individuals; while the Anglo-Saxon democracy was saved by having in the first place founded the rights of man, and afterward the organized and self-governing municipality, and finally, a series of counties and states also self-governing, powerful instruments by which authority was united to liberty, giving us the model of the modern polity."

The French democracy has also embraced sects which, in addition to and beyond political reform, have proposed social reform. An idea is usually composed of a series of ideas, and in the revolutionary idea is virtually embraced the economic and social conditions indispensable to the emancipation of the people. All great movements of humanity have been economic and social in their character. The Roman empire destroyed property as it was understood and enjoyed by the patriciate. The rise of feudalism was connected with terri-

torial sovereignty and jurisdiction. The crown, to raise its authority above all others, created the royal patrimonies, and incorporated the fiefs with itself. The municipality would never have given birth to the bourgeoisie, nor broken the servitude of the tenantry, without the law of reality. The revolution against the monarchy destroyed the royal patrimonies; the revolution against the aristocracy destroyed entail; the revolution against the Church destroyed mortmain. The great democratic revolution would be incomplete without the economic emancipation of the people; and this can surely be obtained through association and universal suffrage, without destroying individual property. Does not labour emancipate itself from capital through co-operation? Through co-operation does not labour arrive at the point where wages are changed to dividends? Do we not arrive through the recently established systems of association at a harmony of all interests? This much, I hope, is the fruit of our principles. But I do not expect it from those Utopias which, pretending to emancipate the labourer, foolishly construct a strong centralized state, which aim to bring all men to the dead level of communism, either through the orders of an industrial pontificate, or through the power of a bureaucratic hierarchy, or through the authority of encroaching powers, or through the increase of centralization and of taxes—all reactionary measures which would fall with double weight upon the shoulders of the people. I know that Utopia is eternal. The human race for ever cools its brow and dries its tears in the breeze of hope. Even in the ancient society, where despair was universal and suicide was frequent, above all sorrows and ruins of the time rose those mystic sibyls, whose eyes, worn out with looking at the future, saw in its depths the flight of ideas freighted with consoling promises. Utopia is eternal. I have seen how the ancient world, while it felt on its eyelids the sleep of death, felt at the same time in its heart the breath of renovation expressed in the immortal verse of Virgil; how amidst the irruptions of the barbarians, terrible as the catastrophes of geology, floated the dream of the city of God; how over the bowed forehead of the slave sounded in the eleventh century the terrors of the last judgment and the apocalyptic poem of the universal resurrection; how the monks of the thirteenth century taught with the inspiration of tortures and of penance the eternal gospel; how, later, some awaited the metamorphosis of matter; others contemplated the ascending progress of beings up to their conversion into ethereal luminous bodies, where the spirit can be seen to circulate; others the descent of legions of angels to bear us on their wings the creative word, which should give us the secret of rising through the spheres to the summit of the universe, to the beatific vision of the Eternal. I can not wonder, then, at the dream of the Reign of Capacities, nor of the industrial pope, nor

of the rehabilitation of the flesh, nor of the prodigies promised to the phalanstery, nor of the eternal pleasures reserved in the new theories, suspended above our age like those clouds peopled with fantastic forms illuminated by the rays of the setting sun. But I object to embracing within the programme of the federation and of the republic all these vague aspirations, some of them contrary to progress, and others to individual rights, and all dangerous to the peace of democracy; because if we promise the impossible and the absurd, the day of the republic, instead of being the day of redemption, will be the day of disenchantment. Let us not forget the deleterious effects of this sensual cosmogony, perverting the minds of the labouring class to the point of indifference to liberty, to democracy, to the republic, which are insipid blessings in comparison with the material advantages of the Utopias. On that fatal day of the 2nd December, the tyrant was able to accomplish with impunity the assassination of France, because the people, perverted by Utopian dreams and by the legions of the empire, imagined that their deputies, persecuted, seized by the soldiery, were merely defending their twenty-five francs a day when they defended the wounded sovereignty of the Assembly and the outraged majesty of the republic.

All these schools, in spite of their various contradictions, show that the republican idea in France has great vitality. Eighty years have passed since the first republic; six times the attempt has been made to restore the monarchy, to ally it, now with liberty by means of doctrinaire systems, now with democracy by means of the Cæsarist régime, and the effort has always failed. The republic has been born from the voluntary will of the people, while the monarchy has been established by the irresistible force of the army. If we except the revolution of 1830, in which the masses were misled by Lafayette proclaiming in Louis Philippe the best of republics, the monarchy has always come to France either through *coups d'état*, or by foreign armed intervention. The Cæsarist monarchy arose on the 18th Brumaire from an imperial conspiracy. The Cossacks of the Don brought back the crown of St. Louis to the banks of the Seine. Another military insurrection restored Cæsarism; another armed and foreign intervention the legitimate monarchy. Eighteen years appeared to have established the doctrinaire system, when a gust of new ideas carried it away in February, 1848. Napoleon fell at Sedan because he had always lived in the midst of Paris, like conquerors in a rebellious district, jealous and fortified. In fact, the loss of liberty has continually led to the intellectual and moral decline of France, and to the creation of a Byzantine policy; to imprudent wars in which the unity of Italy and Germany was favoured, to convert them at last into implacable enemies, with a veto imposed upon the one to

reach the Tiber, and a veto imposed upon the other to cross the Rhine, which was sufficient to unite and arm them both against France. This folly reached its extreme point in the effort of Cæsarism to extend its deadly shadow over America, the continent of liberty. Napoleon was dethroned in the popular conscience before he was taken prisoner at Sedan. The 4th of September, 1870, was no more than the expression of the idea prevalent in all minds—the dethronement of the Napoleons and the proclamation of the republic.

It was in evil circumstances, however, that this saving idea was proclaimed. The unfortunate inheritance of the empire came with it, and well-nigh destroyed it. Gambetta foresaw this when he begged that the people should await tranquilly the proper moment for vindicating their rights; but the people were impatient, and feared to lose that supreme opportunity of restoring the republic destroyed by the perjury of Bonaparte. The republic was proclaimed. The parliamentary element of the republican party, the least energetic of all its elements, came to power. Not one of those exiles who were the glory of the French democracy was associated in the colossal work. Within the same government there were irreconcilable groups and implacable oppositions. From Ernest Picard, who was inclined to compromise with the empire in its later days, to Henri Rochefort, who was taken from the prisons of the empire, there was such a series of contradictory ideas and hostile passions that the government of the republic was condemned in those critical and momentous hours to that most fatal of all conditions—a state of uncertainty.

They all had great confidence in General Trochu, and General Trochu had no confidence in the republic. A military writer and not a practical soldier, he owed his fortune and his popularity to a well-written book about the Prussian army. But men were needed who felt toward the pen the horror of Danton, and to action the love of Carnot. Misled by his false estimate of this military chief, Jules Favre heedlessly pledged France never to concede an inch of her territory nor a stone of her fortresses. With still less prevision, the oldest and weakest of the government of National Defence were sent to the provinces. When Gambetta escaped from Paris through the air precious time had been lost. His Dantonian activity could still save the honour, but not the integrity of the country.

They suffered in policy the same vacillation as in war. Why did they not call the government purely and exclusively republican? Why convert it into a government of defence, which deprived it of all political character? Why did they not proclaim loudly that the empire had been a usurpation of twenty years, and that the restoration of the republic restored the legality wounded but not annihilated by the assassination of the 2nd December? There were but two paths to pursue, either a grand revolutionary dictatorship, or a

parliamentary appeal to the people. The government began by convoking the Assembly, and concluded by postponing the meeting of the Assembly. In such a crisis doubt was fatal.

Trochu let day after day pass in perfect inaction. The hope of France was in the resistance of Metz; for while Metz resisted, the siege of Paris was languid, and the capital might still be liberated by the forces which Gambetta was arming. On the 30th of October an enterprising journal said that Metz had surrendered. The news roused Paris to fury. It was officially denied by the government, and the next day confirmed. The most advanced republicans rose and took the government prisoner. The government was saved by the movement of a few National Guards collected and conveyed through subterranean channels by Picard. The government, in turn victorious, pursued the republicans with misdirected fury at a time when the force which springs from harmony was indispensable.

The ancient municipality! was the cry of advanced republicans in Paris. The government responded to this cry with a plebiscitum. The siege continued, and the inaction. Paris at the end of the year was inclosed in a belt of iron. The German armies of the east, liberated by the fall of Metz, reinforced the besiegers, and directed themselves to preventing the arrival of succour. Sorties were demanded by all Paris. Trochu listened to this clamour, but the sortie was useless. Great sacrifices, great heroism, destructive battles in Montretout at the end of the siege, like those in Bergeret at its beginning, but all useless through the incapacity of the leaders. Ducrot promised not to return unless victorious or dead, and he returned defeated and alive. Trochu promised that he would never capitulate, and, in fact, he did not; but his lieutenants capitulated for him. The people rose in indignation. New disturbances agitated Paris, and again French blood ran in the streets of the capital—wounded, bombarded, hungry, decimated by war and pestilence, smarting under an exasperating defeat and the live coals of the Prussian occupation, which filled its great avenues and projected the shadow of its helmets and its banners on the majestic lines of the Arch of Triumph.

In the meantime the National Assembly comes together in Bordeaux to arrange a treaty of peace. After such catastrophes, while the immense territory extending between the Loire and the Rhine was overflowed with Germans, the principal cities from Strasburg to Tours and Paris surrendered, and the earth barren from the desolation of battles, farms destroyed by fire, granaries sacked and exhausted by requisitions, thousands of corpses on the soil, clouds of pestilence and vapour of blood in the air, industry broken, misery increasing, the French people bled to exhaustion—in the midst of the terror of war among the peasantry and the intrigues for peace

among the monarchists, this Assembly was born, sitting yesterday in Bordeaux and to-day in Versailles, which, without authority, assumed the powers of the Constitutional Assembly, and threatened with a monarchical restoration a people whom the monarchy had destroyed.

It is impossible to repeat all the errors of this Assembly. Its first words were of hatred to the republic. Peace was arranged with impatient haste, and Alsace and Lorraine delivered to the foreigner. The people of Bordeaux saw themselves insulted by the jealous monarchists. Next came attempts at restoration. Individual rights are disregarded; the autonomy of municipalities denied; the terrible ordinances of the Empire are restored against the right of association; Thiers receives the investiture of chief of the executive—Thiers, who represents eclecticism in philosophy, property qualification against universal suffrage, the sovereignty of the tax-payers against that of the people, the reign of the middle classes against democracy, and Orleanism against the republic. Next it is threatened that France is to be decapitated; that Paris, which has resisted the Prussians five months, is to lose her metropolitan crown, broken by those who had bowed before the victory of the Prussians. Versailles, the ancient capital of absolutism, was to be again the capital of France; and the historic city, the city of universal prestige, constructed by the genius of France—the city which had written the *Encyclopædia*, which had been the tribune of Mirabeau, and promulgated the fundamental rights of man, which had given to the revolution its idea and to the constitution its soul—saw itself condemned for its republican faith to lose the capital of the republic.

Who could wonder at the revolution of the Communists of Paris? The city, disposed to sacrifice everything for the republic, feared that it was to be despoiled of its form of government. The idea of a revolutionary municipality, which did not prevail at the end of October, when Metz capitulated, nor at the end of January, when Paris surrendered, prevailed on the 18th of March, 1871, when the Parisians thought the republic defeated. The committee of the National Guard vindicated the right of Paris to govern herself by means of a republican and revolutionary municipality. This municipality possesses great traditions in France. It is that powerful institution which commanded the troops of Paris, which had for its general Henriot, which raised the sections against all the assemblies when the assemblies declined or vacillated, which tore down kings and raised up the Jacobins, which instituted a dictatorship over France and delivered the Girondist to the scaffold, which directed the clubs and governed the Convention, which was one of the most powerful and singular institutions engendered by the genius of the French revolution—sometimes humane and sometimes monstrous, and

always original and fruitful. When we have said this, it is superfluous to say that the municipality of Paris never possessed the federal character. Those who most desired its establishment were they who least wished the federation. They were the most Jacobin among all the republicans.

Nevertheless, the progress of the federal idea has been great. The inhabitants of cities should, if they wish to organize their liberty, bring together assemblies, and draw up their municipal charters and the constitutions of their communes. If Paris had accomplished this, Paris would have given a new lesson to the human race. But the characteristic of the revolution of March is that it attempted to defend federal ideas with Jacobin proceedings, to save liberty by means destructive of liberty—by dictatorship. It declares the Commune, abolishes conscription, summons all the citizens to the national militia, separates Church from State, proclaims lay instruction, secularizes ecclesiastical property, re-establishes the republic as the sole government compatible with popular rights and suited to the development of society, declares the integrity of absolute right in every man, asks complete autonomy of the municipality, with a right of voting taxes and administering its own affairs, with the nomination of its magistrates and the right to organize its instruction and police, the permanent control of citizens by means of councils and primary assemblies; seeking to found the unity of France not in the army, nor in the civil service, nor in the privileged church, nor in hereditary monarchy, but in the assent of all free minds, and in the voluntary association of all self-governing municipalities.

In these fundamental ideas, which are sound, and which, if it were not for certain economic errors which for want of space I am compelled to omit in my exposition, would be perfect, there is nothing to which we can object; but there is very much to criticize in their proceedings. They proclaimed municipal autonomy, and avoided consulting the citizens. They proclaimed the sacredness of all rights, and they fired volleys against those who undertook manifestations opposed to the dominant ideas. All opposition newspapers were broken up as in the worst days of despotism, the houses of citizens were violated as under Napoleon, the force of authority was lacking, while crowds of assassins murdered Generals Thomas and Lecomte; they renewed the "suspected" lists of the old revolution, and the persecution of the priests; the electors were tired out by continual summonses to the polls, and when the electors failed to come the municipality was filled by arbitrary appointment. They wished to induce France to join the federal compact, and they omitted the names of illustrious republicans, who would have been like a guarantee for all France. Intestine divisions soon broke out.

One body of Communists imprisoned other Communists. The generals passed from the field, from the fort, to the prison. Defeat became a crime. Bergeret, Cluseret, succeeded each other without fixing the authority or organizing the army. Rossel, with his fervid love of humanity and country, put forth enormous efforts to reduce the undisciplined host to authority, and not succeeding, offered his resignation and demanded a cell in Mazas. It is no wonder that their conduct was so opposed to their principles, their defence so vacillating, the government of Paris so constantly attacked, and the final defeat so inevitable. Nor is it to be wondered at that at last they fell into two such great errors and crimes as the death of the hostages and the burning of the public buildings.

But the government of Versailles was cruel, implacable, sanguinary. They bombarded Paris with more fury than the Prussians. They slew Flourens, who, fanatical for liberty, sacrificed in its cause his fortune and his life. They calumniated their enemies, calling them bands of thieves, when the administration of the municipality had been strictly honest. They wished to make a crime of the demolition of the Column of Vendôme, which, to my fancy, always appeared like a scaffold on which France and Europe were decapitated by the infamous policy of the Cæsars. They made a war without pity and without quarter. They slaughtered prisoners by discharges of artillery. They shot women and children. They organized a system of espionage, and hired informers, as in the worst days of the empire. They left behind them such bloody memories as will for ever embarrass a sincere reconciliation among French citizens—a reconciliation which is necessary and indispensable to the establishment and the strength of the republic. This is the work of Versailles.

No other resource is left to France to cleanse the stains imprinted on her brow by the empire but to sustain with constancy and organize with wisdom the republic. In nature superior organisms survive the inferior. In society the same thing happens. The nation which is glorified by an idea, and which acquires the robust organization necessary to sustain life and liberty, quickly recovers and regains its strength through the inspirations of virtue, by the discipline of labour, and becomes anew the model and the ideal to be copied and followed by peoples which desire the light. In the republic, and only in the republic, is the salvation of France. Recent testimony assures us that though the Assembly of Versailles may disregard this truth, the people have learned it; and we confidently hope that the people will make it prevail for their sake and for the tranquillity of Europe.

EMILIO CASTELAR.

BEETHOVEN.

THERE is in the names of some men a significance inexpressible by any words. Homer, for instance, Dante, Michael Angelo, Shakespeare: these names sound like clanging strokes upon that great horologe, whose dial is the world, and its minute-marks the ages. Generations impatiently interrogate the index of this dial; but the motion of it is imperceptible, and none can say whether, when it shall have again revolved its silent circle, it will point to mid-day or to midnight. If you ask what o'clock it is, the horologe answers by a name. Between each sonorous response the secular silences slide unreckoned to oblivion; but as, ever and anon, some new name clangs echoing into space, the intelligence of Humanity counts another hour.

I.

Just a century ago, in the pretty academic town of Bonn, upon the Rhine, which was then the residence of the Electors of Cologne, the wife of a poor and obscure singer gave birth to a boy, whose name is now a word of weighty import in the simplest, yet most significant, of all languages—the language of Fame. The parents of this child were extremely poor. His father was a drunkard, and his mother an invalid. When he was three years old his grandfather died, and from that moment the circumstances of the family continued to grow worse and worse. At a very early age he evinced a decided musical genius; and when he was thirteen years old some enthusiastic friends of his family boldly prophesied that the child might, perhaps, become a second—Mozart!¹

What he did become, other friends have since recorded with emphatic brevity.

Whoever may care to visit the little suburb of Währing (once a country village, and now a faubourg of the great city of Vienna) will find there a cemetery which has not yet wholly lost its rural character. Amongst its tombs and mortuary monuments there is one, of the most austere simplicity, which has engraved upon it a name—and nothing more. No title, no record, not even a date, not a word of explanation or of praise, attracts attention to the stone which bears this name. The name alone suffices. At the sight of it we bow the head and uplift the heart; all within us grows still and holy as in a church; a sacred silence takes possession of the

(1) Mozart himself afterwards said of Beethoven, "Keep an eye on this young fellow: he will teach you all something one of these days."

soul, and the spell of that silence is possessed by only one great name — **BEETHOVEN**.

Arrow-like, this name cleaves the ages and clings to the heart. In the mere sound of it there is a world of ideas. But what has been done for us by the owner of it, more than by many other great men, that his name should thus so strangely overcome us? He composed music. How many hundred others have done the same, and done it well? Was not Palestrina also a composer of music? and Haydn? and Mozart? and Rossini? Why, then, do we instinctively classify, apart from all others, the solitary name of Beethoven? The explanation is difficult, perhaps impossible; but the fact is uncontested and incontestable. The name of Beethoven is one of the great dates of Humanity.

It is forty-four years since Beethoven died. The age we live in is an age of criticism. But no critic has yet exhaustively analysed, or completely explained, all the psychical phenomena of the influence of this man's genius. We all of us understand it, and respond to it according to our several degrees of receptivity. But no one can precisely explain to us what it is which we thus feel and understand without need of any explanation. Once again, the name alone suffices—the name alone explains the sentiment it inspires.

Assuredly, if it were impossible to understand the special significance of Beethoven's genius, or to recognise the extent and distinguish the character of its influence, without a technical knowledge of music, the present contribution would never have been offered to the homage claimed by the one and the thoughts suggested by the other. It would, however, be a serious misfortune for the world if the work achieved on behalf of the world by such men as Dante, Raphael, and Michael Angelo, had been achieved exclusively for poets, painters, architects, or sculptors, and were inappreciable by the rest of mankind. What we ask, and get, from every great artist, is not initiation into the technical mysteries of his art, but insight into the far more interesting mystery of our own souls. The ultimate value of his work is determined, not by the method, but by the result of it; and, since we can only weigh this result by the sum of the sensations which the contemplation of it excites in us, it is virtually ourselves that we are analysing when we attempt to analyse the genius of an artist. Fortunately, no man need exhibit a diploma of professorship in architecture before presuming to record the profound impression made on him by the aspect of a Gothic cathedral; nor is it necessary to be the member of a dramatic college in order to claim the privilege of discussing Shakespeare. The sun in heaven speaks intelligibly to all who have eyes to see, or a heart to feel, the beauty and the power of his beams. Genius is like the sun; it shines on all, yet remains beyond the reach of all it shines on. Its beauty is

universal; its secret is its own. All men can feel it; some men can describe it; no man can entirely explain it. Before speaking of the sun, it is enough to have seen his light and felt his heat. No one who honestly records what he has thus felt and seen need fear to be called to order by the Astronomer-Royal for not having previously studied the phenomena of the photosphere and the corona.

It is in the strength of this assurance that I am about to speak of Beethoven. In doing so, I shall not intrude upon any portion of the ground which belongs of right only to professed musical critics.

II.

As man, as thinker, as artist, as poet, Beethoven has his peers. He was good, simple, honest; he loved intensely, and suffered as he loved; he had the intellectual strength of a giant, and therewithal the industry of a man who tries hard to compensate his lack of natural vigour by careful and continuous labour. Imagination, invention, depth of feeling, and all other qualities which, in their union, constitute the artist and the poet, he not only possessed, but possessed in supreme perfection. He had a profound reverence for the sanctity of his vocation. In his character there was nothing low or little; in his life nothing ill regulated. Both were pure, austere, severely disciplined. He had not a taint of vulgarity; and his sensitive pride was free from all admixture of vanity, self-conceit, or self-seeking. His admiration for the *chefs d'œuvres* of other men was full of generosity. He judged himself without favour. Compare all this, and much more that is to be found in the character of Beethoven, with the same qualities such as you find them in other men—poets and artists. It is pleasant to be able to affirm that Humanity has never been destitute of such qualities; and a thousand names of noble men will at once present themselves as claimants for the representation of what is beautiful and admirable in human nature. But when all these claims have been verified, admitted, and compared, add up the reckoning, and you will be astonished at the result. The curiosity of the chemist is only mocked by the *encheiresin naturæ*; in every organic body there is always something which escapes analysis, and in the influence of Beethoven on his age there is a secret as inexplicable as life. He was not one of those men of genius whom the world fails to recognise till it has lost them. Though for some time his genius was only imperfectly understood, it was never ignored. The comprehension of it was slow, but the apprehension of it was immediate. A musician of Beethoven's day, a pianist *à la mode*, of the school of Clementi—one of that numerous class of artists who are thoroughly conscientious, and yet thoroughly mediocre—once described to a friend, by whom his words have been

repeated to me, the sensations with which he first listened to the symphony in C minor. "I was," he said, "one of three who sat out the end of the symphony, out of respect for Beethoven. I could make nothing of the music; it was utterly incomprehensible to me. I found myself, as it were, before a door which was shut fast in my face; *but all the while I instinctively felt that behind this door something great was going on.*"

Now that all Beethoven's works are so generally known, people find it difficult to understand how people could ever have found them difficult to be understood. The reason is, that the world's musical intelligence has gone further during the forty-four years which have elapsed since the death of Beethoven than in all the centuries which preceded his birth. There could be no greater evidence of the power of his genius. Nothing like it has been achieved in any other art or by any other artist. Notwithstanding the number and the splendour of them, the sublimest masterpieces of the cinquecento are far from having bequeathed to the gaze of Humanity horizons as remote as those which were suddenly opened by the gigantic conceptions of this one man. There is all the difference in the world between *renaissance* and *naissance*.

One of the few secret roads which lead the soul to her deliverance from the wastes and deserts of life had long remained undetected by the pathfinders of humanity. At the end of that road a world lay hidden. When Beethoven appeared it was as though a great veil had been rent, and this hidden world was immediately revealed to every eye. Then it was that Music for the first time spoke to us in her own language. Till then she had spoken almost every language but her own. Her life upon earth had been the life of a handmaid and a hireling. Religion had employed her now and then in its services and ceremonies to stimulate a sentiment which, on the whole, could afford to dispense with her assistance. Frivolity was more exacting; yet, after all, the dance required of her little more than a rhythmic cadence to a well-marked time. Even her nominal temple, the Opera, was often a house of bondage, to which she was admitted rather as a servant to the human voice than as a sovereign of the human soul. Girls sang at their spinning-wheels, drunkards at the tavern, and at the banquets of princes conversational platitudes were mercifully drowned in floods of harmony. And all this was music, no doubt. But it was music accompanying something else, and purely accessory to something else—music with divine service, music with dancing, with singing, with talking, and eating, and drinking; music secondary and subservient to whatever else could furnish it with a pretext and excuse. The Muse of Music, however, is *bonne fille*. Whatever you ask of her she does; and does so well, indeed, that, times out of mind, devotees have forgotten

their breviaries and chaplets, maidens their spinning-wheels, and all sorts of people have felt themselves inexplicably effected in all sorts of ways, under the sorcery of her simplest spells.

One man, at last, divined that under the disguise of a servant she was concealing the divinity of a goddess; and this man resolved to know her as she is. If you listen to that symphony in C minor you hear with a mystic thrill his blows upon the bronze door of music's secret.¹ That door rolled open wide to his audacious summons, and behind it he found Music in her own home. There, she appeared quite otherwise than when she was running about the streets at the service of those who condescended to employ her without asking many questions as to her character, or warbling romances *à la mode* in fashionable drawing-rooms. There, she spoke authoritatively in her own divine language—a language like no other, and full of images derived exclusively from a world of her own; a language whose function is not to translate, but to reveal. What is spoken in this language cannot by any possibility be otherwise spoken. And, as Beethoven was the first who dared to interrogate music directly, the first who forced her to speak out in her natural character, so he was also the first who had the courage or the humility to efface completely his own personality in the presence he had evoked, in order not to interrupt or pervert the utterance of the goddess. He simply listened, understood, and repeated what he heard. The Greeks, whose instinctive sense of beauty always guided them in the direction of truth, have transmitted to us an image of Music, which is profoundly significant. They represented the Muse Polyhymnia in the attitude of a listener.

III.

Sculpture, architecture, painting, and even poetry, more or less resemble each other as regards their conditions, their objects, their subjects, and their effects. All the fine arts, in one way or another, ennoble reality, beautify life, and occasion enjoyment. Each of them, like gold, embellishes whatever it is applied to. It assumes a thousand forms at the artist's pleasure, and we admire it in rings, and medals, and chalices. But who, for their own beauty's sake, ever collected lumps of raw gold? So with the arts, as regards the majority of mankind. They are for adornment. Such and such a picture, which now occupies the place of honour in one of our galleries, was painted for a main altar; such and such a statue was

(1) "Beethoven ausserte sich in gleichsam ungestümer Begeisterung als er mir seine Idee darüber mittheilte: So pocht das Schicksal an die Pforte."—*Schindler*, "Biographie," p. 241. "Beethoven expressed himself thus with a sort of impetuous enthusiasm, as he communicated to me his idea" (respecting the four notes which open the symphony in C minor): "It is thus that Fate (*fatum*) knocks at the door."

carved for a temple or a market place. The one represents some saintly legend, the other a hero or a god. But both the picture and the statue, speaking the language of their respective arts, idealise, transfigure, and perfect the human form. The subjects of them exist in the natural material universe; they only revivify those subjects with the breath of a supernatural life. Poetry, also, finds her materials in the actions and passions of mankind. She ennobles the first and exalts the second. She dives into the heart and brain of man for jewels of thought and feeling, to which she gives new facets and costly settings that bring out more intensely the inner light of them. But all her creations are only the recomposition of elements already existing somewhere. What, in every case, distinguishes the artist is the faculty which enables him to take possession of the creation, to assimilate it to himself, to recast it in the furnace of his own imagination, and reproduce it in the image of his own individuality. He is but the mould which receives the metal without form or significance, and restores it to us in the permanent image of some artistic conception. Poets, painters, sculptors, and architects, all derive their materials from something which is, and is to be found, somewhere outside of themselves. What they give to the world they have first taken out of the world. Not a line in architecture but is determined by the superposition of stone upon stone; not a stroke of chisel, brush, or pen that is not in relation to the form or character of something already somewhere existing; not a colour in a picture, not an undulation in a statue, not an image or an idea in a poem, which has not either its counterpart or its cradle in the outside world.

But whence does Music derive her ideas, and where does she find her materials? What is it she says to us? and if she said it not, should we ever know it by other means? Music, alone, is nowhere outside of ourselves. Without us, she would be silent; without us, she could not exist. Poets have from time immemorial been paying compliments to Music, and saying pretty things of her. But I only know of one poet who has spoken of her understandingly, in words which pluck out the heart of her mystery. Mr. Browning's Abt Vogler, recalling his sensations whilst "extemporising on the musical instrument of his invention," says that "what never had been was now," and that it was—

"All thro' my keys that gave their sounds to a wish of my soul,
 All thro' my soul that praised as its wish flowed visibly forth,
 All thro' music and me! For think, had I painted the whole
 Why there it had stood to see, nor the process so wonder-worth:
 Had I written the same, made verse—still effect proceeds from cause,
 Ye know why the farms are fair, ye hear how the tale is told;
 It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws,
 Painter and poet are proud, in the artist list enroll'd:—

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
 Existent behind all laws, that made them and lo they are!
*And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
 That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star."*

Assuredly, if anything be the voice of Humanity, it is music. Assuredly, if Humanity itself be anything *sui generis*, anything distinguishable in kind from mere animal life, it is in music that the distinctive nature of it is most perceptible. Music is man; but man with a completed consciousness, initiated into the secret of himself, and in unison with the universe. The question whether music is one of the Fine Arts was for a long while discussed with animation. Pure waste of time! Whilst the masters of the ceremonies were examining her titles of admission to foreign courts, a new Columbus discovered a new world of which she is sovereign mistress in her own right.

In speaking of Beethoven, there is nothing one must fear so much as to fall into the phraseology which belongs to extravagant eulogium. It is not that our appreciation of his genius needs to be carefully qualified, or our judgment nicely balanced by the customary small ounces of critical reserve. But, unfortunately, enthusiasm, though often honest, is always indiscreet, and has long ago worn threadbare the language of praise. Here, however, there can be no possibility of partisanship. The world which has survived and half-forgotten them, cares not a straw about the old squabbles between Piccinists and Gluckists. We are profoundly indifferent to all the Montagues and Capulets of art, whose petty municipal quarrels have ever been, alas! without a Romeo or a Juliet to make them memorable. What we are here concerned about has nothing to do with preferences or parties. It is one of the vital questions of Humanity.

Look where we will around us, in every direction the sources of pure spiritual life appear to be either altogether stagnant, or else trickling feebly in shrunken and turbid streams. In religion, in politics, in the arts, in philosophy, in poetry even—wherever the grandest issues of Humanity are at stake, men's spiritual attitude towards them is one, either of hopeless fatigue and disgust, or fierce anarchical impatience. And this is the more deplorable, because it is accompanied by a feverish materialistic activity. Yes, this age of ours is materialist; and perhaps the saddest and dreariest thing in the ever-increasing materialism of the age, is the ghastly squeaking and gibbering of helpless lamentation made over it by the theologists who croak about their old dry wells wherein no spiritual life is left. Meanwhile, society appears to be everywhere busily organizing its collective animalism. It is very much in earnest, and it has an ideal in view—an ideal not easy of attainment, but which is, at least, distinctly apprehended. The ideal of modern society is "plenty to

eat and drink for all the world." Universality of material comfort, no privations for the body, no consolations for the soul: plenty to eat and drink, and as soon as possible, if you please! This is the gospel of the Revolution, and the practical tendency of modern ideas. Heinrich Heine, the poet of the Revolution, the apostle of the Gentiles on behalf of modern ideas, has perfectly interpreted the demands of such a society (to which his sympathies were given), and has expressed them with enthusiasm. The following verses from his "Germania" were *written* as seriously as anything else that ever came from his mocking pen. They are well worth *reading* seriously; aye, and seriously thinking over:—

"The old song of renunciations and self-sacrifices, the old celestial lullaby with which that big baby the People has so often been put to sleep when it cried! . . . O my friends, I will compose you a new song, a better song. It is upon earth that we intend to establish the Kingdom of Heaven. We mean to make ourselves happy here below, and not to be beggars any longer. The idle belly must not be allowed to devour what is gained by the laborious hands. Here below grows bread enough for all the children of men; and roses, and myrtles, and beauty, and pleasure; and plenty of green peas into the bargain. Ay, green peas for all the world, and as quick as we can shell them! As for Heaven, we leave that to the angels and sparrows. And, if after death we sprout wings, why, then we will visit their saintships up above, and eat celestial cakes with them."¹

This, then, is the gospel of the new covenant—between the human mind and the human belly. This is the doctrine of the regeneration of human nature by means of bread and butter. In poetry, as we have seen, and in all the other arts, there are brilliant and influential converts to the faith of it. Music alone fights resolutely against it. Music alone emphatically negatives all its comfortable affirmations. And this I take to be a certain sign that in music there is a yet vigorous current of fresh spiritual life. Nor can it be doubted that the divine sources of this current were discovered by Beethoven. He it was who freed its salutary forces and set them flowing.

IV.

However great may be the difficulty of justly estimating the value of any dominant fact in art, it is a difficulty which criticism is bound to attack, even at the risk of discomfiture. The critic's motto should be *difficulté oblige*. But it is only in so far as it constitutes an important and generally appreciable fact in the history of humanity, that I here presume to speak of the work accomplished by Beethoven in an art of which I have no technical knowledge. Regarded from this point of view, the life and work of Beethoven suggest the following questions: What did Beethoven do for music? Has he inaugurated

(1) Written in 1844.

a new era? If so, how, and by what works? In what does he differ from his predecessors in music? and in what respect is he their superior? Did he found a school? What are the means employed by himself, and bequeathed by him to his successors, for the development of his art?

Almost every man to whom music is an influence must have felt the influence of Beethoven, as he has felt that of Shakespeare, or Milton, or Goethe. And, although he himself may be unable to read a note of music, yet, if he can read clearly his own sensations, he will certainly find in them an answer to these questions.

Looking at what music was, and at what music is, no one, I think, can doubt that Beethoven was the first to emancipate it from servitude of every kind, that, under one pretext or another, circumscribes, distorts, or degrades the natural character of it. He broke all its chains, put an end to all its humiliations, and redeemed for ever the intrinsic dignity of his art. This is what Beethoven did for music.

How did he do it? and what enabled him to do it?

Here it is the man, not the artist, that we must interrogate. It is by reason of the masculine force of his character, by his inflexible self-respect, by his high-mindedness, and the rare elevation of all his views—views of life as well as of art—and, above all, by the indomitable energy with which he laboured to make himself an independent social position, that Beethoven stands apart from, and above, the crowd. It is by these qualities that, in securing his own independence, he secured that of his art, and has won for both the lasting respect of mankind.

Beethoven was poor. At the end of the last century, the social position of musicians and composers was anything but conducive to self-respect and independence of character. The majority of them fared little better than superior domestics. They were either attached as clients to the houses of powerful patrons, or more or less dependent on the protection, and supported by the bounty, of such persons. In their quality of *virtuosi*, *accompagnateurs*, or *capellmeisters* and organists, they were retained for the social enjoyment of their employers. Apart from such employment, they had no position. The composition of music provided them with no adequate means of independent subsistence, for there was no property in literature. The composition of occasional pieces, and the copying out of musical parts, constituted the special utility which served as pretext for the general inutility of those who were thus employed. It was in this manner that the workman earned his wages, and the *workman* who was fortunate enough to be able to live on his wages kept the *artist* alive gratis.

Beethoven's family was a family of musicians. The grandson of a *capellmeister*—the son of a singer, himself brought up to earn his livelihood as a pianist—he was the first of his class to understand

the necessity of securing a position of honourable independence for the artist within him. He had force of character enough to break free of the patron, the priest, and the church.

“Der Menschheit Würde ist in eure hand gegeben—bewahret sie!”¹

Before these solemn words had been spoken by Schiller, a poor organist, the needy dependant of one of the princes of the church, had devoted his life to the realisation of them. The painful details which occupy three-fourths of Beethoven's recently published letters are a proof of it. He disputed to a farthing the price of his scores, the price of his clothes, the price of his food. He descended into the minutest details of household disbursement with cooks and washer-women, to defend against all comers his penurious purse, laboriously filled by the miserable payment of his immortal works. Of his life's many noble efforts, these assuredly were not the least sublime. Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer were born in opulence. A careful education awaited them from the cradle; a benignant family providence watched over their first steps in life; men of talent and of culture encouraged their earliest efforts; and such was the atmosphere around them that they could not breathe in it without assimilating to themselves some of the intelligence and refinement with which it was saturated. Beethoven was born in poverty; and, if in later life his strenuous exertions secured him against absolute want, they never procured for him that degree of pecuniary comfort which relieves the future from anxiety. His education remained below the level which, even in his day, would have been generally regarded as illiterate: and when, at last, all that was most illustrious in society came thronging round his path, and eagerly soliciting his acquaintance, he was stone deaf!

Poverty, pride, honesty—the three great drawbacks to success in life—he had them all, and to none of them did he succumb. To poverty he opposed privation. His sobriety went to the verge of asceticism, and he practised, all his life long, an economy which, in any other circumstances, would have been indistinguishable from avarice. And yet this man was one of the most generous of men. His relations with his pupil, young Reis, add confirmation to the many proofs we have of his natural generosity and tender sympathy with the sufferings of others. His inflexible pride never wavered, never yielded to the most insidious counsels of the most obvious self-interest. Not even when just the merest show of a little humility would have passed for ordinary politeness; not even when a timely complaisance would have been extolled as tolerance, and freed him from all his difficulties. How severely he treated your Mæcænases! Haydn called him the Grand Mogul. His honesty had the intensity

(1) The dignity of humanity is confided to thee—keep it safe.

of passion. Integrity was the essence of all his character.¹ It wrought out for him independence in life—and what a life! independence in work—and what work! Never a moment's weakness in his relations with the public. Not the slightest condescension to the taste of the day; not one solitary compromise with the tyranny of convention or fashion; not the most trivial concession to prevalent criticism, and no fear of it whatever. Unbroken equanimity of work, unshaken independence of aim, never for a moment discouraged by the want of appreciation or success. "It is caviar to the general," he said quietly, and went on writing—composing—*dichten*, as he called it. It was all that remained to him, at all times, and in all circumstances; and it was all he cared to keep. *It was the duty of his life*,—his *Beruf*. In all his works, there is not the least trace of sensuality, insincerity, artifice, or trick. All is chaste, pure, austere. His music is never even what the French call *aimable*. He disdained in art, as well as in life, every kind of trifling with his intense veracity. But benevolence, tenderness, compassion, and the holiest human kindness pervade every line of his writing. How profoundly, how passionately, this man loved! Who? what? Can we ask? God and mankind.

It is impossible to read, without deep emotion, Beethoven's Testament.² In this pathetic record, which resembles no other, and is neither a confession nor an apology, the great musician has uttered his innermost feelings with the simplicity of a man long isolated from his fellow-creatures, and deaf to the voice of human praise or blame.

"O men," he says, "who deem or declare me malevolent, morose, or misanthropical, how have you misjudged me!" And after a touching reference to his sad physical infirmity, he adds—

"Thus, with a lively and ardent temperament, keenly susceptible to every charm of social intercourse, I was early forced to separate myself from men, and lead a solitary life. If, at times, I sought to escape from my solitude, how harshly was I repulsed by the renewed consciousness of my affliction! and still, I could not yet resign myself to say to men, 'Speak louder, shout, cry!—I am deaf!' Ah, how impossible it seemed to accuse myself of defect in that organ which should have been in me more perfect than in others, and which, indeed, I had once possessed in its highest perfection. . . . Forgive me, then, when you see me withdraw myself from those with whom I yearn to mingle. My misfortune is great indeed, if it involves the misinterpretation of my whole character. For me there is no relaxation in commerce with society; the charm of refined conversation, the bliss of mutual effusion, is not for me. . . . I am condemned to exile; and every approach to society subjects me to a torturing anxiety (*eine heisse aengstlichkeit*) about the consequences of my infirmity. . . . What humiliation when some one beside me hears the note of a far-off flute—and I not; or the distant song of a shepherd—and I not! These things fill me with despair, and almost tempt me to have done with life.

"But Art is there, and Art withholds me. It seems to me impossible to quit this world until I shall have accomplished what I feel it in me to do. And, thus,

(1) His motto was "Ein Mann ein Wort."

(2) It is dated from Heilingenstadt, near Vienna, 6th October, 1802, and addressed "To my brother Karl and Beethoven."

I have dragged on my miserable—profoundly miserable existence. . . . I ought—so people tell me—to choose patience for my guide. I have done so. What remains to me, and will always endure, is my resolution to persevere, until the inexorable Fates shall please to cut the thread. Perhaps things will go better—perhaps not. I am prepared for all (*Ich bin gefasst*). Thou, O God, from the heights of thy divinity, seest into my heart. My heart thou knowest, and thou knowest that what fills it is love for mankind, and the inclination to do good. And you, O men, when you read this, think at least that ye have misjudged me; and may the unfortunate be consoled when he finds in me a man as wretched as himself, who, nevertheless, and in spite of all natural impediments, has laboured with all his faculties to deserve the name of Artist, and of Man."

And, both as man and as artist, Beethoven's work of emancipation was complete. No man, vindicating the freedom of art, ever effected more for the freedom of the human soul. The present position of Music, as *absolute* mistress of herself, is due to him, and due to no one else. Yet, with all his intellectual grandeur, and all his creative power, this genius, rare amongst the rarest, this conqueror, this manliest of men, was as innocent as an infant, as simple-hearted, pure-minded, and self-abnegating as a mother, as honest as——ah, who?

On behalf of those who hold no other title to the esteem of their fellow creatures than the practice of the simple diurnal moralities, from which men of genius so often consider themselves dispensed by virtue of their genius, and which successful men of the world regard with somewhat contemptuous approval, it is consolatory to be able to affirm with certainty that the possession of the humblest household virtues is not incompatible with the achievement of great things. And for this also we may give thanks to Beethoven.

V.

Did Beethoven inaugurate a new era in music? If so, by what works? How does he differ from his predecessors, and in what is he superior to them?

There are a hundred and thirty-five published works of Beethoven; and of all these works there is not one that differs in its title or its form from the works of other composers, or the musical conventions of his day. They consist of sonatas, airs with variations, overtures, entr'actes, quatuors, symphonies, songs, concerted pieces, masses, and an opera. It is impossible for a *maestro* to be more commonplace, more *bourgeois*, in his musical *toilette*. Not the least little "Dream of a Poet," not one "War of the Titans," not even a "Creation," or a "Deluge." An educated hairdresser nowadays (for both education and hairdressing have made great progress) would be ashamed of calling his pomatums Bear's Grease, instead of Ambrosial Cream, or of vulgarly serving his customers with soap, instead of offering them Oriental Moss. *On se respecte*. Into that ideal world

where his imagination wandered free, Beethoven did not import a single name borrowed from the vocabulary of poetry. His master-pieces are simply entitled sonatas, symphonies, quatuors, variations "for the clavecin."¹

His symphonies (and in his day the title of these compositions indicated nothing more than a *morceau d'ensemble*) are merely numbered ("*comme des fiacres*," as Napoleon said of the Princes of Reuss to one of them, who replied "*et comme les rois*") or else designated by their tonality: in C minor, in F, in B flat, &c. One "Heroic," however, and one "Pastoral." But here again, what sobriety of description! "A funeral march in honour of the death of a hero;" an andante which is called "On the banks of a stream;" and then the words "storm," "dance of peasants," "nightingale," "quail," "cuckoo," introduced here and there throughout the score, and scarcely needed by any attentive listener.

Then what becomes of the revolution wrought by Beethoven? Not a single form has been destroyed, no rule has been broken, not one convention upset. The old sonata, with its superannuated structure; the quatuor, the symphony, the concerto, with their allegros, their adagios, their scherzi, and finales—all remains in its place. Nothing has been disturbed. Nay, more; all is more religiously guarded, more strictly conformed to, more scrupulously obeyed, than ever.

And yet, all is different. The glass is unchanged. The wine is new.

What is special to Beethoven, however, is the character of the symphony. He has not changed the name of this kind of composition, but he has given to that name an entirely new meaning, which is as irrevocably identified with his own as his own is identified with music. Mozart and Haydn also composed symphonies, and I hope I do not underrate their admirable compositions. But the character of these compositions might just as well be indicated by any other name. Compared with the symphonies of Beethoven, they awaken a quite different order of ideas, and affect us with quite different sensations. We seem to be sitting before a pictured curtain which is agitated by the wind. We watch that curtain, curious, expectant, and every now and then with just a little shiver of mysterious presentiment as it seems about to rise and reveal what is behind it. From time to time some stronger gust uplifts a corner of the painted veil; we strain our eyes, and peer intensely into that

(1) His intense genuineness, even in the smallest things, and his equally intense Germanism, disinclined him to use the word *pianoforte*, which he considered foreign and affected. His own word for this instrument was *Hammer-Clavier*. See *Museum für Claviermusik, 1ter Heft: Sonate für das Hammer-Clavier (Pianoforte) von Ludwig von Beethoven, 101ter werk*.

momentary aperture, and seem to see. . . . What? Already the veil is readjusted, and the moment of revelation is over, leaving behind with us only the vague recollection of an unfinished impression. Already the painted shepherdess with her peaceful lambs has replaced the strange images, whatever they were, of the unknown world we had a glimpse of. What was it we saw? that play of supernatural lightning in a sable sky? those shapes of terror, and awful beauty? Surely, we must have been dreaming. There again is the painted curtain; there again is Apollo with his pleasant lyre and reassuring smile; there, the nymphs in graceful attitude, the charming shepherdess, the little classic temple by the limpid stream, the whole delightful pastoral.

Continue, O compassionate curtain, long continue with thy smiling scene, though it be but a painted landscape, to hide from us that unknown world—its dreadful infinite darknesses, its stormy heavens, its illimitable distances—and all that for a moment startled and disquieted our souls!

No, how is this? what is happening? Horror! What chaos, what anguish, what despair! Whence are those moaning voices, those groans of wrath and pain? and what is it in each of us which responds to them, with an inner voice that cries, "Behold! that anguish—it is thine: that remorse—it is thine own conscience which recognises itself. Recognise this also—it is Faith: and this—it is Hope. What hast thou done with them? That abyss of darkness and chaos—it is thine own soul. Know thyself at last. Ah! didst thou think to lap thee in delightful lies? Up then! confront the universe as it is. Say not, What matters it to me? Thou canst not extricate thyself from the infinite. Seest thou yon vulture tearing out the heart of Prometheus?" "I am not Prometheus." "No, but thou art Humanity; and thou shalt feel in thy vitals the pang of that immortal death. It is for thee that a god has suffered; and thou, too, shalt suffer like a god." "Tush! I have business, and am forgetting it. Release me." "Down on thy knees!" "I will not." "Pray!" "I cannot." "Pray!"

What desolation, what consolation! There is but one wizard whose spells can reveal such secrets or awaken such emotions. Did Beethoven inaugurate a new era in music? Those who have ever felt his influence (and who has not sometimes felt it?) will certainly not care to say, "We are not musicians, we cannot answer that question."

Not musicians? No; our fingers have never touched a piano, or handled a fiddle-bow; those little long-tailed black dots that run up and down a musical score, like rats on a cellar staircase, are as unintelligible to us as the hieroglyphics of Egypt; and yet we are thrilled by the sound of them, and go away vibrating with an over-

whelming sense of what we have heard and felt. Our hearts have expanded, our ideas have greatened, the horizon of all our thoughts and feelings seems enlarged. We feel ourselves stronger, braver, better, than before. How is that, since we are not musicians? It is because we are men, and because the sound to which we have been listening is the voice of Humanity.

When Louis XVIII. re-entered Paris, some one said for him, "Rien n'est changé, il n'y a qu'un français de plus." If any one be disposed to say of Beethoven, "Il n'y a qu'un musicien de plus this man inaugurated no new era," let him listen once again to the ninth symphony. His opinion must be of triple brass if it then remains unshaken.

VI.

But did Beethoven found a school? No; assuredly not. In his music there is nothing which could constitute a school. Here there can be no question of method, manner, style, or *savoir faire*. All styles and all schools of expression are equally good for those who have anything to express. A school is often, no doubt, a very convenient shelter for the absence of ideas. Its formulas are ready made; you have only to use them, and you are sure to astonish somebody. For when we see a gun pointed at us, none of us can tell whether the barrel is loaded or empty. But if a man has anything of his own to say, it matters little what style he selects, or what the school whose forms he adopts for saying it. It will still be his own. Beethoven has proved this by following the school of his day, and adopting its forms just as he found them. Everything can become a weapon in the hand of a hero. A shepherd's crook was Giotto's first pencil, and the common earth his canvas. This is a signal service which Beethoven has rendered, not only to music but to every art. He has successfully refuted the common prejudice which attributes the secret virtue of art to the external forms of it. He has convincingly demonstrated this salutary truth: that the simplest forms of art are all sufficient for the adequate expression of great ideas, and that the absence of these latter cannot be adequately replaced by the brilliancy of any form, however novel or elaborate. Is it possible to imagine a more miserable mechanism of expression than the old musical "variation"? And yet when we look closely into them, we find that most of Beethoven's greatest works are merely variations. Not, indeed, variations after the manner of the Abbé Gelinek, but variations, and neither more nor less, after the manner of Nature, who varies her fertile types, *ad infinitum*. By one of those premonitory instincts which sometimes guide the first steps of great masters, Beethoven seems to have been led, at an early age, to cultivate with special care that department of musical

study which consists in turning a theme upside down, and inside out, deducting from it all its consequences, squeezing out of it all its potentialities, and developing it by all kinds of means, in all kinds of ways, till at last it resembles no kind of thing under heaven. The astonishing perfection to which he attained in the execution of these apparently thankless *tour de force* proved exceedingly useful to him when he afterwards ceased to imitate and began to create.

This is a point on which I dare not speak without the utmost diffidence and reserve in the presence of musical artists. I have an impression which I will not venture to state affirmatively. But let me put it interrogatively. Those few brief, close, lapidary notes, which are, as it were, the very seal and signature of Beethoven's genius, those themes, as they are called, which constitute the despair of composers when they sigh, "Ah, if I had only a good theme!" is it probable that they were really Beethoven's starting-points? Is it not more probable that, although they introduce the compositions in which they occur, they are rather the final than the first ideas of those compositions? King Solomon said that "All is vanity;" and it is a theme which has served for many variations. But he did not say it till long after he had been intimately acquainted with the Queen of Sheba. Did Beethoven, in reality, *arrive* at those themes from which he seems to have *started*? Must not something (of which the schools can tell us nothing) have preceded each genesis which terminates in the cry of Archimedes?

But the symphony is not Beethoven's only creation. The orchestra was there before him; and yet he may almost be said to have created the orchestra. Let me explain. Within the narrow limits of such an article as this, circumspection is, unfortunately, not facilitated by circumscription. The subject of the present article is not music in general, but Beethoven's music in particular; and if I have purposely avoided mention of other composers whose names are identified with great epochs in the development of music, it is not because I either ignore or wish to depreciate their genius. The admirers of these composers can hardly make any objection in which I am not fully prepared to acquiesce; but all such objections must be made from a point of view which cannot be brought within the scope of my present remarks. Already it is with great hesitation that I have mentioned, *en passant*, the names of Haydn and Mozart. Perfect silence seems more respectful than any passing mention of such names. If the subject of your discourse be the beauty of Apollo, some one is sure to be offended by your silence about that of Antinous. It cannot be helped. Kant and Goethe have written on the same subjects in the same language, but that is no reason why we must never speak of the one without reference to the other; and because

I speak of Beethoven as having certainly created the music of humanity, I trust that no reader will so greatly misinterpret my meaning as to charge me with dissociating from such music the voices of religion and passion which have been so sublimely uttered, and so nobly interpreted by some of Beethoven's predecessors—as, for instance, Sebastian Bach, Händel, and Gluck. How, indeed, would it be possible to speak of Händel without reverence when we are in the presence of Beethoven? Beethoven, who in one of his letters recommended every musician to stand bareheaded at the grave of Händel, and who has said of the same *maestro*, "Händel is the peerless master of all masters. Go to him, and learn how few are the means with which the greatest effects may be produced."¹

Assuredly music can have no higher *special* function than to express at their highest pitch the religious sentiments, and the various passions which originate the actions of mankind. All honour to those who have adequately translated any human emotion into music. But though religion and passion are included in our idea of humanity, they do not complete it. Humanity contains religion and passion, and a great deal more besides. Beethoven was the first to give musical utterance to humanity *as a whole*. It involves no dispraise of Gluck's splendid genius to affirm that it has nothing in common with that of Beethoven, except, indeed, the mere vehicle of expression. The sphere which it completely fills up only touches the circumference of Beethoven's worldwide orb at a single point. And this one point of contact is also a point of divergence. The genius of Gluck is essentially *dramaturgic*. To the great fundamental passions of human nature he gave a musical expression as grandiose in sentiment, and as perfect in form, as the poetical expression which has been given to them by the greatest masters of the Greek drama. All comparisons are more or less false; but, comparatively speaking, we may assign to Gluck in relation to Beethoven, much the same position as that which is occupied—say, by Sophocles, or, if you will, by Euripides (the most *human* of the Greek dramatists) in relation to Shakespeare, who is the most perfect poetical expression of humanity in its complete ensemble. As Shakespeare emancipated poetry, so Beethoven has emancipated music from all limitations—limitations of subject and limitations of form. And, like Shakespeare, this he

(1) "Handel ist der unerreichte Meister aller Meister! Geht hin, und lernt mit wenigen Mitteln so grosser Wirkungen hervorbringen."—*Beethoven's Studien: herausgegeben von Ignaz Ritter von Siegfried*. Beethoven's opinion of some other masters is not equally flattering, but I think it is equally just. "Mozart's greatest work," he said, "remains the 'Zauberflöte.' For it is in this that he first shows himself as a *German* master. 'Don Juan' is still entirely in the Italian fashion; and, moreover, divine art should never stoop to the degrading frivolity of such a scandalous subject." In reply to the question "What is Rossini?" he wrote "A good scene-painter," *ein guter Theatermaler*. Weber, he said, began to learn too late, and knew not how to be natural. Of all the opera composers of his own time he thought Cherubini the most noteworthy.

did, not by inventing new forms, but by taking any and every form that he found ready to his hand, and transfusing into it something which completely transfigured it. And so, to return to this question of orchestral structure. If we compare the orchestra of Gluck with the orchestra of Beethoven, we at once find ourselves in presence of two irreconcilable opposites, or at least two forces moving in different planes—the opera and the symphony. That is to say, dramatic music, and—what? There lies the question. Some other dramatic orchestra may perhaps equal that of Gluck. None is likely to surpass it. But Gluck himself has assigned to such an orchestra its place—a high one, perhaps the highest, yet still only a place, definite and impassably bounded—in the universe of music. He has selected for the sublimest musical expression a distinct *nationality* in the world of human passions. The domain of his musical ideas is circumscribed, like the mother-country of their birth, that Hellas of Homer, Sophocles, and Phidias, which is bathed by three seas, the Mediterranean, the *Ægean*, and the Ionian. Gluck's orchestra has in it every imaginable accent requisite for the perfect utterance of a sentiment saturated by the beauty of classic antiquity, from the cry of Polycetes to the prayer of Iphigenia. But what is absolutely grandiose is also absolutely exclusive. And this fact suffices for the classification of Gluck's orchestra.

Although to him was given the front of Jove and the shoulders of Hercules, *os humerosque dei*, Beethoven has nothing in common with Olympus. What we hear in the orchestra which he created is not merely an appropriate expression of human passions, purporting to be the final and supreme utterance of the power of music; it is the mystic voices which speak in the depths of man's soul to those passions, subjugating them with a supernatural authority, and reducing them to silence by the revelation of a world in which those passions have no place.

With this explanation, I return to the observation which it qualifies. The orchestra was there before him, yet Beethoven created the orchestra. It was then too much—and it is still, alas! too often—a sort of huge guitar chiefly employed by way of accompaniment to a something like a simper translated into sound, which usurps the exclusive title of *melody*. Melody it may be, according as we understand that term; but music it surely is not, any more than a row of poplars is a forest. There are some moral temperaments, just as there are some physical temperaments, which cannot endure a shock, because they have not sufficient vitality to produce a reaction. Persons whose temperament is of this kind must take their sensations tepid. And no one could reproach them, did they not so often insist upon prescribing lukewarm applications to the whole world.

Into that great inert organism, the orchestra, Beethoven infused

fresh life. And this fresh life threw out and developed organs of its own, the very rudiments of which had been previously unsuspected. Under the breath of his vivifying genius, every member of that languid colossus leapt into movement, and gave forth a cry of discovery. All things in nature seemed to have suddenly found in the vast receptacle of sounds each a voice of its own. A living idea seems to have entered into everything. It announces its presence timidly, with faltering indecision. It questions all that passes, and seems to be seeking, athwart the restless flux of intermingled harmonies, some flying point on which to settle. But it is sucked and drawn onward, like a drowning swimmer whose saturated garment sinks and rises trailed by the streaming flood. From every hovering echo it beseeches affirmation of its dubious fate. In all those conflicting voices, plangent, passionate, intense, it finds assurance. Plaintive at first, and trembling between hope and doubt, soon it becomes expostulatory and fiercely impatient, then imperative. What conflict! what overthrow! what triumph! The whole orchestra, like the chest of an awakening giant, heaves, groans, and bursts into tremendous utterance, every word of which is articulate, but articulate only in music's mighty language.

If we could take the orchestral instruments one by one and interrogate them separately, and if they could speak to us in our own language, I think they would say, "Ah, that man knew how to make us utter what we ourselves were surprised at." He bade the cavalry trumpets mingle their martial signals with the *agnus dei* and stimulate the agony of prayer. The horn had an "imperfection"—that choking, suffocated note produced by a man's fist thrust into the throat of it. Passages were considerably contrived for this instrument so as to mark as much as possible its constitutional defect. Beethoven developed that defect into a beauty. Our present mechanical age has invented the cornet-à-piston, and thereby extinguished one of the most beautiful notes in the orchestra. The kettledrum—a caldron with a skin stretched over it—an instrument so primitive that a partially civilised negro would probably disdain the use of it—Beethoven filled with sullen power. Who has not shuddered at those muffled significant sounds he strikes from it?—sounds sinking into immeasurable distances, as though it were the last throb of our own hearts to which immensity was listening. Even silence received from him a voice, and in his orchestral music the rest between two notes is as a sigh from the abyss.

Schools dissect art, in order to construct out of its dissection the art of imitation. But here there is no possibility of analysis, and no receipt for second-hand manufacture. A balloon will lift us into the air, but it cannot teach us how to fly. All we can do is to sit still and let ourselves be uplifted by it. So it is with Beethoven's music.

A friend who was present years ago at the efforts so successfully made by M. Habenek to impose upon the Parisian public respectful attention to the austere harmonies of Beethoven, has in a private letter described them to me with an enthusiasm which is highly honourable to the character of that musician.

"Could you but have seen," he says, "how Habenek, by sheer force of character, reduced to the most disciplined submission a rebellious orchestra, in which every musician was a virtuoso! I shall never forget his face. It was magnificent in its ugliness. How he could frown, and what a flash came from his eye! Often have I seen him break his baton on his music desk; and with what scorn did he turn his back on those men spoiled by drawing-room successes! He sulked with them as Alexander sulked with the soldiers of Arbela. But in the *Ecole de la rue Bergère*, just as on the banks of the Granikos, the mutineers were obliged to obey and march. Then, at last, the modesty of those brilliant *premiers violons* was really sublime. They were like the officers of Condé's army fighting as simple soldiers. How admirably they suppressed all desire of personal display—in the scherzo of the *pastorale* for instance—not to sink the sound of the hautboy, which itself was little more than a sigh!"

Disinterested obedience, the immolation of personal vanity on the altar of a common cause, disciplined self-abnegation, perfect capacity of collective action at a given moment on a given point, all these admirable qualities, of which the habitual absence is so greatly to be deplored in public affairs, we may yet admire in the execution of the works of Beethoven. Without such qualities these works cannot be executed. And if the works themselves did not carry such qualities in the very essence of their own character, we should find them nowhere else, save in the hideous art of war. This, indeed, carries with it the practice of a splendid and salutary discipline, but for the attainment of a dismal end which is only sometimes ennobled by sublime sacrifices; whereas in music, at least, the nobility of the aim makes noble all the means.

This aim, once perceived, can never be permanently forgotten or perverted. Music is saved, and saved for ever, from fashion, frivolity, and sensuality. Humanity has taken possession of it, and will continue to watch over it. Artists and amateurs are united in a single commonwealth. The reign of caste and *métier* is over. In public concert-halls or private drawing-rooms, so long as we continue to hear the austere veracious accents of Beethoven's music, whether it be from the poorest piano or the most opulent orchestra, we need not be afraid. Many a cockney fountain may continue to spout and tinkle, and flies may buzz from many a foul and turbid pool, but holier and happier sounds are audible to all who listen. Deep hath called unto deep. The great main stream of music is flowing.

R. LYTTON.

THE GALWAY JUDGMENT.

“ Nous sommes trop pleins de l'avenir pour craindre jamais d'être sérieusement taxés de retour au passé. Cette imputation serait surtout étrange chez ceux de nos adversaires qui font aujourd'hui consister la perfection politique dans la confusion primitive des deux puissances élémentaires.”—COMTE.

It is seldom that any utterance of a public man is received with such unanimous and hearty approval as has greeted the judgment of Mr. Justice Keogh in England. Liberals and Conservatives are, for once, of one mind. The language in which it was couched, although such as would have been generally pronounced coarse and outrageous if it had been uttered in Trafalgar Square or on Clerkenwell Green, has been decidedly enjoyed. It has been voted “racy,” whatever that may mean; and journalists, whose ideas of Irish character would seem to be chiefly formed upon a generalisation from the types presented to London playgoers by Mr. Dion Boucicault and Mr. Falconer, have even persuaded themselves that Fenians and Home-rulers, who are repelled by the dry common-sense and tedious logic of square-toed statesmen, will be worked on by the familiar rhetoric of Mr. Justice Keogh as a Highlander is by a bagpipe. The solution of the Irish question has been found at last. Intimidation, agrarian outrage, Fenianism, Home-rule, diseased potatoes, and a melancholy ocean, are all to be cured by manly judges and “racy” harangues from the bench.

This theory, whatever may be thought of its soundness, does, indeed, in one sense, offer matter for serious reflection; for it throws some additional light on the capacity of the English people for governing Ireland. But it is not my purpose in these pages to enter on that question. I am not going to inquire whether Mr. Justice Keogh's language was “racy” or indecent, whether the character of the man who uttered it will lend weight to his words, or his words will be considered characteristic of the man. Interesting topics these, I dare say, especially in Ireland; but less important than the fact that the leading principle laid down in the Galway election judgment is generally held to be so valuable as to outweigh any defects in the manner of its enunciation. I mean, the principle that purely spiritual influence exercised by a priest over a voter is to be treated as intimidation.

Intimidation is a word which we have had occasion to study rather closely during the last few years, in connection with disputes between employers and workmen. It is a word dear to lawyers, because of its enormous elasticity. We have seen it stretched to include perfectly

justifiable and even laudable acts, such as no one dreams of making illegal, except when they interfere with the interests of the class to which judges, magistrates, and juries belong. The decisions of our courts in these cases were so oppressive, that Parliament was last year obliged (I use a word of convenient ambiguity) to amend the law relating to them, and "intimidation" in labour disputes is now defined to be such an act as would justify a magistrate in binding over the offender to keep the peace. The use to which this *verbum male ominatum* has been put on the present occasion is an alarming proof of the mistake that was made, when the decision of election petitions was transferred from the House of Commons to the judges. No sooner did the latter obtain this jurisdiction, than they began to show how their favourite weapon might be handled. The election-eering offences of landlords and millionaires are as tenderly dealt with as ever they were by the much-abused committees of the House of Commons. But when there is a spontaneous movement of enthusiasm (I say nothing of its wisdom) among electors of a humble class, when ministers of religion, always the *bêtes noires* of legists, venture to set their influence against that of the owners of the soil and the Government, then the judges throw themselves with unseemly violence into the fray, and are repaid by the applause of the class which profits by their partisanship.

I carefully abstain on the present occasion from complicating my subject by any discussion either of the political creed of Captain Nolan or of the non-spiritual coercion alleged to have been organized by his ecclesiastical allies. Let it be assumed that the one was mischievous, and the other fully proved, and justly punished. I confine myself to an examination of the doctrine, affirmed by Mr. Justice Keogh and the full Irish Court of Common Pleas, that spiritual influence exercised by priests in elections is illegal. To simplify the question, I will cite a passage from Mr. Justice Keogh's judgment:—"Father Cohen said from the altar, while in his vestments celebrating mass, that his parishioners were bound to vote for Captain Nolan, and that even if they had previously promised to vote with their landlords, they were bound to break their promises." The *Pall Mall Gazette* selects this as a specimen of the conduct of the priests in the Galway election, and pronounces that "there can be no doubt at all that it is illegal." This is the doctrine to which I call attention. Whether Father Cohen's views about the duty of his parishioners were true and commendable or not, I maintain that the expression of those views, the place where he expressed them, the clothes he had on when he expressed them, are matters of which neither judges, juries, parliaments, or civil government, in any of its forms, ought to take cognisance.

There are few people, I suppose, who would be better pleased than

I if the Catholic priest ceased to have the smallest spiritual influence over any man, woman, or child, in Galway or anywhere else. But, my dislike of his doctrines, and my impatience of his influence, shall not tempt me to encroach on his freedom of speech. So long as he can persuade people that his religion is a true one, that he has a supernatural commission to direct them, that their eternal happiness or misery depends upon their obedience to his teaching, his influence is a perfectly legitimate one. It rests, in these islands at least, on moral and intellectual forces alone, and to oppose it by any other than moral and intellectual forces is as wrong as it is foolish and shortsighted.

We often hear it said by men who have toasted "Civil and religious liberty all the world over," ever since they were big enough to be taken to public dinners, and to whom it seems something unnatural that any one should question their hereditary right to say what those sacred catchwords mean,—“Let the priest confine his influence to the private life of his disciples; if he presumes to criticize their public conduct, he is stepping outside of his province, he is degrading his sacred function.” The distinction is quite untenable. While on the one hand politics ought to be subordinate to morals, on the other hand private life ought to be more and more subordinate to public life. The organs of any religion which is not decaying and despised will always look upon the public life of the citizen as the noblest and most important field for the exertion of their influence. In point of fact the ministers of all religions do attempt to guide the public conduct of their followers, and employ the whole of the influence they can command. In the Established Church this amounts to very little. Among the Nonconformists it counts for something more. Among the Irish Catholics it still weighs heavily. I can understand that the position of the parson *vis-à-vis* of the priest in an Irish county or a Lancashire borough is mortifying. But there is no help for it. It is childish to complain that the priest threatens his congregation with hell-fire or minor spiritual penalties. It is open to you to use the same threats—if you can persuade your flock to believe you. If you cannot, so much the worse for you; but the Catholic priest is not to be handicapped because your disciples are semi-infidels. If you are discontented, for instance, with the result of the Galway election there are only two courses which can be recommended to you: either to persuade the priest's people to believe you instead of him, or to persuade them to believe him as little as your disciples believe you. Perhaps the latter is the more hopeful course of the two. But do not enter on the brutal path indicated by Mr. Justice Keogh and the English press, for you will not only be trampling on liberty of thought, but you will postpone indefinitely the downfall of what you look on as a

mischievous superstition, and I prefer to treat as an institution which has outlived its usefulness.

It will be said that if the law may forbid the landlord to influence his tenant's vote by the threat of taking away his farm from him, it may forbid the priest to influence his parishioner by the threat of withholding the sacraments from him. For my part I have often doubted whether all *special* legislation on intimidation is not vicious, whether with respect to electoral or industrial contests. There is much to be said in favour of the view that all attempts by way of legal penalty to prevent landowners or millionaires from intimidating or bribing voters, are not only useless, not only demoralising by reason of the cynical hypocrisy which they foster, but if they had any effect at all would *pro tanto* destroy the only use of the parliamentary system, which is that it does give a rough measure of the real strength of parties (a very different thing from their numerical strength) and so dispenses with an appeal to physical force,—an appeal certain to be made, if through any constitutional machinery numbers should ever be found on one side, and strength (bought or unbought) very conspicuously on the other. For that reason, among others, I object to women's suffrage and vote by ballot. But it is not necessary to enter on this larger question here. The parallel between intimidation by a landlord and intimidation by a priest is not a true one. The former threatens a punishment which has an indisputable objective reality. It does not exist merely in the belief of the voter; the law, therefore, can take cognisance of it. The other threatens a penalty which depends solely upon the belief entertained by the voter, a penalty which is purely subjective, and which to most educated people is a thing to be laughed at. Either the penalty is real or it is fictitious. If it be real, then it is barbarous cruelty on the part of the State to say that the voter shall not be warned by his priest of the course he must take to escape it. If it be fictitious, then the State should not lend weight to the imposture by treating it as a reality. For remark that British law, speaking by the mouth of Mr. Justice Keogh, does not say that the spiritual penalties and the priest's claim to know how they will be incurred are a tissue of nonsense. It places them on a level with the most well-established realities. A ranting leader in a Tory journal predicting revolution, spoliation, anarchy, and the regulation of beerhouses as the certain result of returning a liberal candidate for Oldham or Bedfordshire, has not yet been held to be intimidation, although these woes may to many of its readers be more alarming because more conceivable than undying worms and unquenchable fires. Why is the bog of Archbishop MacHale to be treated as more real than the bog of the Tory journal?

But though speculatively the penalties in question may seem to be

dignified by this form of State recognition, it may be doubted whether the practical effect would not be of quite another kind ; and thus the believer in Christianity—or at all events in the utility of Christianity—will have as little reason to be satisfied as the free-thinker. The priest, we will suppose, has told an elector that if he votes for Nolan he will go to heaven, if for Trench, to the other place. The law may say that to give a vote for five pounds is to give it for a wrong motive, and is rightly punishable. But can a professedly Christian government say that the desire of heaven and the fear of hell are wrong motives? Has not the able and fearless journalist whom I have quoted above, frequently maintained that although the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments is incapable of proof, it is eminently useful and even necessary as being the only guarantee for morality among a large number of persons? The hope of heaven and the fear of hell are the ultimate motives by which you expect to induce the lack-all not to cheat, rob, and garrotte respectability. You pay chaplains (Catholic as well as Protestant) in your gaols and workhouses to inspire him with respect for these motives. And then when it is a question of voting you tell him that a regard for the safety of his soul is *pro hac vice* on a level in point of legality and morality with a five-pound note or a pot of beer. Putting aside logic and decency, is it safe thus to play fast and loose with the intelligence of even the most ignorant rough?

But let us pass from this *argumentum ad hominem* to one deserving more serious attention. If I cause a friend who has a particular respect and regard for me to vote in a certain way by letting him know that if he votes otherwise he will incur my contempt and dislike, is it to be said that I have intimidated him? If I tell him in the words of Father Cohen, that “he is bound to vote” for my candidate, am I to be reported to the House of Commons as “guilty of undue influence”? The respect that my friend has for me, like the belief that a Galway peasant has in his priest, is a source of influence depending entirely on opinion, and the law ought not to attempt to take cognizance of it, not only because it is in the highest degree legitimate, but because all attempts of tribunals to reach and touch it will certainly be ridiculous failures, and will have no other effect than to weaken respect for law in general—a result which there is more reason for shunning in Ireland than in most countries.

Do we, then, claim impunity for priests when they incite their followers to break the law? Certainly not. We know what profound disgust was felt and expressed the other day in the House of Commons, when it came out that one of its most prominent members had employed at his election prize-fighters dressed up as clergymen. Let us have no mercy, therefore, on clergymen whose conduct at

elections exposes them, in spite of their "vestments," to be mistaken for prize-fighters. If a priest directly or indirectly stimulates his flock to murder, incendiarism, assault, or any other illegal act, let him suffer for it, just as any other citizen would. But it has not yet been made illegal to vote for a Home-ruler. If ever that point should be reached, it will no longer be an interference with *spiritual* freedom to punish a priest who obtains votes for Captain Nolan. He will be punished, not for undue influence, but for inciting to commit a crime. A grievance undoubtedly there will be, but of another kind.

A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks he sees his way to decide the world-long antagonism between the temporal and spiritual powers, by a simple reference to that mirror of pure reason, the British statute-book. The precedent exists: what more do we want? Gipsies claim to foretell the future, and find people to believe them. But the law treats this belief as unfounded, and punishes gipsies if they avail themselves of it to extort money. Let us be consistent, and not shrink from openly laying down the principle which, says this writer, is the only logical basis for Mr. Justice Keogh's judgment. Let the (English) law declare that the Irish religion is pernicious nonsense, and it will then be a very simple matter to punish the priest who may use his pretensions for any purpose contrary to public policy—as understood by Englishmen—just as you punish a gipsy fortune-teller.

That there is a certain consistency in this line of argument cannot be denied; and, for my part, I have no objection to put Archbishop MacHale, or, for the matter of that, Archbishop Tait, on precisely the same footing as the king of the gipsies. Only, if one may say it without blasphemy, consistency may be equally satisfied by putting the last-named potentate on the same footing as the Archbishops. I can see no sort of reason for summarily deciding upon his pretensions while Mr. Home and Mrs. Guppy are open questions. I once heard a late famous mathematician maintain that there was nothing to be said against astrology, except that its predictions did not come true. If the state is to pronounce on the truth or falsehood of palmistry or astrology, how can it avoid dealing with the more urgent question of spiritualism? When Archbishop Tait claims to have effected the cure of the Prince of Wales by his Form of Public Prayer issued to all churches and chapels in England and Wales, and in the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, he is, in the eyes of most educated men, as much an impostor as Father Peter Conway driving a voter to the poll at the point of the sacrament, or a gipsy examining the hand of a kitchen-maid, and, to borrow a phrase from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "not one whit the less an impostor because he believes in every word he says, in good faith." All these avail

themselves of their mysterious claims to extract money from the community, and if the amount so extracted was to be the measure of criminality and of punishment, it is to be feared that Lambeth would come off worst. But England is a singular country, and we assert our materialism at the expense of the Peculiar People, who find themselves in the dock of an assize court for taking Archbishop Tait and the Privy Council *au sérieux*.

"A Free Church," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "is free to teach what the State does not prevent it from teaching, and nothing else." If this proposition is meant merely as a statement of fact, it is as profoundly true as the remark of the Clown in "Measure for Measure," that his trade would be a lawful one if the law would allow it. As a contribution, however, to the present discussion it is not luciferous. The question whether the State *ought* to interfere with the teaching of a church, and, if so, under what circumstances, is left just where it was. Law and right, *pace* the lawyers, may be two very different things. And if the relations of the State and the Church, or rather the Churches, are as confused and illogical as the *Pall Mall Gazette* says they are, the best solution may be, not that the State should cover the whole domain of the Church, superseding, and, so to speak, absorbing the various organizations included under that name; but that it should altogether renounce interference with the free expression of opinion, and should regard the truth or falsity of any teaching as a matter entirely beyond its cognizance. It may be as well to see what the alternative is, as stated by the *Gazette*:—

"Such a solution [the voluntary system] is not satisfactory, because, if it is to be a solution at all, it involves the exclusion of the State from all the highest functions of government, and tends to confine it to mere police functions. Admit that the moral and spiritual government of mankind is not, properly speaking, a government at all, but a mere system of advice which people buy from the clergy of different denominations, and the result will infallibly be, that the lay organs of nations will withdraw themselves by degrees from the moral and religious, the distinctly human (?) sphere of things. If the State as such, is not prepared to take a line, and a decisive one of its own, on some of the highest questions of morals and religion, it will have to make over the guidance of the intellect and conscience of the nation to priests of one sort or another."

One advantage, at all events, the free-church solution will have. The State will not be undertaking a task in which it is pretty certain to break down. The preposterous ambition of legists to step into the shoes of their expiring rivals the priests, their pretension to bring all human relations under their leaden jurisdiction, and to silence all criticisms on public and private life but such as have their imprimatur, may indeed be disappointed. But law itself, or, to use a wider term, the temporal power, will gain in force, as it assuredly will in consistency and dignity, by retiring from a hopeless struggle. For

when a church has any life in it, the influence of its organs is so subtle and impalpable as to defy the clumsy artillery of tribunals. Even Catholicism in its decrepitude is, on its own ground, more than a match for judges and juries. Immense sums of money are said to be bequeathed, under what the law calls undue influence, to persons who are bound by secret engagements to hold them at the disposal of Catholic prelates, particularly of Archbishop Cullen. When the lawyers have succeeded in defeating such bequests, it will be time enough for them to try their hands at nullifying priestly influence at elections.

It is fortunate that the dream of our fanatical legists is incapable of realisation. Were it otherwise, we should find ourselves bound hand and foot under a despotism only comparable to that of the Incas of Peru, and more galling in proportion as Europeans are by temperament and by their antecedents less acquiescent than Peruvians. If I find "the highest questions of morals and religion" decided for me by superior force, I am none the less aggrieved because the decision is a lay and not a clerical one. It matters nothing whether the tribunal which gives effect to these decisions is the Inquisition or the Court of Common Pleas. The moment argument and persuasion are exchanged for material force, the moment I am punished for telling my disciples what I believe to be their duty, as for instance, "that they are bound to vote for Captain Nolan," freedom of teaching is in principle destroyed. And as without freedom of teaching there cannot be true freedom of thought, either for learner or instructor, I should be glad to know what difference there is but one of degree between Keogh and Torquemada; unless it is that so long as the rack and the stake were the weapons of ecclesiastics, the temporal power might often be counted on to thwart the spiritual, and provide some indirect shelter for moral and intellectual freedom; whereas, under the *régime* sketched out for us by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, all balance of power will have disappeared.

Government, as we are often reminded by the able writer I have quoted, when he is handling his political pen, is force, nothing but force. It is, as he lately told us, the power of A to knock B on the head if B will not do what A bids him. Whether this is a really pregnant aphorism, or whether it is to be ranked in point of profundity with his other dictum about freedom of teaching, I need not here discuss. But we are entitled to put the two side by side, and barren as they may be separately, it cannot be denied that between them we get an important result. It is, in effect, this: that the religious teachers in any community are to pull along with that part of it which is strongest under the penalty mentioned. Of course, by this rule, the early Christian Presbyter who exhorted his convert

not to throw that perfunctory pinch of incense on Cæsar's altar, Sir Thomas More when he persisted in denying the king's ecclesiastical supremacy, and William Lloyd Garrison when he lectured against Negro Slavery, had no ground for complaining of the treatment they received. Nevertheless the illegal mind has been shocked by it, not because their doctrines were true, but because their right to have their own opinion and teach it to others, all state laws to the contrary notwithstanding, seems so evident.

Ministers of religion have not been the most conspicuous promoters of civilisation, at all events since the thirteenth century. They have not been exactly the pioneers of new ideas, the advanced guard of intellectual or political progress. Yet there is one class of men who have managed to keep in the rear even of ministers of religion, to fight longer for abuses, to hold out more steadily against progress, to fetter freedom of speech more systematically, and to persecute innovators more bitterly. That class are the lawyers. By their training they are partisans of authority and repression. They systematically sap and mine every organized influence that seems to compete with their own. Not content with administering and interpreting the laws made by the national will, they aspire to supplement them by their own ideas of what is right or wrong, what is or is not "contrary to public policy." As a class they have never helped on civilisation in England, except occasionally during the contest between the crown and feudalism, when their predilection for strong government happened for the time to coincide with the public interest. Wherever "the guidance of the intellect and conscience" is to be lodged in the future, it cannot be "made over" to more incompetent or more dangerous hands than those of the lawyers.

The attitude of governments towards the leading churches at the present day is unjust and mischievous in two opposite ways. It is a combination of bullying and bribery: the first, being unjust to the churches; the second, to the rest of the community. Clergymen can have favour, protection, privilege, pay, exemption from civic duties and burdens properly belonging to them, power even to annoy other citizens; they can have everything but simple freedom and equality, for which, indeed, it must be admitted they seldom sincerely ask. The upper and middle classes for the most part wish not to weaken churches but to bolster them up, on condition that their clergy will stand staunchly by the existing political and social order. If that root of the matter is found in them, much will be forgiven them. Hear the *Echo* lamenting over the Irish priest of other days, who, it seems, "meddled little or not at all in politics, and was in nearly every respect a very different person from the agitator and dictator in whom now centres the bitterness of party violence in his unhappy country." He was "born of the middle or

upper classes, and educated at St. Omer, among well-bred and by no means strait-laced French abbés. 'Patterns' under his auspices became scenes of jovial, if not always temperate, sociability; and if invidious distinctions were made between one priest who was a 'two-kettle man,' and another who was a 'three-kettle man,' yet the general feeling as regarded them was that they were at all events no worse than their neighbours. Why are things different now?" A sad change, no doubt. What a pity it is that the Galway priests cannot behave like the Warwickshire incumbents, who lately addressed a pastoral to the agricultural labourers, exhorting them not to form a union but to live in harmony with their employers, and trust to the laws of supply and demand for the regulation of their wages! There we have the ideal clergy of prosperous Englishmen. The only misfortune is, that in proportion as the ideal is approached, the spiritual influence becomes unaccountably weak.

The teaching of the Catholic Church, we are told, ought to be treated by the State as pernicious nonsense. Very well; but in carrying out this principle, let us proceed consistently—let us begin at the beginning; and, before we proceed to interfere with Catholic priests at the altars in their own chapels, built and supported by their own people, let us commence by withdrawing the salaries we pay to Catholic chaplains in gaols and workhouses. Yet we find the same journalists who pronounce Popery pernicious nonsense sneering at the narrowness of metropolitan vestrymen, who (as it seems to me more consistently) object to pay priests for teaching it to paupers and criminals.

It is a strange spectacle, this Catholic Church in its decrepitude, still strong, because it is the only spiritual power worth counting in Europe; so strong within its own domain, that its enemies have no confidence that they can beat it there, but have recourse to violent repression. The Galway judgment, the expulsion of the Jesuits from Germany, the shooting of Archbishop Darboy, all manifestations of modern liberalism in its various hues, are all so many confessions of moral defeat. The governments which aim blows at Catholicism with one hand, while they subsidise it with the other, that it may help them to keep down the discontented masses, make the plainest admission of weakness. Yet the extreme wing of Liberalism, when it is not content with abolishing the "budget ecclésiastique" and the exemption of priests from military service, but avows its intention to prohibit them from taking any part in the instruction of youth, does it show any confidence in its own strength? The truth is, that Mr. Justice Keogh and the English press, Prince Bismarck and the German Liberals, Felix Pyat and the Père Duchêne, are all in the same boat, pulling oars, indeed, of different length and sweep, but in very tolerable time.

Positivists alone are willing to concede absolute liberty to Catholics. Of all State recognition and support, of all subsidies, privileges, and exemptions whatever, we will, when we can, deprive them, as we renounce them for ourselves. But we will leave them free to exercise all influence that by argument and persuasion, by *spiritual* bribery and intimidation, they can procure for themselves; for Positivists alone feel a calm confidence that they can beat Catholicism by moral and intellectual weapons. We do not expect to do it this year or next, or, perhaps, in this century; but we can afford to wait. We do not believe in attempts to change human society all at once by a dead lift. It is, emphatically, a case of more haste worse speed. Our strength lies in this, that we are not, like the Revolutionist party of all shades, simply destructives. We can replace where we destroy.

The great problem that vexes Europe in the present day is not a new one; but it never was so urgent. It is this:—How shall we secure the blessing of strong and efficient government, and yet not prostrate ourselves under military despotism? The answer was given long ago in words which, making allowance for the necessary imperfections of epigram, come sufficiently near to the true solution. "My subjects and I," said the greatest statesman of modern Europe, "have made a bargain: they are to say what they like, and I am to do what I like." When public opinion is organized and its organs have freedom of speech, there is no reason to fear that a strong government will degenerate into despotism. We may take this on the authority of the despots themselves, who never venture to allow free expression of even unorganized opinion; and it must be presumed that they know what they are about. Europe will continue to oscillate between despotism and anarchy until an independent spiritual power is formed, resting everywhere on the moral sympathies and intellectual convictions of the public, free to advise, to admonish, and to reprove. This institution once established, there will be hardly any limit to the practical powers which may safely be confided to civil government; for with such a counterbalancing force they cannot easily be abused. It is the claim of the temporal power to assume "the guidance of the intellect and conscience of nations," either indirectly by servile State Churches, or directly by taking education into its own hands, which is hurrying on Europe to violent revolution.

One more bearing of Mr. Justice Keogh's judgment must be noticed. It will be necessary to press upon workmen the danger it involves to their special interests. At the last general election they for the first time found great power lodged in their hands. They were inexperienced, and they did not use it skilfully. They were played with and sold by candidates of both parties, who led them to

believe they would care for the objects they had at heart. Beyond a doubt they will try to take care of themselves better next time. Public opinion amongst workmen is very strongly organized, and it will be brought to bear. A strong and perfectly legitimate moral pressure will be exercised on individual voters, who might be inclined from selfish or corrupt motives to desert the cause of their class. Mr. Justice Keogh has created the precedent by which such pressure may be ruled to be undue influence, and we may see the election of members of Parliament virtually transferred from the constituency to a bench of judges as it has been in the case of Galway. Such tamperings with the only valuable principle of the parliamentary system must, as I have already said, ultimately bring on an appeal to physical force, and it is therefore desirable that all parties should open their eyes betimes and make up their minds where they are going. A clear perception of what lies at the end of a certain path will often determine people not to enter on it.

In conclusion, let me express a hope that certain frequently recurring allusions which I have been obliged to make may not be thought to evince a disposition to carp at particular writers. I would excuse myself in the words of Cicero when he feared a similar objection: "*Cum quibus omnis fere nobis disceptatio contentioque est: non quod eos maxime contemnamus, sed quod videntur acutissime sententias suas prudentissimeque defendere.*"

EDWARD SPENCER BEESLY.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

To most of those who are likely to look upon this page, the name that heads it will probably fail to recall any knowledge or impression, and a doubt may arise whether he for whom it stands was not the imaginary hero of some forgotten romance. Yet this shadowy unknown was a living man. We learn from his gravestone in the hospital cemetery at Basle, reticent of all else, that he died on January 25th, 1849. Not in the age, but in the spirit of his verse, written after their grand manner, was he one of the brotherhood of our Elizabethan worthies. Beddoes was alike an Englishman and a German. Of British birth and lineage, and educated and resident in our land until his twenty-second year, he may surely be claimed by us as a countryman. Thenceforth, however, he was almost continuously and from choice domesticated in Germany and Switzerland, earnestly seeking there all finer culture and expansion for his mind, and far more closely tied to them by intellectual intimacies than to his native land, in which finally he cared not to lay his bones. Beddoes grew into, and cherished towards these, the countries of his adoption, the truest filial relationship. Philosopher, politician, poet: these usually divergent tendencies of mind are occasionally united in one profound and vigorous nature, like that of Beddoes, largely endowed with imaginative power, habitually trained by the study of physical science to a paramount appreciation of truth, stored with the richest fruits of literary culture; and their combination in him, as in Shelley, was natural and harmonious, even inevitable. With the scientific or political action of Beddoes (both altogether continental) this article has no concern, and indeed the materials for such narration are not at hand; but enough will, I think, appear in the following biographical outline to show the extent to which those distinctive qualities were essential elements in his mental constitution. The sole object of the present paper is to enable the reader to judge for himself whether Beddoes was a poet in that lofty significance of the term in which it has been ascribed to him by some of the most competent of his eulogists, by Procter, Lander, Forster, and Browning.¹

(1) Mr. Procter was the earliest and most intimate of Beddoes' literary friends, their acquaintance dating back to the publication of the *Bride's Tragedy* in 1822, and the former's very laudatory notices of that work in the *Edinburgh Review* and *London Magazine*. He was consulted on the MS. of *Death's Jest Book*, and interested himself much for its improvement to the full height of its author's great powers; and he has indoctrinated with his own admiring faith, more than one generation of poetical students.

"Nearly two centuries have elapsed since a work of the same wealth of genius as

Thomas Lovell Beddoes was born at Clifton, on the 20th of July, 1803, being the eldest son of Dr. Thomas Beddoes, practising there as a physician, and Anna Edgeworth, a sister of the distinguished novelist. Dr. Beddoes was among the founders of the Pneumatic Institution, in connection with which he was the early friend and introducer of Mr., afterwards Sir Humphry, Davy, and in his short career acquired a more than local reputation by his luminous disquisitions on pathology and physics. Actuated by warm popular sympathies, he threw himself heartily into the political questions then roused in Europe by the outburst of the great French revolution, and became a vigorous pamphleteer in furtherance of democratic principles. From him Beddoes inherited the marked features of his mental physiognomy—the clear and masculine understanding, creative fancy, devotion to realism in nature and art, sturdy independence, and deep repugnance to social conventionalities. When but six years old it was his misfortune to be severed by death from this his best and truest adviser, who left him to the guardianship of an old friend, Mr. Davies Giddy, under his after-name, Sir Davies Gilbert, the well-known president of the Royal Society; and by this gentleman young Beddoes was placed successively at the Bath Grammar School, Charterhouse, and Pembroke College, Oxford. It is at Charterhouse that we catch the first glimpse of the future poet, in the interesting reminiscences of his schoolfellow, Mr. Bevan, that present to our view not a faint water-colour reproduction of the typical sixth-form scholar of precocious acquirements, but in the bold outline and vivid natural colouring of an individual portrait, wherein the characterization of the after man is plainly marked,—the stubborn champion of schoolboy rights, the stern dispenser of poetic justice on ignoble fraud, and the intellectual autocrat of the playground and boarding-house. The following quotations transfer a few bits of the picture from Mr. Bevan's canvas:—

"I first knew Thomas Lovell Beddoes at the Charterhouse in 1817 or 1818. We were in the same house (Mr. Watkinson's, No. 15, in the Square). Beddoes was near the top of the school, I his fag, and in constant attendance upon him.

"The expression of his face was shrewd and sarcastic, with an assumption of sternness as he affected the character of a tyrant and bully, though really not much of either; but a persevering and ingenious tormentor, as I knew to my cost.

"With a great natural turn for humour, and a propensity to mischief,

'Death's Jest Book' hath been given to the world."—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (*Forster's Biography*, vol. ii. p. 495).

"We must frankly say, in conclusion, that we are not acquainted with any living author who could have written the *Fool's Tragedy*."—JOHN FORSTER (*The Literary Examiner*, July 20, 1850).

"Now as to the extracts which might be made: why, you might pick out scenes, passages, lyrics, fine as fine can be: the power of the man is immense and irresistible."—ROBERT BROWNING (MS. in a letter to the writer of this article).

impatient of control, and indisposed to constituted authority *over* him, he suggested and carried out many acts of insubordination, in the contrivance of which he showed as much wit as spirit in their execution, and even when detected in positive rebellion, his invincible assurance and deliberate defiance of the masters, together with the grim composure of his countenance, were so irresistibly comic, that I have seen them unable to speak for laughing when he was brought up for punishment.

"Once, when we were forbidden to play at hockey in the cloisters, where hockey had been played time out of mind, we determined to resist such a stretch of prerogative, and appointed a match in defiance of the order. Beddoes, who had never before been seen with a hockey stick in his hand, signified his purpose of heading one of the sides, and appeared before the whole school in a sort of war dress invented and made by himself; of which the most remarkable parts were a fillet of rags round his head stuck full of feathers, and a paste-board shield having for device a fist doubled, with the motto '*Manus hæc inimica tyrannis.*' I shall never forget his look of ferocious gravity as he marched out at the head of his myrmidons; the apparition was too much for the masters who had assembled to enforce the law, but laughed in spite of themselves, and the whole thing blew over.

"He had a great knack at composition both in prose and verse, generally burlesque—and a great notion of dramatic effect. A locksmith called John Wylie, who worked for the school, incurred Beddoes' displeasure by putting a bad lock on his book-case, and charging for a good one; Beddoes was forced to pay, but John Wylie had no reason to boast of his spoils. His tormentor had prepared, the very next night he came to work, a dramatic interlude representing his last moments, disturbed by horror and remorse for his sins in the matter of the lock, his death and funeral procession, which was interrupted by fiends who bore off the body to accompany the soul to eternal torments. The getting up was so perfect, and the dialogue, songs, choruses, and dirge, so good in their way, and so personal and little-flattering to the suffering soul, that John Wylie departed in a storm of wrath and execrations, and could not be persuaded for some time to resume his work.

"I should say that at school he was *not* a *very* good scholar, at least as far as Latin and Greek give a claim to that title; but unusually forward and well read in the best English literature, particularly of the lighter sort, and poetry, and above all, dramatic poetry.

"He knew Shakspeare well when I first saw him, and during his stay at the Charterhouse made himself master of all the best English dramatists, from Shakspeare's time or before it, to the plays of the day. He liked acting and was a good judge of it, and used to give apt though burlesque imitations of the popular actors, particularly of Kean and Macready. Though his voice was harsh and his enunciation offensively conceited, he read with so much expression and manner that I was always glad to listen: even when I was pressed into the service as his accomplice, his enemy, or his love, with a due accompaniment of curses, caresses, or kicks, as the course of his declamation required.

"It has been said that few persons make an extraordinary figure in the world, who have not something in their way of thinking or expressing themselves, that is peculiar to them and entirely their own, and certainly if originality be one of the traits of genius, Beddoes possessed this quality in a remarkable degree. One of the most striking proofs of its reality in his case was, as it appears to me, not only the ascendancy which he acquired and retained over his schoolfellows without any apparent effort, even over those who in particular branches of classical learning were confessedly his superiors, but the impression which his personal habits and character left upon those with whom he associated. He had scholarship enough to reach and maintain with ease a high place in the school, but, that point settled, he seemed to abandon all farther competition, that he might establish a supremacy more to

his taste. And in this he so far succeeded, that besides holding undisputed sway in his boarding-house, he invented a sort of slang language, which from its quaintness of conception, and excellent adaptation to the popular topics, came into general use, and held its place for some time after his departure. And this not out of any feeling of personal regard, for he was generally unpopular, but from a sheer conviction that the terms employed answered their purpose better than those in ordinary use, or at least expressed, with greater force to the popular sense, the conventional meaning which they were intended to convey. It may be observed in further illustration of his truth of observation and happiness of expression, that a nickname once given by him (and he gave many) never left its owner, and at once superseded all other modes of address.

"Beddoes left the Charterhouse some time before I did, and went to Pembroke College, Oxford, about 1820. From that time to 1824, when I went to Balliol, I never heard of him, and was much surprised by his walking into my room one morning. He had then taken his degree, but was altered in no respect but by having grown from a boy into a man. He seemed to have little or no acquaintance with the men of his own standing, and of course while he was an undergraduate, was at open war with the college authorities, whom he had provoked according to his own account by a course of studied impertinence. For instance, he took no pains to conceal, or rather seized on all opportunities of making known, his contempt for his tutor, and went to lecture with his books uncut. The tutor remonstrated—Beddoes walked out of the room and re-appeared with the largest butcher's knife he could buy with which he began to cut the leaves. The effect produced by his face and gestures was such as to put an abrupt end to that lecture, and to insure his absence from all future ones. He knew quite enough, however, to pass his examination with ease; and from that time applied himself almost exclusively to German literature and German politics, having a strong leaning to ultra liberality, and what is now called rationalism, coupled with a confirmed dislike of all our institutions.

"I think he remained at Oxford one or two terms of my residence there, and used sometimes to come and see me, but kept aloof from all society."

At Oxford Beddoes took his B.A. degree, in May, 1825, and his M.A. in April, 1828. He had been content to go without academic distinction. His literary power, however, established him in the critical chair among the undergraduates of Pembroke, and was made conspicuous, beyond the limits of the University, by the publication in 1822 of the *Bride's Tragedy*, a drama of startling merit in itself, and, when considered as the composition of a youth under nineteen, a work not surpassed, I am tempted to assert, by any other poetic product at a like age. Its originality and power at once attracted critical notice and commendation from some of the leading reviews,¹ and these not unnaturally incited him to further exercise of the poetic faculty, to which he gave free rein during the remainder of his residence in England. This, however, he soon brought to a close, for in July, 1825, he passed into Germany, and commenced there that long domicile which terminated only with his life. The first four years of this period were passed by him as a laborious student at the University of Göttingen, whither he resorted for that acquisition of profounder science in physics and

(1) The *Edinburgh Review*, and *London Magazine*.

philosophy, and wider range of culture generally, which he had failed to obtain in an English university of that day. How systematically he worked, and what the quality of his fellow-workers, as well masters as scholars, is partially disclosed in his correspondence with an English friend:—

“Up at five; anatomical reading till six; translation from English into German till seven; prepare for Blumenbach’s lecture till nine; Stromeyer’s lecture on chemistry till ten; ten to half-past twelve, practical zootomy; half-past twelve, English into German, or German literary reading, with a pipe. One to two, anatomical lecture. Two to three, anatomical reading; three to four, osteology; four to five, lecture in German language; five to six, dinner and light reading in zootomy, chemistry, or anatomy; six to seven, this hour is very often wasted in a visit, sometimes anatomical reading till eight; then coffee and read Greek till ten. Ten to eleven, write a little Death’s Jest Book, which is a horrible waste of time, but one must now and then throw away the drags of the day; read Latin sometimes or even continue the anatomy, and at eleven go to bed.” (Dec., 1825.)

“If ever you received a small shabby letter from Hamburg, you know that I am a Göttingen student; it is likely that I shall remain so for some time. This university is a handsome likeness of the caricature given of it in all works of the day, which exhibit Germany to the delight of you people in that island; but if there is more harm I believe there is also more good in it than in our own. Blumenbach, who is my best friend among the professors, is, I fancy, of the first rank as mineralogist, physiologist, geologist, botanist, natural historian, and physician; over and above which he possesses an exuberant fancy, and a flow of wit, which is anything but German; indeed I suspect he is the first living writer in Deutschland.” (Sept., 1825.)

“... Here in the almost innumerable universities you are sure to meet with little galaxies of Hofraths and professors, all men of more or less talent and information. The best here in their several ways are Benecke, the English professor, a man who understands more English than most natives; Langenbuk and Hempel, anatomists and surgeons; Krauss, Conradi, and Himly, medical professors; Heeren and Saalfeld, historical; and Krause, philosophical—besides the Eichorns and Hugo, celebrated jurists and divines; and the clever old humorous Blumenbach.” (Dec., 1825.)

“I cannot speak the language very tolerably; from one or two specimens with which I am more intimate, and a general knowledge of the body of students, I can decidedly say, of those here at least, that they have been causelessly and disgracefully ridiculed in our ignorant and flippant travels and periodicals. There is an appetite for learning, a spirit of diligence, and withal a good-natured fellow-feeling wholly unparalleled in our old apoplectic and paralytic *Almæ Matres*; nine students out of ten at this time of the year, rise at five or six, study the whole day and night, and Saturday and Sunday morning are set aside for social communication. I never was better employed, never so happy, never so well satisfied.” (Dec., 1825.)

“Blumenbach is one of the cleverest men in Germany; his works are distinguished for nicety, acuteness, and acquaintance with the in and outside of nature; but, in his lecture room, he would be a capital subject for Mathews. He lectures on natural history, that is, his auditors bring his very capital manual in their hands and sit out: in an instant one hears a noise as of Punch on the stairs, and the old powdered professor pushes in, grunting, amid as much laughter as Liston. He then begins a lecture composed of jokes, good stories, imitations, inarticulate sounds and oaths; and this being ended, goes as he came, a good, clever, merry old man.” (April, 1826.)

We have seen what Beddoes thought of Blumenbach; Blumen-

bach's estimate of Beddoes was given, in one emphatic sentence, to a scientific friend—"His amount of talent exceeded that of any other student who received instruction from me during my professorship" (fifty years), and a large portion of the elite of German youth, it must be borne in mind, had passed through his University. On quitting it, Beddoes went to Wurzburg, where he resided several years, and obtained the diploma of M.D. This, however, he never took up, nor the professorship of comparative anatomy in the University of Zurich, to which, on the proposal of the celebrated Dr. Schönbein, he had been unanimously recommended by the medical faculty of that place. Zurich was his favourite place of residence; but being a life-long student, always in quest of knowledge, and caring nothing for professional gains or distinction, he passed at times to other German centres of learning, where he could find associates of like intellectual culture and pursuits. Again and again, as a solitary pedestrian, he traversed and imbibed the potent influences of the magnificent scenery so happily placed within his reach. It was during these years also that he sympathized largely in the democratic movements that took place in Switzerland and on the Rhine, giving his strenuous aid, with purse, pen, and personal services, to the leaders of the anti-oligarchical and anti-clerical party. This he did so openly and persistently that his residence in the Hanoverian, Bavarian, and other precincts of absolutism, was rendered difficult. Occasionally he revisited what he called the "native land of the Unicorn," renewing the old ties of blood and friendship; but his correspondence with English friends and relatives was slack and intermittent; and their knowledge of his German life and intimacies was consequently always scant and uncertain. In 1848, however, he announced his intention of resuming his permanent abode in England; but in the autumn of that year he underwent a serious illness, which, accelerated by a severe injury that befel him at Basle, brought his life to a close in that city on 25th January, 1849. On his death-bed he hastily consigned his manuscripts to the writer of this notice, "to print, or not, as he might think proper." Among them, no paper of a scientific character was found: a deficiency so strange, considering the direction of his mind during the latter half of his life, as to cause the suspicion that, with a number of missing books and instruments of value, such products of his thought had been misappropriated by unscrupulous hands. So early as September, 1825, he had said of himself that he was "preparing for deep and thorough medical studies, for I find literary wishes fading very fast:" and in December of the same year—

"I will frankly confess that I have lost much if not all my ambition to become poetically distinguished—still," he adds, "Death's Jest Book goes on ilke the tortoise, slow and sure; I think it will be entertaining, very unamiable, and utterly unpopular."

Again in April, 1826 :—

“My thoughts all run on points very uninteresting to you, *i.e.* on entrails and blood vessels, except a few which every now and then assumed an Iambic form towards the never-ending Jest Book; it lies like a snowball, and I give it a kick every now and then out of mere scorn and ill-humour. The fourth act and, I may say, the fifth are more than half done, so that at last it will be a perfect mouse; if my friend Death lives long enough to finish his jest-book, it will come with its strangenesses (it contains nothing else) like an electric shock among the small critics, and I hope to have the pleasure here of reading a cunning abuse of it from the pen of Jerdan. Me you may safely regard as one banished from a service to which he was not adapted, but who has still a lingering affection for the land of dreams, as yet at least not far enough in the journey of science to have lost sight of the old two-topped hill.”

After such, and many other similar, disparagements by Beddoes of his poetic faculty, and its fruits, it was no small relief to find at his death the manuscripts of *Death's Jest Book*, with several lyrical and fragmentary pieces in his own possession, intact. This drama, notwithstanding its blemishes of construction pointed out by the author, and other imperfections marked for correction, was published in 1850, and the remainder of his poetry (which fortunately had been left with his friend in England), fragmentary as it was, together with a brief memoir, vitalised by such of his own letters as could be got together in the following year. The high quality and originality of the verse at once won for it, from the small literary circle whose favour is alone of value, its fitting recognition; and the greater part of the limited editions was soon disposed of. The disordered affairs and death of the publisher, shortly afterwards, scattered the remainder, so that the acquisition of a single copy has long since become impracticable; and another generation of poetic readers having, perhaps, displaced that by which Beddoes was known and appreciated, these volumes, to the former—as good (or bad) as manuscript—are now but a sealed book. In the strong conviction that such an estrangement of Beddoes from his fitting admirers is a wrong to them, and an unjust diminution of his fame, the writer of this notice now seeks to win for the poet and his inspirations a portion of the light of public observation. In the following pages of this article will be offered to those who are willing to accept it, an anthology formed solely from *Death's Jest Book*, the most important of the posthumous publications. To make known a poet in mere extracts is undoubtedly a mode of introduction most likely to place him at disadvantage with the reader; but the force and character of the poetry of Beddoes are such that they will not fail to sustain his reputation through an ordeal that would be fatal to the work of a feeblar hand. The interest and influence of *Death's Jest Book* do not in any manner depend on philosophic delineations of its *dramatis personæ*, and nice gradations in their development, and consequently suffer little of that injury from breaches of continuity in the narrative,

which would doubtless be inseparable from any similar liberties taken with Hamlet and Macbeth, and even Wallenstein, whose characters are gradually built up before our eyes. It is otherwise, indeed, with the construction of its story, which is powerfully and graphically unfolded, presenting novel, daring, and impressive effects, through the dark and winding labyrinth of which is ever heard that tread of the approaching Nemesis which is so essential an element in all high tragedy. The same cause that prompts, and should justify, this design, cannot but favour its execution, viz., the passionate and intense character of every verse Beddoes wrote, giving to it, however isolated or fragmentary, a distinctive excellence of its own. In all his poetry—dramatic, lyrical, or whatever else its form—we stand beside an exuberant spring of imaginative thought, that ever rises up in novel, vivid, and startling conceptions; “and has” (to adopt his own pregnant words)—

“the caverns of its inspirations
More true than Delphian underneath our being.”

And it is this profounder influence, of which our minds are conscious, that gives to his verse, despite its blemishes of turbulence and excess, an especial distinction, apart and almost unique in our literature. Beddoes invented the plots of his dramas, and in shaping these, he doubtless cared less for the harmonious proportions of the structure, than for its capability for the reception and display of those rich and varied fancies which his creative mind poured forth in such abundance. In one of his letters (February, 1829) Beddoes wrote apologetically, “My cursed fellows in the Jest Book would palaver immeasurably, and I could not prevent them.” There is nothing to regret in this, for in these “palavers” is doubtless to be found as large a share of the author’s finest imaginings as in any other portions of the drama, and having probably a fuller measure of his idiosyncrasy, are more deeply imbued with the original characteristics of his speculative and daring mind. To have relinquished them would have been a sheer loss to his readers, whatever the advantage in an artistic point of view, to the total work; for, after all, it is to such passages in a poem as pierce and cling to the reader’s mind, that he owes the larger and more constant portion of his delight, whatever the constructive merits of the work. This is the case with respect to even the finest poetic creations,—to Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, and Lear,—wherein having once fully mastered their great author’s conception as disclosed in the work, and made it our own, we thenceforth incessantly turn in his volume, or rather in our memories, for the lines which in themselves and for their own intrinsic superiority have most delighted us. Every real poet has a style of his own, and this is not the less true of Beddoes, because in his case it is from its very excellence less obvious to direct notice.

It is altogether free from mannerism ; its characteristic being an expression so transparent that it seems to be a very portion of the idea which it reveals. The creations of Beddoes have no haze about them ; and they stand before us with the fulness of sculpture. Neither is there any taint of rhetoric in his lines, no painful mosaic, no impasting of colours. His diction is not a parti-coloured raiment prepared to cover the naked new-born idea, and often only attracting notice to its own unfitness : it is always congenital with the thought, and as much a part of it as the skin is of the living animal. The poetry of Beddoes has been happily defined as "*essential poetry* ;" its constituent elements being so intimately blended and inseparable that they are indistinguishable by sight, and (as finely expressed and exemplified in one of his own lines) "transparent as a glass of poisoned water," while the clearness of the draught but intensifies its subtlety and strength. The poet's magic is in the web of his verse, and penetrating every portion of its texture, it makes its presence felt in his most fragmentary compositions, in single lines, and often in mere epithets.

Death's Jest Book, or the *Fool's Tragedy*, has, the author tells us, an historical nucleus in the disputed fact of a Duke of Munsterberg in Silecia being stabbed to death by his court fool, A.D. 1257. The incident itself does not occur in the drama, which has no other connection with the legend than its locality and era. This latter must be borne in mind, and the reader prepared for the objectivity given to some of the superstitions of the time, and the spectral fancies that play over the surface of the drama, without interfering, however, with its human interests and action. The plot of the piece is as follows. Many years before its commencement, MÆLVERIC had seized the dukedom of Munsterberg, killing its possessor, and driving his two infant sons into exile. On reaching manhood, these returned, purposing vengeance, disguised under the assumed names of WOLFRAM and ISBRAND ; and, for better concealment, the latter took the garb and office of court fool. WOLFRAM, by knightly qualities, won the esteem of the duke, and they became fast friends. The duke went as a Crusader to the Holy Land, and was made captive by the Moors. WOLFRAM also became a Crusader, and was made prisoner ; but, escaping, he returned to Munsterberg and organized an expedition for rescue of the duke. In the first scene, the port of Ancona, the departure of this expedition is presented, with WOLFRAM taking leave of THORWALD, Governor of Munsterberg and the court. ISBRAND vehemently upbraids his brother for interfering to save their enemy, the duke ; and, failing to detain him, falls back on his own solitary vengeance.

The next scene (a woody solitude on the African coast) shows the duke, who has just escaped from confinement, and SIBYLLA, a young

maiden, his fellow-captive, whose rescue he had effected; the latter sleeping in a tent. His Arab slave, ZIBA, brings news of a vessel in sight, and soon afterwards WOLFRAM lands with his knights. In a previous conversation, SIBYLLA had told the duke of her having known a captive Saxon knight, and unconsciously disclosed her affection towards him. On WOLFRAM's entry, she and WOLFRAM recognise each other, and the duke finds that his own passion for her is hopeless. After a vain endeavour to induce WOLFRAM to relinquish her, he resolves upon his death, and being baffled in an attempt to poison him, forces on him, when alone together, a personal combat, and kills him. SIBYLLA and the knights arrive in time to see WOLFRAM die, but he dies without disclosing his murderer.

In the first scene of the second act (once more in Ancona), WOLFRAM's body is interred in the church with due honours; and then the duke, SIBYLLA, and the rest set out for Grüssau, the ducal residence in Munsterberg, the former disguised as a pilgrim, and having enjoined secrecy; and the action of the drama thenceforth takes place in Grüssau, whither ISBRAND, who joined the party at Ancona, secretly removes his brother's body.

ISBRAND'S COMMENT ON JUBILANT MARINERS—HIS PERSISTENT
SELF-RELIANCE.

Isbr. The idiot merriment of thoughtless men!
How the fish laugh at them, that swim and toy
About the ruined ship, wrecked deep below,
Whose pilot's skeleton, all full of sea-weeds,
Leans on his anchor, grinning like their Hope.
But I will turn my bosom now to thee,
Brutus, thou patron saint of us avengers;
Refresh me with thy spirit, or step in
Thy whole great ghost. Isbrand, thou tragic fool,
Cheer up. Art thou alone? Why so should be
Creators and destroyers. I'll go brood,
And strain my burning and distracted soul
Against the naked spirit of the world
Till some portent's begotten.

THE ARAB'S WATCH BY THE SEA.

Isbr. I looked abroad upon the wide old world
And in the sky and sea, through the same clouds
The same stars saw I glistening, and nought else;
And as my soul sighed unto the world's soul,
Far in the north a wind blackened the waters,
And, after that creating breath was still,
A dark speck sat on the sky's edge: as watching
Upon the heaven-girt border of my mind
The first faint thought of a great deed arise,
With force and fascination I drew on
The wished sight, and my hope seemed to stamp
Its shape upon it. Not yet is it clear
What, or from whom, the vessel.

UNCONSCIOUS DISCLOSURE OF SIBYLLA'S LOVE.

Duke. Esteem and quiet friendship
 Oft bear love's semblance for awhile.

Sibyl. I know it.
 Thou shalt hear how : A year and more is past
 Since a brave Saxon knight did share our prison ;
 A noble, generous man, in whose discourse
 I found much pleasure ; yet, when he was near me,
 There ever was a pain which I could taste
 Even in the thick and sweetest of my comfort :
 Strange dread of meeting, greater dread of parting :
 My heart was never still : and many times,
 When he had fetched me flowers, I trembled so,
 That oft they fell as I was taking them
 Out of his hand. When I would speak to him
 I heard not, and I knew not what I said.
 I saw his image clearer in his absence
 Than near him, for my eyes were strangely troubled :
 And never had I dared to talk thus to him.
 Yet this I thought was love. O, self-deceived !
 For now I can speak all I think to thee
 With confidence and ease. What else can that be
 Except true love ?

THE DUKE RESOLVES ON WOLFRAM'S DEATH.

Duke. Ha ! what's this thought,
 Shapeless and shadowy, that keeps wheeling round,
 Like a dumb creature that sees coming danger,
 And breaks its heart trying in vain to speak ?
 I know the moment : 'tis a dreadful one,
 Which in the life of every one comes once ;
 When, for the frightened, hesitating soul,
 High heaven and luring sin with promises
 Bid and contend. Oft the faltering spirit,
 Overcome by the fair fascinating fiend,
 Gives her eternal heritage of life
 For one caress, for one triumphant crime.
 Pitiful villain ! that dost long to sin,
 And dar'st not. Shall I dream my soul is bathing
 In his reviving blood, yet lose my right,
 My only health, my sole delight on earth,
 For fear of shadows on a chapel wall
 In some pale, painted Hell ? No : by thy beauty,
 I will possess thee, maiden. Doubt and care
 Be trampled in the dust with the worm conscience !
 Farewell, then, Wolfram : now Amen is said
 Unto thy time of being in this world :
 Thou shalt die ! Ha ! the very word doth double
 My strength of life : the resolution leaps
 Into my heart divinely, as doth Mars
 Upon the trembling footboard of his car,
 Hurrying into battle wild and panting,
 Even as my death-dispensing thought does now.

SIBYLLA'S PRESENTIMENT OF EVIL." *A Tent on the Sea-Shore : Sunset.*

Wolfram. This is the oft-wished hour, when we together
 May walk upon the sea-shore. Let us seek

Some greensward overshadowed by the rocks.
 Wilt thou come forth ? Even now the sun is setting
 In the triumphant splendour of the waves.
 Hear you not how they leap ?

Sibyl. Nay ; we will watch
 The sun go down upon a better day.
 Look not on him this evening.

Wolfr. Then let's wander
 Under the mountain's shade in the deep valley,
 And mock the woody echoes with our songs.

Sibyl. That wood is dark, and all the mountain caves
 Dreadful, and black, and full of howling winds.
 Thither we will not wander.

Wolfr. Shall we seek
 The green and golden meadows, and there pluck
 Flowers for thy couch, and shake the dew out of them ?

Sibyl. The snake that loves the twilight has come out,
 Beautiful, still, and deadly ; and the blossoms
 Have shed their fairest petals in the storm
 Last night. The meadow's full of fear and danger.

Wolfr. Ah ! you will to the rocky fount, and there
 We'll see the fire-flies dancing in the breeze,
 And the stars trembling in the trembling water,
 And listen to the daring nightingale
 Defying the old night with harmony.

Sibyl. Not that ; but we will rather here remain,
 And earnestly converse. What said the Duke ?
 Surely, no good.

WOLFRAM'S DEATH.

Sibyl. Who did this, Melveric ?

Duke. Let him die in quiet.

Hush ! there's a thought upon his lips again.

Wolfr. A kiss, Sibylla ! I ne'er yet have kissed thee,
 And my new bride, death's lips are cold, they say
 Now it is darkening.

Sibyl. Oh, not yet, not yet !

Who did this, Wolfram ?

Wolfr. Thou know'st, Melveric.

At the last day reply thou to that question
 When such an angel asks it : I'll not answer
 Or then or now.

[*Dies.*

A Voice from the Water.

The swallow leaves her nest,
 The soul my weary breast ;
 But therefore let the rain

On my grave
 Fall pure ; for why complain
 Since both will come again
 O'er the wave ?

The wind dead leaves and snow
 Doth scurry to and fro ;
 And, once, a day shall break
 O'er the wave

When a storm of ghosts shall shake
 The dead, until they wake
 In the grave.

DIEGE AT WOLFRAM'S BURIAL.

If thou wilt ease thine heart
 Of love and all its smart,
 Then sleep, dear, sleep;
 And not a sorrow
 Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
 Lie still and deep,
 Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
 The rim o' the sun to-morrow
 In eastern sky.
 But wilt thou cure thine heart
 Of love and all its smart,
 Then die, dear, die;
 'Tis deeper, sweeter,
 Than on a rose-bank to lie dreaming
 With folded eye,
 And then alone, amid the beaming
 Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her
 In eastern sky.

SIBYLLA'S INDIFFERENCE TO LIFE.

Duke. Wilt thou hence with us?

Sibyl.

Whither you will lead me.

My will lies there, my hope, and all my life
 Which was in this world. Yet, if I shed tear,
 It is not for his death, but for my life.
 Dead is he? Say not so, but that he is
 No more excepted from Eternity.
 If he were dead I should indeed despair.
 Can Wolfram die? Ay, as the sun doth set:
 It is the earth that falls away from light;
 Fixed in the heavens, although unseen by us,
 The immortal life and light remain triumphant,
 And therefore you shall never see me wail,
 Or drop base waters of an ebbing sorrow;
 No wringing hands, no sighings, no despair,
 No mourning weeds will I betake me to;
 But keep my thought of him that is no more
 As secret as great nature keeps his soul
 From all the world; and consecrate my being
 To that divinest hope, which none can know of
 Who have not laid their dearest in the grave.
 Farewell, my love,—I will not say to thee
 Pale corpse,—we do not part for many days;
 A little sleep, a little waking more,
 And then we are together out of life.

ISBRAND OVER THE DEAD BODY OF HIS BROTHER.

Isbr. Dead and gone! a scurvy burthen to this ballad of life! There lies he, Siegfried; my brother, mark you; and I weep not, nor gnash the teeth, nor curse; and why not, Siegfried? Do you see this? So should every honest man be: cold, dead, and leaden-coffined. This was one who would be constant in friendship, and the pole wanders; one who would be immortal, and the light that shines upon his pale forehead now, through yonder gewgaw window, undulated from its star hundreds of years ago. That is constancy, that is life. O moral nature!

The duke finds Grüssau in a ferment of mischief, ISBRAND having stirred up the people to revolt, and inveigled the duke's sons, ADALMAR and ATHULF into the conspiracy. The brothers are also in fierce contention for the possession of AMALA, THORWALD's daughter, whom, by the duke's direction, he gives to the elder and worthier, ADALMAR, though her own affections secretly incline to his wilder brother. The duke's passion for SIBYLLA has entirely subsided, having, so far from being furthered by the removal of WOLFRAM, been, as finely conceived by the writer, at once extinguished by remorse.

Duke. It was a fascination, near to madness,
Which held me subjugated to that maiden.
Why do I now so coldly speak of her
When there is naught between us? Oh! there is
A deed as black as the old towers of Hell.

Thus desolated and anguished by the unfilial conduct of his sons and the rebellion of his people, the duke resolves to abandon his throne and Munsterberg, and to carry with him the remains of his dead wife, whom he had passionately loved; and with this object, after a midnight meeting of the conspirators in the ruined cathedral where her body had been interred, proceeds to open the vault, when ZIBA, who had boasted the necromantic power of his race, offers to raise her spirit. The duke incredulously consents, and ZIBA, after due incantation, and aided by a blood bond for revisiting each other, which WOLFRAM had exchanged with MELVERIC, raises the form, not of the duchess, but of WOLFRAM, whose body had been substituted for hers by ISBRAND. Thenceforth to the end of the play, the spectre abides by the duke, and is known to him alone.

This supernaturalism is certainly the indigestible part of the drama, and its author has left on record his determination of greatly modifying it.

ATHULF'S CONFESSIO AMANTIS.

Athulf. This in a court!
Such sort of love might Hercules have felt
Warm from the Hydra fight, when he had fattened
On a fresh slain Bucentaur, roasted whole,
The heart of his pot-belly, till it ticked
Like a cathedral clock. But in good faith
Is this the very truth? Then have I found
My fellow-fool. For I am wounded too
E'en to the quick and inmost, Adalmar.
So fair a creature! of such sweets compact
As nature stints elsewhere, which you may find
Under the tender eyelid of a serpent,
Or in the gurge of a kiss-coloured rose,
By drops and sparks; but when she moves, you see
Like water from a crystal overfilled,
Fresh beauty tremble out of her and lave

Her fair sides to the ground. Of other women
 (And we have beauteous in this court of ours)
 I can remember whether nature touched
 Their eye with brown or azure, where a vein
 Runs o'er a sleeping eyelid, like some streak
 In a young blossom; every grace count up,
 Here the round turn and crevice of the arm,
 There the tress-bunches, or the slender hand
 Seen between harp strings, gathering music from them.
 But where she is, I'm lost in her abundance,
 And when she leaves me I know nothing more
 (Like one from whose awakening temples rolls
 The cloudy vision of a god away)
 Than that she was divine.

ATHULF FINDS A RIVAL IN HIS BROTHER.

Athulf. But this is somewhat true.
 I almost think that I could feel the same
 For her. For *her*? By heavens 'tis Amala,
 Amala only, that he so can love.
 There! by her side! in conference! at smiles!
 Then I am born to be a fratricide.
 I feel as I were killing him. Tush, tush;
 A phantom of my passion! But if true—
 What? What, my heart? A strangely-quiet thought,
 That will not be pronounced, doth answer me.

ISBRAND EXULTS IN HIS SUCCESSFUL MACHINATIONS.

Isbr. Now see you how this dragon egg of ours
 Swells with its ripening plot? Methinks I hear
 Snaky rebellion turning restless in it;
 And with its horny jaws scraping away
 The shell that hides it. All is ready now;
 I hold the latch-string of a new world's wicket;
 One pull and it rolls in. Bid all our friends
 Meet in that ruinous churchyard once again
 By moonrise; until then I'll hide myself;
 For these sweet thoughts rise dimpling to my lips,
 And break the dark stagnation of my features,
 Like sugar melting in a glass of poison.
 To-morrow, Siegfried, shalt thou see me sitting
 One of the drivers of this racing earth,
 With Grüssau's reins between my fingers. Ha!
 Never since Hell laughed at the Church, blood-drunk
 From rack and wheel, has there been joy so mad
 As that which stings my marrow now.

Siegfr. Good cause
 The sun-glance of a coming crown to heat you,
 And give your thoughts gay colours in the steam
 Of a fermenting brain.

Isbr. Not alone that.
 A sceptre is smooth handling, it is true,
 And one grows fat and jolly in a chair
 That has a kingdom crouching under it,
 With one's name on its collar, like a dog,

To fetch and carry. But the heart I have
 Is a strange little snake. He drinks not wine,
 When he'd be drunk, but poison; he doth fatten
 On bitter hate, not love. And, oh that duke!
 My life is hate of him; and, when I tread
 His neck into the grave, I shall, methinks,
 Fall into ashes with the mighty joy,
 Or be transformed into a winged star,
 That will be all-eternal heaven distilled
 Down to one thick rich minute.

ATHULF SEEKS TO FATHOM ISBRAND.

Athulf. Isbrand!
Isbr. My prince.
Athulf. Come to me. Thou'rt a man
 I must know more of. There is something in thee,
 The deeper one doth venture in thy being,
 That drags us on and down. What dost thou lead to?
 Art thou a current to some unknown sea
 Islanded richly, full of siren songs
 And unknown bliss? Art thou the snaky opening
 Of a dark cavern, where one may converse
 With night's dear spirits? If thou'rt one of these
 Let me descend thee.

ISBRAND'S JUDGMENT ON THE BROTHERS.

Isbr. Then go where Pride and Madness carry thee;
 And let that feasted fatness pine and shrink,
 Till thy ghost's pinched in the tight, love-lean body.
 I see his life, as in a map of rivers,
 Through shadows, over rocks, breaking its way,
 Until it meet his brother's, and with that
 Wrestle and tumble o'er a perilous rock,
 Bare as Death's shoulder; one of them is lost,
 And a dark haunted flood creeps deadly on
 Into the wailing Styx. Poor Amala!
 A thorny rose thy life is, plucked in the dew,
 And pitilessly woven with these snakes
 Into a garland for the king of the grave.

THE DUKE AT THE TOMB OF HIS WIFE.

Thorr. This haunted hour,
 What would you with the earth? Dig you for treasure?
Duke. Ay, I do dig for treasure. To the vault,
 Lift up the kneeling marble woman there,
 And delve down to the coffin. Ay, for treasure,
 The very dross of such a soul and body
 Shall stay no longer in this land of hate.
 I'll covetously rake the ashes up
 Of this my love-consumed incense star,
 And in a golden urn, over whose sides
 An unborn life of sculpture shall be poured,
 They shall stand ever on my chamber altar.
 I am not Heaven's rebel; think 't not of me;

Nor that I'd trouble her sepulchral sleep
For a light end. Religiously I come
To change the bed of my beloved lady,
That what remains below of us may join,
Like its immortal.

. Nay, prithee
Let no one comfort me. I'll mourn awhile
Over her memory.

Thorw. Let the past be past,
And Lethe freeze unwept on over it.
What is, be patient with : and, with what shall be,
Silence the body-bursting spirit's yearnings.
Thou say'st that, when she died, that day was spilt
All beauty flesh could hold, that day went down
An oversouled creation. The time comes
When thou shalt find again thy blessed love,
Pure from all earth, and with the usury
Of her heaven-hoarded charms.

Duke. Is this the silence
That I commanded ? Fool, thou say'st a lesson
Out of some philosophic pedant's book.
I loved no desolate soul : she was a woman,
Whose spirit I knew only through those limbs,
Those tender members thou dost dare despise ;
By whose exhaustless beauty, infinite love,
Trackless expression only, I did learn
That there was aught yet viewless and eternal ;
Since they could come from such alone. Where is she ?
Where shall I ever see her as she was ?
With the sweet smile she smiled only on me ;
With those eyes full of thoughts, none else could see ?
Where shall I meet that brow and lip with mine ?
Hence with thy shadows ! But her fair warm body,
Where's that ? There, mouldered to the dust.

GHOSTLY LORE AND SPECULATION.

Isbr. Suppose we four had lived in Cyrus' time
And had our graves under Egyptian grass,
D'you think, at whistling of a necromant,
I'd leave my wine or subterranean love
To know his bidding ? mummies cannot pull
The breathing to them, when they'd learn the news.

Ziba. Perhaps they do, in sleep, in swoons, in fevers :
But your belief's not needed.

(to the Duke) You remember
The damsel dark at Mecca, whom we saw
Weeping the death of a pale summer flower,
Which her spear-slain beloved had tossed to her
Galloping into battle ?

Duke. Happy one !
Whose eyes could yield a tear to soothe her sorrows.
But what's that to the point ?

Ziba. As those tears fell
A magic scholar passed ; and, their cause known,
Bade her no longer mourn ; he called a bird,
And bade it with its bill select a grain

Out of the gloomy death-bed of the blossom.
 The feathery bee obeyed; and scraped aside
 The sand, and dropped the seed into its grave:
 And there the old plant lay, still and forgotten,
 By its just budding grandsons; but not long:
 For soon the floral necromant brought forth
 A wheel of amber (such may Clotho use
 When she spins lives), and as he turned and sung,
 The mould was cracked and shouldered up; there came
 A curved stalk, and then two leaves unfurled,
 And slow and straight between them there arose,
 Ghostly still, again the crowned flower.
 Is it not easier to raise a man,
 Whose soul strives upward ever, than a plant
 Whose very life stands half way on death's road,
 Asleep and buried half?

Duke.

This was a cheat.

The herb was born anew out of its seed,
 Not raised out of a bony skeleton.
 What tree is man the seed of?

Ziba.

Of a ghost;

Of his night-coming, tempest-waved phantom:
 And even as there is a round dry grain
 In a plant's skeleton, which being buried
 Can raise the herb's green body up again;
 So is there such in man, a seed-shaped bone,
 Aldabaron, called by the Hebrews Luz,
 Which, being laid into the ground, will bear,
 After three thousand years the growth of flesh
 The bloody, soul-possessed weed called man.

DEATH AND THE ARAB.

Ziba.

Listen, lord.

Time was when Death was young and pitiful,
 Though callous now by use: and then there dwelt
 In the thin world above, a beauteous Arab,
 Unmated yet and boyish. To his couch
 At night, which shone so starry through the boughs,
 A pale flower-breathed nymph with dewy hair
 Would often come, but all her love was silent;
 And ne'er by daylight could he gaze upon her,
 For ray by ray as morning came she paled,
 And like a snow of air dissolved i' th' light,
 Leaving behind a stalk with lilies hung,
 Round which her womanish graces had assembled.
 So did the early love-time of his youth
 Pass with delight: but when, compelled at length,
 He left the wilds and woods for riotous camps
 And cities full of men, he saw no more,
 Though prayed and wept for, his old bed-time vision,
 The pale, dissolving maiden. He would wander
 Sleepless about the waste, benighted fields,
 Asking the speechless shadows of his thoughts,
 "Who shared my couch? Who was my love? Where is she?"
 Thus passing through a grassy burial-ground,
 Wherein a new-dug grave gaped wide for food,

"Who was she?" cried he, and the earthy mouth
 Did move its nettle-bearded lips together,
 And said, "'Twas I—I, Death: behold our child!"
 The wanderer looked, and on the lap of the pit
 A young child slept as at a mother's breast.
 He raised it and he reared it. From that infant
 My race, the death-begotten, draw their blood:
 Our prayer for the diseased works more than medicine;
 Our blessings oft secure grey hairs and happy
 To new-born infants; and, in case of need,
 The dead and gone are re-begotten by us,
 And motherlessly born to second life.

A STRANGE PRINCE.

Duke.

Thou 'rt a strange prince.

Why all the world, except some fifty lean ones,
 Would, in your place and at your ardent years,
 Seek the delight that lies in woman's limbs
 And mountain-covering grapes. What's to be royal,
 Unless you pick those girls, whose cheeks you fancy,
 As one would cowslips? And see hills and valleys
 Mantled in autumn with the snaky plant,
 Whose juice is the right madness, the best godship?
 Have men, and beasts, and woods, with flower and fruit
 From all the earth, one's slaves; bid the worm eat
 Your next year's purple from the mulberry leaf,
 The tiger shed his skin to line your car,
 And men die, thousands in a day, for glory?
 Such things should kings bid from their solitude
 Upon the top of man. Justice and good,
 All penniless, base, earthy kind of fellows,
 So low one wonders they were not born dogs,
 Can do as well, alas!

The marriage of Adalmar with Amala has now been celebrated, and thereupon we have a succession of very striking scenes, conspicuous for originality and imaginative power, amid even the kindred inspirations of the same creative genius. They take place under the windows of Amala's apartment in a garden, to which Athulf repairs on the wedding night, distracted by the loss of Amala and a consciousness of his own wasted life, but still vacillating between good and evil, bent, after seeing her once again, on self-destruction.

Athulf. Once more I'll see thee, love, speak to thee, hear thee;
 And then my soul shall out itself a door
 Out of this planet. Now the wild banquet's o'er,
 Wine spilt, lights out, I cannot brook the world,
 It is so silent. And that poisonous reptile,
 My past self, is a villain I'll not pardon.
 I hate and will have vengeance on my soul:
 Satirical Murder, help me. . Ha! I am
 Devil-inspired: out with you, ye fool's thoughts!
 You're young, strong, healthy yet; years may you live:
 Why yield to an ill-humoured moment? No!

I'll cut his throat across, make her my wife;
 Huzza! for a mad life! and be a Duke!
 I was born for sin and love it.

O thou villain,
 Die, die! have patience with me, heavenly mercy!
 Let me but once more look upon that blessing,
 Then can I calmly offer up to thee
 This crime-haired head.

Amala now enters, escorted to her apartment by a bridesmaid, and, in their sweet and graceful converse, a delicious gleam as of tender moonlight severs for a while the darkening horrors of the scene.

Bridesm. Amala, good night:
 Thou'rt happy. In these high delightful times,
 It does the human heart much good to think,
 On deepest woe, which may be waiting for us,
 Masked even in a marriage hour.

Amala. Thou'rt timid:
 'Tis well to trust in the good genius.
 Are not our hearts, in these great pleasures, godded,
 Let out awhile to their eternity,
 And made prophetic? The past is pale to me;
 But I do see my future plain of life,
 Full of rejoicings and of harvest-dances,
 Clearly, it is so sunny. A year hence
 I'll laugh at you for this, until you weep.
 Good night, sweet fear.

Bridesm. Take this flower from me
 (A white rose, fitting for a wedding gift),
 And lay it on your pillow. Pray to live
 So fair and innocently; pray to die,
 Leaf after leaf, so softly.

On the bridesmaid's departure Athulf advances—

"Stay, Amala;
 An old acquaintance brings a greeting to you
 Upon your wedding night.

Amala. His brother Athulf! What can he do here?
 I fear the man.

Athulf. Dost love him?

Amala. That were cause
 Indeed to fear him.

He bewails his hard fate, and implores pity and forgiveness; this she grants, and after endeavouring to soothe him, retires, when he drinks poison from a phial. Adalmar now enters, saying:

I'm wearied to the core: where's Amala?
 Ha! near her chambers! Who?

Athulf. Ask that to-morrow
 Of the marble, Adalmar.

Athulf declares that he has taken poison, calling it a "philosophic deed:" but Adalmar rebukes him for his presumption, reminding him of his sins, until Athulf repents of his rashness, and would fain

be rescued from death. Adalmar learning that Ziba had supplied the poison, rushes out in quest of him, to obtain an antidote. Athulf becomes weak and sinks to the ground.

Dare I hope?

O no: methinks it is not so unlovely,
This calm unconscious state, this breathless peace,
Which all, but troublesome and riotous man,
Assume without resistance. Here I'll lay me,
And let life fall from off me tranquilly.

Siegfreid comes in with serenaders, and we have first a charming hymeneal, which opens with female voices thus:—

We have bathed, where none have seen us,
In the lake and in the fountain
Underneath the charmed statue
Of the timid, bending Venus,
When the water-nymphs were counting
In the waves the stars of night,
And those maidens started at you,
Your limbs shone through so soft and bright.

Athulf in vain upbraids the singers, and Siegfreid sings another hymeneal, as poet rather than lover, greatly exciting Athulf's disgust.

Athulf. Ha! Ha! That fellow moves my spleen;
A disappointed and contented lover,
Methinks he's above fifty by his voice:
If not, he should be whipped about the town,
For vending such tame doctrine in love-verses.
Up to the window, carry off the bride,
And away on horseback, squeaker!

Siegfreid and the singers take him for a drunken fellow, and leave him to "sleep his folly out." Athulf owns his folly, and calls on Amala—

. . . if it make thee pastime, listen, sweet one,
And I will sing to thee, here in the moonlight,
Thy bridal song and my own dirge in one.

It opens thus:—

A cypress-bough and a rose-wreath sweet,
A wedding robe and a winding sheet,
A bridal-bed and a bier.
Thine be the kisses, maid,
And smiling Love's alarms;
And thou, pale youth, be laid
In the grave's cold arms.
Each in his own charms,
Death and Hymen both are here;
So up with scythe and torch,
And to the old church porch
While all the bells ring clear
And rosy, rosy the bed shall bloom,
And earthy, earthy heap up the tomb.

His singing brings Amala from her chamber, when she is made

aware of the tragic reality. In her distress he wins an admission of her having loved him, and promise if they should meet hereafter to be his. This avowal intensifies his wish for life.

. . . I go to wait thee.
Farewell, my bliss! She loves me with her soul
And I might have enjoyed her, were he fallen.
Ha! ha! and I am dying like a rat,
And he shall drink his wine, twenty years hence
Beside his cherished wife, and speak of me,
With a compassionate smile! Come, madness, come,
For death is loit'ring still.

Adalmar now returns with Ziba, when the latter being vehemently adjured to restore life to Athulf, replies contemptuously—

Let him rise.
Why, think you that I'd deal a benefit,
So precious to the noble as is death,
To such a pampered darling of delight
As he that shivers there? O, not for him,
Blooms my dark Nightshade, nor doth Hemlock brew
Murder for cups within her cavernous root.
To heroes such are sacred.

Ziba leaves them, and Athulf, finding he has not taken poison, springs up exultingly—

I tell thee, hapless brother, on my soul,
Now that I live, I *will* live; I alone;
And Amala alone, shall be my love.
There's no more room for you, since you have chosen
The woman and the power which I covet.
Out of thy bridal bed, out of thy throne!
Away to Abel's grave. [Stabs Adalmar.
(After a pause.) How long a time it is since I was here!
And yet I know not whether I have slept,
Or wandered through a dreary cavernous forest,
Struggling with monsters. 'Tis a quiet place,
And one inviting strangely to deep rest.
I have forgotten something; my whole life
Seems to have vanished from me to this hour.
There was a foe whom I should guard against:
Who is he?

Amala (from her window). Adalmar!

Athulf (in a low voice). Hush! hush! I come to thee.
Let me but see if he be dead: speak gently,
His jealous ghost still hears.

Amala. So, it is over
With that poor troubled heart! O, then, to-night
Leave me alone to weep. [Retires.

Athulf. Hear'st thou, corpse, how I play thy part? Thus had he
Pitied me in fraternal charity
And I lain there so helpless. Precious cup,
A few drops more of thy somniferous balm,
To keep out spectres from my dreams to-night:
My eyelids thirst for slumber. But what's this
That chills my blood and darkens so my eyes?

What's going on in my heart and in my brain,
 My bones, my life, all over me, all through me?
 Hark!
 It is God's sentence muttered over me,
 I am unsouled, dishumanised, uncreated;
 My passions swell and grow like brutes conceived;
 My feet are fixing roots, and every limb
 Is billowy and gigantic, till I seem
 A wild, old, wicked mountain in the air;
 And the abhorred conscience of this murder,
 It will grow up a lion, all alone,
 A mighty-maned, grave-mouthed prodigy,
 And lair him in my caves;
 And yet I shall be taken for a man,
 And never be discovered till I die.
 Terrible, terrible: damned before my time
 In secret! 'Tis a dread, o'erpowering phantom.

In vivid contrast with these appalling glooms, we have in the next scene a gay banquet, given by Prince Adalmar to Thorwald and the court, and designed to mask the revolutionary movement. Isbrand presides as the prince's deputy, and for awhile mystifies the company by the recital of a grim ballad of his own composition, called the "Median Supper," and then as the clock strikes one, dashes down the timepiece and proclaims the revolution. At the same time he throws open a large window at the back of the stage, through which the city is seen ablaze with beacon lights, and astir with commotion. The rising is successful, Thorwald and his friends are made captive, and Isbrand is supreme. To whatever Isbrand says it is worth our while to listen, and from amid the din and excitement of the tumult may be heard some of his more characteristic utterances, *e.g.*—

Why, this is right: while men are here,
 They should keep close and warm and thick together,
 Many abreast. Our middle life is broad;
 But birth and death, the turnstiles that admit us
 On earth and off it, send us, one by one,
 A solitary walk.

On hearing that a tower is obstinately held by the enemy—

Hark ye, sirrah,
 Wood in its walls, lead on its roof, the tower
 Cries, "Burn me!" Go and cut away the drawbridge,
 And leave the quiet fire to himself:
 He knows his business.
 O! it is nothing now to be a man.
 Adam, thy soul was happy that it wore
 The first, new, mortal members. To have felt
 The joy of the first year, when the one spirit
 Kept house-warming within its fresh-built clay,
 I'd be content to be as old a ghost.
 Thine was the hour to live in. Now we're common,

And man is tired of being merely human ;
 And I'll be something more : yet not by tearing
 This chrysalis of Psyche ere its hour
 Will I break through Elysium. There are sometimes
 Even here the means of being more than men.

Siegfr. They still wait for you in their council chamber,
 And clamorously demand the keys of the treasures. . . .

Isbr.

They demand !

A phrase politer would have pleased me better,
 The puppets, whose heart-strings I hold, and play
 Between my thumb and fingers, this way, that way ;
 Through whose masks, wrinkled o'er by age and passion,
 My voice and spirit hath spoken continually ;
 Dare now to ape free will ? Well done, Prometheus
 Thou'st pitied Punch and given him a soul,
 And all his wooden peers.

Death now rapidly completes his Jest Book, gathering into its final leaves all the weird and tragic elements of its composition. ISBRAND's usurpation has roused the hostility of his associates, and his death is resolved upon at a midnight banquet he is about to give to them in the cathedral ruins. Here, before the arrival of the guests, a goblin revelry is enacted by the painted figures forming the Dance of Death on the cathedral walls, which come forward and dance and sing until warned by their sentry, who says—

Although my old ear hath neither hammer nor drum,
 Methinks I can hear living skeletons come,

when they return to their mural existence. On the assemblage of the company, ISBRAND plays the host with great spirit amid toasts and singing, and strange talk. An attempt to poison him, by SIEGFREID, is baffled by WOLFRAM. The funeral of SIBYLLA crosses the stage ; and then ISBRAND is stabbed by another of the conspirators. THORWALD, with soldiers, enters, and the duke is reinstated in power. The duke calls for his sons, and while waiting for them, accepts a proposal from WOLFRAM that some friends of his should present a masque and dance ; and thereupon the Dance of Death, whom WOLFRAM calls "his thin light-archers," at his bidding come forth and renew their mummery. In the midst of it a procession (by WOLFRAM called the anti-masque) enters, with the body of ADALMAR on a bier, followed by AMALA, who demands justice on his murderers.

Duke. Who did this deed ?

[*Enter Athulf.*]

Wolfram.

Athulf, answer thou !

Duke (to Athulf). Answer ! Thou look'st like one, unto whose soul
 A secret voice, all day and night, doth whisper,
 "Thou art a murderer." Is it so ? Then rather
 Speak not. Thou wear'st a dagger at thy side ;
 Avenge the murdered man, thou art his brother ;
 And never let me hear from mortal lips
 That my son was so guilty.

ATHULF stabs himself, and AMALA sinks, overwhelmed with misery. Finally, WOLFRAM, saying to MELVERIC,

. . . . All is finished, which to witness
 The spirit of retribution called me hither. . . .
 But thee who daredst to call up into life
 And the unholy world's unbidden sunlight,
 Out of his grave him who reposed softly,
 One of the ghosts doth summon, in like manner,
 Thee, still alive, into the world o' th' dead.

[*Leads the Duke off into the sepulchre.*]

So ends this singular drama,—singular in its plot, its characters, its accessories, and, above all, singular in the felicities and vigour of its composition. It may not be a suitable pillow for the head that would court only placid dreams, but those who turn habitually to poetry as “chief nourisher in life’s feast” of some of their noblest faculties, will find such congenial aliment in the imaginative thoughts that crowd this little volume.

The limits of an article have restricted the present election to a single work of its author, and to portions only of that work. All his other productions, however, are broadly marked with the same originality and power as *Death’s Jest Book*, and will not fail, as and when, either here or elsewhere, they find audience, to make good a claim to the like rescue from obscurity and oblivion.

THOMAS F. KELSALL.

THE STRIKE OF THE FARM LABOURERS.

THE leaven of Trades Unionism is at last actively fermenting amongst the least intelligent class of the working men of this country, the agricultural labourers. The strike, which commenced at Wellesbourne, in Warwickshire, in the middle of February last, has spread through portions of several of the English counties, and is now the most formidable agitation that has taken place amongst the farm labourers since the riots which occurred in 1830, soon after the introduction of steam thrashing-machines. As an organization, it is far superior to any that has preceded it. A union was formed on a small scale in Essex some thirty years ago, but it met with no success. The strike took place just before harvest, and labourers from Suffolk were obtained in such numbers, that many of the men on strike were unable to obtain any harvest work. Since that time there have been occasional local agitations, as at Maidstone some three years ago, and at Leintwardine, in Herefordshire, in March, 1871. But these upheavings quickly subsided, and were heard of no more; the demand for higher wages being in some cases successful, but not always permanently so, and in others unsuccessful altogether. The agitation at Leintwardine, conducted by Mr. Strange, who is now on the committee of the National Labourers' Union, although presenting features of considerable interest, excited little attention, and was not noticed at length by the press, with the exception of the agricultural and local papers, and the London *Examiner*. It, apparently, subsided quickly, and the public were left ignorant of its results.

The North Herefordshire labourers, before the strike, were worse paid than those of Warwickshire: the former receiving, according to the statements of the Leintwardine men, only 9s. and 10s. per week when not at piece-work, and the latter getting 12s. To what extent the movements at Maidstone and Leintwardine helped to bring about the outbreak in Warwickshire it would be impossible accurately to determine; but they, doubtless, caused some awakening of discontent among the labourers of other districts.

It is gratifying to be able to praise the general moderation of language and quiet behaviour of the men on strike. The nearest approach to intimidation publicly recorded occurred at Newton, in Suffolk, where those on strike went round the parish in a body, inducing men at work in the fields, not excepting those employed with horses, to leave their work in the middle of the day, and join in the strike. The absence of almost all indications of indignation

against the masters, excepting in the very lowest wages districts, is indeed very striking. The explanation may probably be found in the fact that the men know that their masters are by no means heaping up riches even at the present low rate of wages. And, although the rise in wages asked for in some districts is a considerable sum to be demanded suddenly, and in a single advance, amounting to as much as fifty per cent. increase, yet, in other respects, there is a disposition to consider the dispute on both sides of the question, that speaks well for the good sense and moderation of those who conduct the agitation. Perhaps the best illustration of this sensible moderation was afforded by the offer of (I think) the Warwickshire Union, to the effect that if the masters would concede the terms demanded, and recognise the Union, they, on their part, would bind themselves not to strike for any further increase of wages at any time without first giving two months' notice.

The most serious charge, perhaps, that can be made against the labourers and their representatives, is that they have been not a little disingenuous in their statements as to their earnings. To use a legal formula—if they have stated the truth, and nothing but the truth, they have not stated the whole truth. It is not without deliberation that I prefer this serious charge, which is in effect one of *suppressio veri*—at least, in the case of the labourers themselves, for they know what they earn. Those of their representatives who are merely honorary agitators may be deceived by their statements, and thus ignorantly misstate their case. It appears to be the general custom of the men, in stating the amount of their earnings, to give the lowest current wages of the district, adding nothing for piece-work or harvest, nor for perquisites and payments in kind. In some instances they have even made a deduction from the ordinary weekly wages on account of time lost in wet weather, and even then have made no allusion to the far more than counter-balancing compensation afforded by piece-work, payments in kind, firewood, cheap rents, potato-ground, pasturage, &c. Let us take two instances out of many that could be given. At the close of a large meeting of labourers, held at Shoreham, in Kent, the men were asked to state their grievances, “and replies were given from all sides (the report states) that while 12s. to 13s. was supposed to be the standard in the country, the wages received the year through did not average above 10s. a week.” Having lived in the next parish to Shoreham, I was convinced when I read this statement that it was untrue, and was pleased to see in the *Chamber of Agriculture Journal* a contradiction from Mr. Samuel Love, chairman of the Sevenoaks Board of Guardians. That gentleman gave details from six employers, to the effect that the men in Shoreham district earn 14s. 9d., 15s. 6d., 16s. 8d., and up to 20s. 3d. per week. The Parliamentary return of agricultural labourers' earnings for the quarter ending Michaelmas, 1869,

states the wages in three Kentish unions to be 14s. and 15s., with 18s. for piece-work. In almost all parts of the country wages are higher than in 1869. The other instance of an incorrect statement of earnings is equally flagrant. At the recent conference of the representatives and friends of the labourers' unions held in London, the president of the Huntingdonshire Agricultural Labourers' Union represented the wages of adult labourers in that county to be 9s. per week. This statement was contradicted by the next speaker, Mr. Bottle, a large employer of labour in the same county, who said the men were earning, on an average "the year round, 16s. and 17s. per week." The Parliamentary return above referred to puts the wages of labourers in the St. Neot's union (the only one given) at 16s. per week at ordinary seasons, and the average earnings at 17s.

Respecting the loss on account of wet weather, of which much has been said, it is only fair to state that many farmers employ all their men wet and dry, and that where it is not possible to do this, the horsemen, at any rate, are paid wet and dry, and work in the barns can generally be found for several other hands. And even on farms where the most time is lost on account of wet weather, extra earnings more than make up for the loss; so that, instead of estimating a man's actual earnings at something less than the regular weekly wages, from two to three shillings should generally be added, in order to get at a fair average. The climate of East Essex is, indeed, unusually dry, and a little allowance must be made on that account; but here the earnings of ordinary labourers last year averaged from 14s. to 15s. 6d., or a shilling less when beer was allowed regularly—that is, from 2s. to 3s. 6d. in excess of the current weekly wages. Since Michaelmas last wages have advanced two shillings a week, and the men have 14s. and 15s. by the week; so, if they earn as much extra by piece-work as they did last year, their earnings will be, on an average, from 16s. to 17s. 6d. per week. In addition to this, malt and hops, or beer, to the value of about 30s., is given at harvest, and beer is given for other extra work. When the earnings of a family come to be considered, besides the wages of the boys, and of the wife, if she goes out to work, the value of the gleanings commonly add about a shilling per week for the whole year to their income. The labourer's garden is worth, at least, another shilling a week to him, and for this garden he may generally be said to pay no rent; for in country districts the rents are nearly always very low for the cottages alone. Another great help is the firewood he obtains when fencing or stubbing, the brushings, seaweed, and roots being his perquisites. When doing this work, although paid by his master, he is in reality working half his time for himself, and the value of the firewood he obtains varies from about sixpence to one shilling per day. These, and other advantages, varying in different localities, have not been fairly estimated by

those who have taken upon themselves to represent the labourers' grievances.

With regard to the abolition of all payments in kind now demanded by the representatives of the labourers, the farmers will gladly accede; but it is certain that the majority of the men will strongly object to the alteration. Hitherto, a master who in a district in which it is customary to supply beer, has given up the practice, and has paid money instead, has thereby made himself very unpopular with the men. Nevertheless, the proposed reform is greatly to be desired, and for no reason more strongly than this, that the present custom of supplying large quantities of beer or cider trains lads and men to an excessive craving for intoxicating drink. It will, however, be a loss that will be greatly felt by the labourer when, in consequence of the demand of his own representatives, he is called upon to give up his firewood and other perquisites. Payments in kind are, as might be expected, most considerable in those counties where low wages prevail, and are frequently so valuable, that the current money wages by no means give a fair idea of the labourer's earnings. It is difficult to estimate, with any pretence of correctness, the value of these perquisites, which vary not only in different districts, but also in different years, and, again, with different men; and this inequality is one of the strongest reasons for their abolition, and the substitution of money payments. There is, however, this advantage in their favour, that they are of far greater value to the labourer than their cost to the farmer.

As to the demand that the hours of labour should be limited to nine, it is comparatively unimportant, if horsemen and shepherds be excepted, because the hours which the ordinary labourer actually spends in working scarcely, if at all, exceed nine, taking one part of the year with another. In spring and summer his hours of work are, nominally, from 6 A.M. till 6 P.M., with half an hour for breakfast, and an hour or an hour and a half for dinner. This leaves ten and a half or ten hours for work: but in reality the labourer seldom works after 5.30, so that ten hours may fairly be stated as a summer-day's work. In winter he commences work at 7 A.M., stops an indefinite time—generally half an hour—for "bait," takes an hour for dinner, and leaves off work as soon as it is dusk, which, in the short days, is at from 4.30 to 5.0 P.M. During four months of the year, then, his time of labour is only about eight hours and a half, and for the whole year the average may be estimated at nine hours and a half. But, as there are many hours in showery weather when the men stop work without having any deduction made from their pay, the farmers will lose nothing by conceding the demand of the men, and paying them a week's wages for fifty-four hours' work. But, with ploughmen and shepherds the nine hours' system cannot work. Horses go to plough or carting for eight hours per day, with a quarter of an hour or

twenty minutes interval, and the ploughmen must be with them, to feed and clean them, for at least four hours more. Ploughmen always receive extra pay, and lose no time in wet weather; but, as they have very little piece-work except in harvest and hay time, they have some reason to complain that they are insufficiently paid in proportion to their hours of labour. In some counties their hours are unnecessarily long. In Kent, for instance, where it is customary to keep the horses in the stable all night, instead of turning them into the yards, as is usual in Essex, Suffolk, and many other counties, the horsemen, or, at least, some of them, are supposed to be with the horses from 4 A.M. till 8 P.M.¹ The wonder is, that men are willing to be ploughmen with such hours of work. A shepherd's hours are at least as long as a ploughman's at ordinary times, while during the lambing season they may be said to be continuous. He has, however, an interest in the flock, in the shape of a premium on every lamb that he rears, besides extra pay for all seasons, wet or dry.

The labourers in Warwickshire demanded an advance of wages from 12s. to 16s., with the nine-hours system. If they succeed in obtaining this, their average weekly earnings will probably be at least 18s. in cash. The farmers offered 15s., and some men resumed work on these terms, while the places of others have been filled by the immigration of Irish labourers. The union men, I believe, still stand out for 16s., but many of them have emigrated either to the manufacturing or mining districts, or to the colonies, where higher wages have been offered to them.² It must not be supposed, however, that if the strike becomes general throughout the country, the labourers will everywhere be equally fortunate. The Warwickshire men have received a large amount of extraneous assistance, both in

(1) In reference to horsekeepers' hours in Kent, a friend writes: "When once staying at a farmers at C—, the men seemed to be all night with the horses, but I learned *'they were only with them till 10.0 p.m., and then came again at two in the morning.'* The mates, however, took turns with the men."

(2) Since the above was written (according to the *Daily News*), the principal farmers in the Warwickshire district, in which three hundred labourers are now on strike, have issued the following statement of their case:—"We, the undersigned employers of the agricultural labourers now on strike in the parish of Cubbington and surrounding district, being desirous of meeting the men fairly and liberally, have offered them the following terms:—viz., 16s. per week from six a.m. to six p.m. per day, taking half-an-hour for breakfast and one hour for dinner, to the able-bodied labourers, and to leave off at five o'clock on Saturdays, which offer has been refused by them. A case, we think, should be mentioned—that of John Gillings, shepherd to Mr. Thomas L. Umbers, who has been offered by his employers 19s. per week all the year round, 20s. in addition for the lambing season, 2s. per day extra for sheep-shearing, and £3 in addition for harvest work. John Gillings has a cottage and good garden, for which he pays 1s. per week. Waggoners and stockmen in this district are offered 17s. and 18s. per week. Two of the employers named offered their men 16s. per week—to commence work at seven o'clock in the morning (to have their breakfasts before they came), and to have one hour at dinner-time, and keep on till six at night, and 4d. per hour for all overtime."

shape of pecuniary contributions and in that of offers of remunerative employment elsewhere. But the demand for labour in the manufacturing and mining districts would not by any means suffice to absorb all the farm labourers who can be spared from over-populated counties, nor is it at all to be expected that sufficient funds can be collected to give a free passage to the colonies to the large numbers who will be unable to better their condition here to a satisfactory extent. In several districts the farmers have conceded a small increase of wages. In Dorsetshire, however, where the wages were nominally only 9s. per week, and were stated to be only 12s. 4d. including piecework and other advantages, the modest demand for another shilling a week was, a short time back, refused. In Devonshire, where the men have been on strike, they have recently resumed work at 12s. per week, although the arrangement was thought not likely to be permanent, on account of the refusal of the masters to employ the ringleaders of the agitation. In some districts of Essex, where wages were only 10s., the men offer to resume work at 12s. This in some cases has been granted.

The success of the movement in Warwickshire, under the vigorous leadership of Mr. Arch and his coadjutors, is sufficiently shown by the statement made at the recent meeting at Leamington, that in that county alone there are now sixty-four local unions, consisting of 4,695 members in all.

In considering the probability of the unions being successful throughout the country, the supply of labourers in the several districts must, of course, be taken into account. Where the supply is in excess of the demand, as it is throughout a large portion of the country, although a temporary increase of wages may be granted in busy seasons, a permanent success is not to be looked for until the surplus labour has been drafted off to districts where there is a short supply. In this useful work the labours of Canon Girdlestone are worthy of all praise, and the National Labourers' Union have stated their intention of following them up by an organized and permanent system. The stupidity and timidity of the most ignorant of the men will, however, cause them much trouble. The prejudice of many labourers against leaving their parishes is so absurd that it will hardly be believed by those unacquainted with them. Last winter a man applied to a board of guardians in Essex for temporary relief, on account of his alleged inability to obtain employment. A farmer present, living in the next parish to that in which the man resided, stated that he had been wanting more hands for some time, and asked the applicant why he had not applied to him for work. The man replied that he thought he ought to have work found for him in his own parish. To give another instance: A manufacturer who was travelling in one of the midland counties got into conversation with a

lad of sixteen who was getting only 5s. per week at farm work. The gentleman offered the lad 10s. to come and work for him; but the lad declined, on the ground that he "shouldn't like to leave the parish."

Anything approaching to a uniform rate of wages is not to be expected until the supply of labour has become more equally dispersed throughout the country. Even then complete uniformity is not to be desired, for more than one reason. Rents vary as much as a hundred per cent.; the prices of food and other necessaries are unequal; and, above all, the men in some counties are more valuable labourers than their fellow-workmen in other parts of the country, because they are a stronger and more intelligent class of men. No doubt the chief cause of the difference is the higher pay, and consequently better diet, which the superior class of labourers have for generations obtained. From this it is argued¹ that it will pay the farmers to give an increase of wages, because, it is said, the men will then live better, and be capable of a better day's work. I am not prepared to dispute this, provided that the advance of wages is gradual and accompanied by an advance of education. On the other hand, it must be admitted that if the wages of a good labourer were to be suddenly given to an inferior one, the latter would receive more than the proportionate value of his labour. Mr. C. S. Read, M.P., in an address recently delivered at a meeting of the Central Chamber of Agriculture, quoted the opinion of Mr. Culley, one of the Commissioners in the parliamentary inquiry into the Employment of Children, Young Persons, and Women in Agriculture, as given in his report. Mr. Culley states that the agricultural labourer in Northumberland is supposed to earn 18s. per week, and contrasting that amount with the 12s. paid in Berkshire, he concludes that the man who pays most money really gets the most labour for what he pays, and that the amount expended for labour per acre is more in Berkshire than in Northumberland. In an article contributed to *Bell's Weekly Messenger* for March 4th, before the public had heard anything of the strike, it was stated that "farmers in the counties where low wages prevail say that their labour bill amounts to as much per acre as in the counties of Durham and Northumberland, where 18s. a week is commonly paid;" and the writer further on quotes the story of a labourer "who was so accommodating in his disposition, that if he was paid 2s. a day, he gave labour to that value as near as he could estimate it, and if he was to receive 3s., he exerted himself accordingly."

But here it must be observed that the excess of earnings in Northumberland and Durham over those given in other counties is not so much as it appears to be from a mere statement of the current wages.

¹ Professor Fawcett, among others, has advanced this argument in a letter to the *Daily News* of March 27th, in reply to the present writer.

In the parliamentary returns before referred to, the earnings of farm labourers in the several unions throughout the counties named were stated to be from 15s. to 18s. per week; but the remarks in the margin inform us that in some districts "no task-work," in others "little or none," is given; while the wages in harvest appear to be but little extra in some unions, and in others to be averaged in the return given as "weekly wages." That wages have not materially increased in these northern counties since 1869 appears evident from some letters favourable to the labourers' agitation which appeared in the *Daily News* for April 2nd, representing the wages of the men in North Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland to be from 15s. to 18s. per week, with extra in haytime and harvest, and in some cases with cottages rent free (probably those occupied by ploughmen and other servants hired by the year). The writer of one of these letters, "A North Yorkshire Landowner," describes the labourers in his county as "a shrewd, athletic, cheery race, who with well-filled stomachs do not shrink from doing a good day's work," and states that "all can read and write, the only exceptions being a few elderly men." It is evident from the above statements that these sturdy and intelligent north countrymen earn all the money they receive over and above that earned by their southern fellow-labourers. But when it is considered that in some of the northern counties little or no taskwork is given, and that harvest wages are not very high, it appears that after all the average earnings are not much higher than in the best paid portions of Essex, Suffolk, and Kent, where the weekly wages are 2s. or 3s. less, but where taskwork is more common, and harvest wages are very high. The writer of an agricultural report for North Essex in *Bell's Weekly Messenger* of May 13th estimated the labourers' wages on an average to be 16s. 6d. per week. The same sum was given by an employer in East Essex, who further stated that one man with his boys received £100 per annum for work done on the farm. These estimates were made before the rise of 1s. per week, which has just been given. Twenty years ago the wages of farm labourers in East Essex were only 7s. and 8s. per week, as many men now living can testify. Wheat was then only about 12s. per quarter less than the present price. It is difficult to imagine how the men and their families could have kept alive on such a miserable pittance. The bare statement of the above fact is sufficient answer to those who allege that the wages of the labourer have not risen in proportion to the cost of food and other necessities.

A labourer's own account of what he spends on flour alone, taken in connection with his actual earnings, will give some idea of how little the men in the lowest wages districts have to spend on anything beyond the bread they eat. A. is an ordinary farm labourer, with a wife and six children. The eldest son, aged seventeen years, gets 9s. per week, and pays 6s. 6d. for board and lodging at home, which

amount, his father says, he quite "takes out," being a hearty eater. The second boy earns 3s. 6d., and a third has occasional work scaring rooks. In nineteen weeks, ending May 10th, A. with his second and third son (the latter working two-thirds of the time at 3s. per week) earned in money £18 15s. 3d., or 19s. 9d. per week. He and his family consumed in four weeks a sack of flour, costing at that time 46s. 8d., or 11s. 8d. per week. The family receipts and expenditure for flour stand thus :—

	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Earnings of A., with boys, per week	19	9			
Paid by eldest son	6	6			
			—	1	6 3
Cost of flour per week	0	11	8		
Leaving for other food, clothes, clubs, &c.	0	14	7		

Rent, £4, will be paid out of extra harvest earnings. Fuel, in addition to firewood obtained gratis, costs little. Vegetables grown in garden. Wages are now one shilling per week higher than they were in May. A. will be better off every year as long as he is an able-bodied man, as his children grow older, and earn higher wages. It is obvious that he is neither distressed, nor in a position to save. He declares that saving is quite out of the question. Being a shrewd man, he, no doubt, sees that by saving, he would only be saving on behalf of the ratepayers. The Poor Law teaches this lesson infallibly. If wages rise much higher, we might surely abolish or thoroughly reform our demoralising Poor Law. A. might have been much worse off than he is. He might have had six children all too young to earn wages. In that case, his flour bill would have been less in amount, but the margin for other expenses would still have been small indeed. Charities, no doubt, greatly alleviate the condition of more distressed labourers; but we hope to see charities, like the Poor Law, to a great extent superseded.

In comparing the relative conditions of town and rural labourers, there are several advantages possessed by the latter as compensations for a lower rate of wages, such as :—

1. Lower rent, and (generally) no rates or direct taxes.
2. Garden, and in some districts potato-ground or pasturage.
3. Fuel (except the small quantity of coal used) free.
4. More healthful work, and generally shorter hours.
5. The earlier age at which children add to the family income; an advantage which will not be entirely abolished by compulsory education. In provincial towns, labourers not engaged in manufactures frequently earn less than farm-labourers in the same district; and, at the same time, have twice as much rent to pay. A country labourer earning 15s. a week, is better off than one in London, or any large town, who gets £1.

Can the farmers afford to pay higher wages? Most of them say they cannot; and it is commonly admitted that the profits on capital invested in agriculture are small. But, instead of saying that the farmer cannot afford to pay a higher rate of wages, it is more correct to say that he cannot afford to increase his expenditure on labour. He may pay higher wages, and employ fewer men, either economising his hand labour by an increased employment of machinery, or he may lay some of his land down to grass—a very undesirable proceeding in good corn-producing districts. Or, according to the theory that higher wages will ensure more work from a man in a given time, he may get an undiminished quantity of work done by a diminished number of labourers. To what extent the theory of more pay, more work, is true, is only a matter for conjecture. This, at least, must be admitted, that a sudden rise of wages will not at once transform an indolent or clumsy man into an industrious or skilful workman. Masters, no doubt, will look after their men more strictly than at present, when wages are considerably advanced, and many hours that are now lost will be saved. It is also to be urged, that if the men spend their increased earnings in good food, and not on more drink, they will be able, if not willing, to do a better day's work. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that the value of labour tends to increase, as civilisation advances, so that less and less work will probably be done for a given amount of wages. Improved machinery may, to a greater or less extent, make up for this, by enabling the farmer to do with fewer labourers. When the rapidly advancing application of steam to the cultivation of land shall have become general, an enormous amount of hand labour will be superseded, and the amount of wages will then be a less important consideration than it is now. Even with present advantages, if the farmer could do as the manufacturer or builder does, employ men just when he wants them, and discharge them when he has no remunerative employment for them, he could afford to pay higher wages. But he is in this exceptional position, that for a considerable portion of the year he is employing more men than he requires, either for the sake of having hands ready for busy seasons, or because he has too much kindly feeling to pay them off when work is scarce. A large advance in the rate of wages will oblige him to discontinue this system to a great extent, and to reduce the number of his regular hands to a minimum, trusting to the offer of tempting wages in haytime and harvest to attract labourers from the towns—and greatly assisted, perhaps, by the as yet slightly attempted application of machinery to such work as loading and stacking hay and corn. If such expedients as these should be wanting, or found to fail, a different system of husbandry, of which a prominent feature would be the laying down of arable land to grass, would have to be practised—a contingency strongly to be

depreciated. These remarks are, of course, based upon the supposition that farmers cannot afford to increase their wages fund. If any object that an increase of even the present employment of hand labour would be remunerative, it will be replied that such a statement is very doubtful, and that at any rate, increased expenditure in manures and machinery would pay a great deal better. Hand labour on a farm does not pay beyond a certain limit, because it is only at certain seasons that extra work is required, while at other times the labourers are not earning for their employers the wages they receive. The labourers themselves point to a general reduction of rents as the means by which farmers may pay higher wages, without diminishing the number of their men. Such reduction is, however, highly improbable, although the rapid rise of rents that for some time has been going on will, in all probability, be checked by the rise of wages. A reduction of rents is not likely to take place unless after some severe crisis in the agricultural interest, which may occur if the labourers are immoderate in their demands, and have the power to enforce them.

If the considerations above advanced are sound, it follows that any large increase in the rate of wages will undoubtedly throw large numbers of labourers out of employment in those districts where the supply is at present sufficient or excessive, as it is throughout the larger portion of the country. Emigration will, no doubt for a time, remove surplus labour; but, as wages rise, the inducement to emigrate will become weaker and weaker. This impediment, together with the rapid increase of population, will probably keep the labour supply always on the verge of redundancy. It is also to be noticed, that the present extraordinarily prosperous state of our manufactures and other commerce, causes an unusual demand for labour. A commercial crisis, or even a temporary depression of trade, may at any time throw the labourers who have gone into the towns back into the country districts. The gross ignorance of the majority of the labourers, too, will, for a long time, be a great hindrance to a more equal distribution of labour throughout the country and in the colonies. There seems then to be but slight probability that the advance of wages obtained by the existing agitation, at a busy season of the year, when manufactures and commerce are unusually prosperous, will be maintained under less favourable conditions, especially in the winter season. Unions will be powerless against such possible contingencies as are above referred to. Not until the labourers have become better educated, and thus better able to act with prudence and foresight in regulating the supply of labour to the demand, either by some restraints upon the too rapid increase of population, or by the more painful system of expatriation carried out by a methodical organization, can they permanently secure such an increase of wages as is desirable for them.

To education the labourers should undoubtedly look as the chief elevation of their successors, if not of themselves; and now that wages are generally advanced, they have the less excuse for neglecting the education of their children. But it must not be left to the labourer's individual caprice, whether he will educate his child, or bring him up in ignorance as gross as his own. Advanced wages will have removed the only valid objection to compulsory education. The age up to which children should be compelled to attend school must, for the present, be regulated in proportion to the wages which their parents receive. Even the worst paid would lose little by keeping their children at school till they are ten years old, while the men who get higher wages can afford to give another year or two. The withdrawal of all boys below a given age from work in any district, would undoubtedly cause a rise in the rate of pay to older boys, and perhaps to women; and although, in spite of this, there will be cases in which the household comforts will be diminished by keeping the children at school, the sacrifice, however unpleasant, will be trivial in proportion to the important end to be gained by it. At the recent Congress of Representatives of Labourers' Unions in Leamington, one of the trustees of the National Union, Mr. Jesse Collins, read a paper on education, as a means of ameliorating the condition of farm labourers, in the course of which he urged them to vote for compulsory education.

Some of the leaders of the agitation are anxious to introduce the system of peasant proprietorship into this country. Others, with greater wisdom, I think, turn their attention to co-operative agriculture. Into the advantages and disadvantages of peasant proprietorship there is no space in this paper to enter in detail. Whatever social advantages might result from its adoption, there can be little doubt that, economically considered, it would be a retrogression. The system, as it existed in Belgium, was in the year 1870 carefully investigated by Dr. Voelcker and Mr. Jenkins, F.G.S., at the request of the Royal Agricultural Society. These gentlemen, thoroughly well qualified to judge the merits and demerits of the system, gave a decidedly unfavourable report, which was published in the Society's Journal, vol. vi., part i., and which those who advocate the adoption of the system here may study with advantage. A similar investigation was made by Mr. J. Howard, M.P., with a like result. Mr. Howard's record of, and remarks upon, what he saw in his travels in Belgium, were published in the form of a pamphlet.

Co-operative farming, on the other hand, although it has only been tested in two instances among us, I believe—namely, at Assington in Suffolk, and at Ralahine in Ireland—is a system economically sound, and of far better promise to the labourer than the small-farm system. Farm labourers have, however, to learn to get a chance of

saving habits, before they will be able to avail themselves of the benefits of co-operation. Hitherto they have had small opportunity of saving, especially as it has been the usual custom with them to marry as soon as ever they obtained man's pay. Too many of them have accustomed themselves to spend all their spare money at the public-house; and this fact is referred to by some as a proof that it will be useless to pay them more, until they have learned to spend what they obtain more wisely. Opportunities for investing in co-operative farms, however, would afford a stronger inducement to save than any considerable proportion of the labourers have ever yet had offered to them. The initiation of experiments in this direction by the men of wealth and rank who, in a somewhat novel way, have come forward to lead the labourers in their present agitation, would give evidence of something better than mere wordy sympathy.

Those farmers are not wise who deny the right of the men to combine as they have done for the purpose of obtaining higher wages. Nor should they wonder that the sympathies of the public are on the side of the labourers. When the question is one in which the welfare of ten labourers is set against that of one farmer, few disinterested persons will be found to side with the one against the many, as long as the latter are not unreasonable in their demands. The settlement of the rate of wages has hitherto been almost entirely in the hands of the masters, who have been accustomed to raise or lower it in proximate proportion to the price of flour. The masters have an equal power to combine to resist unfair demands on the part of the men. If at this busy season of the year, and in the still busier time approaching, the men are extortionate, and force their masters to yield to extravagant demands, they will certainly be punished in winter, when farmers can without disadvantage do with very few labourers indeed. A gradual advance of wages will be far more likely to be durable than a sudden rise. It is strongly to be hoped that all differences will be set at rest before harvest. No amount of money that could be collected by the unions would be sufficient to compensate any large number of men for the loss of their harvest earnings. The amount of harvest wages demanded by the National Union—namely, 30s. per week—is already commonly paid in many counties, and with the addition in some of beer, cider, or malt and hops, to the value of from 6s. to 7s. 6d. per week. The recognised leaders of the Union, with one or two exceptions, appear to be disposed to act reasonably and with moderation, due allowance being made for the natural fervour of a strong excitement. There is therefore ground for hope that the existing rupture between labourers and employers will before long be settled by mutual concessions.

WILLIAM EDWIN BEAR.

THE EUSTACE DIAMONDS.

CHAPTER XLIX.

BUNFIT AND GAGER.

As soon as the words were out of Mrs. Carbuncle's mouth,—those ill-natured words in which she expressed her assent to Mr. Bunfit's proposition that a search should be made after the diamonds among all the possessions of Lady Eustace which were now lodged in her own house,—poor Lizzie's courage deserted her entirely. She had been very courageous; for, though her powers of endurance had sometimes nearly deserted her, though her heart had often failed her, still she had gone on and had endured and been silent. To endure and to be silent in her position did require great courage. She was all alone in her misery, and could see no way out of it. The diamonds were heavy as a load of lead within her bosom. And yet she had persevered. Now, as she heard Mrs. Carbuncle's words, her courage failed her. There came some obstruction in her throat, so that she could not speak. She felt as though her heart were breaking. She put out both her hands and could not draw them back again. She knew that she was betraying herself by her weakness. She could just hear the man explaining that the search was merely a thing of ceremony,—just to satisfy everybody that there was no mistake;—and then she fainted. So far, Barrington Erle was correct in the information given by him to Lady Glencora. She pressed one hand against her heart, gasped for breath, and then fell back upon the sofa. Perhaps she could have done nothing better. Had the fainting been counterfeit, the measure would have shown ability. But the fainting was altogether true. Mrs. Carbuncle first, and then Mr. Bunfit, hurried from their seats to help her. To neither of them did it occur for a moment that the fit was false.

"The whole thing has been too much for her," said Mrs. Carbuncle severely, ringing the bell at the same time for further aid.

"No doubt,—mum; no doubt. We has to see a deal of this sort of thing. Just a little air if you please, mum,—and as much water as 'd go to christen a babby. That's always best, mum."

"If you'll have the kindness to stand on one side," said Mrs. Carbuncle, as she stretched Lizzie on the sofa.

"Certainly, mum," said Bunfit, standing erect by the wall, but not showing the slightest disposition to leave the room.

"You had better go," said Mrs. Carbuncle,—loudly and very severely.

"I'll just stay and see her come to, mum. I won't do her a morsel of harm, mum. Sometimes they faints at the very fust sight of such as we; but we has to bear it. A little more air, if you could, mum;—and just dash the water on in drops like. They feels a drop more than they would a bucketful,—and then when they comes to they hasn't to change theirselves."

Bunfit's advice, founded on much experience, was good, and Lizzie gradually came to herself and opened her eyes. She immediately clutched at her breast, feeling for her key. She found it unmoved, but before her finger had recognised the touch, her quick mind had told her how wrong the movement had been. It had been lost upon Mrs. Carbuncle, but not on Mr. Bunfit. He did not at once think that she had the diamonds in her desk; but he felt almost sure that there was something in her possession,—probably some document,—which, if found, would place him on the track of the diamonds. But he could not compel a search. "Your ladyship 'll soon be better," said Bunfit graciously. Lizzie endeavoured to smile as she expressed her assent to this proposition. "As I was a saying to the elder lady——"

"Saying to who, sir?" exclaimed Mrs. Carbuncle, rising up in wrath. "Elder, indeed!"

"As I was a venturing to explain, these fits of fainting come often in our way. Thieves, mum,—that is, the regulars,—don't mind us a bit, and the women is more hardener than the men; but when we has to speak to a lady, it is so often that she goes off like that! I've known 'em do it just at being looked at."

"Don't you think, sir, that you'd better leave us now?" said Mrs. Carbuncle.

"Indeed you had," said Lizzie. "I am fit for nothing just at present."

"We won't disturb your ladyship the least in life," said Mr. Bunfit, "if you'll only just let us have your keys. Your servant can be with us, and we won't move one tittle of anything." But Lizzie, though she was still suffering that ineffable sickness which always accompanies and follows a real fainting-fit, would not surrender her keys. Already had an excuse for not doing so occurred to her. But for a while she seemed to hesitate. "I don't demand it, Lady Eustace," said Mr. Bunfit, "but if you'll allow me to say so, I do think it will look better for your ladyship."

"I can take no step without consulting my cousin, Mr. Grey-stock," said Lizzie; and having thought of this she adhered to it. The detective supplied her with many reasons for giving up her keys, alleging that it would do no harm, and that her refusal would create infinite suspicions. But Lizzie had formed her answer and

stuck to it. She always consulted her cousin, and always acted upon his advice. He had already cautioned her not to take any steps without his sanction. She would do nothing till he consented. If Mr. Bunfit would see Mr. Greystock, and if Mr. Greystock would come to her and tell her to submit,—she would submit. Ill as she was, she could be obstinate, and Bunfit left the house without having been able to finger that key which he felt sure that Lady Eustace carried somewhere on her person.

As he walked back to his own quarters in Scotland Yard, Bunfit was by no means dissatisfied with his morning's work. He had not expected to find anything with Lady Eustace, and, when she fainted, had not hoped to be allowed to search. But he was now sure that her ladyship was possessed, at any rate, of some guilty knowledge. Bunfit was one of those who, almost from the first, had believed that the box was empty when taken out of the hotel. "Stones like them must turn up more or less," was Bunfit's great argument. That the police should already have found the stones themselves was not perhaps probable; but had any ordinary thieves had them in their hands, they could not have been passed on without leaving a trace behind them. It was his opinion that the box had been opened and the door cut by the instrumentality and concurrence of Lord George de Bruce Carruthers—with the assistance of some one well-skilled mechanical thief. Nothing could be made out of the tall footman;—indeed, the tall footman had already been set at liberty, although he was known to have evil associates, and the tall footman was now loud in demanding compensation for the injury done to him. Many believed that the tall footman had been concerned in the matter,—many, that is, among the experienced craftsmen of the police force. Bunfit thought otherwise. Bunfit believed that the diamonds were now either in the possession of Lord George or of Harter and Benjamin, that they had been handed over to Lord George to save them from Messrs. Camperdown and the lawsuit, and that Lord George and the lady were lovers. The lady's conduct at their last interview, her fit of fainting, and her clutching for the key, all confirmed Bunfit in his opinion. But unfortunately for Bunfit he was almost alone in his opinion. There were men in the force,—high in their profession as detectives—who avowed that certainly two very experienced and well-known thieves had been concerned in the business. That a certain Mr. Smiler had been there,—a gentleman for whom the whole police of London entertained a feeling which approached to veneration, and that most diminutive of full-grown thieves, Billy Cann,—most diminutive but at the same time most expert,—was not doubted by some minds which were apt to doubt till conviction had become certainty. The traveller who had left the Scotch train at Dumfries had been a very

small man, and it was a known fact that Mr. Smiler had left London by train, from the Euston Square station, on the day before that on which Lizzie and her party had reached Carlisle. If it were so, if Mr. Smiler and Billy Cann had both been at work at the hotel, then,—so argued they who opposed the Bunfit theory,—it was hardly conceivable that the robbery should have been arranged by Lord George. According to the Bunfit theory, the only thing needed by the conspirators had been that the diamonds should be handed over by Lady Eustace to Lord George in such a way as to escape suspicion that such transfer had been made. This might have been done with very little trouble,—by simply leaving the box empty, with the key in it. The door of the bedroom had been opened by skilful professional men, and the box had been forced by the use of tools which none but professional gentlemen would possess. Was it probable that Lord George would have committed himself with such men, and incurred the very heavy expense of paying for their services, when he was,—according to the Bunfit theory,—able to get at the diamonds without any such trouble, danger, and expenditure? There was a young detective in the force, very clever,—almost too clever, and certainly a little too fast,—Gager by name, who declared that the Bunfit theory, “warn’t on the cards.” According to Gager’s information, Smiler was at this moment a broken-hearted man,—ranging between mad indignation and suicidal despondency, because he had been treated with treachery in some direction. Mr. Gager was as fully convinced as Bunfit that the diamonds had not been in the box. There was bitter, raging, heart-breaking disappointment about the diamonds in more quarters than one. That there had been a double robbery Gager was quite sure;—or rather a robbery in which two sets of thieves had been concerned, and in which one set had been duped by the other set. In this affair Mr. Smiler and poor little Billy Cann had been the dupes. So far Gager’s mind had arrived at certainty. But then how had they been duped, and who had duped them? And who had employed them? Such a robbery would hardly have been arranged or executed except on commission. Even Mr. Smiler would not have burthened himself with such diamonds without knowing what to do with them, and what he should get for them. That they were intended ultimately for the hands of Messrs. Harter and Benjamin, Gager almost believed. And Gager was inclined to think that Messrs. Harter and Benjamin,—or rather Mr. Benjamin, for Mr. Harter himself was almost too old for work requiring so very great mental activity, that Mr. Benjamin, fearing the honesty of his executive officer Mr. Smiler, had been splendidly treacherous to his subordinate. Gager had not quite completed his theory; but he was very firm on one great point,—that the thieves at Carlisle had been genuine thieves,

London thinking that they were stealing the diamonds, and finding their mistake out when the box had been opened by them under the bridge. "Who have 'em, then?" asked Bunfit of his younger brother, in a disparaging whisper.

"Well; yes; who 'ave 'em? It's easy to say, who 'ave 'em? Suppose 'e 'ave 'em." The "he" alluded to by Gager was Lord George de Bruce Carruthers. "But, laws, Bunfit, they're gone—weeks ago. You know that, Bunfit." This had occurred before the intended search among poor Lizzie's boxes, but Bunfit's theory had not been shaken. Bunfit could see all round his own theory. It was a whole, and the motives as well as the operations of the persons concerned were explained by it. But the Gager theory only went to show what had not been done, and offered no explanation of the accomplished scheme. Then Bunfit went a little further in his theory, not disdaining to accept something from Gager. Perhaps Lord George had engaged these men, and had afterwards found it practicable to get the diamonds without their assistance. On one great point all concerned in the inquiry were in unison,—that the diamonds had not been in the box when it was carried out of the bedroom at Carlisle. The great point of difference consisted in this, that whereas Gager was sure that the robbery when committed had been genuine, Bunfit was of opinion that the box had been first opened, and then taken out of the hotel in order that the police might be put on a wrong track.

The matter was becoming very important. Two or three of the leading newspapers had first hinted at and then openly condemned the incompetence and slowness of the police. Such censure, as we all know, is very common, and in nine cases out of ten it is unjust. They who write it probably know but little of the circumstances;—and, in speaking of a failure here and a failure there, make no reference to the numerous successes, which are so customary as to partake of the nature of routine. It is the same in regard to all public matters;—army matters, navy matters, poor-law matters, and post office matters. Day after day, and almost every day, one meets censure which is felt to be unjust;—but the general result of all this injustice is increased efficiency. The coach does go the faster because of the whip in the coachman's hand, though the horses driven may never have deserved the thong. In this matter of the Eustace diamonds the police had been very active; but they had been unsuccessful, and had consequently been abused. The robbery was now more than three weeks old. Property to the amount of ten thousand pounds had been abstracted, and as yet the police had not even formed an assured opinion on the subject! Had the same thing occurred in New York or Paris every diamond would by this time have been traced. Such were the assertions made, and the police

were instigated to new exertions. Bunfit would have jeopardised his right hand, and Gager his life, to get at the secret. Even Major Mackintosh was anxious.

The facts of the claim made by Mr. Camperdown, and of the bill which had been filed in Chancery for the recovery of the diamonds, were of course widely known, and added much to the general interest and complexity. It was averred that Mr. Camperdown's determination to get the diamonds had been very energetic, and Lady Eustace's determination to keep them equally so. Wonderful stories were told of Lizzie's courage, energy, and resolution. There was hardly a lawyer of repute but took up the question, and had an opinion as to Lizzie's right to the necklace. The Attorney and Solicitor-General were dead against her, asserting that the diamonds certainly did not pass to her under the will, and could not have become hers by gift. But they were members of a liberal government, and of course anti-Lizzieite. Gentlemen who were equal to them in learning, who had held offices equally high, were distinctly of a different opinion. Lady Eustace might probably claim the jewels as paraphernalia properly appertaining to her rank;—in which claim the bestowal of them by her husband would no doubt assist her. And to these gentlemen,—who were Lizzieites, and of course conservatives in politics,—it was by no means clear that the diamonds did not pass to her by will. If it could be shown that the diamonds had been lately kept in Scotland, the ex-Attorney General thought that they would so pass. All which questions, now that the jewels had been lost, were discussed openly, and added greatly to the anxiety of the police. Both Lizzieites and anti-Lizzieites were disposed to think that Lizzie was very clever.

Frank Greystock in these days took up his cousin's part altogether in good faith. He entertained not the slightest suspicion that she was deceiving him in regard to the diamonds. That the robbery had been a bona-fide robbery, and that Lizzie had lost her treasure, was to him beyond doubt. He had gradually convinced himself that Mr. Camperdown was wrong in his claim, and was strongly of opinion that Lord Fawn had disgraced himself by his conduct to the lady. When he now heard, as he did hear, that some undefined suspicion was attached to his cousin,—and when he heard also, as unfortunately he did hear,—that Lord Fawn had encouraged that suspicion, he was very irate, and said grievous things of Lord Fawn. It seemed to him to be the extremity of cruelty that suspicion should be attached to his cousin because she had been robbed of her jewels. He was among those who were most severe in their denunciation of the police,—and was the more so, because he had heard it asserted that the necklace had not in truth been stolen. He busied himself very much in the matter, and even interrogated John Eustace as to

his intentions. "My dear fellow," said Eustace, "if you hated those diamonds as much as I do, you would never mention them again." Greystock declared that this expression of aversion to the subject might be all very well for Mr. Eustace, but that he found himself bound to defend his cousin. "You cannot defend her against me," said Eustace, "for I do not attack her. I have never said a word against her. I went down to Portray when she asked me. As far as I am concerned she is perfectly welcome to wear the necklace, if she can get it back again. I will not make or meddle in the matter one way or the other." Frank, after that, went to Mr. Camperdown, but he could get no satisfaction from the attorney. Mr. Camperdown would only say that he had a duty to do, and that he must do it. On the matter of the robbery he refused to give an opinion. That was in the hands of the police. Should the diamonds be recovered, he would, of course, claim them on behalf of the estate. In his opinion, whether the diamonds were recovered or not, Lady Eustace was responsible to the estate for their value. In opposition, first to the entreaties, and then to the demands of her late husband's family, she had insisted on absurdly carrying about with her an enormous amount of property which did not belong to her. Mr. Camperdown opined that she must pay for the lost diamonds out of her jointure. Frank, in a huff, declared that, as far as he could see, the diamonds belonged to his cousin;—in answer to which Mr. Camperdown suggested that the question was one for the decision of the Vice-Chancellor. Frank Greystock found that he could do nothing with Mr. Camperdown, and felt that he could wreak his vengeance only on Lord Fawn.

Bunfit, when he returned from Mrs. Carbuncle's house to Scotland Yard, had an interview with Major Mackintosh. "Well, Bunfit, have you seen the lady?"

"Yes,—I did see her, sir."

"And what came of it?"

"She fainted away, sir—just as they always do."

"There was no search, I suppose?"

"No, sir;—no search. She wouldn't have it, unless her cousin, Mr. Greystock, permitted."

"I didn't think she would."

"Nor yet didn't I, sir. But I'll tell you what it is, major. She knows all about it."

"You think she does, Bunfit?"

"She does, sir; and she's got something locked up somewhere in that house as 'd elucidate the whole of this aggravating mystery, if only we could get at it. Major, ——"

"Well, Bunfit?"

"I ain't noways sure as she ain't got them very diamonds themselves locked up, or, perhaps, tied round her person."

"Neither am I sure that she has not," said the major.

"The robbery at Carlisle was no robbery," continued Bunfit. "It was a got-up plant, and about the best as I ever knowed. It's my mind that it was a got-up plant between her ladyship and his lordship; and either the one or the other is just keeping the diamonds till it's safe to take 'em into the market."

CHAPTER L.

IN HERTFORD STREET.

DURING all this time Lucinda Roanoke was engaged to marry Sir Griffin Tewett, and the lover was an occasional visitor in Hertford Street. Mrs. Carbuncle was as anxious as ever that the marriage should be celebrated on the appointed day, and though there had been repeated quarrels, nothing had as yet taken place to make her despond. Sir Griffin would make some offensive speech; Lucinda would tell him that she had no desire ever to see him again; and then the baronet, usually under the instigation of Lord George, would make some awkward apology. Mrs. Carbuncle,—whose life at this period was not a pleasant one,—would behave on such occasions with great patience, and sometimes with great courage. Lizzie, who in her present emergency could not bear the idea of losing the assistance of any friend, was soft and graceful, and even gracious, to the bear. The bear himself certainly seemed to desire the marriage, though he would so often give offence which made any prospect of a marriage almost impossible. But with Sir Griffin, when the prize seemed to be lost, it again became valuable. He would talk about his passionate love to Mrs. Carbuncle, and to Lizzie,—and then, when things had been made straight for him, he would insult them, and neglect Lucinda. To Lucinda herself, however, he would rarely dare to say such words as he used daily to the other two ladies in the house. What could have been the man's own idea of his future married life, how can any reader be made to understand, or any writer adequately describe! He must have known that the woman despised him, and hated him. In the very bottom of his heart he feared her. He had no idea of other pleasure from her society than what might arise to him from the pride of having married a beautiful woman. Had she shown the slightest fondness for him, the slightest fear that she might lose him, the slightest feeling that she had won a valuable prize in getting him, he would have scorned her, and

jilted her without the slightest remorse. But the scorn came from her, and it beat him down. "Yes;—you hate me, and would fain be rid of me; but you have said that you will be my wife, and you cannot now escape me." Sir Griffin did not exactly speak such words as these, but he acted them. Lucinda would bear his presence,—sitting apart from him, silent, imperious, but very beautiful. People said that she became more handsome from day to day, and she did so, in spite of her agony. Hers was a face which could stand such condition of the heart without fading or sinking under it. She did not weep, or lose her colour, or become thin. The pretty softness of a girl,—delicate feminine weakness, or laughing eyes and pouting lips, no one expected from her. Sir Griffin, in the early days of their acquaintance, had found her to be a woman with a character for beauty,—and she was now more beautiful than ever. He probably thought that he loved her; but, at any rate, he was determined that he would marry her.

He had expressed himself more than once as very angry about this affair of the jewels. He had told Mrs. Carbuncle that her inmate, Lady Eustace, was suspected by the police, and that it might be well that Lady Eustace should be,—be made to go, in fact. But it did not suit Mrs. Carbuncle that Lady Eustace should be made to go;—nor did it suit Lord George de Bruce Carruthers. Lord George, at Mrs. Carbuncle's instance, had snubbed Sir Griffin more than once, and then it came to pass that he was snubbed yet again more violently than before. He was at the house in Hertford Street on the day of Mr. Bunfit's visit, some hours after Mr. Bunfit was gone, when Lizzie was still lying on her bed up-stairs, nearly beaten by the great danger which had oppressed her. He was told of Mr. Bunfit's visit, and then again said that he thought that the continued residence of Lady Eustace beneath that roof was a misfortune. "Would you wish us to turn her out because her necklace has been stolen?" asked Mrs. Carbuncle.

"People say very queer things," said Sir Griffin.

"So they do, Sir Griffin," continued Mrs. Carbuncle. "They say such queer things that I can hardly understand that they should be allowed to say them. I am told that the police absolutely suggest that Lord George stole the diamonds."

"That's nonsense."

"No doubt, Sir Griffin. And so is the other nonsense. Do you mean to tell us that you believe that Lady Eustace stole her own diamonds?"

"I don't see the use of having her here. Situated as I am, I have a right to object to it."

"Situated as you are, Sir Griffin!" said Lucinda.

"Well;—yes, of course; if we are to be married, I cannot but think a good deal of the persons you stay with."

"You were very glad to stay yourself with Lady Eustace at Portray," said Lucinda.

"I went there to follow you," said Sir Griffin gallantly.

"I wish with all my heart you had stayed away," said Lucinda. At that moment Lord George was shown into the room, and Miss Roanoke continued speaking, determined that Lord George should know how the bear was conducting himself. "Sir Griffin is saying that my aunt ought to turn Lady Eustace out of the house."

"Not quite that," said Sir Griffin with an attempt at laughter.

"Quite that," said Lucinda. "I don't suppose that he suspects poor Lady Eustace, but he thinks that my aunt's friend should be like *Cæsar's* wife, above the suspicion of others."

"If you would mind your own business, Tewett, said Lord George, "it would be a deal better for us all. I wonder Mrs. Carbuncle does not turn you out of the room for making such a proposition here. If it were my room, I would."

"I suppose I can say what I please to Mrs. Carbuncle? Miss Roanoke is not going to be your wife."

"It is my belief that Miss Roanoke will be nobody's wife,—at any rate, for the present," said that young lady;—upon which Sir Griffin left the room, muttering some words which might have been, perhaps, intended for an adieu. Immediately after this, Lizzie came in, moving slowly, but without a sound, like a ghost, with pale cheeks, and dishevelled hair, and that weary, worn look of illness which was become customary with her. She greeted Lord George with a faint attempt at a smile, and seated herself in a corner of a sofa. She asked whether he had been told the story of the proposed search, and then bade her friend Mrs. Carbuncle describe the scene.

"If it goes on like this it will kill me," said Lizzie.

"They are treating me in precisely the same way," said Lord George.

"But think of your strength and of my weakness, Lord George."

"By heavens, I don't know!" said Lord George. "In this matter your weakness is stronger than any strength of mine. I never was so cut up in my life. It was a good joke when we talked of the suspicions of that fellow at Carlisle as we came up by the railway,—but it is no joke now. I've had men with me, almost asking to search among my things."

"They have quite asked me!" said Lizzie piteously.

"You;—yes. But there's some reason in that. These infernal diamonds did belong to you, or, at any rate, you had them. You are the last person known to have seen them. Even if you had them still, you'd only have what you call your own." Lizzie looked at

him with all her eyes and listened to him with all her ears. "But what the mischief can I have had to do with them?"

"It's very hard upon you," said Mrs. Carbuncle.

"Unless I stole them," continued Lord George.

"Which is so absurd, you know," said Lizzie.

"That a pig-headed provincial fool should have taken me for a midnight thief, did not disturb me much. I don't think I am very easily annoyed by what other people think of me. But these fellows, I suppose, were sent here by the head of the metropolitan police; and everybody knows that they have been sent. Because I was civil enough to you women to look after you coming up to town, and because one of you was careless enough to lose her jewels, I—I am to be talked about all over London as the man who took them!" This was not spoken with much courtesy to the ladies present. Lord George had dropped that customary chivalry of manner which, in ordinary life, makes it to be quite out of the question that a man shall be uncivil to a woman. He had escaped from conventional usage into rough, truthful speech, under stress from the extremity of the hardship to which he had been subjected. And the women understood it and appreciated it, and liked it rather than otherwise. To Lizzie it seemed fitting that a Corsair so circumstanced should be as uncivil as he pleased; and Mrs. Carbuncle had long been accustomed to her friend's moods.

"They can't really think it," said Mrs. Carbuncle.

"Somebody thinks it. I am told that your particular friend, Lord Fawn,"—this he said, specially addressing Lizzie,—"*has expressed a strong opinion that I carry about the necklace always in my pocket. I trust to have the opportunity of wringing his neck some day.*"

"I do wish you would," said Lizzie.

"I shall not lose a chance if I can get it. Before all this occurred, I should have said to myself that nothing of the kind could put me out. I don't think there is a man in the world cares less what people say of him than I do. I am as indifferent to ordinary tittle-tattle as a rhinoceros. But, by George,—when it comes to stealing ten thousand pounds' worth of diamonds, and the delicate attentions of all the metropolitan police, one begins to feel that one is vulnerable. When I get up in the morning, I half feel that I shall be locked up before night, and I can see in the eyes of every man I meet that he takes me for the prince of burglars!"

"And it is all my fault," said Lizzie.

"I wish the diamonds had been thrown into the sea," said Mrs. Carbuncle.

"What do you think about them yourself?" asked Lucinda.

"I don't know what to think. I'm at a dead loss. You know

that man, Mr. Benjamin, Lady Eustace?" Lizzie, with a little start, answered that she did,—that she had had dealings with him before her marriage, and had once owed him two or three hundred pounds. As the man's name had been mentioned, she thought it better to own as much. "So he tells me. Now, in all London, I don't suppose there is a greater rascal than Benjamin."

"I didn't know that," said Lizzie.

"But I did; and with that rascal I have had money dealings for the last six or seven years. He has cashed bills for me, and has my name to bills now,—and Sir Griffin's too. I'm half inclined to think that he has got the diamonds."

"Do you indeed?" said Mrs. Carbuncle.

"Mr. Benjamin!" said Lizzie.

"And he returns the compliment."

"How does he return it?" asked Mrs. Carbuncle.

"He either thinks that I've got 'em, or he wants to make me believe that he thinks so. He hasn't dared to say it;—but that's his intention. Such an opinion from such a man on such a subject would be quite a compliment. And I feel it. But yet it troubles me. You know that greasy, Israelitish smile of his, Lady Eustace." Lizzie nodded her head and tried to smile. "When I asked him yesterday about the diamonds, he leered at me and rubbed his hands. 'It's a pretty little game;—ain't it, Lord George?' he said. I told him that I thought it a very bad game, and that I hoped the police would have the thief and the necklace soon. 'It's been managed a deal too well for that, Lord George;—don't you think so?'" Lord George mimicked the Jew as he repeated the words, and the ladies, of course, laughed. But poor Lizzie's attempt at laughter was very sorry. "I told him to his face that I thought he had them among his treasures. 'No, no, no; Lord George,' he said, and seemed quite to enjoy the joke. If he's got them himself, he can't think that I have them;—but if he has not, I don't doubt but he believes that I have. And I'll tell you another person who suspects me."

"What fools they are," said Lizzie.

"I don't know how that may be. Sir Griffin, Lucinda, isn't at all sure but what I have them in my pocket."

"I can believe anything of him," said Lucinda.

"And it seems he can believe anything of me. I shall begin to think soon that I did take them, myself,—or, at any rate, that I ought to have done so. I wonder what you three women think of it. If you do think I've got 'em, don't scruple to say so. I'm quite used to it, and it won't hurt me any further." The ladies again laughed. "You must have your suspicions," continued he.

"I suppose some of the London thieves did get them," said Mrs. Carbuncle.

"The police say the box was empty," said Lord George.

"How can the police know?" asked Lucinda. "They weren't there to see. Of course, the thieves would say that they didn't take them."

"What do you think, Lady Eustace?"

"I don't know what to think. Perhaps Mr. Camperdown did it."

"Or the Lord Chancellor," said Lord George. "One is just as likely as the other. I wish I could get at what you really think. The whole thing would be so complete if all you three suspected me. I can't get out of it all by going to Paris or Kamschatka, as I should have half a dozen detectives on my heels wherever I went. I must brazen it out here; and the worst of it is, that I feel that a look of guilt is creeping over me. I have a sort of conviction growing upon me that I shall be taken up and tried, and that a jury will find me guilty. I dream about it; and if,—as is probable,—it drives me mad, I'm sure that I shall accuse myself in my madness. There's a fascination about it that I can't explain or escape. I go on thinking how I would have done it if I did do it. I spend hours in calculating how much I would have realised, and where I would have found my market. I couldn't keep myself from asking Benjamin the other day how much they would be worth to him."

"What did he say?" asked Lizzie, who sat gazing upon the Corsair, and who was now herself fascinated. Lord George was walking about the room, then sitting for a moment in one chair and again in another, and after a while leaning on the mantelpiece. In his speaking he addressed himself almost exclusively to Lizzie, who could not keep her eyes from his.

"He grinned greasily," said the Corsair, "and told me they had already been offered to him once before by you."

"That's false," said Lizzie.

"Very likely. And then he said that no doubt they'd fall into his hands some day. 'Wouldn't it be a game, Lord George,' he said, 'if, after all, they should be no more than paste?' That made me think he had got them, and that he'd get paste diamonds put into the same setting,—and then give them up with some story of his own making. 'You'd know whether they were paste or not; wouldn't you, Lord George?' he asked." The Corsair, as he repeated Mr. Benjamin's words, imitated the Jew's manner so well, that he made Lizzie shudder. "While I was there, a detective named Gager came in."

"The same man who came here, perhaps," suggested Mrs. Carbuncle.

"I think not. He seemed to be quite intimate with Mr. Benjamin, and went on at once about the diamonds. Benjamin said that they'd made their way over to Paris, and that he'd heard of

them. I found myself getting quite intimate with Mr. Gager, who seemed hardly to scruple at showing that he thought that Benjamin and I were confederates. Mr. Camperdown has offered four hundred pounds reward for the jewels,—to be paid on their surrender to the hands of Mr. Garnett, the jeweller. Gager declared that, if any ordinary thief had them, they would be given up at once for that sum."

"That's true, I suppose," said Mrs. Carbuncle.

"How would the ordinary thief get his money without being detected? Who would dare to walk into Garnett's shop with the diamonds in his hands and ask for the four hundred pounds? Besides, they have been sold to some one,—and, as I believe, to my dear friend, Mr. Benjamin. 'I suppose you ain't a going anywhere just at present, Lord George?' said that fellow Gager. 'What the devil's that to you?' I asked him. He just laughed and shook his head. I don't doubt but that there's a policeman about waiting till I leave this house;—or looking at me now with a magnifying glass from the windows at the other side. They've photographed me while I'm going about, and published a list of every hair on my face in the 'Hue and Cry.' I dined at the club yesterday, and found a strange waiter. I feel certain that he was a policeman done up in livery all for my sake. I turned sharp round in the street yesterday, and found a man at a corner. I am sure that man was watching me, and was looking at my pockets to see whether the jewel case was there. As for myself, I can think of nothing else. I wish I had got them. I should have something then to pay me for all this nuisance."

"I do wish you had," said Lizzie.

"What I should do with them I cannot even imagine. I am always thinking of that, too,—making plans for getting rid of them, supposing I had stolen them. My belief is, that I should be so sick of them that I should chuck them over the bridge into the river,—only that I should fear that some policeman's eye would be on me as I did it. My present position is not comfortable,—but if I had got them, I think that the weight of them would crush me altogether. Having a handle to my name, and being a lord, or, at least, called a lord, makes it all the worse. People are so pleased to think that a lord should have stolen a necklace."

Lizzie listened to it all with a strange fascination. If this strong man were so much upset by the bare suspicion, what must be her condition? The jewels were in her desk up-stairs, and the police had been with her also,—were even now probably looking after her and watching her. How much more difficult must it be for her to deal with the diamonds than it would have been for this man. Presently Mrs. Carbuncle left the room, and Lucinda followed her.

Lizzie saw them go, and did not dare to go with them. She felt as though her limbs would not have carried her to the door. She was now alone with her Corsair; and she looked up timidly into his deep-set eyes, as he came and stood over her. "Tell me all that you know about it," he said, in that deep low voice which, from her first acquaintance with him, had filled her with interest, and almost with awe.

CHAPTER LI.

CONFIDENCE.

LIZZIE EUSTACE was speechless as she continued to look up into the Corsair's face. She ought to have answered him briskly, either with indignation or with a touch of humour. But she could not answer him at all. She was desired to tell him all that she knew about the robbery, and she was unable to declare that she knew nothing. How much did he suspect? What did he believe? Had she been watched by Mrs. Carbuncle, and had something of the truth been told to him? And then would it not be better for her that he should know it all? Unsupported and alone she could not bear the trouble which was on her. If she were driven to tell her secret to any one, had she not better tell it to him? She knew that if she did so, she would be a creature in his hands to be dealt with as he pleased;—but would there not be a certain charm in being so mastered? He was but a pinchbeck lord. She had wit enough to know that; but then she had wit enough also to feel that she herself was but a pinchbeck lady. He would be fit for her, and she for him,—if only he would take her. Since her day-dreams first began, she had been longing for a Corsair: and here he was, not kneeling at her feet, but standing over her,—as became a Corsair. At any rate he had mastered her now, and she could not speak to him.

He waited perhaps a minute, looking at her, before he renewed his question; and the minute seemed to her to be an age. During every second her power beneath his gaze sank lower and lower. There gradually came a grim smile over his face, and she was sure that he could read her very heart. Then he called her by her Christian name,—as he had never called her before. "Come, Lizzie," he said, "you might as well tell me all about it. You know."

"Know what?" The words were audible to him, though they were uttered in the lowest whisper.

"About this d—— necklace. What is it all? Where are they? And how did you manage it?"

"I didn't manage anything."

"But you know where they are?" He paused again, still gazing at her. Gradually there came across his face, or she fancied that it was so, a look of ferocity which thoroughly frightened her. If he should turn against her, and be leagued with the police against her, what chance would she have? "You know where they are," he said, repeating his words. Then at last she nodded her head, assenting to his assertion. "And where are they? Come;—out with it! If you won't tell me, you must tell some one else. There has been a deal too much of this already."

"You won't betray me?"

"Not if you deal openly with me."

"I will; indeed I will. And it was all an accident. When I took them out of the box, I only did it for safety."

"You did take them out of the box then?" Again she nodded her head. "And have got them now?" There was another nod. "And where are they? Come; with such a spirit of enterprise as yours you ought to be able to speak. Has Benjamin got them?"

"Oh no."

"And he knows nothing about them?"

"Nothing."

"Then I have wronged in my thoughts that son of Abraham?"

"Nobody knows anything," said Lizzie.

"Not even Jane or Lucinda?"

"Nothing at all."

"Then you have kept your secret marvellously. And where are they?"

"Up-stairs."

"In your bedroom?"

"In my desk in the little sitting-room."

"The Lord be good to us!" ejaculated Lord George. "All the police in London, from the chief downwards, are agog about this necklace. Every well-known thief in the town is envied by every other thief because he is thought to have had a finger in the pie. I am suspected, and Mr. Benjamin is suspected; Sir Griffin is suspected, and half the jewellers in London and Paris are supposed to have the stones in their keeping. Every man and woman is talking about it, and people are quarrelling about it till they almost cut each other's throats; and all the while you have got them locked up in your desk! How on earth did you get the box broken open and then conveyed out of your room at Carlisle?"

Then Lizzie in a frightened whisper, with her eyes often turned on the floor, told the whole story. "If I'd had a minute to think of it," she said, "I would have confessed the truth at Carlisle. Why should I want to steal what was my own? But they came

to me all so quickly, and I didn't like to say that I had them under my pillow."

"I daresay not."

"And then I couldn't tell anybody afterwards. I always meant to tell you,—from the very first; because I knew you would be good to me. They are my own. Surely I might do what I liked with my own?"

"Well;—yes; in one way. But you see there was a lawsuit in Chancery going on about them; and then you committed perjury at Carlisle. And altogether,—it's not quite straight sailing, you know."

"I suppose not."

"Hardly. Major Mackintosh, and the magistrates, and Messrs. Bunfit and Gager won't settle down, peaceable and satisfied, when they hear the end of the story. And I think Messrs. Camperdown will have a bill against you. It's been uncommonly clever, but I don't see the use of it."

"I've been very foolish," said Lizzie; "but you won't desert me!"

"Upon my word I don't know what I'm to do."

"Will you have them—as a present?"

"Certainly not."

"They're worth ever so much—ten thousand pounds! And they are my own, to do just what I please with them."

"You are very good; but what should I do with them?"

"Sell them."

"Who'd buy them? And before a week was over I should be in prison, and in a couple of months should be standing at the Old Bailey at my trial. I couldn't just do that, my dear."

"What will you do for me? You are my friend—ain't you?" The diamond necklace was not a desirable possession in the eyes of Lord George de Bruce Carruthers; but Portray Castle, with its income, and the fact that Lizzie Eustace was still a very young woman, was desirable. Her prettiness, too, was not altogether thrown away on Lord George, though, as he was wont to say himself, he was too old now to sacrifice much for such a toy as that. Something he must do, if only because of the knowledge which had come to him. He could not go away and leave her, and neither say nor do anything in the matter. And he could not betray her to the police. "You will not desert me," she said, taking hold of his hand, and kissing it as a suppliant.

He passed his arm round her waist, but more as though she were a child than a woman, as he stood thinking. Of all the affairs in which he had ever been engaged it was the most difficult. She submitted to his embrace, and leaned upon his shoulder, and looked up into his face. If he would only tell her that he loved her, then

he would be bound to her—then must he share with her the burthen of the diamonds—then must he be true to her. "George!" she said, and burst into a low, suppressed wailing, with her face hidden upon his arm.

"That's all very well," said he, still holding her—for she was pleasant to hold—"but what the d—— is a fellow to do? I don't see my way out of it. I think you had better go to Camperdown, and give them up to him, and tell him the truth." Then she sobbed more violently than before, till her quick ear caught the sound of a footstep on the stairs, and in a moment she was out of his arms and seated on the sofa, with hardly a trace of tears in her eyes. It was the footman, who desired to know whether Lady Eustace would want the carriage that afternoon. Lady Eustace, with her cheeriest voice, sent her love to Mrs. Carbuncle, and her assurance that she would not want the carriage before the evening. "I don't know that you can do anything else," continued Lord George, "except just give them up and brazen it out. I don't suppose they'd prosecute you."

"Prosecute me!" ejaculated Lizzie.

"For perjury, I mean."

"And what could they do to me?"

"Oh, I don't know. Lock you up for five years, perhaps."

"Because I had my own necklace under the pillow in my own room?"

"Think of all the trouble you've given."

"I'll never give them up to Mr. Camperdown. They are mine—my very own. My cousin, Mr. Greystock, who is much more of a lawyer than Mr. Camperdown, says so. Oh, George, do think of something! Don't tell me that I must give them up! Wouldn't Mr. Benjamin buy them?"

"Yes—for half nothing; and then go and tell the whole story, and get money from the other side. You can't trust Benjamin."

"But I can trust you." She clung to him and implored him, and did get from him a renewed promise that he would not reveal her secret. She wanted him to take the terrible packet from her there and then, and use his own judgment in disposing of it. But this he positively refused to do. He protested that they were safer with her than they could be with him. He explained to her that if they were found in his hands, his offence in having them in his possession would be much greater than hers. They were her own, as she was ever so ready to assert; or, if not her own, the ownership was so doubtful, that she could not be accused of having stolen them. And then he needed to consider it all—to sleep upon it—before he could make up his mind what he would do.

But there was one other trouble on her mind as to which he was

called upon to give her counsel before he was allowed to leave her. She had told the detective officer that she would submit her boxes and desks to be searched if her cousin Frank should advise it. If the policeman were to return with her cousin while the diamonds were still in her desk, what should she do? He might come at any time; and then she would be bound to obey him. "And he thinks that they were stolen at Carlisle?" asked Lord George. "Of course he thinks so," said Lizzie, almost indignantly. "They would never ask to search your person," suggested Lord George. Lizzie could not say. She had simply declared that she would be guided by her cousin. "Have them about you when he comes. Don't take them out with you; but keep them in your pocket while you are in the house during the day. They will hardly bring a woman with them to search you."

"But there was a woman with the man when he came before."

"Then you must refuse in spite of your cousin. Show yourself angry with him and with everybody. Swear that you did not intend to submit yourself to such indignity as that. They can't do it without a magistrate's order, unless you permit it. I don't suppose they will come at all; and if they do they will only look at your clothes and your boxes. If they ask to do more, be stout with them and refuse. Of course they'll suspect you, but they do that already. And your cousin will suspect you;—but you must put up with that. It will be very bad;—but I see nothing better. But, of all things, say nothing of me."

"Oh, no," said Lizzie, promising to be obedient to him. And then he took his leave of her. "You will be true to me;—will you not?" she said, still clinging to his arm. He promised her that he would. "Oh, George," she said, "I have no friend now but you. You will care for me?" He took her in his arms and kissed her, and promised that he would care for her. How was he to save himself from doing so? When he was gone, Lizzie sat down to think of it all, and felt sure that at last she had found her Corsair.

CHAPTER LII.

MRS. CARBUNCLE GOES TO THE THEATRE.

MRS. CARBUNCLE and Lizzie Eustace did not, in these days, shut themselves up because there was trouble in the household. It would not have suited the creed of Mrs. Carbuncle on social matters to be shut up from the amusements of life. She had sacrificed too much in seeking them for that, and was too conscious of the price she paid

for them. It was still mid-winter, but nevertheless there was generally some amusement arranged for every evening. Mrs. Carbuncle was very fond of the play, and made herself acquainted with every new piece as it came out. Every actor and actress of note on the stage was known to her, and she dealt freely in criticisms on their respective merits. The three ladies had a box at the Hay-market taken for this very evening, at which a new piece, "The Noble Jilt," from the hand of a very eminent author, was to be produced. Mrs. Carbuncle had talked a great deal about "The Noble Jilt," and could boast that she had discussed the merits of the two chief characters with the actor and actress who were to undertake them. Miss Talbot had assured her that the Margaret was altogether impracticable, and Mrs. Carbuncle was quite of the same opinion. And as for the hero, Steinmark,—it was a part that no man could play so as to obtain the sympathy of an audience. There was a second hero,—a Flemish Count,—tame as rain-water, Mrs. Carbuncle said. She was very anxious for the success of the piece, which, as she said, had its merits; but she was sure that it wouldn't do. She had talked about it a great deal, and now, when the evening came, she was not going to be deterred from seeing it by any trouble in reference to the diamond necklace. Lizzie, when she was left by Lord George, had many doubts on the subject,—whether she would go or stay at home. If he would have come to her, or her cousin Frank, or if, had it been possible, Lord Fawn would have come, she would have given up the play very willingly. But to be alone,—with her necklace in the desk up-stairs, or in her pocket, was terrible to her. And then, they could not search her or her boxes while she was at the theatre. She must not take the necklace with her there. He had told her to leave it in her desk, when she went from home.

Lucinda, also, was quite determined that she would see the new piece. She declared to her aunt, in Lizzie's presence, without a vestige of a smile, that it might be well to see how a jilt could behave herself, so as to do her work of jilting in any noble fashion. "My dear," said her aunt, "you let things weigh upon your heart a great deal too much." "Not upon my heart, Aunt Jane," the young lady had answered. She also intended to go, and when she had made up her mind to anything, nothing would deter her. She had no desire to stay at home in order that she might see Sir Griffin. "I daresay the play may be very bad," she said, "but it can hardly be so bad as real life."

Lizzie, when Lord George had left her, crept up-stairs, and sat for awhile thinking of her condition, with the key of her desk in her hand. Should there come a knock at the door, the case of diamonds would be in her pocket in a moment. Her own room door was

bolted on the inside, so that she might have an instant for her preparation. She was quite resolved that she would carry out Lord George's recommendation, and that no policeman or woman should examine her person, unless it were done by violence. There she sat, almost expecting that at every moment her cousin would be there with Bunfit and the woman. But nobody came, and at six she went down to dinner. After much consideration she then left the diamonds in the desk. Surely no one would come to search at such an hour as that. No one had come when the carriage was announced and the three ladies went off together.

During the whole way Mrs. Carbuncle talked of the terrible situation in which poor Lord George was placed by the robbery, and of all that Lizzie owed him on account of his trouble. "My dear," said Mrs. Carbuncle, "the least you can do for him is to give him all that you've got to give." "I don't know that he wants me to give him anything," said Lizzie. "I think that's quite plain," said Mrs. Carbuncle, "and I'm sure I wish it may be so. He and I have been dear friends,—very dear friends, and there is nothing I wish so much as to see him properly settled. Ill-natured people like to say all manner of things because everybody does not choose to live in their own heartless, conventional form. But I can assure you there is nothing between me and Lord George which need prevent him from giving his whole heart to you." "I don't suppose there is," said Lizzie, who loved an opportunity of giving Mrs. Carbuncle a little rap.

The play, as a play, was a failure; at least so said Mrs. Carbuncle. The critics, on the next morning, were somewhat divided,—not only in judgment, but as to facts. To say how a play has been received is of more moment than to speak of its own merits or of the merits of the actors. Three or four of the papers declared that the audience was not only eulogistic, but enthusiastic. One or two others averred that the piece fell very flatly. As it was not acted above four or five dozen times consecutively, it must be regarded as a failure. On their way home Mrs. Carbuncle declared that Minnie Talbot had done her very best with such a part as Margaret, but that the character afforded no scope for sympathy. "A noble jilt, my dears," said Mrs. Carbuncle eloquently, "is a contradiction in terms. There can be no such thing. A woman, when she has once said the word, is bound to stick to it. The delicacy of the female character should not admit of hesitation between two men. The idea is quite revolting."

"But may not one have an idea of no man at all?" asked Lucinda. "Must that be revolting also?"

"Of course a young woman may entertain such an idea; though for my part I look upon it as unnatural. But when she has

once given herself there can be no taking back without the loss of that aroma which should be the apple of a young woman's eye."

"If she finds that she has made a mistake—?" said Lucinda fiercely. "Why shouldn't a young woman make a mistake as well as an old woman? Her aroma won't prevent her from having been wrong and finding it out."

"My dear, such mistakes, as you call them, always arise from fantastic notions. Look at this piece. Why does the lady jilt her lover? Not because she doesn't like him. She's just as fond of him as ever."

"He's a stupid sort of fellow, and I think she was quite right," said Lizzie. "I'd never marry a man merely because I said I would. If I found I didn't like him, I'd leave him at the altar. If I found I didn't like him, I'd leave him even after the altar. I'd leave him any time I found I didn't like him. It's all very well to talk of aroma, but to live with a man you don't like—is the devil!"

"My dear, those whom God has joined together shouldn't be separated,—for any mere likings or dislikings." This Mrs. Carbuncle said in a high tone of moral feeling, just as the carriage stopped at the door in Hertford Street. They at once perceived that the hall-door was open, and Mrs. Carbuncle, as she crossed the pavement, saw that there were two policemen in the hall. The footman had been with them to the theatre, but the cook and housemaid, and Mrs. Carbuncle's own maid, were with the policemen in the passage. She gave a little scream, and then Lizzie, who had followed her, seized her by the arm. She turned round and saw by the gas-light that Lizzie's face was white as a sheet, and that all the lines of her countenance were rigid and almost distorted. "Then she does know all about it!" said Mrs. Carbuncle to herself. Lizzie didn't speak, but still hung on to Mrs. Carbuncle's arm, and Lucinda, having seen how it was, was also supporting her. A policeman stepped forward and touched his hat. He was not Bunfit;—neither was he Gager. Indeed, though the ladies had not perceived the difference, he was not at all like Bunfit or Gager. This man was dressed in a policeman's uniform, whereas Bunfit and Gager always wore plain clothes. "My lady," said the policeman, addressing Mrs. Carbuncle, "there's been a robbery here."

"A robbery!" ejaculated Mrs. Carbuncle.

"Yes, my lady. The servants all out,—all to one; and she's off. They've taken jewels, and, no doubt, money, if there was any. They don't mostly come unless they know what they comes for."

With a horrid spasm across her heart, which seemed ready to kill her, so sharp was the pain, Lizzie recovered the use of her legs and

followed Mrs. Carbuncle into the dining-room. She had been hardly conscious of hearing; but she had heard, and it had seemed to her that the robbery spoken of was something distinct from her own affair. The policemen did not speak of having found the diamonds. It was of something lost that they spoke. She seated herself in a chair against the wall, but did not utter a word. "We've been up-stairs, my lady, and they've been in most of the rooms. There's a desk broke open,"—Lizzie gave an involuntary little scream;—"Yes, mum, a desk," continued the policeman turning to Lizzie, "and a bureau, and a dressing-case. What's gone your ladyship can tell when you sees. And one of the young women is off. It's she as done it." Then the cook explained. She and the housemaid, and Mrs. Carbuncle's lady's maid, had just stepped out, only round the corner, to get a little air, leaving Patience Crabstick in charge of the house, and when they came back, the area gate was locked against them, the front door was locked, and finding themselves unable to get in after many knockings, they had at last obtained the assistance of a policeman. He had got into the place over the area gate, had opened the front door from within, and then the robbery had been discovered. It was afterwards found that the servants had all gone out to what they called a tea-party, at a public-house in the neighbourhood, and that by previous agreement Patience Crabstick had remained in charge. When they came back Patience Crabstick was gone, and the desk, and bureau, and dressing-case, were found to have been opened. "She had a reg'lar thief along with her, my lady," said the policeman, still addressing himself to Mrs. Carbuncle, "'cause of the way the things was opened."

"I always knew that young woman was downright bad," said Mrs. Carbuncle in her first expression of wrath.

But Lizzie sat in her chair without saying a word, still pale, with that almost awful look of agony in her face. Within ten minutes of their entering the house, Mrs. Carbuncle was making her way up-stairs, with the two policemen following her. That her bureau and her dressing-case should have been opened was dreadful to her, though the value that she could thus lose was very small. She also possessed diamonds,—but her diamonds were paste; and whatever jewellery she had of any value,—a few rings, and a brooch, and such like,—had been on her person in the theatre. What little money she had by her was in the drawing-room, and the drawing-room, as it seemed, had not been entered. In truth, all Mrs. Carbuncle's possessions in the house were not sufficient to have tempted a well-bred, well-instructed thief. But it behoved her to be indignant; and she could be indignant with grace, as the thief was discovered to be, not her maid, but Patience Crabstick. The policemen followed Mrs. Carbuncle, and the maids followed the

policemen; but Lizzie Eustace kept her seat in the chair by the wall. "Do you think they have taken much of yours," said Lucinda, coming up to her and speaking very gently. Lizzie made a motion with her two hands upon her heart, and struggled, and gasped,—as though she wished to speak but could not. "I suppose it is that girl who has done it all," said Lucinda. Lizzie nodded her head, and tried to smile. The attempt was so ghastly that Lucinda, though not timid by nature, was frightened. She sat down and took Lizzie's hand, and tried to comfort her. "It is very hard upon you," she said, "to be twice robbed." Lizzie again nodded her head. "I hope it is not much now. Shall we go up and see?" The poor creature did get upon her legs, but she gasped so terribly that Lucinda feared that she was dying. "Shall I send for some one?" she said. Lizzie made an effort to speak, was shaken convulsively while the other supported her, and then burst into a flood of tears.

When that had come she was relieved, and could again act her part. "Yes," she said, "we will go with them. It is so dreadful;—is it not?"

"Very dreadful;—but how much better that we weren't at home! Shall we go now?" Then together they followed the others, and on the stairs Lizzie explained that in her desk, of which she always carried the key round her neck, there was what money she had by her;—two ten-pound notes, and four five-pound notes, and three sovereigns; in all, forty-three pounds. Her other jewels,—the jewels which she had possessed over and above the fatal diamond necklace,—were in her dressing-case. Patience, she did not doubt, had known that the money was there, and certainly knew of her jewels. So they went up-stairs. The desk was open and the money gone. Five or six rings and a bracelet had been taken also from Lizzie's dressing-case, which she had left open. Of Mrs. Carbuncle's property sufficient had been stolen to make a long list in that lady's handwriting. Lucinda Roanoke's room had not been entered,—as far as they could judge. The girl had taken the best of her own clothes, and a pair of strong boots belonging to the cook. A superintendent of police was there before they went to bed, and a list was made out. The superintendent was of opinion that the thing had been done very cleverly, but was of opinion that the thieves had expected to find more plunder. "They don't care so much about bank-notes, my lady, because they fetches such a low price with them as they deal with. The three sovereigns is more to them than all the forty pounds in notes." The superintendent had heard of the diamond necklace, and expressed an opinion that poor Lady Eustace was especially marked out for misfortune. "It all comes of having such a girl as that about her," said Mrs.

Carbuncle. The superintendent, who intended to be consolatory to Lizzie, expressed his opinion that it was very hard to know what a young woman was. "They looks as soft as butter, and they're as sly as foxes, and as quick, as quick,—as quick as greased lightning, my lady." Such a piece of business as this which had just occurred, will make people intimate at a very short notice.

And so the diamond necklace, known to be worth ten thousand pounds, had at last been stolen in earnest! Lizzie, when the policemen were gone, and the noise was over, and the house was closed, slunk away to her bedroom, refusing any aid in lieu of that of the wicked Patience. She herself had examined the desk beneath the eyes of her two friends and of the policemen, and had seen at once that the case was gone. The money was gone too, as she was rejoiced to find. She perceived at once that had the money been left,—the very leaving of it would have gone to prove that other prize had been there. But the money was gone,—money of which she had given a correct account;—and she could now honestly allege that she had been robbed. But she had at last really lost her great treasure;—and if the treasure should be found, then would she infallibly be exposed. She had talked twice of giving away her necklace, and had seriously thought of getting rid of it by burying it deep in the sea. But now that it was in very truth gone from her, the loss of it was horrible to her. Ten thousand pounds, for which she had struggled so much and borne so many things, which had come to be the prevailing fact of her life, gone from her for ever! Nevertheless it was not that sorrow, that regret which had so nearly overpowered her in the dining-parlour. At that moment she hardly knew, had hardly thought, whether the diamonds had or had not been taken. But the feeling came upon her at once that her own disgrace was every hour being brought nearer to her. Her secret was no longer quite her own. One man knew it, and he had talked to her of perjury and of five years' imprisonment. Patience must have known it, too; and now some one else also knew it. The police, of course, would find it out, and then horrid words would be used against her. She hardly knew what perjury was. It sounded like forgery and burglary. To stand up before a judge and be tried,—and then to be locked up for five years in prison——! What an end would this be to all her glorious success? And what evil had she done to merit all this terrible punishment? When they came to her in her bedroom at Carlisle she had simply been too much frightened to tell them all that the necklace was at that moment under her pillow.

She tried to think of it all, and to form some idea in her mind of what might be the truth. Of course, Patience Crabstick had

known her secret, but how long had the girl known it? And how had the girl discovered it? She was almost certain, from certain circumstances, from words which the girl had spoken, and from signs which she had observed, that Patience had not even suspected that the necklace had been brought with them from Carlisle to London. Of course, the coming of Bunfit and the woman would have set the girl's mind to work in that direction; but then Bunfit and the woman had only been there on that morning. The Corsair knew the facts, and no one but the Corsair. That the Corsair was a Corsair, the suspicions of the police had proved to her. She had offered the necklace to the Corsair; but when so offered, he had refused to take it. She could understand that he should see the danger of accepting the diamonds from her hand, and yet should be desirous of having them. And might not he have thought that he could best relieve her from the burthen of their custody in this manner? She felt no anger against the Corsair as she weighed the probability of his having taken them in this fashion. A Corsair must be a Corsair. Were he to come to her and confess the deed, she would almost like him the better for it,—admiring his skill and enterprise. But how very clever he must have been, and how brave! He had known, no doubt, that the three ladies were all going to the theatre; but in how short a time had he got rid of the other women and availed himself of the services of Patience Crabstick!

But in what way would she conduct herself when the police should come to her on the following morning,—the police and all the other people who would crowd to the house? How should she receive her cousin Frank? How should she look when the coincidence of the double robbery should be spoken of in her hearing? How should she bear herself when, as of course would be the case, she should again be taken before the magistrates, and made to swear as to the loss of her property? Must she commit mere perjury, with the certainty that various people must know that her oath was false? All the world might suspect her. All the world would soon know the truth. Might it not be possible that the diamonds were at this moment in the hands of Messrs. Camperdown, and that they would be produced before her eyes, as soon as her second false oath had been registered against her? And yet how could she tell the truth? And what would the Corsair think of her,—the Corsair, who would know everything? She made one resolution during the night. She would not be taken into court. The magistrates and the people might come to her, but she would not go before them. When the morning came she said that she was ill, and refused to leave her bed. Policemen, she knew, were in the house early. At about nine Mrs. Carbuncle and

Lucinda were up and in her room. The excitement of the affair had taken them from their beds,—but she would not stir. If it were absolutely necessary, she said, the men must come into her room. She had been so overset by what had occurred on the previous night, that she could not leave her room. She appealed to Lucinda as to the fact of her illness. The trouble of these robberies was so great upon her that her heart was almost broken. If her deposition must be taken, she would make it in bed. In the course of the day the magistrate did come into her room and the deposition was taken. Forty-three pounds had been taken from her desk, and certain jewels, which she described, from her dressing-case. As far as she was aware, no other property of hers was missing. This she said in answer to a direct question from the magistrate, which, as she thought, was asked with a stern voice and searching eye. And so, a second time, she had sworn falsely. But this at least was gained,—that Lord George de Bruce Carruthers was not looking at her as she swore.

Lord George was in the house for a great part of the day, but he did not ask to be admitted to Lizzie's room;—nor did she ask to see him. Frank Greystock was there late in the afternoon, and went up at once to his cousin. The moment that she saw him she stretched out her arms to him, and burst into tears. "My poor girl," said he, "what is the meaning of it all?"

"I don't know. I think they will kill me. They want to kill me. How can I bear it all? The robbers were here last night, and magistrates and policemen and people have been here all day." Then she fell into a fit of sobbing and wailing, which was, in truth, hysterical. For,—if the readers think of it,—the poor woman had a great deal to bear.

Frank, into whose mind no glimmer of suspicion against his cousin had yet entered, and who firmly believed that she had been made a victim because of the value of her diamonds,—and who had a theory of his own about the robbery at Carlisle, to the circumstances of which he was now at some pains to make these latter circumstances adhere,—was very tender with his cousin, and remained in the house for more than an hour. "Oh, Frank, what had I better do?" she asked him.

"I would leave London, if I were you."

"Yes;—of course. I will. Oh yes, I will!"

"If you don't fear the cold of Scotland——"

"I fear nothing,—nothing but being where these policemen can come to me. Oh!"—and then she shuddered and was again hysterical. Nor was she acting the condition. As she remembered the magistrates, and the detectives, and the policemen in their uniforms,—and reflected that she might probably see much more of

them before the game was played out, the thoughts that crowded on her were almost more than she could bear.

"Your child is there, and it is your own house. Go there till all this passes by." Whereupon she promised him that, as soon as she was well enough, she would at once go to Scotland.

In the meantime, the Eustace diamonds were locked up in a small safe fixed into the wall at the back of a small cellar beneath the establishment of Messrs. Harter and Benjamin, in Minto Lane, in the City. Messrs. Harter and Benjamin always kept a second place of business. Their great shop was at the West-end; but they had accommodation in the City.

The chronicler states this at once, as he scorns to keep from his reader any secret that is known to himself.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Miscellaneous Writings of J. Conington, M.A. Two vols. Longmans and Co.

ALL scholars and lovers of scholarship will be glad of this memoir of one of the most honoured and most amiable of their recent brotherhood. Mr. Conington's untiring activity embodied itself during the latter years of his life in a production so copious, for its quality, that one would not have expected it possible that he should leave behind him much material for posthumous increase to his reputation. In fact, the posthumous portion of the work before us, that which constitutes the bulk of its second volume, is what fewest readers will concern themselves with. It is a complete prose translation of Virgil. It seems that Professor Conington had executed this translation as an accompaniment and commentary to his commentary, like Mr. Munro with his prose translation of "Lucretius," and that it was to have been published in a separate volume alongside of the annotated edition of "Bibliotheca Classica." For popular reading, a prose translation cannot of course come into competition with a verse translation, especially such a model of spirit and readable excellence as Mr. Conington's verse translation is; and Virgil especially, the fragrance of whose poetical diction is half his glory, becomes of necessity a transformed literary phenomenon when he is put into even the choicest prose. So that this posthumous labour of Mr. Conington's will for practice not count as a work of literature. It would be of importance as a work of scholarship had the writer left more *lacunæ* than he has left in his critical edition; as it is it will resolve itself into little more than the most perfect of Virgil "cribs." And that is an unappreciative class of student for whom cribs exist and so much labour has thus been spent. Mr. Conington's special distinction was not, I should have said (according to the definition of his friend and editor) "literary versatility" above all, though literary versatility he had; but the union of literary with scholarly attainments above all. The need of the literary spirit for scholarship and of the scholarly spirit for literature was a thing which he had put before himself from the commencement of his career, and an ideal which no one among ourselves has more completely realised. His attainments united in a capital degree that which is popularly understood to be the excellence of Cambridge, verbal and philological science, and that which is popularly understood to be the excellence of Oxford, breadth and elasticity of intelligence. The opening lecture of his professorship, and his contention against Mr. H. A. J. Munro for Virgil and Horace as finer artists and masters of language than Lucretius and Catullus—both of these are mature models of balanced appreciation, criticism in which the organs of susceptibility show themselves of equal fineness with the organs of reasoning. Perhaps the real position of Mr. Conington, looked at from a distance where he will stand in the history of these things, is that he is the scholar who has settled—or at least the conspicuous centre among a group of scholars who have settled—the true relations between Greek and Latin literature, after the disturbance which they had necessarily undergone when modern scholarship reacted against the domination of Latin, and was for slighting and putting aside Latin, the imitative

literature, in its righteous new enthusiasm for Greek, the original literature. That reaction in its exaggerated form has now been brought to an end; and Englishmen will think of Mr. Conington as the mover in this, by the way in which he weighed the original against the imitative elements in the Roman literature, and vindicated the real worth of both with a vindication which was all justice and no violence. So, and as a part of this, lovers of the consummate and perfect art of poetry will reverence him for his recovery of Virgil from the depressed esteem in which Virgil lay according to those revolutionary canons and tastes in poetry.

But there is more suggested, by everything to which this ripe mind applied itself, than that one should venture farther here. Of the biography which Mr. Symonds writes shortly and with sympathetic intelligence, almost the only incident is the singular spiritual one which turned Professor Conington's floating religious tendencies into a settled conviction and devotion, strange considering the hour and element of his life. Whether the letters to his mother (to whom his relations are most beautiful) and to Oxford friends, which are added to Mr. Symonds' sketch, may be specially well chosen, we cannot judge; but they are good, and it is pleasant to find this busy mind keeping up an art which over-business has let die in most—the art of correspondence.

Fifine at the Fair. By ROBERT BROWNING. Smith and Elder.

"No one ever rambles so much in talk as all Browning's personages do." This is a remark of the aforesaid Mr. Conington to a correspondent, writing of the "Ring and the Book." No personage, we will say, of Mr. Browning's ever rambled so much in talk as the hero or speaker of his difficult new poem. That is the first word one has to say of it, after as many readings as can be got into the spare times of a fortnight—that "Fifine" is difficult; that Mr. Browning, evidently putting his strongest and most individual self devotedly into a new poem more serious than his last one or two have been, has put into it also his most perplexing and intellectually involved and complicated self. The poem goes over vast and momentous ranges of speculation and human nature; but it will be a long while before one will be able to make up one's mind how fruitfully to think that it goes them over, how poetically well or ill. There are so many stages of appreciation which one has to traverse in regard of a work of Mr. Browning's, when he is in his own and the sphinx's vein, as here. There is the first stage, when only fragmentary passages or meanings are realised at all, and when it makes your poor head feel spinning and bewildered. There is the second stage, when you begin to apprehend the characters and relations of the personages, and think you can put your finger on the special knots of the tangle, the special places which will need unraveling before you can properly trace the thread. There is the third stage, when you confront problems in the piece with your first hypothetical solutions of them, and very likely find yourself all astray again. There is the fourth stage, when you determine to leave outstanding difficulties some time longer, and to give all your appreciation to those portions of the work which you have in some sort mastered and made your own. There is—but at this rate the stages will be many; and no doubt different intelligences can proceed at different velocities through a medium of uniform density. The bulk of the poem, then, is written in a curiously chosen and curiously treated metre—rhymed duodecasyllables, or Alexandrines

proper—chopped Polyolbion, let us say; for the lines are much broken up in movement, the treatment of rhymes and pauses is very irregular and gives a rough, jolting rhythm. At either end comes a prologue and epilogue. Of these, the prologue is very clear and encouraging; it takes the thought of a butterfly floating in the air above a man swimming at sea; the butterfly stands for a disenthralled soul in heaven, the swimmer for a living and terrestrial consciousness, incapable indeed of that finest element, but capable of plunging off life's coarsest daily element (the land) for exercise in one of intermediate rarity (the sea), which stands for poetry. That, I think, is a beautiful thought, as Mr. Browning has worked it out; and I think there is no flaw in the form into which it is thrown. But what a grotesque epilogue—what a scandal, the serious might say—if it really typifies in such rough imagery that aspiration and loyalty of the poet towards whom he has lost, which have gained nobler expression elsewhere. Prologue and epilogue apart, the Polyolbion Alexandrines which fill the poem are addressed, in a hundred and thirty-two sections, by a cultivated person with a tendency to flirtation, to his wife in whose eyes he seeks to justify that tendency; with some sections in which the wife seems to be the interlocutor, although of this the author manages in his way to make a mystery for our solution. One thing which stands out from the first amidst any amount of mystery and caprice is the sweet, experienced figure and character of Elvire, the wife, and the way in which her tender and loving soul is talked happy after the jar, caused by the tone and occasion of the conversation as it begins. The scene is at Mr. Browning's favourite Breton site of Pornic; the husband and wife go to look at a travelling show that has come into the town overnight, and they discuss the principle which gives to social outcasts and pariahs a self-contentment of their own. He, the husband, gives money to and makes too much of a saucy Gipsy girl of the troupe, has to explain his fancy and defend it; takes his wife a walk, and tells her, with all sorts of philosophic amplifications and digressions, the meaning and moral of such fancies, and how do her no wrong; propounds Platonic ideas of the relation of real to ideal form; shows how to the esoteric mind the Fines and their tribe have their perfection and true place in the universe; gets into the deepest generalities of life and religion, phenomenon and noumenon; explains on the way how there is one way of winning power over men, and another over women; relates dreams, visions, masques, all invented to figure forth his views of human dealing and destiny. "Rambling" he is with a vengeance, this intellectual nobleman, attaching himself with the prehensile agility of his creator's intellect to every peg of suggestion offering any hold or none.

The value of all this digressiveness and philosophizing, social and transcendental? Mr. Browning has put his back, his genius, into it, so that it cannot but have high value. It contains much of the substance of such poems as "Rabbi Ben Ezra" and "Abt Vogler," restated from new points of view; but this is neither the time nor place for attempting to render account of its upshot or character. Say one must, though, that its form is wilfully uncouth and entangled, that suggestions and analogies, clutched at as many of these are, will surely not come out sound thought when they are reduced into normal form. Consider, for instance, that on p. 158; where Mr. Browning has thought of Prometheus and the nymphs in *Æschylus* who come to comfort him when they hear his chains clanking, and has elaborated a comparison, astonishing in

grammar as in sense, between these and the tumbling-girl, Fifine, as she came to the clink of the Platonic gentleman's franc pieces. But it is a darkening of counsel that one should speak of these things at all, except at greater length and leisure.

Songs of Two Worlds. By A NEW WRITER. H. S. King.

"A NEW WRITER" is a curious label for a new writer to give himself. He shows a mind of good culture, and is a versifier of conspicuous power and maturity. The chief poem of his book is written in the rhythm of the *Dream of Fair Women*, only without the rhyme between first and third verses.

It is an allegory of the modern soul; and relates in the first person the complete chain of vicissitudes, spiritual alterations and alternatives, which may befall the cultured character in our day. First the study of history, next the pursuit of art and music, next metaphysics, next natural science, next politics and practical life, next debauchery, next ascetic religion, next travel, another return towards religion and conventual life, another revolt, a return home, a marriage, a resignation to healthy activity and not undevout acquiescence in ignorance of the Unknowable. It is thus like both an *Odyssey* and a *Faust*; but being within the compass of forty-four pages, of course runs chiefly over the surface of these vast problems and searching experiences. Yet it seizes the point of successive phases of the spirit's effort and craving in a remarkable way,—not, I would say, the way of passion, of burning personal realisation, but the way of excellent culture and descriptive eloquence. If thoroughly facile eloquence and rhythm can make a poet, and if intelligent conversance with the subtler movements of the contemporary mind can make a thinker, we have here both thinker and poet. Limits forbid quotation, or I should like to show how this writer has a style of the first order for naturalness, lucid fluency, and total absence of crabbed or glittering contemporary affectation. The undercurrent of his thought is that vague theism which provides for so many fine spirits a contented emotional faith; and he is one of the writers who has done best in fixing the canons of that faith in language, crystallizing the evanescent propositions, and codifying the imperious indefinite claims upon which it rests. He is, in truth, no ill psychologist, and puts into easy melody this and that subtle motion, whether in the sphere of religion or of passion (see the poem called "Love's Suicide"), of a stuff which we are accustomed to find much harder cracking in some contemporary verse. It may be that one has prized this clear flow, and the unimpeded visibility of the thought in it, the more, and overmuch, when one was fresh from straining into obscurer deeps. It may be that freedom from the rougher or more shining personal qualities of familiar styles is a negative merit after all; and there we touch the thing that gives one doubt. If it were not for a certain sense of personal negativeness and neutrality which it leaves, one might be disposed to part from this volume with very strong praise. Certainly it is not imitative; why then do we not feel it more original? Since we do not, since we feel its fine culture and eloquence more than its power or passion, we must leave it with such praise as stands written.

Christian Art and Symbolism. By the Rev. R. ST. JOHN TYRWHITT.
Smith and Elder.

MR. TYRWHITT's volume is not exactly described by its title-page. It consists of nine lectures, which run, or run and jump, over nearly the entire course of

the history of Art. They are prefaced by some affectionate words of recommendation from Mr. Ruskin, whose warmth and modesty carry him so far as to prefer the work of his friend and quondam pupil before his own. That is a preference which one cannot but admire, but in which a third person will hardly agree. The fact is, that Mr. Tyrwhitt's lively style is defaced by freaks of vulgarity as well as discursiveness, and that the level of knowledge which his lectures address is such as to make it hard to regard them very seriously. No doubt, the level of knowledge about these things in our country is very low; and no doubt, therefore, that a vivacious miscellany of cheap information and reference on the subject may have its value. It is fair to Mr. Tyrwhitt to say that he does not attempt to disguise to himself the nature of his own utterances, speaking of himself as making a "sort of dash or raid on the subject, bringing a little knowledge out of it with a rapid retreat from what I do not know." This consciousness has saved the writer from much indulgence in positive blunder; though that is scarcely a scholarly spirit in which he writes of the Theseus as though the carvings of the Parthenon pediment must be positively and assuredly original work of the hand of Pheidias, or in which he reverses, without sufficient reason shown, the verdict of the most careful criticism as to the authorship of the three Fates of the Pitti Gallery. Minor blots, which may be partly the printer's, such as "Mömmesen" for Mommsen, "Mrs. Hamerton" for "Mrs. Heaton," a provoking and persistent use of "Angelo," or "M. Angelo," for Michael Angelo; a use of French phrases, of which *pièce justificative*, as if it meant justification, is an example. These things one would not mention, but that they are part of the essentially casual, popular, if it must be said slipshod, character which the book has. One knows and likes the genial temperament which is quickly enthusiastic in what seem incompatible admirations, eagerly curious with a curiosity rather lightly satisfied; which appeals confidently to the first authority at hand, and makes up for discrimination by being always brisk and good-humoured. That is the temperament of these lectures, and is a good one for awaking interest in the subject, although not a good one for imparting knowledge. It is prone to indulge in a facility of reflection and remark which leaves coherency to seek. Thus a discussion, or rather observations, on the relation of art and morals has this instructive conclusion: "The sun is not strictly moral, for he is made to shine on the just and the unjust alike; the world is not strictly moral, but we hope that it may be the way to heaven." Allusions to place and hour may be admitted for the sake of point in a lecture; but Mr. Tyrwhitt's unchecked allusiveness carries him away, and enables him at any moment to shirk the point of a problem in criticism or history with an irrelevant illustration. Part of it is high spirits; but high spirits are sometimes silly, as where Mr. Tyrwhitt drags in Squeers and Wackford *apropos* of the debate of the last century, whether the Laocoon was or was not intended to be crying out—"singing out," in Mr. Tyrwhitt's style. Amid so much discontinuity, one meets sometimes sensible things very sensibly said, as in the page of the introductory lecture which concern the practical need and practical means of getting art and beauty studied in the great disfiguring hives of modern wealth. On the whole, the student in love with his subject will feel that we have had almost enough of lively surveys done with a more or less degree of merit for an audience of small knowledge, dealing more or less luckily with its generalities both historical and speculative; and as if this, one of the easiest of all possible

enterprises, might be with advantage exchanged for the harder one of a really accurate handling given to some one branch or speciality in it. If Mr. Tyrwhitt has a speciality, it is landscape sketching, and the latter lectures, in which he deals with that, seem the best of his book.

Goethe and Mendelssohn. Translated from the German, by M. E. VON GLEHN.
Macmillan & Co.

A COVER of stars and fac-simile musical scores and autographs, in gold on a green ground, encloses a very charming and complete little amateur's volume. There are few things prettier than the intercourse and affection of the ageing Thunderer, and the boy who was brought now and again to Weimar to show off before him and amuse him at the piano, and whose brilliant looks and ways, as well as the early artistic maturity of his genius, took so ready a hold upon the Olympian heart. Most people specially conversant with music, most likely, are conversant with German too, and will have read Dr. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy's little book when it came out two years ago; for such as have not, Miss Von Glehn's version of it is all that can be desired, and done with a light idiomatic tact such as makes the modest plea of her preface really superfluous. It is a translation of sympathy, and that is always the point; and preserves perfectly the peculiar flavour of the young prodigy's boyish letters,—a little too faultless, a little too provokingly complete in the compound of adult cleverness and young spirits. As illustrating the personage of Goethe, the little narrative does not contain any contribution to his sayings or doings which one cares to carry away by itself; but does certainly contribute its biographic mite in the added sense it gives us of intimacy with his prettier moods, of having lived with him under circumstances when he was at his most amiable. His aversion from, and then his conversion to, the music of Beethoven, is one thing which everybody has picked out of the book. The rough-diamond character of the teacher Zelter, again, it makes us think of pleasantly. And the translation has an advantage of contents as well as of cover over the original, inasmuch as the translator has been able to add an appendix of a score of letters of the master to various friends in England and Germany; few of them regularly published before, and none without interest. There is also an engraving after the oval portrait done of the hero in his twelfth year, in the worst style of German highflying abstraction; and another after a much more interesting natural sketch of him, in jacket and long hair before the piano, at the same age.

Memoir of Pope Sixtus V. Translated from the French by HUBERT E. H.
JERNINGHAM. Longmans.

BARON HÜBNER's comprehensive chapter of political and ecclesiastical history during the strength of the Catholic reaction in Southern Europe is a very important, though not in its original shape a specially readable or brilliant, piece of historical literature. Mr. Jerningham's careful translation does not improve the style of the original; yet the book, as he gives it, is one which was quite worth the pains that have been spent on it, and will supplement, for general English readers, what they already possess in the translation of Ranke's Popes. Indeed, Baron Hübner's rank and merit lie in that he is the supplement to Ranke, taking one career and period of those which Ranke traverses, and reworking it with conscientious research and intelligence, although from a standpoint of the Catholicism which sides with Pope against Protestant and

humanist, and has conviction and emphasis enough to set the humanist or Protestant reader on his mettle. A career so dramatic and even yet so encumbered with traditional misrepresentations as that of the great Peretti might well be isolated into a biographical picture, leaving the incidents and complexities of the general European march comparatively in the background. But that is not Baron Hübner's choice of method; rather, we a little lose the hero in the crowd of events, and have (as we have said) a whole and memorable section of European history brought by this book within immediate reach of the English public.

Men of the Second Empire. By the Author of "The Member for Paris."
Smith and Elder.

It was worth while reprinting these essays from the *Pall Mall Gazette* in a handy volume after the scattering (or rather, alas! the re-shuffling) of the social elements which they describe with so much point and insight. It had been at the lucky moment that such sketches were made, just before that Niagara reached its edge; and subsequent events give the weight of prophecy to such lightly expressed foreshadowings as when one first read them carried only the sense of satire and not of augury. The writer is very sure of his ground so far as knowledge of the subject goes. He has Paris and France by heart, and never makes a mistake or goes off the track either with his types or particulars. The political types proper, from the Imperialist senator and Imperialist deputy down to the magistrate of correctional police, fill the largest place in the scheme, and one might willingly have had them balanced with a further selection of purer social and professional types. The writer's style and temper gain for his purpose by being like a Frenchman's own, flippant with the flippancy of perfectly wide-awake perceptions coupled with perfect social tolerance or indifference. It is an entertaining puppet-show, upon such a tragic stage.

The Great Lone Land. By W. F. BUTLER, F.R.G.S. Sampson Low.

CAPTAIN BUTLER's volume is one of interest both from the side of travels and from the side of politics. From the side of politics it is a supplement to other narratives of the Red River Expedition of 1870; from the side of travels it is a book of enthusiasm, one of those which brings one's heart into one's mouth because of a passion in the writer which cannot but communicate itself to the reader's imagination in spite of literary faults. Captain Butler seems to fear that he may be thought egotistical or intrusive with his account of the antecedents and motives which led him, as a soldier disappointed in promotion, to seek employment on the Red River Expedition; and his book has, indeed, something of egotism in it throughout, but an egotism easily pardoned for the sake of the colour which it gives the narrative. The "Great Lone Land" is British North America, from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains; and Captain Butler's journeys fall into two parts—one, his original mission to investigate the state of the rebellious district under Riel, by himself, and in advance of the expedition which he was afterwards to join; the other a mission after the conclusion of the Red River Expedition proper, very much further west, from Winnipeg to Saskatchewan, through the Crees and Blackfoots, for the purpose of reporting upon the condition of the settlements along that line as to alleged disorders, as well as to the state

of trade, &c. This last great journey, made to the Rocky Mountains in mid-winter, reads like really a spirited and exceptional piece of travel—the direst inflictions of murderous mosquito-swarms, murderous chill, solitude, and starvation, raising in our writer the unmistakable and exhilarated spirit of the born and determined explorer. The political and historical information which he gives, as well as the adventure, is given in a good way, and the book as a whole may plainly be picked out from the everyday currency of voyages or travels.

Diary of an Idle Woman in Italy. By MRS. ELLIOT. Chapman and Hall.

THE new edition of Mrs. Elliot's entertaining diary has the advantage of being in one volume. It is a book that well deserves a longer life than is due to most books of travellers' impressions among familiar places. All depends on the justice and vivacity of the impression, and Mrs. Elliot's are both just and vivacious above the common pitch. She is not a specialist in any one branch of the tourist's studies; or if she is in any, it is in social observation: the passages bearing on manners, personal incident, and dialogue, are among the most sparkling of the book. In scenery and associations, this lady is very bright and good; in art, not so good; at least, she falls into such enthusiasms over the technicians and the decadence as often overtake untrained susceptibilities in the Roman atmosphere, and lead them to find most sentiment in the work which was done with least. But, on the whole, it is a book to enjoy.

Michael Faraday. By J. H. GLADSTONE, Ph.D., F.R.S. Macmillan & Co.

DR. GLADSTONE writes a style of singular simplicity and flowingness; and this little book of his may take its place well as a light companion to earlier and more complete biographies of its illustrious subject. Dr. Gladstone tells how he had in the first place meant to put into periodical form what he had to say about the life and memory of his friend; and that is the character of the chapters as we have them now. They read like a magnified review article, going over the ground of Dr. Bence Jones's large book in the way of intelligent commentary, and adding a certain amount of original material in the shape of recollections and letters. Dr. Gladstone has the knack of sympathy in dwelling about the most beautiful parts of this most beautiful and high of our modern characters. He has not time to go far into the nature and bearings of Faraday's scientific exploits, but gives an intelligent surface sketch for the uninitiated. The book being within everybody's compass, is of the stamp that should be in everybody's hands who cannot have the larger one.

Stray Thoughts and Short Essays. By J. R. PRETYMAN, M.A. Longmans.

A VOLUME of the thinnest reflections, which appear to have been previously published in fragments, and concerning the republication of which their author has had scruples; these he casts into the ingenious form of a dialogue between himself and a candid friend who would dissuade him. The wrong scale sank when Mr. Pretymen decided as he has done. Gnomie twaddle on things in general is the easiest product of the debilitated mind; and were not timidity and candid friends to save, there is no reason why there should not exist as many volumes of this calibre as there exist intelligences below par.

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STATISTICAL INQUIRIES INTO THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

AN eminent authority has recently published a challenge to test the efficacy of prayer by actual experiment. I have been induced, through reading this, to prepare the following memoir for publication, nearly the whole of which I wrote and laid by many years ago, after completing a large collection of data, which I had undertaken for the satisfaction of my own conscience.

The efficacy of prayer seems to me a simple, as it is a perfectly appropriate and legitimate subject of scientific inquiry. Whether prayer is efficacious or not, in any given sense, is a matter of fact on which each man must form an opinion for himself. His decision will be based upon data more or less justly handled, according to his education and habits. An unscientific reasoner will be guided by a confused recollection of crude experience. A scientific reasoner will scrutinise each separate experience before he admits it as evidence, and will compare all the cases he has selected on a methodical system.

The doctrine commonly preached by the clergy is well expressed in the most recent, and by far the most temperate and learned of theological encyclopædias, namely, "Smith's Dictionary of the Bible." The article on "Prayer," written by the Rev. Dr. Barry, states as follows: "Its real objective efficacy is both implied and expressed [in Scripture] in the plainest terms. We are encouraged to ask special blessings, both spiritual and temporal, in hopes that thus, and thus only, we may obtain them. It would seem the intention of Holy Scripture to encourage all prayer, more especially intercession, in all relations and for all righteous objects." Dr. Hook, the present Dean of Chichester, states in his "Church Dictionary," under "Prayer," that "the general providence of God acts through what are called the laws of nature. By his particular providence God interferes with those laws, and he has promised to interfere in behalf of those who pray in the name of Jesus. We may take it as a general rule that we may pray for that for which we may lawfully labour, and for that only."

The phrases of our Church service amply countenance this view ; and if we look to the practice of the opposed sections of the religious world, we find them consistent in maintaining it. The so-called "Low Church" notoriously places absolute belief in special providences accorded to pious prayer. This is testified by the biographies of its members, the journals of its missionaries, and the "united prayer-meetings" of the present day. The Roman Catholics offer religious vows to avert danger ; they make pilgrimages to shrines ; they hang votive offerings and pictorial representations, sometimes by thousands, in their churches, of fatal accidents averted by the manifest interference of a solicited saint.

A *prima facie* argument in favour of the efficacy of prayer is therefore to be drawn from the very general use of it. The greater part of mankind, during all the historic ages, have been accustomed to pray for temporal advantages. How vain, it may be urged, must be the reasoning that ventures to oppose this mighty consensus of belief ! Not so. The argument of universality either proves too much, or else it is suicidal. It either compels us to admit that the prayers of Pagans, of Fetish worshippers, and of Buddhists who turn praying-wheels, are recompensed in the same way as those of orthodox believers ; or else the general consensus proves that it has no better foundation than the universal tendency of man to gross credulity.

The collapse of the argument of universality leaves us solely concerned with a simple statistical question—are prayers answered, or are they not ? There are two lines of research, by either of which we may pursue this inquiry. The one that promises the most trustworthy results is to examine large classes of cases, and to be guided by broad averages ; the other, which I will not employ in these pages, is to deal with isolated instances. An author who made much use of the latter method might reasonably suspect his own judgment—he would certainly run the risk of being suspected by others—in choosing one-sided examples.

The principles are broad and simple upon which our inquiry into the efficacy of prayer must be established. We must gather cases for statistical comparison, in which the same object is keenly pursued by two classes similar in their physical, but opposite in their spiritual state ; the one class being prayerful, the other materialistic. Prudent pious people must be compared with prudent materialistic people, and not with the imprudent nor the vicious. Secondly, we have no regard, in this inquiry, to the course by which the answer to prayers may be supposed to operate. We simply look to the final result—whether those who pray attain their objects more frequently than those who do not pray, but who live in all other respects under similar conditions. Let us now apply our principles to different cases.

A rapid recovery from disease may be conceived to depend on

many causes besides the reparative power of the patient's constitution. A miraculous quelling of the disease may be one of these causes; another is the skill of the physician, or of the nurse; another is the care that the patient takes of himself. In our inquiry, whether prayerful people recover more rapidly than others under similar circumstances, we need not complicate the question by endeavouring to learn the channel through which the patient's prayer may have reached its fulfilment. It is foreign to our present purpose to ask if there be any signs of a miraculous quelling of the disease, or if, through the grace of God, the physician had showed unusual wisdom, or the nurse or the patient unusual discretion. We simply look to the main issue—do sick persons who pray, or are prayed for, recover on the average more rapidly than others?

It appears that, in all countries and in all creeds, the priests urge the patient to pray for his own recovery, and the patient's friends to aid him with their prayers; but that the doctors make no account whatever of their spiritual agencies, unless the office of priest and medical man be combined in the same individual. The medical works of modern Europe teem with records of individual illnesses and of broad averages of disease, but I have been able to discover hardly any instance in which a medical man of any repute has attributed recovery to the influence of prayer. There is not a single instance, to my knowledge, in which papers read before statistical societies have recognised the agency of prayer either on disease or on anything else. The universal habit of the scientific world to ignore the agency of prayer is a very important fact. To fully appreciate the "eloquence of the silence" of medical men, we must bear in mind the care with which they endeavour to assign a sanatory value to every influence. Had prayers for the sick any notable effect, it is incredible but that the doctors, who are always on the watch for such things, should have observed it, and added their influence to that of the priests towards obtaining them for every sick man. If they abstain from doing so, it is not because their attention has never been awakened to the possible efficacy of prayer, but, on the contrary, that although they have heard it insisted on from childhood upwards, they are unable to detect its influence. Most people have some general belief in the objective efficacy of prayer, but none seem willing to admit its action in those special cases of which they have scientific cognisance.

Those who may wish to pursue these inquiries upon the effect of prayers for the restoration of health could obtain abundant materials from hospital cases, and in a different way from that proposed in the challenge to which I referred at the beginning of these pages. There are many common maladies whose course is so thoroughly well understood as to admit of accurate tables of probability being constructed for their duration and result. Such are fractures and amputations. Now it would be perfectly practicable to select out of the patients at different

hospitals under treatment for fractures and amputations two considerable groups; the one consisting of markedly religious and piously befriended individuals, the other of those who were remarkably cold-hearted and neglected. An honest comparison of their respective periods of treatment and the results would manifest a distinct proof of the efficacy of prayer, if it existed to even a minute fraction of the amount that religious teachers exhort us to believe.

An inquiry of a somewhat similar nature may be made into the longevity of persons whose lives are prayed for; also that of the praying classes generally; and in both these cases we can easily obtain statistical facts. The public prayer for the sovereign of every state, Protestant and Catholic, is and has been in the spirit of our own, "Grant her in health long to live." Now, as a simple matter of fact, has this prayer any efficacy? There is a memoir by Dr. Guy, in the *Journal of the Statistical Society* (vol. xxii. p. 355), in which he compares the mean age of sovereigns with that of other classes of persons. His results are expressed in the following table:—

MEAN AGE ATTAINED BY MALES OF VARIOUS CLASSES WHO HAD SURVIVED THEIR 30TH YEAR, FROM 1758 TO 1843. DEATHS BY ACCIDENT OR VIOLENCE ARE EXCLUDED.

	Average.	Eminent Men. ¹
Members of Royal houses . . . 97 in number	64·04	
Clergy 945 "	69·49	66·42
Lawyers 294 "	68·14	66·51
Medical Profession 244 "	67·31	67·07
English aristocracy 1,179 "	67·31	
Gentry 1,632 "	70·22	
Trade and commerce 513 "	68·74	
Officers in the Royal Navy . . . 368 "	68·40	
English literature and science . 395 "	67·55	65·22
Officers of the Army 569 "	67·07	
Fine Arts 239 "	65·96	64·74

The sovereigns are literally the shortest lived of all who have the advantage of affluence. The prayer has therefore no efficacy, unless the very questionable hypothesis be raised, that the conditions of royal life may naturally be yet more fatal, and that their influence is partly, though incompletely, neutralised by the effects of public prayers.

It will be seen that the same table collates the longevity of clergy, lawyers, and medical men. We are justified in considering the clergy to be a far more prayerful class than either of the other two. It is their profession to pray, and they have the practice of offering morning and evening family prayers in addition to their private devotions. A reference to any of the numerous published collections of family prayers will show that they are full of petitions for temporal benefits. We do not, however, find that the clergy are in any

(1) The eminent men are those whose lives are recorded in Chalmers's Biography, with some additions from the Annual Register.

way more long lived in consequence. It is true that the clergy, as a whole, show a life-value of 69·49, as against 68·14 for the lawyers, and 67·31 for the medical men ; but the easy country life and family repose of so many of the clergy are obvious sanatory conditions in their favour. This difference is reversed when the comparison is made between distinguished members of the three classes—that is to say, between persons of sufficient note to have had their lives recorded in a biographical dictionary. When we examine this category, the value of life among the clergy, lawyers, and medical men is as 66·42, 66·51, and 67·04 respectively, the clergy being the shortest lived of the three. Hence the prayers of the clergy for protection against the perils and dangers of the night, for protection during the day, and for recovery from sickness, appear to be futile in result.

In my work on “Hereditary Genius,” and in the chapter on “Divines,” I have worked out the subject with some minuteness on other data, but with precisely the same result. I show that the divines are not specially favoured in those worldly matters for which they naturally pray, but rather the contrary, a fact which I ascribe in part to their having, as a class, indifferent constitutional vigour. I give abundant reason for all this, and do not care to repeat myself ; but I should be glad if such of the readers of this present paper who may be accustomed to statistics would refer to the chapter I have mentioned. They will find it of use in confirming what I say here. They will believe me the more when I say that I have taken considerable pains to get at the truth in the questions raised in this present memoir, and that, when I was engaged upon them, I worked, so far as my material went, with as much care as I gave to that chapter on “Divines ;” and lastly, they will understand that, when writing the chapter in question, I had all this material by me unused, which justified me in speaking out as decidedly as I did then.

A further inquiry may be made into the duration of life among missionaries. We should lay greater stress upon their mortality than upon that of the clergy, because the laudable object of a missionary’s career is rendered almost nugatory by his early death. A man goes, say to a tropical climate, in the prime of manhood, who has the probability of many years of useful life before him, had he remained at home. He has the certainty of being able to accomplish sterling good as a missionary, if he should live long enough to learn the language and habits of the country. In the interval he is almost useless. Yet the painful experience of many years shows only too clearly that the missionary is not supernaturally endowed with health. He does not live longer than other people. One missionary after another dies shortly after his arrival. The work that lay almost within the grasp of each of them lingers incomplete.

It must here be repeated, that comparative immunity from disease compels the suspension of no purely material law, if such an expres-

sion be permitted. Tropical fever, for example, is due to many subtle causes which are partly under man's control. A single hour's exposure to sun, or wet, or fatigue, or mental agitation, will determine an attack. Now even if God acted only on the minds of the missionaries, his action might be as much to the advantage of their health as if he wrought a physical miracle. He could disincline them to take those courses which might result in mischance, such as the forced march, the wetting, the abstinence from food, or the night exposure, any one of which was competent to develop the fever that struck them down. We must not dwell upon the circumstances of individual cases, and say "this was a providential escape," or "that was a salutary chastisement," but we must take the broad averages of mortality, and, when we do so, we find that the missionaries do not form a favoured class.

The efficacy of prayer may yet further be tested by inquiry into the proportion of deaths at the time of birth among the children of the praying and the non-praying classes. The solicitude of parents is so powerfully directed towards the safety of their expected offspring as to leave no room to doubt that pious parents pray fervently for it, especially as death before baptism is considered a most serious evil by many Christians. However, the distribution of still-births appears wholly unaffected by piety. The proportion, for instance, of the still-births published in the *Record* newspaper and in the *Times* was found by me, on an examination of a particular period, to bear an identical relation to the total number of deaths. This inquiry might easily be pursued by those who considered that more ample evidence was required.

When we pray in our Liturgy "that the nobility may be endued with grace, wisdom, and understanding," we pray for that which is clearly incompatible with insanity. Does that frightful scourge spare our nobility? Does it spare very religious people more than others? The answer is an emphatic negative to both of these questions. The nobility, probably from their want of the wholesome restraints felt in humbler walks of life, and from their intermarriages, and the very religious people of all denominations, probably from their meditations on hell, are peculiarly subject to it. Religious madness is very common indeed.

As I have already hinted, I do not propose any special inquiry whether the general laws of physical nature are ever suspended in fulfilment of prayer: whether, for instance, success has attended the occasional prayers in the Liturgy when they have been used for rain, for fair weather, for the stilling of the sea in a storm, or for the abatement of a pestilence. I abstain from doing so for two reasons.

First, if it is proved that God does not answer one large class of prayers at all, it would be of less importance to pursue the inquiry. Secondly, the modern feeling of this country is so opposed to a belief

in the occasional suspension of the general laws of nature, that an English reader would merely smile at such an investigation.

If we are satisfied that the actions of man are not influenced by prayer, even through the subtle influences of his thoughts and will, the only probable form of agency will have been disproved, and no one would care to advance a claim in favour of direct physical interferences.

Biographies do not show that devotional influences have clustered in any remarkable degree round the youth of those who, whether by their talents or social position, have left a mark upon our English history. Lord Campbell, in his preface to the "Lives of the Chancellors," says, "There is no office in the history of any nation that has been filled with such a long succession of distinguished and interesting men as the office of Lord Chancellor," and that "generally speaking, the most eminent men, if not the most virtuous, have been selected to adorn it." His implied disparagement of their piety is fully sustained by an examination of their respective biographies, and by a taunt of Horace Walpole, quoted in the same preface. An equal absence of remarkable devotional tendencies may be observed in the lives of the leaders of great political parties. The founders of our great families too often owed their advancement to tricky and time-serving courtiership. The belief so frequently expressed in the Psalms, that the descendants of the righteous shall continue, and that those of the wicked shall surely fail, is not fulfilled in the history of our English peerage. Take for instance the highest class, that of the Ducal houses. The influence of social position in this country is so enormous that the possession of a dukedom is a power that can hardly be understood without some sort of calculation. There are, I believe, only twenty-seven dukes to about eight millions of adult male Englishmen, or about three dukes to each million, yet the cabinet of fourteen ministers which governs this country, and India too, commonly contains one duke, often two, and in recent times three. The political privilege inherited with a dukedom in this country is at the lowest estimate many thousand-fold above the average birth-right of Englishmen. What was the origin of these ducal families whose influence on the destiny of England and her dependencies is so enormous? Were their founders the eminently devout children of eminently pious parents? Have they and their ancestors been distinguished among the praying classes? Not so. I give in a footnote¹ a list of their names, which recalls many a deed of patriotism, valour, and skill, many an instance of eminent merit of the worldly sort, which we Englishmen honour six days out of the seven—many scandals, many a disgrace, but not, on the other hand, a single instance

(1) Abercorn, Argyll, Athole, Beaufort, Bedford, Buccleuch, Buckingham, Cleveland, Devonshire, Grafton, Hamilton, Leeds, Leinster, Manchester, Marlborough, Montrose, Newcastle, Norfolk, Northumberland, Portland, Richmond, Roxburghe, Rutland, St. Albans, Somerset, Sutherland, Wellington.

known to me of eminently prayerful qualities. Four at least of the existing ducal houses are unable to claim the title of having been raised into existence through the devout habits of their progenitors, because the families of Buccleuch, Grafton, St. Albans, and Richmond were thus highly ennobled solely on the ground of their being descended from Charles II. and four of his mistresses, namely, Lucy Walters, Barbara Villiers, Nell Gwynne, and Louise de Querouaille. The dukedom of Cleveland may almost be reckoned as a fifth instance.

The civil liberty we enjoy in England, and the energy of our race, have given rise to a number of institutions, societies, commercial adventures, political meetings, and combinations of all sorts. Some of these are exclusively clerical, some lay, and others mixed. It is impossible for a person to have taken an active share in social life without having had abundant means of estimating for himself, and of hearing the opinion of others, on the value of a preponderating clerical element in business committees. For my own part, I never heard a favourable one. The procedure of Convocation, which, like all exclusively clerical meetings, is opened with prayer, has not inspired the outer world with much respect. The histories of the great councils of the Church are most painful to read. There is reason to expect that devout and superstitious men should be unreasonable; for a person who believes his thoughts to be inspired, necessarily accredits his prejudices with divine authority. He is therefore little accessible to argument, and he is intolerant of those whose opinions differ from his, especially on first principles. Consequently, he is a bad coadjutor in business matters. It is a common week-day opinion of the world that praying people are not practical.

Again, there is a large class of instances where an enterprise on behalf of pious people is executed by the agency of the profane. Do such enterprises prosper beyond the average? For instance, a vessel on a missionary errand is navigated by ordinary seamen. A fleet, followed by the prayers of the English nation, carries reinforcements to quell an Indian mutiny. We do not care to ask whether the result of these prayers is to obtain favourable winds, but simply whether they ensue in a propitious voyage, whatever may have been the agencies by which that result was obtained. The success of voyages might be due to many other agencies than the suspension of the physical laws that control the winds and currents; just as we showed that a rapid recovery from illness might be due to other causes than direct interference with cosmic order. It might have been put into the captain's heart to navigate in that course and to perform those acts of seamanship which proved links in a chain that led to eventual success. A very small matter would suffice to make a great difference in the end. A vessel navigated by a man who was a good forecaster of weather and an accomplished hydrographer would considerably outstrip another that was deficient in so accomplished a commander, but otherwise simi-

larly equipped. The perfectly instructed navigator would deviate from the most direct course by perhaps some mere trifle, first here, then there, in order to bring his vessel within favouring slants of wind and advantageous currents. A ship commanded by a captain and steered by a sailor whose hearts were miraculously acted upon in answer to prayer would unconsciously, as by instinct, or even as it were by mistake, perform these deviations from routine, which would lead to ultimate success.

The missionaries who are the most earnestly prayed for are usually those who sail on routes where there is little traffic, and therefore where there is more opportunity for the effects of secret providential overruling to display themselves than among those who sail in ordinary sea voyages. In the usual sea routes a great deal is known of the peculiarities of the seasons and currents, and of the whereabouts of hidden dangers of all kinds; their average risk is small, and the insurance is low. But when vessels are bound to ports like those sought by the missionaries the case is different. The risk that attends their voyages is largely increased, and the insurance is proportionately raised. But is the risk equally increased in respect to missionary vessels and to those of traders and of slave-dealers? The comparison between the fortune that attends prayerful and non-prayerful people may here be most happily made. The missionaries are eminently among the former category, and the slave-dealers and the traders we speak of in the other. Traders in the unhealthy and barbarous regions to which we refer are notoriously the most godless and reckless (on the broad average) of any of their set. We have, unfortunately, little knowledge of the sea risks of slavers, because the rates of their insurance involve the risk of capture. There is, however, a universal testimony, in the parliamentary reports on slavery, to the excellent and skilful manner in which these vessels are sailed and navigated, which is a *prima facie* reason for believing their sea risks to be small. As to the relative risks run by ordinary traders and missionary vessels, the insurance offices absolutely ignore the slightest difference between them. They look to the class of the vessel, and to the station to which she is bound, and to nothing else. The notion that a missionary or other pious enterprise carries any immunity from danger has never been entertained by insurance companies.

To proceed with our inquiry, whether enterprises on behalf of pious people succeed better than others when they are intrusted to profane hands, we may ask,—Is a bank or other commercial undertaking more secure when devout men are among its shareholders,—or when the funds of pious people, or charities, or of religious bodies are deposited in its keeping, or when its proceedings are opened with prayer, as was the case with the disastrous Royal British Bank? It is impossible to say yes. There are far too many sad experiences of the contrary.

If prayerful habits had influence on temporal success, it is very probable, as we must again repeat, that insurance offices, of at least some descriptions, would long ago have discovered and made allowance for it. It would be most unwise, from a business point of view, to allow the devout, supposing their greater longevity even probable, to obtain annuities at the same low rates as the profane. Before insurance offices accept a life, they make confidential inquiries into the antecedents of the applicant. But such a question has never been heard of as, "Does he habitually use family prayers and private devotions?" Insurance offices, so wakeful to sanatory influences, absolutely ignore prayer as one of them. The same is true for insurances of all descriptions, as those connected with fire, ships, lightning, hail, accidental death, and cattle sickness. How is it possible to explain why Quakers, who are most devout and most shrewd men of business, have ignored these considerations, except on the ground that they do not really believe in what they and others freely assert about the efficacy of prayer? It was at one time considered an act of mistrust in an overruling Providence to put lightning conductors on churches; for it was said that God would surely take care of his own. But Arago's collection of the accidents from lightning showed they were sorely needed; and now lightning conductors are universal. Other kinds of accidents befall churches, equally with other buildings of the same class; such as architectural flaws, resulting in great expenses for repair, fires, earthquakes, and avalanches.

The cogency of all these arguments is materially increased by the recollection that many items of ancient faith have been successively abandoned by the Christian world to the domain of recognised superstition. It is not two centuries ago, long subsequent to the days of Shakespeare and other great names, that the sovereign of this country was accustomed to lay hands on the sick for their recovery, under the sanction of a regular Church service, which was not omitted from our prayer-books till the time of George II. Witches were unanimously believed in, and were regularly exorcised, and punished by law, up to the beginning of the last century. Ordeals and duels, most reasonable solutions of complicated difficulties according to the popular theory of religion, were found absolutely fallacious in practice. The miraculous power of relics and images, still so general in Southern Europe, is scouted in England. The importance ascribed to dreams, the barely extinct claims of astrology, and auguries of good or evil luck, and many other well-known products of superstition which are found to exist in every country, have ceased to be believed in by us. This is the natural course of events, just as the Waters of Jealousy and the Urim and Thummin of the Mosaic law had become obsolete in the times of the later Jewish kings. The civilised world has already yielded an enormous amount of honest conviction to the inexorable requirements of solid fact; and it seems to me clear that all belief in the efficacy of prayer, in the sense in

which I have been considering it, must be yielded also. The evidence I have been able to collect bears wholly and solely in that direction, and in the face of it the *onus probandi* lies henceforth on the other side.

Nothing that I have said negatives the fact that the mind may be relieved by the utterance of prayer. The impulse to pour out the feelings in sound is not peculiar to man. Any mother that has lost her young, and wanders about moaning and looking piteously for sympathy, possesses much of that which prompts men to pray in articulate words. There is a yearning of the heart, a craving for help, it knows not where, certainly from no source that it sees. Of a similar kind is the bitter cry of the hare, when the greyhound is almost upon her; she abandons hope through her own efforts, and screams,—but to whom? It is a voice convulsively sent out into space, whose utterance is a physical relief. These feelings of distress and of terror are simple, and an inarticulate cry suffices to give vent to them; but the reason why man is not satisfied by uttering inarticulate cries (though sometimes they are felt to be the most appropriate) is owing to his superior intellectual powers. His memory travels back through interlacing paths, and dwells on various connected incidents; his emotions are complex, and he prays at length.

Neither does anything I have said profess to throw light on the question of how far it is possible for man to commune in his heart with God. We know that many persons of high intellectual gifts and critical minds look upon it as an axiomatic certainty that they possess this power, although it is impossible for them to establish any satisfactory criterion to distinguish between what may really be borne in upon them from without and what arises from within, but which, through a sham of the imagination, appears to be external. A confident sense of communion with God must necessarily rejoice and strengthen the heart, and divert it from petty cares; and it is equally certain that similar benefits are not excluded from those who on conscientious grounds are sceptical as to the reality of a power of communion. These can dwell on the undoubted fact, that there exists a solidarity between themselves and what surrounds them, through the endless reactions of physical laws, among which the hereditary influences are to be included. They know that they are descended from an endless past, that they have a brotherhood with all that is, and have each his own share of responsibility in the parentage of an endless future. The effort to familiarise the imagination with this great idea has much in common with the effort of communing with a God, and its reaction on the mind of the thinker is in many important respects the same. It may not equally rejoice the heart, but it is quite as powerful in ennobling the resolves, and it is found to give serenity during the trials of life and in the shadow of approaching death.

FRANCIS GALTON.

THE MINISTRY OF WAR UNDER THE COMMUNE.

(APRIL 5TH—MAY 12TH; CLUSERET—ROSSEL.)

"Quæque ipse miserrima vidi."

ON the 3rd of April, after having five or six times changed the commanders of the insurrectionary forces, the Commune nominated General Cluseret to replace M. Eudes at the Ministry of War. Cluseret appointed, as chief of the staff, Rossel, a captain of engineers, who, towards the close of the German war, had commanded at the Nevers camp of instruction with the rank of colonel.

On the evening of the 5th I presented myself at the Ministry. Although I do not wish to trouble the reader with my personal affairs, it seems to me desirable here to enter into a few details, which will disclose the condition of the Ministry of War two weeks and a half after the 18th of March, and four days after the commencement of hostilities.

Upon entering the lobby, I met an American captain, who was afterwards very freely accused of having been only a wolf in sheep's clothing. I offered my services as officer or secretary. The captain, without asking me any questions, showed me into a large room. A young man, recruited at the same time and in the same manner as myself, was installed with me before a table, and we were to set to work copying circulars to the heads of legions. At six o'clock we went to dinner, and upon my return I was shown into the office of the minister.

Seated at a table, under a lamp, was a young man engaged in writing. He was dressed in plain clothes, was a little above the middle stature, and looked older than he really was, in consequence of his wearing a long fair beard; his bushy light hair came down rather low over his forehead. This was Rossel. He raised his head, fixed upon me his piercing blue eyes, and asked me some questions in a short, clear, musical voice. He pointed me to a desk at which I sat down, and immediately set to work. Some days after, Cluseret named me deputy-chief of the staff, and when he was arrested I was appointed by Rossel chief of the staff.

The six or seven persons who were in the office on the evening of the 5th of April formed at that time the whole of the active *personnel* of the Ministry of War. Add to these some office servants or porters, and ten or a dozen idle boisterous young sparks who came to lounge away a few hours in the old offices, and you have an exact

idea of the administrative resources wherewith the defence of Paris had to be organized, and an army to be formed, which it would have been necessary to raise to eighty thousand men, in order to meet the most urgent requirements of the case.

We set to work without delay: the useless ones were dismissed: all who presented themselves were taken on: young men of good education and with a sincere desire to serve the cause; poor people whom the Revolution left without work, and even some intriguers calculating on retaining their places if the Revolution triumphed, and all of whom disappeared when the sky became overcast. According to their aptitudes they were made aides-de-camp, secretaries, or clerks. In order to have them near at hand, they were installed in the apartments of the late minister; bedrooms, drawing-rooms, boudoirs were invaded by our improvised departments. A telegraph apparatus, set up in the billiard-hall, was connected with the central office, and by that means with all the forts and military posts. We worked ten or twelve hours a day, and, in the beginning, whatever the duties performed, the pay was the same for all, viz., five francs a day.

The number of officers on the staff was raised to twelve, and afterwards to eighteen, which latter number was not too many. If among these men, recruited thus at hazard, there crept in some suspicious characters, who can be astonished at it? There were, however, very few such. They were for the most part fearless, intelligent young men, who were, upon the whole, as good as the officers of more than one regular staff. Among them was the young Count of Beaufort, whom his relationship to a member of the Central Committee, rather than his ideas or his tastes, had drawn into the movement. He was the first aide-de-camp of Cluseret; and on the 25th of May, the victim of a fatal blunder, he fell under the bullets of his own soldiers, then gone wild with fury and despair. He was a young man of refined manners, upright, and brave, and was worthy of a better fate. In the Versailles courts-martial he was supposed to be one of the hostages, and this fiction forms to this day part of the official legend of the taking of Paris.

Another tale, equally fabulous, will take its place in the same legend. It arose out of the reply given to Cluseret, at a council of war, by a certain Ferat, a member of the Central Committee. This man, who had never set his foot inside the minister's office, said that Cluseret had a staff composed exclusively of "foreigners." Now, in the ministry of Cluseret one solitary foreigner was admitted into the staff, and that was the American captain already mentioned, and he left the Ministry on the 15th or 16th of April. Under Rossel the general staff reckoned among its eighteen officers a Dutchman and a Belgian.

Nothing could be simpler than the life of the delegate for war.

The room in which Cluseret slept was that usually occupied by the officer on duty. Rossel occupied a very plain little room, and the deputy-chief of the staff a garret, the usual retreat of some orderly or door-keeper. The aides-de-camp and the secretaries lived and took their meals at home, except on those nights when they were on duty; then they slept stretched out on the sofas, or on the carpets. About the beginning of May the aides-de-camp were permitted to establish at the Ministry itself a kind of mess; and for this they were allowed a supplemental pay of two francs a day. This was a very different thing from the carousings and endless feastings of which the Ministry was the scene, according to the legend.¹ Had matters been different before our coming? I cannot say. I know nothing upon that subject.

Cluseret, an old officer of the French army, had quitted the service in order to devote himself to agriculture. Then, having again taken up the sword, he had served through the campaign of the Two Sicilies in 1860, had crossed into America during the war of secession, and had won his way to the rank of general in the army of the North. He has been freely accused even of treason and dishonesty. These two charges are, in my opinion, equally groundless. The first was abandoned by the Commune itself. The poverty of this man, who had so many opportunities of enriching himself, makes it unnecessary that we should examine the second. During his continuance at the Ministry he was, as regarded himself as well as others, economical to excess. While so many improvised colonels and generals were receiving large salaries, living in palaces, and bedecking themselves with gold and silver lace, he did not receive a penny—at least not to our knowledge—lived in a corner of the Ministry, and did not once put on his uniform. It may be he was not equal to his mission, but the Commune ought not to forget that, so long as he was in power, the positions were almost entirely maintained. Fort Issy, evacuated in spite of his formal orders, was reoccupied by him some hours before his arrest.

The first efforts of the Versailles attack were directed against the western front of Paris, where Mont Valérien served as a support for the assault, and the Bois de Boulogne, swept by the fire of the fortress, facilitated the approach to the ramparts. On this side the command was held to the last by General Dombrowski. Dombrowski was a man thirty-three years of age, fair, slight of stature, and with the faults and good qualities of his race. He had served his apprenticeship to war in the army of the Caucasus, and had fought, in 1863, in the Polish insurrection. He was a born leader of an irregular army; abstemious, indefatigable, brave to a fault; no one

(1) A correspondent of the *Daily News* or *Daily Telegraph*, who has several times shared the more than modest repast of Delegate Rossel and his chief of the staff, can corroborate the truth of what I say.

was better fitted than he to head an attacking column, or to keep his soldiers under fire. I shall never forget the first time I saw him. It was in the night. He came to the Ministry to receive orders for the attack on Neuilly, which he carried out on the following morning. Cluseret was absent, and Dombrowski waited for him. His slight figure was fitted with a close uniform, the light of the lamps lit up his bronzed and well-marked features; he took big strides in walking, and his long riding-cloak, lifted up by his sword, dragged behind him on the carpet. He was commander of the fort, and afterwards of the right wing. Some members of the Commune placed every confidence in him; others distrusted him. As far as he was concerned, the events in Paris were only a kind of halting-place, a means of making himself a name in order to play a great part in the next Polish insurrection. He aimed at the supreme command; and, too much occupied with political affairs, neglected the duties of his command, which he intrusted to his subalterns. It was during his absence that, at some few hundred yards from his head-quarters, the army of Versailles made its entrance into Paris, in broad daylight, through a deserted gate! However, at any rate, he died fighting.

The left wing, from the Seine to the Bierre, was commanded by Wroblewski. This officer had, in 1863, held a command in Lithuania. He was an accomplished, rigid, methodical soldier. His staff was partly composed of Polish officers accustomed to service. At his head-quarters reigned a degree of order very unusual in the Communal army. Unfortunately his military talents, and those of his chief of the staff—an officer of rare merit—were not taken proper advantage of. The line which he commanded was never seriously attacked.

Between the two wings, commanded by two Poles, was the centre, which was under the orders of General La Cécilia, a Frenchman, although his name has a foreign termination. This officer was not a soldier by profession. A very distinguished engineer and philologist, he had been professor of mathematics at Jena, and of philology at Naples. But, carried by his adventurous spirit out of all the old beaten paths, he had, as a simple volunteer in the Piedmontese army, served through the campaign of 1859. In 1860 we find him lieutenant of engineers; at the head of the bureau of Trapoli at Modena; captain of engineers in the Two Sicilies. In 1870 he had left everything, five days after his marriage, to serve as a lieutenant in the francs-tireurs of Paris. He had seen Châteaudun, Coulmiers, Patay, Alençon, and had won the rank of colonel. He was at first chief of the staff to Eudes, then commander of the fort, finally commander of the centre after the dismissal of Wetzel. Wetzel was not, as it has been said, a German, but was French. About the 7th or 8th of April he came to the Ministry in the uniform of a captain of Mobiles. He still wore on his képi the name of the department in

which he had been levied—Allier. His face had pleased Rossel, who, young himself, liked young men, and sought to bring out hidden talent. He commissioned me to talk with the new-comer, and to see if anything could be made of him. After examining him I reported that something might be made of him—a captain, I thought, or a commander. Rossel placed him at the head of a legion, and afterwards induced Cluseret to intrust him with the command of the forts of the south. This was a great error; the task which devolved on him was altogether beyond the powers of Wetzel. He was afterwards reduced, first to the command of the left bank of the Bierre, then to the village and fort of Issy alone, and when he fell, his head shattered by a ball, he had just been relieved of this last command, which was still too heavy for his inexperienced hand.

Whilst these officers, with the few available battalions which they had at hand, were maintaining themselves against the first efforts of the besiegers, very hard work was being done at the Ministry. The artillery committee had been placed under the orders of the delegate; the departments of food, clothing, and accoutrements had been completed or created. Cluseret, Rossel, and the deputy-chief of the staff worked sixteen or seventeen hours a day. But Cluseret, a man of undecided mind, made a great deal of stir without producing any very large result. Upon Rossel fell nearly all the weight of the multifarious and complicated business of a ministry at the time when the work of organization was at its busiest. He had, however, very little time to give to it. Until about eleven o'clock in the morning it was possible to work. From that time until seven o'clock in the evening the office was invaded by deputations of officers coming to protest against their generals, and soldiers protesting against their officers, unsuccessful candidates protesting against the elections, and successful candidates protesting against the protestations. We had to endure senseless demands, ridiculous harangues, and to reply to all these unmeaning complaints with assurances equally unmeaning. Office-seekers, beggars, inventors, slipping in past the ushers, overwhelmed us with their claims, their miseries, and their discoveries, which, of course, could not be neglected without committing the blackest treason. One of the best of them was assuredly the one who earnestly desired that I would put a theatre in requisition, in order that his son might sing there,—“a boy twelve years old, who sings the ‘Marseillaise’ so as to send a thrill through you.” At nine o'clock Rossel went to the court-martial, and, returning at midnight, set to work again for an hour or two. On Sundays it was holiday at the Commune and everywhere else. At the Ministry, as well as at the outposts, the day of rest was exactly like any other.

Only from seven in the evening until nine was there any breathing-time. We took advantage of this short period in order to eat—

a formality sometimes neglected in the middle of the day, or at least interrupted by the hearing of various reports, harangues, or protests. It was during these sunset hours of respite that it was given to me to become acquainted with Rossel, to know the thoughts, the sentiments, the dreams of that vast and powerful mind. We used both of us to go to a fifth-rate restaurant near the Ministry, and there, having mounted to the entresol and seated ourselves before some rather suspicious dish, we chatted at our ease. We talked not of the present, for that was too sad, but of the past and the future; of the campaigns of great captains, of celebrated defences, and disputed military questions. Waterloo, Fort Sumter, Metz, followed each other in our conversations, and mixed up with questions such as these were lines from our favourite poets, projects of social reform, and plans of revenge upon Germany. If it should one day be given to me again to behold my native land, I shall go, in the first place, straight to that obscure little room where I knew Rossel, and first learnt to love him.

One evening, I believe it was on the 12th of April, the day on which the French army launched under the generals of Forbach, Metz, and Sedan, to the assault of uninjured entrenchments, and of forts which had never been touched by their shells, strewed with twelve hundred corpses the approach to the Parisian trenches, Rossel, while dining, drew from his pocket and began reading a bundle of detached papers covered with large writing. This was a letter full of very useful observations upon the defence of the strong places, the rapid construction of earthworks, &c. The whole was signed "Todtleben."

The author was undoubtedly a man writing about his own profession, and an able engineer. He regretted that the leaders of the Commune had not known how to retain the line of the Seine from Asnières to Boulogne, and blamed the resort to barricades in Paris whilst praising the solidity of their construction: he even gave a rough outline of some defensive earthworks, and pointed out certain means which might be taken for speedily strengthening the casemates and demolishing the houses occupied by the enemy. What is remarkable, he recommended for this last purpose the use of solid shot fired from a short distance into the fresh earthworks. On the very same evening Cluseret sent to the Russian Embassy to ask if General Todtleben was not in Paris. The answer was that they did not know. "I am glad of that," said Cluseret. Later on, we received a second and then a third letter, written in another hand each time, but bearing each time the same large and perfectly recognisable signature. The last letter contained these words—"Paris cannot be taken in ten years." That was true, but nevertheless, it required to be defended. From information

which we afterwards obtained, we learnt that General Todleben was in Paris about the middle of March, and that he left at the beginning of April by order of his government. Did the defender of Sebastopol yield to some little sympathy for our cause, or was he attracted by the problem of the defence of the greatest fortress in the world? Was it he even? I do not know. Whoever this mysterious counsellor might have been, thanks for his advice, the excellence of which we appreciated, but which, alas! it was impossible for us to put in application. In point of fact every day diminished our means of resistance: the prolongation of the struggle of itself caused our arms to fall from our hands. Every revolutionary movement which does not attain its object at the first spring is as good as ruined. By launching the federal battalions upon Versailles on the 20th of March, the Central Committee would have made itself master of the situation: on the 25th it was too late. Thenceforth the Revolution was condemned, and the two months of fighting were only its long death struggle. The causes of this miscarriage are manifold; but the principal one, and the source of all the others, was the radical political incapacity of the classes who were the authors of the movement. Brave enough to devote themselves and to die, the workmen are, as we have only too clearly seen, still too ignorant to construct. During this formidable crisis not one superior man was thrown up by the working classes. Devotion and courage abounded in our ranks, but political spirit and education were deficient.

Thence resulted the numerous faults which caused the Commune to perish, and from which the delegates at the War Office were unfortunately not exempt. The greatest military error, and that which ruined the insurrectionary forces, was the decree of Cluseret reorganizing the marching companies, and making active service compulsory on all men between seventeen and forty. Together with obligatory service appeared mutinous recruits, and at the same time commenced the denunciations, with their train of prosecutions, searchings, and other abuses, as repulsive as they were unavailing. That was only the least consequence of this fatal decree. Before this order battalions existed: after it, none. A reorganization with the enemy in front is a task which can hardly be performed by a solid and undisputed government. For an insurrection the peril is always a fatal one if it has not space and time in its favour, and in this case the enemy was at the gate and we had not a day to spare. Two hundred battalions, thirty batteries, ten squadrons, and several companies of engineers to be formed—meant 3,000 officers and 12,000 non-commissioned officers and corporals to be elected. How many pretexts for disorder, how many opportunities for our opponents to excite strife and raise up obstacles!

The battalions were divided into twenty legions, one to each arrondissement. The staff of every legion was a complete hotbed of anarchy. Colonel Mayer, who was intrusted by Cluseret with the general organization of the legions, betrayed the Commune. He presented false returns, and managed matters so well that on the 22nd of May the organization of the greater part of the legions was not completed. He had under his orders a man of a very different character, Jules Renard, a young professor, who had been a volunteer during the campaign of 1870—71. In the month of November, on hearing of the death of Rossel, the poor fellow gave himself up and was condemned to deportation.

The military elections rendered the spirit of insubordination more violent, and the leaders lost the ghost of authority which they had previously possessed. Severe examples, especially among the superior officers, were indispensable. The Commune objected. They were advised, without noise or discussion, to supersede the principle of election by that of promotion by merit, and to remove all who should show themselves incapable or insubordinate. The Commune would not do this; it seemed the first step towards military usurpation. It was desired that free corps should be formed, subject to strict discipline. These we were told would be mere prætorians, and obstacles were put in the way of their organization. The members of the Commune, having read or heard it said that military despotism was the rock on which revolutions generally made shipwreck, busily occupied themselves in thwarting the efforts of the delegates at the War Office to organize some solid troops. They already saw in imagination Rossel or Cluseret proclaimed emperor by the Parisian battalions! Others, the dregs of the literary Bohemians, revolted against the very idea of discipline. The elections continued, and our staffs were still crowded with capable men, who would have done good service at the head of a company or a battalion. In a word, the beloved chiefs of the Commune were not Rossel, Cluseret, and Dombrowski, but MM. Eudes, Bergeret, and Mégy.

This last-mentioned individual will be spoken of by-and-by. M. Eudes was a fine, good-looking fellow, intelligent enough, but perfectly ignorant of things pertaining to warfare, and of a great many other things to boot. He was, however, brave and upright, and—what was a rare thing among the improvised officers of the Commune—he recognised his own incompetence, and knew how to keep in the background when with a professional soldier. Still more ignorant was M. Bergeret, who was in other respects the very opposite of Eudes.

In its dealings with the court-martial the Commune exposed its puerile fears and its total ignorance of the situation. The court was constituted at the request of Cluseret for the maintenance of

discipline, and the Executive Committee named Rossel, the chief of the general staff, its president.

On the 22nd of April the court condemned Commandant Guiraud, of the 105th, to death for refusing to obey orders. This commandant had republican antecedents. Immediately there ensued complaints, protests, and deputations. The Executive Committee, through the medium of M. Meillet, annulled the order, assigning as their reason some burlesque "considerings," of which perhaps this is the most extraordinary—"Considering that the chief of the staff, president of the court, is at the same time a judge and a party," etc. The unhappy men forgot that they had nominated Rossel president for the very reason that he was chief of the staff. On the 27th Rossel sent in his resignation.

"For the second time," he wrote, "my good fortune presented to me an opportunity, with good and valid reasons, for abandoning this incoherent revolution." Doubtless it was necessary that no bitterness should be wanting to our defeat; and that Rossel, one of the youngest defenders of the revolution, should join with old Delescluze, the austere representative of a generation of Republicans about to disappear, in offering that libation of blood with which, according to the poet, every new doctrine must needs be watered.

"Toute doctrine est mortelle à ses premiers apôtres."

Cluseret begged Rossel to manage matters until he could find a successor to him. Cluseret was himself much threatened. The Commune reproached him with his want of energy and decision; the vulgar report of treason began to be circulated. Rossel was sounded as to whether he would accept the direction of military affairs.

On the evening of the 28th of April the arrest of Cluseret was decided on.

On the morning of the 29th, Mégy, the Commandant of Fort Issy, declared, all of a sudden, by a telegraphic dispatch, that the fort, outflanked upon the right, was no longer tenable, and that he must have a reinforcement of two thousand men. Cluseret replied, "I am coming myself; hold firm." A second dispatch arrived from Mégy: "I am spiking the guns and evacuating the fort." Cluseret returned answer—"I forbid you to do it; I am coming." He thereupon immediately set out, together with General La Cécilia, who happened to be at the Ministry.

Scarcely had Cluseret left when an officer arrived: Mégy had evacuated the fort and presented himself at the gate of Issy with the garrison. I ordered the bridge to be raised and the fugitives driven back. The officer set off at a gallop. An instant after, Mégy himself entered the office. He had certainly not lost any time!

I was of course quite taken by surprise. I took Mégy into Cluseret's own room, and Rossel, who happened to be present, entered also. "Why," said I to Mégy, "have you abandoned your post?" "I had only seventeen men left. I might have been taken: that would have been ridiculous. I have left a man with orders to blow up the fort." "That's a sort of thing one generally looks after one's self." "I accept the responsibility of my acts before the Commune." "Good heavens!" I cried, "you know well enough that you don't run any great danger. I have to request you not to leave the Ministry." "Be it so." "Mégy," exclaimed Rossel at this point, "is a stupid mechanic." Rossel was indulgent.

In the meantime Cluseret and La Cécilia arrived at Issy. A battalion of about two hundred men occupied the village; the two generals led them back to the fort. The besiegers had perceived that the fort was evacuated, but believing that it was mined, had not dared to penetrate into it. It would have been easy enough for them to prevent the approach of the federals, but they did not do it. In the fort was found the soldier who had been left to blow it up, quite a young man; *he* had not deserted his post. Thus two hundred men reoccupied this fort which Mégy said he could not keep without a reinforcement of two thousand. It was so far from being untenable that it resisted for twelve days more, and might have held out longer than that against troops of the quality of the besiegers, and led by generals who were scarcely better than the worst generals of the Commune, but the enemy had in their favour numbers, discipline, and numerous friends in our midst. Owing to these combined causes we were overcome. On his return to the Commune, Cluseret was arrested. The arrest was not immediately known at the Ministry. About seven o'clock in the evening, on going back there, I found Rossel issuing orders. "Where is Cluseret?" I asked. Rossel took me aside. "Cluseret is arrested, and I am nominated delegate for war." For a hundred reasons I preferred Rossel to Cluseret; but being indignant at this unexpected stroke, which threatened to disorganize everything, I gave expression to some sharp truths in the hearing of several members of the Commune, who, although I am sure I do not know what they wanted there, happened to be present at the time. Then, provided with a letter from Rossel, I went to the house of Delescluze to request, at least, personal liberty for Cluseret. Delescluze replied to me by quoting some newspaper gossip; he was himself not far from believing that Cluseret had sold himself to the Orleanists. After some sharp words had passed on both sides, he requested me to leave.

At the Ministry the appointment of Rossel was well received. From the first, those about him had been struck, and at the same time charmed by the manner, the activity, and the powerful intelli-

gence of the young chief of the staff. His name was but little known, and there was a good deal of puzzling over his illegible signature, which nobody could decipher; all they could say about him was that he had been an officer of engineers, and to have a little of the mysterious about him was by no means prejudicial to him. He possessed, in a very high degree, that gift of extraordinary men, the power of inspiring enthusiasm and devotion. Young Renard, giving himself up after the death of his chief, was a remarkable example of this. Doubtless, if Rossel could have placed himself in direct communication with the troops, he would very quickly have acquired over their simple minds an influence even greater than that which he exercised over his officers. Alas! that would have been his ruin. The nobodies of the Commune would have cried, Usurpation!

Rossel had, again, that precious quality of the true soldier, the preference for officers who could take an initiative for themselves, rather than for those who could only render him passive obedience. "Act for yourself," he said again and again to his chief of the staff: "the important thing in war is not to decide well, but to decide quickly." And, which is a rare thing in a soldier, and shows the breadth of Rossel's mind, he had no fear of discussion, but thought that a free press was the best guide, the firmest support, and the wisest counsellor of a government. How superior was he in that to the feeble revolutionists of the Commune, who held out for a long time against the publicity of their sittings, and suppressed more journals than the government of the enemy! The Commune had stumbled on a man: unhappily for the country, they did not know what better to do with him than to suspect him and throw obstacles in his way.

From the 30th of April the activity of the offices, already very great, was redoubled. Rossel wished to collect a large force capable of holding the field, and giving battle outside the walls. The re-establishment of discipline was not to be thought of; but, at any rate, the process of disorganization could be checked. Rossel endeavoured to modify the system of paying: a great many men were paid, but there were very few soldiers. Never was an army better paid and fed than the Parisian army; and never was service less burdensome than it would have been in that army had it not been for the unfortunate decree of reorganization. But, thanks to Colonel Mayer, only a small number of battalions were organized, and it was always the same battalions that went forth to meet the enemy. This unjust inequality completed the ruin of all discipline, which in the later days had entirely disappeared. Nevertheless there was no lack of courage, as was proved before the firing parties during the massacres.

Rossel attempted to form marching regiments, each to consist of eight battalions, chosen from the different legions. These regiments were to be established outside Paris, for example in the immense hospital at Bicêtre, for nothing is so injurious to a soldier in active service as the neighbourhood of his home. The delegate hoped by such means to obtain a threefold result:—1st, to withdraw the soldier from the influence of his family, the club, and the *cabaret*; 2nd, to cancel the staffs of the legions; 3rd, to find employment for a crowd of distinguished officers whom the elective system left without employment. Many of these officers, for the sole reason that they were men of merit, were suspected by the Commune. The Vichards, the Ganiers, the Durassiers, were never employed, or were very reluctantly employed, whereas M. Bergeret was to the very last regarded from a serious point of view by many of his colleagues. The reason of that was that he was incapable of exciting anybody's suspicion, or of alarming anybody's vanity.

This attempt at organization ruined Rossel. It brought him into collision with the staffs of the legions, which consisted, with certain honourable exceptions, of the most ignorant and noisy set of blunderers that one can imagine. The heads of the legions protested to the Commune, and their protest was warmly supported by M. Pyat, whose vanity Rossel (sacrilegious man!) had wounded. In the meantime, Fort Issy, abandoned by its garrison, fell into the hands of the enemy.

This fort, which had been very badly treated during the first siege, had not been repaired by the Commune. Commanded on all sides by heights, it was a mere target for bombs; and its demolition had lately been ordered. For a month it supported a terrible bombardment. All the guns were dismounted, the parapets were battered down, and all the casemates were broken in, except two little ones near the gate. More than seventy cannon thundered day and night against this heap of rubbish, where few regular troops would have held out so long as did the federals of Paris. This fort sweeps the whole line of the ramparts from Point du Jour to Porte Maillot. Valérien, and the battery of eighty pieces established at Montretout—a battery, it is true, which made more noise than it did work—bombarded from the front this section of our line. Fort Issy taken, the enemy could enter the city when they liked, and one cannot understand why it was only on the 21st of May that word was brought them that one of the gates was not guarded. Rossel well understood that the fort could not hold out very long: he only wished to prolong its passive resistance until the completion of some works behind it, which would destroy the advantages which the enemy would derive from its possession. He had several times changed the commandant, in the hope of at length finding the right man for the

post; and, notwithstanding that his presence was so much needed at the Ministry, he had himself gone twice to the fort in order to inspirit the garrison. All that was asked for, whether men, provisions, or ammunition, was immediately sent off. At length, on the evening of the 8th of May, the chief of the staff, who had been sent to the batteries at Point du Jour, ordered the fire of those batteries to be opened, in order to relieve a little the right of the fort, which was no longer firing. The sky was dark, and in the distance the barracks of Fort Vanves, which had been set on fire by the shells, were sending forth flames into the black night.

On his return to the Ministry, where he found Rossel engaged in an altercation with the chiefs of legions, the chief of the staff set out for Issy. The enemy were approaching the first houses of the village. At the head-quarters there was no one. At length Brunel (who had replaced Wetzel) arrived. He announced that the fort was evacuated, but he added that he was about to have it immediately reoccupied. The chief of the staff, quite broken down with fatigue, threw himself down on a pallet. It was then two o'clock in the morning. About three o'clock he was awakened. The column sent towards the fort had, it was said, been taken prisoners to a man. This was false: it had disbanded. The chief of the staff insisted that it should be re-formed, and wished to lead it himself. The heroic Lisbonne, who just then arrived with a hundred and fifty men who had volunteered for a surprise, said that he would undertake that duty, and that the chief of the staff had better return to the Ministry, and inform Rossel of what had occurred. This was done, and from that time until eleven o'clock no more news was received. At that hour the observatory, established on the Arc de l'Etoile, sent a dispatch thus worded: "The tricolour flag floats on Fort Issy; many troops are arriving." At twelve o'clock, from the observatory at La Muette, we received another telegram: "The tricolour flag floats on the southern angle of Fort Issy." The second column, sent to reoccupy the fort, had dispersed like the first; and, what is very strange, the Ministry had not been informed of this eight hours after the event.

Rossel immediately caused this news to be posted up, making use of the very words of the dispatch: "The tricolour flag floats on Fort Issy." Then he wrote a letter to the Commune, the contents of which, before sending it, he communicated to his chief of the staff, and asked his opinion on it. In this letter Rossel clearly proved the impossibility of doing anything whatever with such an assembly as the Commune, and asked to have a cell at Mazas with Cluseret. Several copies of it were sent to different journals.

The Commune, accustomed to falsify all the dispatches, was very much irritated by the placards. The letter completely exasperated

it. Rossel was declared a traitor, and a commission was sent to arrest him. It did not fulfil its mission, but simply charged the military commission which had been established at the Ministry to keep a sharp look on the delegate. The latter continued all current business as usual, but refused to sign anything. On the morning of the 10th, accompanied by the members of the commission, he set out to attend the meeting of the Commune. "Au revoir," said he to me as he pressed my hand.

I never saw him after.

What followed is well known. Threatened with a court-martial, upon which would have sat men whom he despised and whom he knew to be his enemies, he made his escape from the Hôtel de Ville.

In the evening Delescluze, who had been nominated delegate for war, accompanied by some of his colleagues, came to take possession of the Ministry. As he entered, he asked me if I would be answerable for the night. This question reveals the condition of his mind when, making a last sacrifice for his cause, he accepted the post of delegate for war.

I was out of heart. Almost an object of suspicion to this old man, who had been embittered by so long an oppression, I only waited till I had made my successor acquainted with the position of affairs at the Ministry, and on the 12th I resigned my post.

On the 22nd of May, at the Hôtel de Ville, one of our old aides-de-camp, himself at the time wounded, said to me, "I do not at all despair: I am waiting for Rossel. Ah! he will soon reappear, and save everything." This simple confidence shows what was thought of Rossel by those who had seen him at work and under fire.

Six months later, proscribed and concealed under a false name, I learnt from the lips of a portly dame, who laughed with pleasure at the news, that my noble friend had been shot that morning.

A year has elapsed since the fall of the Commune. The consequences of the defeat still press with all their weight upon the defeated party; the hatreds are not appeased, the wounds still bleed; but men's minds have regained some degree of calm. One may now break the silence, and relate what one has seen. Escaped from the tempest, one thinks of the dangers encountered, the fatigues endured, and the friends less fortunate than one's self who have been swallowed up in the devouring gulf. If among them was one either dearer or greater than the others, one endeavours to revive in his memory that beloved face, never to be seen again. It forms a centre around which are grouped other faces, smiling or austere, enthusiastic or sad, but all of which recall some illusion or some despair, a heroism unrecognised, a martyrdom unknown. We cannot bear to think that so many efforts have not only remained

barren, but are even destined to oblivion. We would fain bring them forth into broad daylight, that they may live in the memories of men. It is a law of history that a multitude of names and of facts shall only go down to posterity by means of their connection with some celebrated man or some famous event. But for the battle of Hastings who would have heard of the oath of Harold, or how many would have known the name of Fairfax had there been no Oliver Cromwell?

In attempting, then, to give some account of the six weeks passed by Louis Nathaniel Rossel at the Ministry of War, I have endeavoured to make him known as he appeared to me—this young man of twenty-seven years, who fell at the outset of a career which promised so well. I have also desired to rescue from oblivion some men and facts that ought not to be unknown.

Welcomed as I am in the sanctuary of this free England, I do not wish to shelter myself beneath its inviolable hospitality in order to defy, far from the danger, that fierce rage which I know to be powerless. There are neither recriminations nor menaces in my narrative. I have only spoken of those with whom I lived during those two terrible months: I have not spoken at all of our enemies. More than once, perhaps, I may have been deceived about a fact or in a man; but I have said nothing but what I believe to be the truth. Let every one else do the same. It is with such materials as these that, in later times, history is made. May our efforts, our errors, our faults, our miseries, be of service—at least by way of example—to those who shall struggle like us!

LEO SÉGUIN.

THE RELIGIOUS SITUATION IN INDIA.

No one examines attentively the extraordinary religious confusion that still prevails throughout the great continent of India without marking it as one very peculiar characteristic of her social condition. For whereas primitive paganism, with all its incoherency, deficient alike in organic structure and in dominant ideas, has been utterly extinguished many centuries ago in Europe and throughout Western Asia, yet, wherever and whenever we cross the border or land on the shore of India, we may find going on before our eyes the things of which we read in ancient books. We seem to step suddenly out of the modern world of formal definite creeds, back into the disorderly supernaturalism of præ-Christian ages. After making allowance for every difference of manners, creed, and climate, and for innumerable distinctions of detail, we may still fancy that in looking over India we catch a reflection of classic polytheism. There we seem to have the nearest surviving representative of a half-civilised society's religious state, as it existed before Christianity and Mahomedanism organized and centralized the beliefs of all nations, from Ireland to the Indus. To those, indeed, who collect their notions of Indian religion out of the traditional scriptures and sacerdotal ordinances, the elaborate apparatus of Brahmanic mythology and ceremonial may appear to furnish forth a comprehensive system. But closer observation discovers a whole jumble of contradictory ideas and practices, a medley of popular superstitions underlying the authoritative ritual, and that total indifference to plan or fundamental unity which is the surest symptom of spiritual anarchy.

The seclusion of India within difficult geographical frontiers will, of course, explain much of her religious eccentricities. And the contrast which she now presents, when compared with Western Asia, may be directly accounted for by the course of her known history. Political vicissitudes seem to have powerfully affected religious development, while the half-conquest of India by the Mahomedans was only able to check and disturb consolidation. The mountains and desert tracks which guard her north-western and western borders acted as breakwaters against the first flood-tides of Musalmân invasion; those great waves of enthusiasm were nearly spent before they reached this far Eastern region; they could not be beaten back or kept out, but their force was stopped and scattered. Subsequent inroads of fierce Central Asian hordes gradually beat down all sustained opposition, and the supremacy of Islam was established. But the Musalmâns gained their footing gradually, and held it

precariouſly : they never completed the ſecular conqueſt of India, and on the whole they made little way againſt the cuſtoms and creeds of Hinduism. In other countries their overpowering political preponderance had preſſed down flat and cruſhed out the old religions of ſubject races. In India ſo little real progress toward extirpating polytheism had been made, that ſeven hundred and fifty years after Mahmud of Ghazni deſtroyed the famous idol at Somnâth, Mahomedans were ſtill fighting with idolaters on the plains of Northern India. An eye-witneſs to the great battle of Pâniput, in 1761, deſcribes how the Muſalmân cavalry charged with the cry of *Yâ Allah*, while the Marâthas came on with their ſhouts of *Hur, Hur, Mahadeo*. The two armies appealed to different gods : the divinities of India were ſtill ſeparated into hoſtile camps, as in the days of the Trojan war. In India this is an every-day incident ; but ſuch war-cries have not been heard for many centuries on all the countless fields that have been fought over weſtward of Hinduſthan far away to the Atlantic ſhore ; though an ocean of blood has been ſhed to aſcertain by ordeal of battle which revelation of the One God is true, who was his meſſenger, and what may be the right interpretation of the meſſage.

But though India was never thoroughly ſubdued by the ſword of Islam, or bowed down to accept its deſpotic faith, yet the whole framework of her inſtitutions was terribly ſhaken and diſlocated by inceſſant reſiſtance. The Mahomedans diſorganized Hinduism without ſubſtituting any ſtrong religious edifice of their own, as they managed to do elſewhere. The military adventurers, who founded dynaſties in Northern India and carved out kingdoms in the Dekhan, cared little for things ſpiritual ; moſt of them had, indeed, no time for proſelytiſm. They were uſually rough Tartars or Moghals ; themſelves ill grounded in the faith of Mahomed, and untouched by the true Semitic enthuſiaſm which inſpired the firſt Arab ſtandard-bearers of Islam. The empire which they ſet up was purely military, and it was kept in that ſtate by the half-ſucceſs of their conqueſts and the comparative failure of their ſpiritual invaſion. They were ſtrong enough to prevent anything like religious amalgamation among the Hindus, and to check the gathering of tribes into nations ; but ſo far were they from converting India, that among the Mahomedans themſelves their own faith never acquired political authority or predominance. They only managed to maintain for ſeveral centuries an abſolute government adminiſtered by a few great officers, and ſurrounded by a hierarchy of captains of thouſands and ten thouſands, who held aſſignments of land on ſervice tenure at will of their ſovereign. The throne itſelf can hardly be ſaid to have been hereditary, ſo often and ſo ſucceſſfully was the inheritance diſputed. Such an empire as this, upheld at home and abroad

entirely by violence and the fortune of war, must always have been independent of spiritual influence, because the whole system detained religious growth and arrested religious assimilation. And, as a matter of fact, among Indian Mahomedans their religion was never a power in the State. That great ecclesiastic corporation of the Ulema, which formed itself in the constitution of the Turkish empire, maintained the theocratic idea of Islam by framing laws, interpreting tradition, regulating the services and ritual of the faith, administering the endowments, and otherwise asserting itself palpably as a recognised authority, not beneath, but side by side with the temporal ruler. At one period, indeed, the Ulema overawed the throne, and their decrees could pull down or set up its occupant: their authority has always increased whenever the military activity of the sultans declined; and they are still very influential. Their chief, the *Sheikh ul Islâm*, sits in the privy council, and expounds a law which binds sovereign as well as subjects. But in India we found no counterpart of the Ulema, and hardly a trace of any such balance of powers; nor does the purely religious element of Mahomedan supremacy seem, even at its zenith, ever to have worked out there any separate constitution or enduring influence. Their Establishment, as we might call it, was never organized or even regularly endowed by the orthodox tithe; for, although large grants were made to devotion and charity, yet at no time do we hear of a great college or connected body preserving and expounding the sacred law.

If, however, the Musalmâns were never able to settle and develop their own spiritual institutions in India as they did in countries completely subdued by them, they were at least quite strong enough to break up and depress the indigenous priesthoods. Whatever may at one time have been the sacerdotal power of the Brahmans, it is certain that the long predominance and insulting success of Mahomedans must have seriously lowered the general level of their popular prestige. Any tendency toward realising the important mission which the Brahman claimed in theory as spiritual teacher, and any hope of their eventually building Hinduism up into some higher stage of belief, must have been utterly ruined and dispersed by foreign conquest; so that the general effect of the long wasting wars and political troubles which fill the annals of India during the Mahomedan period was to keep all religion in a dislocated and dilapidated state. The whole tradition of the empire was, for Mahomedans, remarkably tinged with religious indifference. Akbar, the greatest of Indian emperors, was rationalist and tolerant to a degree which distinguishes very plainly the general tone of Mahomedanism in India from that which prevailed about the same time elsewhere. Aurungzebe was a successful Richard III. His hypocrisy served him among the Musalmâns in his intrigues for the throne, but his pious practices stirred up

more fanaticism against him than on his side. When he died, in 1710, there followed the great *débâcle* and dissolution of an empire that rested upon force, with no deeper or less unstable bond of union, if we except the weak and incomplete lien of Mahomedan faith. The character and consequences of that dark age which preceded British supremacy in India have, I think, been seldom adequately estimated. There intervened a period of political anarchy greater and more widespread than the continent had experienced for centuries. It was a mere tearing and rending of the prostrate carcass, a free fight with little definite aim or purpose beyond plunder or annexation of land revenue. The first Marâtha captains were energetic and unscrupulous guerrilla leaders. They scarcely cared more for speculative bonds of caste or creed than the wild Turcomans who followed the standard of Nâdir Shah or of Ahmed Shah the Affghan, or than the adventurers who were disputing the spoils of empire in Oude or in the Dekhân. It is remarkable that in the warlike Marâtha federation, which subsisted by violent inroads and plundering, the paramount power had, by the eighteenth century, fallen into the hands of a Brahman family. Not only was the Brahman Peshwa a military chief who commanded troops in person, but his Marâtha army was mainly officered by Brahmans; and as the western Brahmans are by custom and profession a race of intellectual but effeminate scribes and Pharisees, this conversion of them into soldiers evidences a complete victory of the military spirit over sacerdotal or Levitic tradition.

Thus at the end of the last century India was further than ever from anything like a universal or uniform religion; and as there were no nations, so was there not in any part or province of the whole continent what we in Europe call a distinct national faith. It may be assumed that the formation of nationalities aids powerfully the concentration of religious beliefs, and that when a nation has once got shaped into political existence, it soon fits itself with a creed of its own, the stronger sect gradually absorbing all weaker species. There were signs in India that nations might have been eventually generated out of the decomposition of the Moghal empire; but just at this point the English intervention turned the whole course of Indian history.

I have now gone over, in briefest outline, the political vicissitudes which have bequeathed to us India as we now see it. May not these things be admitted to explain (though perhaps superficially) why a country which two thousand years ago had already reared and propagated over Eastern Asia two such vast popular religions as Brahmanism and Buddhism, should still be distracted by religious anarchy, and should have failed so completely in the uniting and building up some such religious institutions as have been completed, not only in all other great Aryan countries, but throughout Western Asia? Here is India

still full of the mythologies, mysteries, and metaphysical theosophies of the ancient world, not lying one below the other, as in the religious stratification out of which we may still dig all these fossils even in Europe, but mixed and muddled together without order or connection. The Christianity which we profess at this day in England is the outcome of an immensely long upward growth ; the fruit of a tree whose roots are in primitive ages ; yet the distance which separates Protestant England from the scenes and manners of the Pentateuch is no unfair measure of the breadth which lies between Englishmen and Hindus along the line of religious evolution. Take, for instance, the story of Micah, in the seventeenth and eighteenth chapters of the Book of Judges ; how he had a house of gods, and made silver images, and consecrated one of his sons to be his priest ; how he afterwards hired a wandering Levite to be his house-priest, and how one day six hundred Danites, appointed with weapons of war, carried off the images and the Levite together. Listening while this narrative is read before a Sunday congregation, one is amazed and absorbed by looking back over the extraordinary chain of events and filiation of ideas which have brought the annals of an ancient Syrian tribe to be read periodically in the villages of Great Britain. You feel that the scene could only have come down to us from a far-off country and time ; just as a broad river in a hot rainless plain must have risen in mountains long distant. And as a man enjoys the sight of the snow-fed waters of the Indus flowing full in midsummer between scorching sand-banks two thousand miles from its source in Thibet, so is he filled with the sense of vast intervals of space and time, of picturesque contrast between Now and Then, and of the long winding course of history which lies between the idol chapel of Micah in Mount Ephraim and the reading of an afternoon lesson in an English Protestant church.

Now what strikes one in India is that this stream of religious development, strong and perennial as it is, never has cut for itself a clear channel in which it could gather volume and flow on ; it has only spread abroad like a vast swamp under the Himalayas, which I take, by the way, to be the religious watershed of the world. To Europeans the episode of Micah is apt to be puzzling ; the learned commentator in Dr. Smith's Dictionary of the Bible is quite unable to reconcile the manifest inconsistencies of Micah's practice with the authorised ritual, or to explain the conduct of those Danites. " It is," he remarks, " startling to our Western minds, accustomed to associate the blessings of order with religion, to observe how religious were these lawless freebooters." I need not stop here to discuss how far the Western mind is justified historically in the habitual association of order with religion : to the writer a religion is evidently a definite code of morals and a circumscribed system of theology. But while to an European scholar this picture of Syrian life is dim with the mists of three thousand years, to any one who has lived in a lawless part

of India the picture would be striking by its familiarity, and the inconsistencies would be good proof of its authenticity. The very details of the narrative would adjust themselves to an Indian scene with little essential alteration, and would cause no surprise in Rajpûtâna, though such an adventure is now hardly intelligible to students in the Western world. Not since the days of Micah has India made any firm step in the general advance of religious ideas or discipline, so as to place its whole population solidly on a higher spiritual level. During so many centuries of spiritual wandering in the wilderness the Hindus have constructed no systematic fabric, no catholic organization of religion, no tabernacle whither all their tribes go up; whereas all other races of equal and even lower civilisation—perhaps of inferior intellect—have built for themselves some such edifice. The face of the land is covered with innumerable temples, shrines, and monasteries, with places of prayer and altars of sacrifice. But as out of the ruins of early Indian sanctuaries no clear procession of styles can be traced, the earlier being often the more perfect, so we can follow no plain upward series of spiritual conceptions; and the creeds and ceremonies in daily use are a mosaic of old and new superstitions. They resemble some of their temples, which we can now see built over and out of the *débris* of earlier edifices—stones carved with the emblems of one god fitted into the chapel of another, phallic symbols in a niche which once contained Buddha, and outside a Musalmân cupola surmounting the stone lintel and pillars of ancient Hindu architecture. I do not at all mean that in India no tendencies have been displayed, or no efforts made, to rise into a higher life or a purer air; on the contrary, the whole religious history of India is full of such overtures. As I have attempted to explain in a former article, the entire landscape of Hinduism is alive with incessant movement and change, with the constant struggle for existence of a multitude of religious species; among which are many rudimentary survivals of high conceptions deformed and degenerate. Out of the host of saints and devotees whom Indian superstition generates, there has often arisen some spiritually-minded man who reveals a new light, who cries aloud for a great moral change, who creates and propels a deep movement in the hearts of people. Such teachers have left their mark on Indian society, and their sects endure, but their true impulse gradually subsides; the lamp is passed from hand to hand, but its light grows fainter and fainter in the darkness of ignorant terror; it remains as a mystic spark to a few initiated, and as a mere portent to the vulgar who live in irrational fear of malignant deities. None of these creeds has acquired such a dynamic purchase or leverage upon the minds of men as to lift a great body of the Hindus clean out of the lower depths of superstition up on to the firm ground of an organized and progressive faith.

This, then, is to my mind the most noteworthy phenomenon to one who surveys India, its religious condition. And I have ventured to suggest that this dilapidated and disorganized state of popular Hinduism may be ascribed, for its more immediate cause, to the political catastrophes of the people, to the fierce, disorderly, and precarious existence which, as societies, they have led for so many centuries; so that the military spirit long maintained untempered predominance. More especially did the wide scrambling wars of the eighteenth century scatter piecemeal the elements of religious unification, and thereby arrest religious development. When, therefore, the English became lords of India, they found no well-disciplined fanatic monotheism, as was found in Egypt or Algeria, to be dealt with; no great influential priesthood to be managed; only a decaying Mahomedanism that had lost its ascendancy, a degraded and dissociated polytheism, one or two considerable Hindu sects, a great many inconsiderable castes, and a tangled jungle of fetich worship.

If it is reasonable to suppose that this religious prostration of India is nearly connected with its political misfortunes through many generations, then one can hardly avoid speculating on the consequences to be anticipated from its rapid restoration to substantial order and peace under the steady irresistible administration of the British.

I have said that this forlorn multitude of gods and confusion of rites among the Hindus may be imagined to represent the panorama of classic paganism. Eusebius of Cæsarea, in his book on the *Theophaneia*,¹ gives a description of the lawless supernaturalism of the civilised world before the triumph of Christianity, which might almost apply word for word to India at the present day. He recites how the heathen made gods of the fruits of the earth, of their own base passions, and of animals; also how they published of certain men that "after undergoing a common mortality they became gods and demigods; imagining that the divine essence moved about the sides of graves and among the monuments of the dead;" how they made images of man and beast, and sacrificed to invisible demons; how their rites were shameful and their offerings bloody. He goes on to denounce the philosophers, who "by mere discovery of persuasive words, making no experiment even after the truth," pretended to discover the origin of all things, and "determined Rest to be the chief good;" while others said that the sensible word was God, and others again denied the imposition of any plastic hand upon matter. Looking abroad over cotemporary India after reading these things, you might fancy yourself removed to one of those distant stars of which the light only reaches our earth in sixteen hundred or eighteen hundred years, so that a reflection of what passes on earth

(1) I quote throughout from a translation into English by Samuel Lee, D.D. 1843

must traverse as many centuries before it can strike the retina of a gazer from the star; and where, consequently, the inhabitants, if they have vision powerful enough to discern what is going on here below, may see at this moment the whole Roman Empire spread out before them; may be looking over wasted lands, changing fights and flaming towns, and praying hands—over the numberless temples and high places of classic heathendom, and all the glory thereof. Now, says Eusebius, the wonder of the matter is, that during the prosperity of this vile polytheism “there prevailed wars, conflicts, commotions, and the reducing of cities; but with the desolation and suppression of paganism came on entire peace with every good thing without drawback.” Of course the main conclusion drawn out by the Bishop of Cæsarea is that the world was pacified by Christianity, nor is any one likely to gainsay the immense political impression which must have been made by that great moral reformation. But he also points out emphatically the way in which the Roman conquests had driven a crushing and levelling roller over all the ancient barriers that cut up the old world by isolating and imprisoning societies, had knocked down these partition walls, and let in air and light. He sees very clearly that a profound peace did of itself operate upon polytheism to its discredit, decay, and ruin. Because, he says, “human life had undergone a change to a state henceforth of peace and rest; the divine revelation was shown forth at the time which was suitable. Nor were these multitudes of Rulers, Princes, Tyrants, and Governors of the people . . . the one Empire of the Romans had extended itself over all; and the peaceless uncompromising enmity which had so long been the portion of nations came to an end. And as the knowledge of one God was, by the teaching of our Saviour, delivered to all men; so also one king was established over the whole Roman Empire, and a profound peace prevailed. . . . Two singular advantages also sprung up among mankind, the Instruction that was in righteousness and the Empire of the Romans.” Any one could send merchandise, or go himself, whithersoever he pleased—the west would come to the east, and the east to the west, without danger. In short, so great and manifest were the advantages of the Roman rule to the spread of one religion, that it was clearly fore-ordained for the dissemination of the Gospel. “Who will not confess this, when he has considered that it would not have been easy to send forth disciples, when all the nations were divided one against another? . . . But God, who is over all, had restrained the wrath of the worshippers of demons in the cities, by the fear of the great Empire.”

The quotation might have been given at much greater length; for Eusebius is filled with the idea that the Roman Empire had been appointed as a great war engine to beat down and demolish the

feuds and jarring antagonisms of the pagan world, to put away barbarous misrule, and the tyranny of "Satraps in every city." The rapid fading away and collapse of these immemorial superstitions before the steady maintenance of peace and law over an immense territory is one of the most wonderful phenomena of the world's history, however we may seek to account for it. Those superstitions had been engendered and fostered by ignorance and isolation; they were the shadows and phantasmagoria of human passions, and of inexplicable tyrannous calamities from the earliest times—the memory of man ran not to the contrary thereof. Yet in two centuries the whole fabric and inveterate incrustations of these primitive liturgies had broken up and melted off the surface of the civilised nations, whose pacification and orderly government were then seen to have been the necessary forerunners and pioneers of a wide spiritual reformation.

If we may draw a broad analogy between the social and political changes worked upon the Western world by the Roman conquests, and that which is being worked upon the great continent of India by English dominion, then it may not be rash to speculate upon the following of general consequences not unlike. We are changing the whole atmosphere in which fetish worship and gross idolatry grow and flourish. We may expect that these old forms of supernaturalism will suddenly thaw and subside without any outward stroke upon them, and without long premonitory symptoms of internal dissolution; like icebergs that have at last floated into a warmer sea, which topple over at the invisible melting of their submarine base. At this moment Hinduism overshadows the land in rank confusion; the intricate jungle of monstrous beliefs appears thick and strong as ever; yet to my mind its roots are being effectually cut away. Uncertainty and insecurity prolonged what ignorance and stagnation had produced; but the old order has now changed, giving place to new. The last desperate stand made against the despotism of Peace and the reign of Law by the antique spirit of chronic war was from 1846 to 1858. Never perhaps in all the history of India has more decisive fighting been compressed into twelve years; the English scattered two formidable disciplined armies, and dissolved two incipient kingdoms that might have hardened into turbulent nationalities: they prevailed over the superstitious fury of the Hindu and the enthusiasm of the Musalmán; they yoked both these half-tamed forces to the wheels of the British war-chariot; they disarmed India, and closed for the present its military era. We have now established reasonable personal security and free communications; we are giving to the Indians leisure, and education, the scientific method and the critical spirit; we are opening to them the flood-gates behind which Western knowledge

is piled in far greater volume than the stream of Grecian philosophy which the Romans distributed over their empire, when they made the source accessible, and its outflow easy. No more interesting situation has, I imagine, come to pass in modern history; for though it would be most presumptuous to attempt any kind of prediction as to the nature or bent of India's religious future, yet we may look forward to a wide and rapid transformation in two or three generations, if England's rule only be as durable as I believe it to be. I suppose that the old gods of Hinduism will die in these new elements of intellectual light and air as quickly as a net-full of fish lifted up out of the water; that the alteration in the religious needs of such a clever people as the Hindus, which will have been caused by a change in their circumstances, will make it impossible for them to find in their new world a place for their ancient deities. Their superstitions will fade and disappear silently, as witchcraft vanished from Europe, and as all such delusions become gradually extinguished. In the movement itself there is nothing new, but in India it promises to go on with speed and intensity unprecedented; for she has been taken in tow by Europe, where we are just now going forward with steam at high pressure; and herein seems to lie the peculiar interest, perhaps the danger, of the Indian "situation." At certain epochs the progressive nations of the world find it necessary to readjust the intellectual equilibrium, that is to say, to establish afresh a certain harmony between what they believe and what they know.¹ One of the earliest symptoms that knowledge and belief are falling painfully out of balance is perceptible in what has been called the *malaise religieux*, which was seen in the Roman Empire before Christianity cured it, and which one may fancy to be visible in India already. It may possibly be that very "spirit of unrest" which Dr. W. W. Hunter has detected among Indian Mahomedans; as it is probably at the bottom of that great Mahomedan revival, of which Mr. W. G. Palgrave² has made a broader observation throughout all Islam. It seems certainly indicated by numerous sectarian advances among the Hindus towards a more spiritual kind of creed; toward mystical interpretations, at least, of substantial polytheism, and toward such an abstract dogma as that upon which is founded the profession of the *Brahmo Somâj*. In the North it is fermenting among the ignorant Kookas; and in the South it appears in the demand recently made to Government by educated Hindus for the reform of their religious endowments; a demand that will carry us far if we attempt to comply with it, for how can any rational being seriously undertake to reform the abuses which have crept into the service of Juggunnâth?

(1) Littré—*Études sur les Barbares*.

(2) *Fraser's Magazine*, Feb., 1872.

A commission of high and dry Brahmins will make no reforms at all ; a commission of educated Hindus will be unable to "hold their countenance," and down will go Juggunnâth amid irrepressible laughter.

My notion is, therefore, that a solid universal peace and the impetus given by Europe must together cause such rapid intellectual expansion that India will now be carried swiftly through phases which have occupied long stages in the lifetime of all other nations. The Hindu now makes in two days a journey that occupied a month ten years ago, because the English have laid down their railways before the Indians had invented the paved road ; and his mental development may advance by similar overleaping of intermediate improvements. I think also that whereas hitherto new religious ideas have constantly sprung up in India, and have as constantly withered or been stunted for want of protection and undisturbed culture, any such ideas that may hereafter arise will be fostered and forced as in a hothouse, if they have the principle of persistent growth. Some great movement is likely to come about in India, if only the peace lasts ; but what may be the complexion of that movement, and whither its gravitation, is a question which time only can answer. Orderly Christian rule has given to Islam in India an opportunity for becoming regenerate and for reuniting its strength which it owes entirely to us. We have restored its communications by sea and by land ; we have already felt some of the consequences of pulling down the effective barriers which Ranjit Singh and his Sikhs set up on our north-western frontier between the Musalmâns of India and the rest of Western Asia. Mahomedanism may yet occupy a larger space in the history of Indian rationalism ; but it must make haste, or the country may drift beyond it. Some may think that Christianity will a second time in the world's history step into the vacancy created by a great territorial empire, and occupy the tracts laid open by the upheaval of a whole continent to a new intellectual and moral level. But the state of thought in Western Europe hardly encourages conjecture that India will receive from that quarter any such theologic impulse as that which overturned the decaying paganism of Greece and Rome when the Pax Romana at last brought local beliefs into internecine collision one with another, and into contact with the profound spiritualism of Asia. The influence of Europe on India is essentially industrial and scientific ; England's business in particular is to construct there some firm political system under which all other social relations may be reared and directed ; but here comes in the difficulty of founding and keeping steady any such edifice without the cement of some binding idea. It is in the religious life that Asiatic communities still find the reason of their existence, and the repose of it. When the Indian has gained his intellectual freedom, there remains

to be seen what he will do with it; and the solution of this problem is of incalculable importance to our successful management of the empire. The general tendencies of modern thought are toward doubt and negation; the sum total of what we call civilisation is to such a society as that in India a dissolving force: it is the pouring of new wines into old skins; the cutting away of anchors instead of hauling them up, so that in the next emergency you have none to throw out. Conquest and civilisation together must sweep away the old convictions and prejudices; and unless some great enthusiasm rushes in to fill the vacancy thus created, we may find ourselves called to preside over a "spiritual interregnum," to borrow a term from the Comtists.

Such transitional periods are apt to be troublesome to governments. In India the English difficulty is that, whatever the religious movement may be, we cannot expect to take part in or guide it, because we are in many ways so far ahead of, or at least too far removed from, the mass of the people whom we have to manage, that our superiority begets want of sympathy, and our impatient desire to lead them becomes a kind of radical Philistinism. Moreover, we are likely to succeed soon in educating a radical party among the natives of India, who are easily inoculated with the Voltairean spirit, the hatred of irrational bigotry, and of institutions that seem absurd on the face of them. But all our European experiments in social science have taught us the un wisdom of demolishing old-world fabrics which no one is yet prepared to replace by anything else. Caste, for instance, looks unnecessary and burdensome—it is wildly abused by Europeans,¹ and the Brahmanic rules of behaviour seem senseless; but these things will tumble quite fast enough without our knocking out their keystones by premature legislature. It is hardly our interest to bring them down with a crash. We have ourselves to overcome the rather superficial contempt which an European naturally conceives for societies and habits of thoughts different from those within the range of his own ordinary experience; and also to avoid instilling the destructive spirit into the mind of young India. For English and natives the paramount object is now to preserve social continuity, and to avoid anything like the revolutionary epoch which France inaugurated for herself by the thoroughly effective skill and science with which she blew up and carted away the old *régime*. M. Pierre Lafitte, in his *Considérations générales sur l'ensemble de la Civilisation Chinoise*, quotes from a book² in which an English Protestant Missionary describes China as undergoing a succession of moral earthquakes, and

(1) "Caste is the devil's yoke. . . . Hindu widowhood is Satan's masterpiece. . . . Juggunâth was invented by devils." See "A Plea for Indian Missions," by Alexander Forbes, 1866; a pamphlet which is not only grossly unfair to Satan, but which betrays a curious tendency toward that very superstitious polytheism (the belief in a multitude of evil spirits) which the writer is denouncing.

(2) *La Vie réelle en Chine*, par le Révérend William C. Mylne. 1858.

congratulates Europe on the total ruin of "fossil prejudices," bigotry, and superstition, which these "terrible convulsions" are causing. Storms and hurricanes, Mr. Mylne had observed, purify the air. But M. Lafitte remarks that this is to welcome a state of violent agitation ending in complete anarchy; and that to talk of convulsions as the conditions of progress is nothing better than deplorable revolutionary jargon, though the writer may not mean it. Hurricanes clear the earth as well as the air, and earthquakes are not very discriminating in their operations. It is certain, at any rate, that moral earthquakes and cyclones in the Indian climate will severely test the stability of our rule, and we should be mad to encourage them. M. Lafitte, in the lecture from which I have been quoting, points out the vague notions of progress and civilisation upon which people rely who desire to pull down a society which they do not comprehend, or whose real aim is sometimes no more than the exploitation of the East by the West. He remarks, for example, that the traffic in opium is not well devised for demonstrating to India or to China the superiority of European civilisation. But he also protests against the English raising a jubilee over the re-marriage of Hindu widows, and he thinks we had no business whatever to make war on the old custom by legalising breaches of it. It is possible that M. Lafitte himself may have been verging on the error of judging the East by the West, and may not know that in India very many girls become widows at an age when they would still be in an European nursery. Here is good cause for interference, and there are other cases in which the action of our own law courts tended to check the natural sloughing off of decayed forms, so that special legislation became necessary. Yet withal there is something to be said against our passing any laws to abolish social rules which do not concern us personally, and which do not openly violate morality; and there is everything to be said against being impatient with people who, belonging to a different social formation, are reluctant to give up hastily the very principles on which their society has been moulded. To be angry with cotemporary mental conditions which we fail to appreciate is like that injustice with which (as is remarked by the writer quoted below¹) it is too customary to treat the past. The opportunity of studying closely the religious evolution of such a country as India is most valuable, just because we can there look round at things which we can hardly realise by looking behind us on them. We are turning back, as it were, along the broad path of history, and by seeing with our own eyes the scenes we have often tried to look at through old books darkly blurred with ignorance and prejudice, we get at more clear notions of and sympathy with those bygone times, when men from whom we are descended—who were of like passions with our-

(1) "Man and his Dwelling Place." James Hinton.

selves, nor inferior in intellect—yet firmly held beliefs which their posterity rejects with utter contempt, and conscientiously did deeds which we now regard with horror and amazement.

All that we English need do is to keep the peace and clear the way. Our vocation just now is to mount guard over India during the transitional period which must soon follow, much as we used to station a company of soldiers to keep order at Jugunnâth's festival in the days of the astute old East India Company. Jugunnâth himself may be safely left exposed to the rising tide of that intellectual advancement which the people must certainly work out for themselves if they only keep peace and have patience. No doubt this negative attitude, this standing aloof, is for our Government a position delicate and insecure as to the base of it. For some time to come we shall be holding millions of excitable superstitious Asiatics by their material interests only, with little or no claim on their affections, and none on their religious convictions. A *régime* thus founded has been declared by high authority to be radically unstable.¹ We have not yet sailed out of the region of religious storms in India; and though spiritual enthusiasm may be gradually subsiding in fervour, yet it may also tend to combine and organize its forces, as polytheism melts down and concentrates. Against such impulses, among men who will still die for a rule of faith, as our forefathers did so often, material considerations must occasionally avail nothing at all. But there is, at any rate, one gospel which the English can preach and practise in India, the gospel of high political morality, which, because it is a complete novelty and new light among Asiatic rulers, should for that reason be the characteristic note of our administration; and to maintain it we may risk much misunderstanding of motive. We must even endure temporary loss of that prestige, whatever it may be worth, which is to be maintained by upholding a blunder once committed, and by stooping to the untrained public opinion which would applaud it. We cannot undertake in any way the spiritual direction of Hindus; but neither are we prepared to take lessons from them upon questions of public morality. A certain line of conduct may be congenial to the notions of native princes or people; but our governors and chief rulers go to India, not to be taught by Maharâjas, but to teach their duty to them, and to instruct the consciences of half-barbarous communities.

Finally, I trust that all reflecting and far-sighted natives of that class which we are rapidly training up in large towns to political knowledge and social freedom will perceive that England's prime

(1) "Une expérience décisive a maintenant prouvé l'instabilité nécessaire de tout régime purement matériel, fondé seulement sur des intérêts, indépendamment des affections et des convictions."—Comte, *Cours de Philosophie*.

function in India is at present this, to superintend the tranquil elevation of the whole moral and intellectual sea-level. Those who are interested in such a change in the ethics of their country, in "broadening the realms of the known and the true," must see how ruinously premature it is to quarrel with the English Government upon details of administration, or even upon what are called constitutional questions. The peculiar crisis and conjuncture of Indian affairs at the end of the last century brought out one supremely strong government by the same pressure of circumstances which has struck out the type of all empires. A modern empire means the maintenance of order by the undisputed predominance of one all-powerful member of a federation; and where representative assemblies, in the English sense of the term, are impossible, it is the best machine for collecting public opinion over a wide area among dissociated communities. It is the most efficient instrument of comprehensive reforms in law and government, and the most powerful engine whereby one confessedly superior race can control and lead other races left without nationality or a working social organization. It breaks up the antipathies, narrowness, and exclusive antagonism which always check the growth of earlier civilisations, and which have hitherto lain like rusty fetters on India. If ever the imperial system was necessary and fitted to a time and country, it is to India as we now see it.

A. C. LYALL.

THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

The Latin Peoples: Italy and Spain.

III.

ITALY.

FRANCE exerts a powerful influence over the peoples of the two peninsulas beyond the Alps and the Pyrenees. All three peoples—French, Italian, and Spanish—are united in their humanitarian spirit by contiguity of territory, and are one in the Latin race and blood. Consequently our ideas are analogous, our movements simultaneous, our revolutions mutually contagious. But the spirit of all Italian policy in the present century, and especially the impulses of republicanism, are invariably connected with that cause which fills with enthusiasm the hearts of all the inhabitants of the peninsula—the cause of independence. The Croats on the fertile plains of Lombardy and the beautiful lagoons of Venice, their guns mounted on the fortresses of such patriotic cities as Verona, Mantua, and Peschiera, their lieutenants commanding in Modena, in Parma, even in the Attic Florence; the genius of the Bourbons, inherited from the ancient Spanish domination, converting into prisons those sunny regions bathed by the classic waves of the Tyrrhene sea, and illuminated by the inspiring sun of Magna Græcia; the pontificate in Rome, which through its universal ministry and its cosmopolitan authority is always bringing foreign intervention to Italy—all these historic misfortunes filled the Italians with a despair whose echoes are felt in the stanzas of her poetry and the cadences of her music, tinged with such a sadness that you seem to hear in them, as in the lamentations of the prophet, the sob of an entire people.

The fate of Italy has interested us always, and always will interest us, like our own fate. From the soil of Italy our own bones are made. From the tables of the prætors comes our law; and the language which we speak is the sonorous echo of that which resounded in the tribune of the Rostra. The temple in which our first prayers ascend is a shadow of the universal catholic spirit of Rome. Our poetry was suckled at the breast of Italy, and our arts of colouring and design sprang, like Venus from her shell, from the Italian palette. All nations owe something to the Italian—France, the teaching of St. Thomas for her philosophers and of Cellini for her artists; Germany, the thought of Giordano Bruno, who appears like an anticipation of the German genius; Spain, the inspiration of Christopher Columbus, who created worlds, like the Divine word. Nevertheless

all nations have oppressed her, forced her to adorn our palaces, to tinge our robes with her colours, to delight us with her song, and have compelled the divinity of her arts to do us service, as if the Italians had always to play in the modern world the part of the Greeks in the ancient imperial world—our masters, but still our slaves.

But Italy, nevertheless, did not lose her great spirit and her dignity of mind and heart. All the revelations of her nature—music, sculpture, letters, philosophy, and law—were consecrated to the vindication of her personality and independence. Her politics more than anything else were tinged by this universal aspiration, and especially her republican policy. A people which has lived so long and with such glory as Italy never renounces its traditions. Therefore Italian republicanism has something of the ancient savour, something of the classic spirit. Its men have been chiefly inspired by the men of Plutarch. There is in them the same sacrifice of private to public virtues, of conscience to country. Conspiracy appears to them the permanent state of the mind while tyranny continues. Tyrannicide becomes a dogma. There is no code, human or divine, for these classic tribunes which could protect a wretch capable of subjugating his country, of invading the domestic hearth, of persecuting the family, of taking from the eyes of the people the light of their native heaven, and of attacking, like hyenas, the remains of past generations. Thus in the Italian democracy you will encounter many who have taken for their model that ancient patrician, the descendant of those who abolished the monarchy in Rome, the disciple of Cato, the master of Cassius, the husband of Portia, student of the Platonic dialogues which breathe the sentiment of immortality, discreet in his language, resolute in his actions, capable of killing a tyrant even though he were his own benefactor, and of taking his own life on that clear and starry night of Philippi in which he lost the hope of seeing liberty once more in Rome. I do not think that Brutus exceeded in stoicism the Italian patriots who, blinded by their love of the republic, went to Paris and attacked the Emperor, and then died cheerfully, invoking the name of their country, as if the guillotine were the altar where they wedded immortality.

Among a people educated in this way, all the great revolutionary movements of modern generations have necessarily remarkable influence. The first French revolution dazzled the thinkers, but did not attract the masses. The French ideas, like a great deluge, rose above the Alps and overflowed the soil of Italy. Napoleon, who delivered the Venetian republic to Austria, founded the Cisalpine republic. The French troops marched through the centre and the south of Italy, restored the ancient republic in Rome, and founded anew that austere form of government in the sensual Parthenope. The people

rose in excitement and in indignation, because the French ideas were contrary to their historic beliefs, irreverent to their idols and to their temples. But the minds inspired by the energetic poetry of Alfieri, educated in classic memories, republicans by necessity in that land where even history and nature are republican, saw with regret that they could not found a true democracy which had for its support the foreigner, and for its enemy the people. Therefore when the hand of the French was lifted from Italy to engrave the name of Bonaparte on the Pyramids, the reaction came, covering the peninsula with gibbets; and while the skeletons still dangled from the scaffolds, the Russians, commanded by the savage Suwarrow, descended to the fertile plains, eager for booty, thirsting for blood, breathing fire and slaughter, like a fantastic resurrection of those legions of Attila which spread terror through decrepit Rome in its long and terrible agony. And worse than these evils was the fate of Italy, drifting in the current like a dead body—Austrian in the first thirteen months of reaction, republican again when Napoleon was consul, monarchical again when Napoleon became emperor and assumed the Lombard crown in the cathedral of Milan, converted into a viceroyalty for the stepson of the emperor, into the patrimony first of one and then of another Bonaparte, until she sent submissively her pope to Paris to pour the sacred oil on the brow of the conqueror, and her sons to all the fields of Napoleon's battles to shed their blood for the conqueror and against her own cause, to fall at last under the yoke of the Holy Alliance, to be beaten and buffeted.

The people became prisoners, the kings gaolers. Universal discord ensued between rulers and ruled. The foreigner had made Italy prisoner, and the hope of independence had vanished like a dream. Illustrious travellers from all countries traversed the beautiful region, inspiring themselves in its ancient memories, tasting its eternal pleasures. In their songs and in their books these travellers, who were called Lamartine, Byron, Stendhal, compared the glorious Italy of old with the servile Italy of the present. The Greek, Ugo Foscolo, in verses of such relief that they appear like sculpture—a work worthy the chisel of his country—showed all the Italian glories reduced to ashes and shadows of sepulchres. Shame inflamed the cheeks of the patriots. Literature became one eternal elegy; music, inspired by the longing for liberty, a lasting lamentation. Only the *Miserere* of Palestrina could express such grief, or the prayer of the Israelites of Rossini, invoking the God of liberty to put an end to their captivity. When the traveller visited the museums, and saw among the glories of Florence the group of despairing Niobe encircled by her children, slain by invisible and mysterious darts, he said, involuntarily, "This is the image of Italy!"

Here and there was found a writer of such patient temperament as

to preach resignation in the midst of captivity: but the Italian democracy, glowing in wrath and shame, preached only action. Even while their work in the eye of the law was a crime, the democrats were consulting in secret. The Carbonari dated from the time of Murat. Organized in taverns, composed at first of twenty conspirators, and extended throughout the peninsula, and even into other nations, by mysterious hierarchies, they pledged themselves to punish apostasy with death, and to die themselves, if it were necessary, to bring back the Christian republic to the oppressed nation. From these arose the Adelphi, the Republican Protectors, and the Ausonians, who were the boldest of all, proclaiming that the sovereignty resided in the totality of the citizens; that the liberty of the individual had for its limit only the same liberty for others; that no difference of rights was created by difference of state and condition; that the official religion should be abolished, leaving the spirit free to create, and speech free to diffuse, faith; that twenty-one sovereign states should compose Italy, and govern themselves by a central assembly as a perfect republic. If with these ideas were mingled some strange and fantastical ones, like the patriarchate of the pope and the election of archbishops by the people, we find an explanation of these in the special historical traditions of Italy. The foundation of these doctrines, in which a great portion of the republicans existing to-day in Italy have been educated, was the purest and most perfect democracy.

While the new ideas were formulated in this manner, and resources were gathering to realise them, the revolution of 1820 broke out in Spain. This revolution had a great echo in Italy. Piedmont in the north, Naples in the south, demanded the Spanish constitution. This revolution quickly passed away, crushed by the Croats, and as no legitimate movement of the people is wholly lost, in spite of the failure of this revolution the spark once kindled remained alive in the Hellenic peninsula, which gave liberty and independence to Greece. But the present century is the century of revolutions. As soon as an apparently powerful reaction is accomplished, it is succeeded by progressive and revolutionary action. Ideas have their ebb and flow like the waters of the ocean; but in every one of these oscillations there is an advance. After the reaction of 1823 came the action of 1830, and in the light of these revolutionary ideas is seen clearly revealed the essentially republican genius of Italy. The man who has sustained this idea with most fervour, and has organized it with most power, is the immortal Mazzini.

Let us pause a moment in the presence of this man, who personifies an age. His appearance had something of the sacerdotal. His worship of ideas had given him a strange and mystic aspect in manner, face, and speech. At first sight you would judge, from his gentle,

affable, and yet ascetic manner, the ideal light of his eyes, and the saintly smile of his lips, and from the visible traces of grief and of combat in his face, that he was some missionary who had wasted his life in turning rebellious souls to heaven—something of sadness and wounds received in the battle of disenchained elements and fiery human passions, but, mingled with this, resignation to his martyrdom, and a disposition, if need be, to renew that martyrdom.

I remember having seen him in a humble house in London, in a modest apartment, full of books and engravings of the monuments of Italy. It was the 10th of June, 1868. When I saw that aged man, weak, withered, nervous, showing in his broad forehead space for ideas, and in his searching glance the fire of passion still, but modest even to humility, and spiritualist even to mysticism, I could scarcely comprehend how many times he had troubled the sleep of the kings of the world, though guarded by courtiers and armies.

He was entirely without pretension or affectation. His ordinary dress was of black, and a wide silk cravat, black also, left no linen visible. Over his coat and waistcoat flowed his thin white beard. His complexion was clear but pale; his lips, imperfectly concealed by a moustache, were fine and shrewd. His forehead was high, broad, and round, like those of the great figures of Raphael of Urbino. In its wrinkles you saw where the lash of the tempest had scarred it, and in its shadows you perceived where the weight of thought had oppressed it. The soul is most clearly seen in the eyes—profound, melancholy, inspired, luminous, changing in expression with the course of ideas in conversation, and shedding their serene and fervid light over the austere face. And the eyes were in perfect harmony with the musical speech, full of emotion, which flattered your sense of hearing with its sadness, like a melody of Bellini's, fit organ for those ideas in which at each instant the name of the country is mingled with the name of God. He has been compared to Robespierre; but Mazzini cannot be understood if you separate him from the land where he was born, and to whose liberty he has consecrated his life. Ideas are absolute, and to that extent independent of all time and place. But ideas are coloured by sentiments, and in sentiments you find something of the land which has nourished them, as you find lime in the vine and phosphate in the wheat. The soul of Mazzini had been nourished by the sap and the juice of Italy. It is thus that he united the worship of ideas with enthusiasm for action,—an inner spiritualism with a plastic and artistic aptitude, somewhat sensuous and external; the Christian spirit which believes in God and in redemption, which sees the angels establishing communication between heaven and earth, between creatures and the Creator, with all the ancient spirit, severe, rigid, full of the republican and patriotic sentiment, capable of all sacrifices for its classic ideal, even to the sacrifice of conscience and name, like

Brutus and Cato. He had absorbed the ideas of Italy as our bodies absorb the atoms of the planet. Italy is his Beatrice and his Laura. He loves her with all the loves, he respects and venerates her like a mother, he corrects and educates her like a daughter, and he adores her like a mistress. It may be said that she was his only wife, the only companion of his existence, and the only muse of his genius. Thus Mazzini is, like Italy, the child of Greece; like Italy, a believer in the historical superiority of his race; like Italy, a pagan in his worship of the classic speech and form; like Italy, democratic, deist, spiritualist, Christian; like Italy, a Guelph, if the popes had given her liberty, a Ghibeline when the kings are soldiers of independence; like Italy, a dreamer, with faith in miracles, with Utopian hopes, penitent if prayer and penitence serve his work, a conspirator, a Machiavel; capable of believing in magic and of invoking the devil, like Italy in her desperation, but always great, always heroic, always inspired—a sublime mingling of tribune, of priest, of prophet, and always republican.

As Mazzini had seen how the barbarians and foreigners, restrained in the fifth century by the voice of the popes, have fallen in modern times upon Rome, upon Italy, at the summons of the popes, he execrated their temporal authority, their poisonous influence, their anti-Italian policy, their Asiatic theocracy; but he did not interfere with the faith of the people. He knew how it consoles in adversity, how it sustains in the laborious struggle of life, how it unites the past generation with the present in worship and in prayer, how it fills the spirit of the peasantry of Italy, forced to believe in something supernatural by everything which surrounds them, and he had no thought of persecuting, or even of opposing the historical religion of his country. He left to time, and to the slow but sure virtue of ideas, to preaching and discussion, the divine ministry of enlightening the understanding, of elevating the heart, of substituting for the pagan foundation of vulgar faith something more spiritual, of raising up the pure and luminous idea of God in the conscience, with splendours like those which the sun scatters on summer mornings through the heavens and the seas of his beautiful Italy.

The great Italian patriot added one important idea to these fundamental ones. In his opinion, as in that of the ancient Romans, as in that of the modern Catholics, unity is before all, and above all. He desired to see Italy one, governed by central assemblies, a strong and powerful unitary republic. Federalism is, in his conception, an idea propagated by the French, to diminish the moral value and impair the political authority of neighbouring nations. Federalism, in the conception of Mazzini, is the same as dismemberment. According to him, there are no federal traditions in his country. The cities nearest each other are the most hostile. Genoa has always hated Turin,

Padua Venice, Brescia Milan, Bologna Rome, Florence Pisa. You need not have told him that Italy is great and wise, that she retains high artistic inspirations, the diadem of her glory; that she radiates a light of science which is the honour of her genius, and that she owes all this to her federal character. The palaces of Genoa, crowded with riches, and her mercantile inventions; the marvels of Venice, spread like works of Eastern magic along her canals and lagoons; Pisa, with her cathedral and her Campo Santo, her baptistery and her leaning tower, revealing how commerce and navigation were tributary to the arts; Florence, the new Athens, with her severe edifices and beautiful statues, those prodigies of art which history never wearies of admiring, nor genius of studying—all this luminous wake of ideas, of poetry, diffused by Italy through the human spirit, has been the work of that immense variety which was so rich and fruitful in the middle ages, and which promises her now a new life in the future republican federation. To this Mazzini replied, that in Italy there are municipal traditions—traditions which it is well to preserve and amplify—but that there are no federal traditions. The genius of Mazzini was wholly Italian, even in its defects. He remembered that the ancient nations bore the seal with which Italy had marked them, were her tributaries through this genius of Roman unity, and that modern nations have been, and that some still are, in conscience, in religion, and in worship, provinces of Rome, because the popes have inherited the unitary and cosmopolitan spirit of the Tribunes and the Cæsars.

I do not share these ideas with Mazzini, for I have been, and always shall be, federal; but I shall never cease to love and admire him. The title of friend with which he honoured me is one of the gratifications of my life. Mazzini only lived for his idea. He insisted that Italy would be free and united when sorrow and despair had taken possession of every mind. He organized its legions of youths who only loved liberty, and who for liberty alone fought and died with antique heroism and calm. He succeeded in keeping alive the hopes of his race in writings which had something of the Greek harangues, and something also of the Christian apologies. He sustained against Naples, Austria, Spain, France, at the head of the Roman republic, the attack of the fratricidal legions of France. He gave himself no rest from preaching his idea and diffusing it among all peoples, organizing its partisans with such faith and such constancy, that he gained over to the cause of Italian independence and unity even kings and emperors. His idea has triumphed in part, and he has not triumphed. The gates of the beloved home of his soul were opened for all but him. The proscribed were indebted to him for their country, and yet for him there was no country. Those corpses, Venice, Milan, and Rome, have arisen from their graves. Italy has returned to a life full of joy, and Mazzini

saw her fall into the arms of kings, with that grief with which a lover sees his mistress, his muse, his star, his ideal, in the arms of another. Mazzini refused to enter Rome because the republic could not go with him. Dearly as he loved his country, he loved his idea more. His life wasted away, and was extinguished before his ideal is lighted anew in the mind of his race. But Italy will be without heart unless she gathers up the ashes of her hero, unless she warms them with her kisses, and waters them with her tears, unless she deposits them in a marble mausoleum worthy of the heart of the prophet, and bears them to some one of those shrines where all who think and feel go as in pilgrimage, to the basilica of Venice, to Santa Croce of Florence, to the cemetery of Pisa, to the cathedral of Genoa or Milan, to the brow of the Aventine, to the base of Posilippo, where all people may read that these cold ashes were the immortal germ of modern Italy.

To our eyes, as we have said before, the grave fault of Mazzini consists in giving undue power to the state, and absorbing unity to the nation. But in a country so rich in ideas as Italy there can be no lack of federal tendencies. These have been collected into a system set forth in vigorous arguments by a great philosopher, a writer of original thought and attractive style, Ferrari. As the unitary republican lived only for action, the federal republican has lived only for thought. The former was always a conspirator, and the latter always a professor. Mazzini belonged all his life to the transcendental philosophy, which beyond conditional and relative existence sees the absolute, beyond the organism the spirit, beyond the universe God, beyond the natural code the code of Providence; while Ferrari always belonged to the human, immediate philosophy which follows the course of ideas, contradictions, and their synthesis, which studies nature and its laws, society and its life, without taking thought of what extension ideas, nature, reason, and life may gain in other spheres, in wider heavens. Mazzini never renounced the fundamental basis of Christian dogmas; and Ferrari has always believed that Christianity is a phase of the human spirit in eclipse, and that its saints, its priests, and its popes have only served to pervert the reason by a mass of superstitions, and to make of nature a deluding poem of magic. In the days in which Mazzini most needed popularity, he most strongly opposed socialism; and Ferrari, who never asked nor needed popularity, being a man of thought and not of action, of science and not of politics, of the university and not of the assembly, sees at the base of all human revolutions, as in the ancient revolutions of Rome, an agrarian law.

Nevertheless, the social philosophy of Ferrari has something in it of the destructive and fatalist. It seems written against Utopia, and, as Proudhon thought, against the influence of ideal systems in social

life. The world is not ruled, according to Ferrari, either by ideas or by justice or right. It is ruled through more mechanical laws, by more material forces, by controversies, by wars, by a continual, universal, simultaneous revolution, in which castes, theocracies, heroes, philosophers, redeemers, popes, military aristocracies, consuls, alcaldes, emancipators, kings, revolutionary democracies, generations opposed in beliefs and ideas, succeed each other like seasons on the earth, like phases in the moon. In spite of these ideas, which there is no occasion at this moment to discuss, the honour of Ferrari consists in having demonstrated in the history of Italy the fruitfulness of municipal life, and in the history of the world the virtue of federalism. He carried this idea from the club to the university, from the university to parliament, and boldly sustained it when Italy was giving herself up with most abandonment to her worship of unity. And, in fact, the republican federal cities have always been the teachers of science and of progress. The tribes of Israel in Asia, the Greek cities in the morning of European history, the Hellenic colonies which came up like two choruses of sibyls on either shore of the Mediterranean, the Latin municipalities, the Italian republics in the middle ages (which are like the museums and the academy of the human race), the states of Holland and the cantons of Switzerland, the Hanseatic cities of Germany, free and federal America, have given us the metaphysical ideas and the moral law in which humanity is to be educated, the chisel with which we have carved our statues, the palette from which painting has risen, the philosophic and natural sciences, poetry and music, civil law and political rights, the end of slavery and the beginning of independent life, religious liberty and the invention of printing, the compass which has subjugated the seas, and the telescope which has widened the heavens, fundamental human right, and the government of society by its natural and proper laws, steam and electricity, which are to unite on the face of the earth under the ideal of justice all peoples in one universal federation, which shall embrace the human spirit, free, luminous, and entire, like the glory of God in the universe.

But, unfortunately, in Italy the federation, the republic, have not prevailed, and will not for a long time prevail. Nevertheless, there is not in the world a people where democracy, where the republic, has such illustrious defenders. In the sphere of thought, Mazzini, Ferrari, are universally known and admired. Tommaseo, a great writer, Guerrazzi, the great novelist, Montanelli, a great poet, have not thought it enough to write and inflame the hearts, and dazzle the consciences, and open the eyes of the people to new horizons of thought and of faith; in Venice and in Florence they have gone to the fields of battle, have fought and bled like martyrs of liberty, have passed their lives in the conspiracies of secret societies, in the storms of

opposition, in the serious work of governing, in prison cells, in the bitterness of exile, sustained by the ideal of the republic, and by love of country. In the pure sphere of art Leopardi has cultivated the love of liberty, comparing the antique power of conquering Rome with the decay of conquered Italy. Nicolini has presented in Arnold of Brescia liberty of thought, and the democratic republic rising on the ruins of Rome.

And if from the sphere of art we descend to that of action, none have known better than the Italians the art of organizing republican societies. The Carbonari spread themselves throughout the world. Young Italy created immortal legions of the defenders of justice. Every city produced men of action—Nice, Garibaldi; Venice, Manin; Naples, Poerio; Florence, Dolfi. Movements succeeded each other without interruption, as if to show the tenacity of a race which has been called artistic, impressionable, nervous, frivolous. In 1820 and 1821, the revolution of Naples and Sicily; afterwards the revolution of Piedmont. The ideas of Spain passed like a breeze of hope over collapsed Italy. After 1830, the audacious expedition of Mazzini to Savoy, the insurrection of Parma and Modena, the successive risings among the indomitable cities of the Romagna; later, although the effort was hopeless, the revolutionists came from the cantons of the Ticino, from Africa, from the Greek islands, to kiss the soil of their country, and raise anew the banner of emancipation, watering it with their blood. In 1848, a general movement. New ideas appeal to all consciences. The ancient valour is born again in all hearts. The transfiguration of the pontificate in Pius IX. is succeeded by great commotion in Leghorn, and a radical revolution in Sicily. At the cry of the republic in Paris, it seemed as if past generations woke in their graves, resuscitated by liberty. Milan fought heroically, and drove out the Austrians. Venice established herself in the lagoons, and pronounced anew the name of the republic, the powerful talisman of her glory. Piedmont put the sword in the hands of her kings, and hurled them against Austria. Genoa remembered that with the republic she had been rich, and powerful, and free. The air of the new ideas agitated commercial Leghorn, and breathed life into Pisa. Florence repelled her archdukes, and convoked her ancient assemblies to proclaim the form of government to which she owed her splendour in history; while the Roman spirit ceased to be that *ignis fatuus* flitting over sepulchres, and wrote with the new light upon her monuments, abandoned by the pontiffs, two sublime words which all Italy saluted in chorus—God and the People.

Yet, to-day, the nation appears resigned to monarchy. Two especial features of Italy give us the key to this extraordinary situation. Who does not remember Venice? Reared on the shifting sands of the lagoons, changing like the soil of inundation, and with

indefatigable labour presenting her contributions to the culture of the world; inhabited by the Latins, who fled from the irruptions of Attila, and by Greeks who fled from the despotism of Byzantium and the scimitar of the Turks; situated at the intersection of the Grecian, the German, and the Roman world; seated on the Italian peninsula at the gates of the East, like an Attic sibyl at the door of an Asiatic temple, hearing all the mysteries of the cradle of religions, and engraving them on the tablets of her archives; the hospitable asylum of the greatest geniuses of the Renaissance, and of the sages who brought from the ancient cities of the past the secrets of plastic art; the factory of commerce, and the school of intelligences, surrounded by her girdle of islands, each of which paid the tribute of its inspiration; devoted to labour in the middle ages, when the rest of the world was given up to the discipline of cloisters; served by navies of gilded ships, which bore in their hulls the products of all regions, and in their swelling sails the breath of all ideas; with the Adriatic at her front, the verdant fields around her, the snowy Alps at her back; furrowed by canals filled with the swelling waves of the sea; adorned with marvels of architecture, from the fantasies of the Arab chisels to the severity of the Greek columns, from the Byzantine arches which seem implanted in the earth for an eternity to the cathedral spires which appear eternally aspiring to heaven; with its arts, with its riches, with its lagoons traversed by squadrons, and its canals traversed by gondolas—Venice is the most privileged city of the earth, a Greek siren and an Asiatic priestess, queen and labourer, poet and merchant, the reflection of the ancient world and the wonder of the modern, the shrine of all generations who seek inspiration in the study of past ages, and the mysteries of poetry breathed forth like an aromatic essence from its history.

One of the greatest glories of Venice was Manin. He founded the republic in 1848. Honest as the human conscience itself, he proposed to realise good results by good means, to accomplish a revolution without excesses. His character, tempered in the great ideas of justice, succeeded in keeping the republic free from stain. When others believed that for the national defence it was necessary to deliver Venice to the King of Piedmont, Manin left the government. When the King of Piedmont ceded Venice to Austria, Manin took possession of the government anew for the defence of the republic, and sustained against victorious Austria a heroic siege, which posterity will count among the glories of the immortal city. The name of Manin was indissolubly united with the republic. Manin was at heart opposed to the house of Savoy, but in exile, under the sad and leaden sky of Paris, afflicted by home-sickness, and by the sorrow of his daughter Amelia, dying of a broken heart, Manin insisted that the country was above everything, and that it was necessary to unite

it even though republicans did violence to their principles in placing themselves at the orders of the kings of Piedmont.

The same line of conduct was followed by Garibaldi, the type of abnegation and heroism, the soldier of liberty in America, the navigator who made the waters of the Plata famous by his exploits, defender of Rome, and leader of the immortal retreat to Venice, the partisan of the Alps, the conqueror of Palermo and of Naples, the sublime peasant and pilot who, holding a crown in his hands, threw it at the feet of the king, and retired to his solitary island in the Mediterranean, only to come forth when he considered it necessary to fight, alone or in company, in his own or a foreign land, never looking at obstacles nor counting enemies, inflexible as duty, simple as genius, for the two ideas which have been the religion of his glorious life—for humanity and his country.

But will it be possible for Italy to abandon finally the cause of the republic? I do not believe it. Her political genius led her to see that independence could only be gained by alliances, that alliances could only be accomplished through diplomacy, and that she could only enter into the field of diplomacy by means of the monarchy. In one of the discourses pronounced by me in the Spanish Cortes in regard to Italian policy, I spoke in the following language of the industry with which Italy has sought the alliance of all powers and all nations to establish her liberty and her independence, and regain the supremacy lost at the beginning of modern history: "Beatrice vanishing in heaven; the beautiful Laura for whom genius has sighed; the Juliet dead on her bed of marble, and garlanded with her bridal wreath; even the plaintive cadences which have fallen from the golden lyres of her great singers, Bellini, Palestrina, who seem like the poets of nostalgia, are the various forms which Italy has taken to seduce the world—a poor Antigone who goes weeping from door to door to find nourishment for the *Œdipus* of the peoples, the king blind and dethroned; Italy, who drags herself to the feet of all the powerful, being prematurely rationalist with Arnold of Brescia, Catholic and papal with Alexander III. and with Julius II., imperialist and German with Henry V. and Frederick II., French with Charles VIII. and Louis XII., Spanish with Peter III. and Alphonso V.; penitent, monastic, mystic, and martyr with Savonarola; pagan, venomous, and sensual with the Estes and the Borgias; Athenian, artistic, with Leo X.; criminal, without conscience, without justice, ready for every imaginable atrocity, with Machiavel; Guelph or Ghibeline according to her hopes; commercial, Jewish, grasping, with the Medici; warlike and quarrelsome with the Orsini, with the Colonnas, and their condottieri; enemy of the Reformation, because the Reformation elevated the German race, and friend of the Jesuits, because the Jesuits assured her, through the Papacy, the

supremacy over all nations ; classic and courtly in the reign of Louis XIV. ; the foe and the flatterer of all nations ; firm in faith, yet worshipping the cruel principle of the reason of state ; devoted at once to recalling the pagan memories for the restoration of her sovereignty, and prostrating herself before Madonnas to seek some consolation in her slavery ; diplomatic after Westphalia, republican after '93 ; following Napoleon with her legions to see her sons die upon foreign soil and in a foreign cause ; surrendering herself to the Sanfedists or the Carbonari, to the pope or the king, the dukes or their vassals, to any one capable of relieving her captivity."

But Italy has entered into the rank of independent nations. Her resurrection is the miracle of the century, as the resurrection of Lazarus was the miracle of the Gospel. In every one of the European conflicts Italy has regained something of her mutilated territory. In the conflict between Russia and the East she obtained the right of bringing her complaints before the congress of Europe. In the conflict between France and Austria she gained the Milanese ; in the conflict between Prussia and Austria, Venetia ; in the conflict between France and Prussia, the climax of her nationality, the crown of her independence, the eternal Rome. Will she be contented with this ? Will so great a nation be satisfied to remain merely a modest constitutional monarchy, living for herself, separated from the world, and shut up in her egotism ? No : it is not for themselves alone that her sons have fought, have filled the fortresses of the North, have eaten the bitter bread of exile, have died by thousands in the fields, in the mountain passes, where the bones of her martyrs are still whitening. Italy, which has done so much for the human race in slavery, in dismemberment, and in prison—is she to do nothing in liberty and in independence ? She will not justify in this way the idea of those who imagined she was fit only for singing—who said that it was necessary to take from her her independence, that she might sing better, as it is said the Greeks pressed out the eyes of nightingales to make their songs more melancholy and inspired.

Italy once aspired to the supremacy over all nations, and aspired to this by means of the pontificate. It is evident that her high æsthetic education, which is gained even by cross-roads and street corners, gives her a position in the modern world analogous to that of Greece in the ancient world. If Italy would only reflect that it was she who gave civil unity to ancient society, and spiritual unity to modern society—if, extending her eyes over her soil, she would survey that multitude of achievements which were like a ladder where humanity has ascended to marvellous transfigurations, she cannot but be convinced that it is now necessary to essay the confederation of the human race ; and to commence this work she must now begin and build one of its foundations, the Latin Federation,

which can only be accomplished through one idea—liberty ; through one power—democracy ; through one government—the republic.

IV.

SPAIN.

At this day one of the nations most fitted for the federation is our Spain. Undoubtedly, when the Spanish genius is studied, we do not find the æsthetic brilliancy of the Italian, nor the sudden inspiration of the French, but we do find moral elevation of character, fervent enthusiasm for ideas, tenacity of effort, obstinacy in combat. The Spanish genius never distrusts itself. It has never fallen into discouragement, much less into despair. The word impossible seems erased from its dictionary. Its degeneration has been great, but not irremediable. When it seems lost for ever, it suddenly wakes and dazzles the world. It certainly appeared at the close of the middle ages broken, destroyed by its feudal wars ; but it immediately conquered Europe and discovered America. All considered it dethroned at the end of the seventeenth century, lost in bigotry and witchcraft ; but shortly afterwards it again astonished the world with its audacity. Napoleon thought that he had only to stretch out his hand to take possession of the corpse of the dead nation. He attempted it, but burned his hand with the fire of Bailen, of Saragossa, and Gerona. There is everything to fear of the Spanish people in reaction, but there is everything to hope of the Spanish people in liberty and democracy.

We do not have the same republican traditions as those possessed by Italy and France. Our people, always at war, have always needed a chief, and this chief required not only the sword of the soldier to fight, but the sceptre of the monarch to rule. Notwithstanding this ancient monarchical character, there are regions which have been saved from the monarchy, and which have preserved their democracy and their republic. There still exist in the north provinces possessed of an autonomy and an independence which give them points of resemblance to the Swiss cantons. The citizens give neither tribute nor blood to the kings. Their firesides are as sacred from the invasion of authority as those of the English or of the Americans. Every town is a republic, or governed by a council elected by the citizens at the summons of the church-bell. When the time fixed by their constitution arrives, the representatives of the towns come together in the shade of the secular trees of liberty, vote taxes, draw up or amend the laws, name new officers and withdraw the old ones, with the calmness and moderation of a people accustomed to govern themselves in the midst of the agitations of liberty.

And we not only have these living examples of democracy, but

we have also democratic traditions—traditions which we may call republican. Our Cortes of Castile succeeded frequently in expelling the ecclesiastical and aristocratic estates from their sessions. Our Cortes of Aragon attained such power that they named the government of their kings, and obtained fixed days for their sessions. Navarre was a species of republic more or less aristocratic, presided over by a king more or less respected. And the Castilian municipalities were in the middle ages true democratic republics. All the citizens came to council, they elected the *alcaldes*, and alternated on the jury. They guarded their rights of realty in which the servitude of the tenantry was extinguished. They all bore arms in the militia, all held safely guarded the liberties indispensable to life, and they founded together the brotherhood which defended these against feudalism, and which was a genuine federation of *plebeians*.

What is really remarkable in Spain is, that it has always possessed an energetic people, strong enough sometimes to impose its errors upon its government, and at other times its elevated spirit and resistless heroism. This people has, like the Greek, its epic, its theatre, inspired by the sentiments of its heart, illuminated by the ideas of its intellect, with all its defects, but at the same time with all its exaggerated grandeur. It is true that its extravagance of sentiment led it to be the champion of Catholicism when Catholicism was decaying in the world, and to persecute the Reformation when the Reformation was renewing the human conscience, and to extirpate the liberty of thought when without it the development of reason was impossible, and to fight Holland and England at the very moment when these two nations were serving with the greatest zeal the progress of modern civilisation. But these very sentiments will one day serve liberty with the same ardour. It perhaps becomes enamoured of new ideas later than other nations, but it will love them longer. What is certain is the complete extinction of the monarchical sentiment in the Spanish people. How, ask the minds which are astonished at these sudden transformations—how can so constant a people have so changed? We are in the habit of attributing the death of institutions to attacks and impulses from without, when, in fact, institutions die through decomposition within. At the beginning of the century monarchical faith had diminished in the popular conscience, and the respect for the monarchy had suffered in our hearts. The scandals of the court taught the people that kings had lost the moral superiority which is the life and soul of political superiority. An insurrection irreverently attacked the palaces of the kings, and forced them to shameful abdication. The mutiny of Aranjuez really put an end to the absolute monarchy which began in the unfortunate reaction against the communes. Afterwards,

when the people began and carried on the greatest of their undertakings, the war of independence, the king was absent, converted into a courier of the conqueror, congratulating him on victories gained against his own subjects, and licking his spurs wet with Spanish blood. The king returned, thanks to the valour of the people, who carried their patriotism to the point of suicide. He returned to oppress the patriots who redeemed him, and to call to his aid the foreigners who had captured him. Proscriptions followed, executions, and a universal reaction, in which the most illustrious in the Peninsula were sacrificed with a cruelty and savagery equal to that of Nero and Tiberius. The crowned monster left us his offspring, and intrusted the cradle of his child to the liberty which he had violently persecuted. For seven years the civil war continued—seven years in which we fought for a terrible delusion: the alliance of modern liberty with the ancient throne of the Bourbons. But these princes, like the Stuarts whose history is repeated in all reactionary dynasties, in the war of independence were the allies of the foreigners, and in the civil wars the allies of reaction, always hostile to our nationality and our liberties. It is difficult for the people to learn abstract ideas, but they acquire with facility the lessons of experience. When they had fought for the country they found their kings against them, and they found their kings against them when they had established their liberty. The revolution of 1820, the revolution of 1836, the revolution of 1840, the revolution of 1854, the revolution of 1868, appear to be some against ministries and others against dynasties; but when carefully examined in the motives which impelled them, in the idea which inspired them, in the sentiments which animated and sustained them, it is seen that they are in reality revolutions directed against the monarchy and the monarchs.

When a form of government is decaying, the society which survives forms a new system which incarnates and realises its ideas. While, therefore, the monarchical sentiment is being extinguished, the republican sentiment is growing. Flashes of this idea shine brilliantly in all the movements of the century. Already there is a journal published in Teruel, a flying sheet printed in Cadiz. Strong and toilsome Barcelona holds ever since 1848 formidable forces at the service of the republic. Its clamours in favour of a central junta become in succeeding years instinctive clamours for federalism. From time to time in the Cortes of the Statute, as in the subsequent Cortes, the word republic bursting from the lips of some impulsive orator is received with excited murmurs. The city of Figueras founds at this time the political school directed by a man of much nerve of character and enthusiasm of faith, who unites with his republicanism the most generous ideas of social emancipation.

Long before the revolution of February in France a little group

of deputies traced a programme containing the fundamental ideas of democracy. The director of this group was the only representative of the Progresista party who came to the Cortes after the foreign reaction of 1843. And not only in the Parliament did the democratic aspiration appear, but also, sustained by an enthusiastic and intelligent body of young men, it appears in the press by means of journals, of pamphlets, written with the exaltation and the eloquence natural to our race. But as every idea finds expression, if not in light, then in shade, the secret societies admirably supplied the lack of publicity, and founded not so much a party as the basis of a party, destined in the future to powerful influence.

Like all Europe, we felt the shock of 1848 in France. The European peoples form a tacit confederation—a rough sketch of the finished federation which they are to form in time. Two insurrections were attempted in Madrid. Both failed, one in March and the other in May, 1848. In spite of these material defeats, the republican party increased morally. The tribune resounded with its ideas. The press, under senseless persecutions, always retained some representative of this idea. The young men who before 1848 idolized the republic, increased in number as in political education. Schools for the people were founded, under colour of general instruction, to diffuse republican education. Secret societies extended themselves everywhere. Imprisonment and exile were frequently the result of these efforts; but in prison and in banishment republicans sustained each other, all full of faith in the hope of the better days which were sure to come from such tenacious effort.

One of the characteristics of our race is its native originality. It only trusts in itself. It takes no account of the European reaction when it has decided to be free. In 1820 Europe was subjugated to the Holy Alliance, which thought it possible to impose itself even upon America. The Spaniards, in opposition to the Holy Alliance, undertook their revolution, which in three years of life extended to Greece, and sowed the seeds of the constitutional system in Italy. But in 1854 the Napoleonic policy was at its zenith, and we, in spite of this policy, which influenced even England, accomplished a liberal revolution, as later, in 1868, when no other people was moving, we accomplished our anti-dynastic revolution, whose incidents and complications destroyed the dictatorial power of the Cæsars in Paris and the political power of the pontiffs in Rome.

The revolution of 1854 had the result of organizing the republican party throughout the Peninsula. It called itself democratic through a scrupulous respect for the laws, but it was a party essentially hostile to any monarchy. This was admitted by its chiefs when, in the Cortes of the time, they voted not only against the dynasty of the Bourbons, but also against any hereditary and per-

manent power. The spread of the new ideas at this time was enormous. Journals inspired with the purest faith, written with convincing eloquence, fighting against the reactionary parties with a tenacious and skilful propaganda, excited extraordinary interest. Learned, polished, popular, and literary, they were at once the focus of light and the nucleus of organization. The chairs in the universities, gained by rigorous academic competition by disciples of the new ideas, contributed powerfully to the diffusion of the light. Thanks to them, history assumed a progressive and humanitarian tendency. They redeemed the traditions of the country from their monarchical character, and reinvested them in the light of new science with the democratic character. Philosophy proclaimed human reason as the supreme criterion for investigating and learning the truth. The tribune, although open only to one person, seconded the movement of the press and the university. A party arose, strongly organized, revealing itself in all the manifestations of public life, acquiring inside and outside of the law extraordinary energy.

The dynasty of the Bourbons understood that this infusion of ideas was transforming the public conscience, and thus leading inevitably to revolutionary explosions. They prosecuted the press, and the press sustained its banner with great heroism under the weight of enormous fines and the privations of continual imprisonment. They prosecuted the tribune, and the electors agreed upon retirement from their legal privileges, and notified to the authorities their intention to appeal to the extreme resort of revolution. They prosecuted the university, and the university continued its propagation of ideas and the education of youth for liberty. From this action and reaction, the attack of the one and the resistance of the other, from the tenacious propaganda and the continual persecution, resulted what always happens among Latin peoples when an idea is condensed and oppressed by power—a revolution. And this revolution, begun in 1856, did not succeed until 1868. It had its period of long preparation, in which the republicans carried on an incessant and persevering apostolate. It had its day of explosion, of June, 1866, in which the republicans fought with the troops of the queen in all the streets of Madrid, sustaining a battle of twenty-four hours. After this battle came a period of repression, in which the republicans, although vanquished, sealed with their blood on the field and with the sufferings of exile their unshaken fidelity to the republic. It had its day of victory, the 29th of September, 1868, in which the dynasty fled, and those principles essentially republican came to be the formulas of our policy—the sovereignty of the nation, the rights of the individual, and universal suffrage.

The revolutionary movement has, after these preparatory epochs, the final epoch of organization and of formation. How did it

happen that a movement democratic in character, and consequently of anti-monarchical tendencies, did not attain the republic? There were several reasons for this. First. The revolution which broke so often, only triumphed when conservative elements were co-operating with it, and these conservative elements demanded that the ancient monarchical form should be restored, knowing that with the ancient monarchical form they would acquire their historic predominance. Second. In the constant republican propaganda there had been diffused among the people an idea of national unity, of individual rights, and of universal suffrage; but the idea of the republican form had only been propagated in secret. The public propaganda came to the people, but not the secret. They demanded what they understood—the essence of our ideas—but did not demand what they were ignorant of—the form of our government. Third. Among the Latin peoples, a people of inspiration, it is necessary for the implanting of an idea to proclaim it in the first days, in those supreme moments of revolutions which are the moments of creation. The word republic was not pronounced by any junta, and the republic failed. Fourth. The republicans were divided. Some thought that if the principles essential to all democracy were admitted, it was indispensable to accept the monarchy; others thought that nothing was attained if the republic was not also attained. Fifth. The revolution was in part military, and the generals who conducted it feared two things—that the republic might be opposed to the army at home, and that abroad it might give umbrage to the monarchs of Europe. All these concurrent causes contributed to the result that the revolution of September substituted one monarch for another, and did not attain the logical consequence of its ideas—the true republic.

But the republican party did its duty well. Dismembered, opposed by all the revolutionary elements which had attained to power, calumniated in its purest intentions and its most honest men, forcibly provoked to unequal battles in Malaga and Cadiz, proscribed by the revolution to which it had contributed with all its power, it trusted to the virtue of its ideas, the force of its speech, and succeeded in inducing the cities, the centres of culture, the seat of the schools, the hives of industry, the defenders and propagators of great ideas, to ally themselves with indissoluble bonds to the republic.

It is impossible to describe all the activity employed in this work. Miracles were worked by a speech, a multitude of orators traversed the streets, the roads, the villages, hamlets, fields, diffusing federal republican principles. A feverish enthusiasm took possession of the people. The provinces remembered their ancient glories, and felt that they might renew them in the new sphere open to human activity, if they succeeded in obtaining governments of their own in

harmony with the central government without prejudice to the national existence. The idea arose and spread like light that the bonds created by military conquest, or by monarchical descent, should be succeeded by those created by the stronger and more intimate federal compact. Portugal was moved, and patriotic hearts cherished the hope that the Peninsula might be one, like its sky and its soil, the Iberian race one, like its blood and its history, uniting upon the two bases of the republic and the federation. The result was that in spite of the manœuvres of the government, and in spite of official influence, eighty republicans came to the constituent Cortes, sent by the first cities of Spain, all of which, with the exception of Madrid, adhered to the federal republic.

It certainly does not belong to me to say how we have fulfilled our mandate. America and Europe know and have judged our efforts. I will endeavour briefly to develop the programme of our ideas. It is most simple. France, from her geographical position, from her blood and her genius, is the middle term between the Latin and Germanic races. Her frontiers on the east coincide with the German frontiers; her seas on the north with the seas of England; her mountain ranges on the south with those of Italy and Spain. The French people not having been during the period of strife between Catholicism and the Reformation a people so bigoted as ours, they preserved, by their Edict of Nantes and their influence over the Peace of Westphalia, that middle term in the sphere of religion which they represented in geography. It seemed in the first moment of the revolution, when the rights of man were proclaimed and harmonized with the government of the people, that France was going to preserve in policy her half-German, half-Latin character, being a sort of intermediary between the two races, in which she would have rendered invaluable services to humanity and its progress. But France soon changed this character for that vicious centralization to which she was forced by her wars, and through which her Cæsars rose to power. France was the most centralized of the Latin nations. Therefore it is that in the political sphere we who succeeded in escaping in part from the absorbent policy of the empires, we who within our unity retain the richest variety, we who are federal, can say that in policy we unite certain qualities of the German race with those of the Latin.

Our democracy does not start from that principle of absolute popular sovereignty which has so flattered and so enslaved the French democracy. We have chosen to seek a solid support for liberty in the nature of man. We have said there can be no antagonism between human nature and society, which is its complement. We have continually demonstrated that by becoming a social being man does not narrow his nature, but extends it; he does not

lose his faculties, but assures and developes them; he does not abdicate his rights, he establishes and enlarges them. And inspired by these ideas, we demand that the man shall be socially the same, that he is naturally free and responsible, absolute master of his activities, the artificer of his own life. Society should incarnate in itself the laws of human nature. As it cannot mutilate the body of man, neither can it mutilate his soul. A man is born with certain innate rights, and those rights are superior and anterior to any law, superior and anterior to any state, superior and anterior to any constitution. The theory of natural rights has been constantly and rigorously maintained by us, until it has been established in the new Spanish constitution, in spite of its monarchical character. We have succeeded also in forcing the authorities to declare themselves, in the first article of the constitutional code, incompetent to limit individual rights, and more incompetent still to disregard them in the person of any citizen, because they have no control of what there is in him of fundamental, of eternal, pertaining to his nature as a man. Thus we have demonstrated that no government can possess any advantages over a republican government. In it every human faculty has its rights assured, and consequently its free exercise. The powers of man, his labour, are not to be wasted in arbitrary regulations nor in privileged guilds. His sentiments, his loves, his family, possess a sacred temple in the inviolable home. His fancy, or the faculty of art, his reason, or the faculty of science, are never to be restrained by censure or enslaved by the state; they are never to lose the spontaneity of their manifestations. Error is not to be prosecuted except in free controversy, nor amended unless by the sovereignty of reason. No material punishment can be inflicted upon this purely moral infirmity. Error, it is true, will circulate, but no truth will be lost. We may receive delusions, but we will not drive away any ray of light. Political institutions founded in liberty give development to every human faculty: to labour, through association; to the domestic sentiment, through the inviolable home; to fancy and reason, through free art, free schools, and the free university; to the conscience, through the church, the sect, organized on independence; to the will, through the polls; to the judgment, through the jury; to all life, through liberty. And these institutions are not, like feudal lands, the patrimony of a privileged class, but the property of all, like air and the light of heaven.

How is this democracy to be organized? Upon this point we have concentrated all our efforts. The Spanish republican party is distinguished from the republican party of France by having been always federal. We cannot understand how the popular sovereignty exists in reality or in force in a country where, as its only means of manifestation, it has the suffrage placed above out-

raged individual rights, over mutilated municipalities blindly electing in accordance with administrative coercion representatives to central assemblies, which, imagining themselves sovereign, become arbitrary. The fundamental institutions of society have, like man, a personal character. Social personalities have their laws, like the human personality. Right, which is the law of human nature, is also the law of those great autonomous organisms. There exist, therefore, social entities with rights, like individuals. These entities are, in the first place, the municipality, an association of free citizens. The municipality should repeat all the essential faculties of the man. The municipality should have its legislative power in the town meeting, its executive power in the delegated town council, and a judiciary power in the jury.

But as man cannot live isolated, neither can municipalities. The idea of society is so innate in man, that wherever individuals exist there are relations between those individuals, and hence comes the family. Wherever families exist, relations arise between them, and hence comes the municipality. Wherever the municipalities exist, relations arise between them, and hence comes the state. Geography, climate, history, identity of race, analogy of customs, proximity, create those little states which, in our administrative language, are called provinces, prefectures—that is to say, states broken up and mutilated by imperial and Roman centralization. But the states are self-governing, like the municipalities, and the state should repeat and enlarge individual human nature. Man has his legislative power in the reason, his executive power in the will, his judicial power in the conscience, which together form one and the same human power. So the municipalities should repeat these powers in their degree, and the state also in its degree. These personalities in society can no more come in conflict than a satellite with the planet, or the planet with the sun in space. These different entities have their forces of repulsion which hold them in their independent autonomy, and forces of attraction which bring them into social relations.

Thus it is that relations between individuals create the family, relations between families the municipality, relations between municipalities the state, and between states the nation; and the nation should establish itself in constitutional compacts which should recognise and proclaim the autonomy of the citizens, of the states, and of the nation. This is the federal republican form. This is the form which leaves all entities in their respective centres of gravity, and associates them in harmonious spheres. And when human relations become more intimate, not only through those miracles of industry which annihilate distance, but also by a closer sense of the solidarity which exists among all men, the federation of

states, which we call nations, will be succeeded by the federation of nations, which we may call the organism of humanity.

This is the form of government proposed by the republican deputies in the Constituent Assembly, and defended with great tenacity in daily struggles; and when this form of government is dispassionately examined it must be admitted that it is not possible to invent another more adapted to our national character. The geographical constitution of the Peninsula makes of Spain a southern Switzerland. Its vast cordilleras mark the boundaries of natural and autonomic states. The Basques and the people of Navarre still preserve their independence, as if nature had wished to rebuke with this living example the violence of men. Between the Cantabrian, the Austrian, and the Gallician, although they stretch upon one line and are mirrored in the waters of the same sea, there are profound differences of race, of history, of character, which always give rise, in spite of apoplectic centralization, to profound social and political differences. The two Castiles, separated by their high mountain range, would form two powerful states. Valencia, Murcia, Andalusia, and Estremadura are, like Italy, like Greece, the regions of light and inspiration and of beauty, the fruitful mothers of our artists, who have dazzled the world with the splendour of their colouring; of our poets, immortal through their fire and their melody; of our orators, who preserve in the midst of modern society the ancient Hellenic eloquence. The Aragonese retains the type of the ancient Celtiberian in his *physique*, and preserves in his *morale* the independence, the moderation, and the virility which come of his historical liberal institutions. Catalonia is a poetic Provence, inhabited by men as industrious as the English. And these races form the most various and most united nation, and consequently the nation most naturally federal in the world.

Each one of these regions has its history apart, and each has accomplished great exploits alone, and together they constitute one of the most united nationalities of Europe. Whenever we have been attacked from abroad, whenever the foreigner has sought to strike at our independence, although it was with the genius of the first Bonaparte, and although we lost the battles of Ocaña, of Castulla, we did not lose our country, as did other nations at Waterloo, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Sedan; and when the conqueror entered into Madrid, he did not enter into the heart of the nation, and consequently did not paralyze its life.

Asturias alone made a treaty with Great Britain, and its treaty was religiously observed by all the nation. The alcalde of Mostoles, an insignificant village, first declared war against Napoleon, and his declaration was the declaration of all Spain. The village bell

rang with clamour, and awoke in the hearts of the peasantry indignation against the invader; the defiles were changed into Thermopylæ of innumerable Spartans; the cities renewed Saguntum and Numantia; the hunter became a guerrilla, and the guerrilla a general. An improvised army followed him to victory or death. The image of the nation became, as it were, impressed on the heart of every one of her sons. This image cannot be blotted out of the present generation. No one need ever think that Spain can be reduced to fragments, and that those fragments shall be, like aërolites, lost and scattered through immensity. Spain is one through the consent of all Spaniards, is federal through the nature of her character, her geography, and her history. And the federal republican form is necessary and indispensable to-day if we are to unite with the Portuguese, a people restricted in territory, but great in their history, who wrote the poem of navigation and of labour, who peopled the ocean with legions like the ancient Argonauts, who evoked the East Indies from oblivion, and who divided with us the immensity of the New World, as they ought to share with us to-day the vast promise of another world newer and wider, the luminous world of justice and of right. It is certain that all these ideas, all these noble aspirations, have profoundly impressed our country, and have set in motion the irresistible republican current which will, sooner or later, result in eradicating the foreign monarchy which has scarcely taken root in our soil. It is already admitted by even its partisans that this monarchy has not gained a single adherent, while it has lost many of those who believed it compatible with liberty. The reactionary parties may wish to overturn it by military insurrection, but military insurrections in Spain do not prevail when the people take no part in them, and the people will not, at present, rise for any cause but the federal republic. It is evident that the republic is the natural heir of this foreign monarchy, which lives completely isolated in its palace at Madrid.

If, in addition to this, we consider the impossibility of restoring the monarchical form in France, we shall have new encouragement for our hopes. M. Thiers, in spite of his history, appears to me at present decidedly in favour of the preservation and the definitive establishment in France of the republican form of government. It is true that Thiers has founded a centralized republic of authority, without rights in the citizens or autonomy in the municipalities, and without the essential basis of all liberty—a democratic government. But there is such virtue, especially in the matter of education and culture, in the republican form, that Thiers will still render an immense service to his own country and to the general life of Europe if he destroys hereditary authority, and substitutes for it public powers removable and responsible. There is a shadow upon these

hopes. The Orleans family, after having solemnly promised complete abstention from the Assembly and from the legislative deliberations in exchange for the invaluable right of citizenship, which was denied them by the laws of their banishment, as soon as the monarchical conspiracies rose to the surface, reclaimed their political post, and their right to conspire with impunity. Thiers refused to relieve them from the promise they had given. The Assembly passed to the order of the day, disregarding the impertinences of the Orleanist retainers, who asked for the moral rehabilitation of their masters, and the princes arrogantly and unscrupulously entered into the national representation.

To what do they aspire? To the presidency of the republic in the person of the Duke d'Aumale, who, inheriting the titles and estates of the Condés, appears to have inherited their restlessness and their inordinate ambition. Once established in the presidency of the republic, the Orleanses, like the Bonapartes, would begin to conspire against the republic. It will be a different method, but the result will be the same. They will not conspire, like Corsicans, in secret conclave, by means of spies and assassins; they will not go to the barracks to intoxicate and corrupt the prætorians, and drive them blindly against the National Assembly; they will not surprise the deputies at home in the arms of sleep, dragging them first to prison and then to exile; they will not cynically retain in their pockets the keys of the National Assembly, nor put the people in chains, nor drive them with the lash to the polls to proclaim their authority, and crown the work of usurpation; but they will disturb the cities and provinces, pretending that the republic is incompatible with order; they will pay and pension the propagators of monarchical tradition, and they will obtain from the Assembly what Bonaparte obtained in spite of an Assembly; for they will not assault, but swindle the republic—they will not conquer, but buy the monarchy. There is only one remedy against this—that France should be forewarned, and if France is forewarned she will save the republic.

The difficulties of restoration in France, the weakness of the new monarchy in Spain, the decadence in Portugal of the degenerate Braganzas, the republican glories of Italy—all these considerations fill us with confidence, with certainty, that the Latin race—that artistic and eloquent race, which possesses an æsthetic sense so vivid, and so ardent a worship of ideas—will understand that it belongs to its plastic genius to produce the new social forms in Europe, and to bring about a moral and political Renaissance which shall be as splendid as that with which we opened modern history—that Renaissance of art whose light will never be extinguished in the human intelligence.

EMILIO CASTELAR.

THE EUSTACE DIAMONDS.

CHAPTER LIII.

LIZZIE'S SICK-ROOM.

WHEN the Hertford Street robbery was three days old, and was still the talk of all the town, Lizzie Eustace was really ill. She had promised to go down to Scotland in compliance with the advice given to her by her cousin Frank, and at the moment of promising would have been willing enough to be transported at once to Portray, had that been possible, so as to be beyond the visits of policemen and the authority of lawyers and magistrates; but as the hours passed over her head, and as her presence of mind returned to her, she remembered that even at Portray she would not be out of danger, and that she could do nothing in furtherance of her plans if once immured there. Lord George was in London, Frank Greystock was in London, and Lord Fawn was in London. It was more than ever necessary to her that she should find a husband among them,—a husband who would not be less her husband when the truth of that business at Carlisle should be known to all the world. She had, in fact, stolen nothing. She endeavoured to comfort herself by repeating to herself over and over again that assurance. She had stolen nothing; and she still thought that if she could obtain the support of some strong arm on which to lean, she might escape punishment for those false oaths which she had sworn. Her husband might take her abroad, and the whole thing would die away. If she should succeed with Lord George, of course he would take her abroad, and there would be no need for any speedy return. They might roam among islands in pleasant warm suns, and the dreams of her youth might be realised. Her income was still her own. They could not touch that. So she thought, at least,—oppressed by some slight want of assurance in that respect. Were she to go at once to Scotland, she must for the present give up that game altogether. If Frank would pledge himself to become her husband in three or four, or even in six months, she would go at once. She had more confidence in Frank than even in Lord George. As for love,—she would sometimes tell herself that she was violently in love; but she hardly knew with which. Lord George was certainly the best representative of that perfect Corsair which her dreams had represented to her; but, in regard to working life, she thought that she liked her cousin Frank better than she had ever yet liked any other human being. But, in truth, she was now in that condition,

as she acknowledged to herself, that she was hardly entitled to choose. Lord Fawn had promised to marry her, and to him as a husband she conceived that she still had a right. Nothing had as yet been proved against her which could justify him in repudiating his engagement. She had, no doubt, asserted with all vehemence to her cousin that no consideration would now induce her to give her hand to Lord Fawn;—and when making that assurance she had been, after her nature, sincere. But circumstances were changed since that. She had not much hope that Lord Fawn might be made to succumb,—though evidence had reached her before the last robbery which induced her to believe that he did not consider himself to be quite secure. In these circumstances she was unwilling to leave London though she had promised, and was hardly sorry to find an excuse in her recognised illness.

And she was ill. Though her mind was again at work with schemes on which she would not have busied herself without hope, yet she had not recovered from the actual bodily prostration to which she had been compelled to give way when first told of the robbery on her return from the theatre. There had been moments, then, in which she thought her heart would have broken,—moments in which, but that the power of speech was wanting, she would have told everything to Lucinda Roanoke. When Mrs. Carbuncle was marching up-stairs with the policeman at her heels she would have willingly sold all her hopes, Portray Castle, her lovers, her necklace, her income, her beauty, for any assurance of the humblest security. With that quickness of intellect which was her peculiar gift, she had soon understood, in the midst of her sufferings, that her necklace had been taken by thieves whose robbery might assist her for awhile in keeping her secret, rather than lead to the immediate divulging of it. Neither Camperdown nor Bunfit had been at work among the boxes. Her secret had been discovered, no doubt, by Patience Crabstick, and the diamonds were gone. But money also was taken, and the world need not know that the diamonds had been there. But Lord George knew. And then there arose to her that question. Had the diamonds been taken in consequence of that revelation to Lord George? It was not surprising that in the midst of all this Lizzie should be really ill.

She was most anxious to see Lord George; but, if what Mrs. Carbuncle said to her was true, Lord George refused to see her. She did not believe Mrs. Carbuncle, and was, therefore, quite in the dark about her Corsair. As she could only communicate with him through Mrs. Carbuncle, it might well be the case that he should have been told that he could not have access to her. Of course there were difficulties. That her cousin Frank should see her in her bedroom,—her cousin Frank, with whom it was essentially necessary

that she should hold counsel as to her present great difficulties, was a matter of course. There was no hesitation about that. A fresh nightcap and a clean pocket-handkerchief with a bit of lace round it, and perhaps some pretty covering to her shoulders if she were to be required to sit up in bed, and the thing was arranged. He might have spent the best part of his days in her bedroom if he could have spared the time. But the Corsair was not a cousin,—nor as yet an acknowledged lover. There was difficulty, even, in framing a reason for her request, when she made it to Mrs. Carbuncle; and the very reason which she gave was handed back to her as the Corsair's reason for not coming to her. She desired to see him because he had been so much mixed up in the matter of these terrible robberies. But Mrs. Carbuncle declared to her that Lord George would not come to her because his name had been so frequently mentioned in connection with the diamonds. "You see, my dear," said Mrs. Carbuncle, "there can be no real reason for his seeing you up in your bedroom. If there had been anything between you, as I once thought there would——" There was something in the tone of Mrs. Carbuncle's voice which grated on Lizzie's ear,—something which seemed to imply that all that prospect was over.

"Of course," said Lizzie querulously, "I am very anxious to know what he thinks. I care more about his opinion than anybody else's. As to his name being mixed up in it,—that is all a joke."

"It has been no joke to him, I can assure you," said Mrs. Carbuncle. Lizzie could not press her request. Of course, she knew more about it than did Mrs. Carbuncle. The secret was in her own bosom,—the secret as to the midnight robbery at Carlisle, and that secret she had told to Lord George. As to the robbery in London she knew nothing,—except that it had been perpetrated through the treachery of Patience Crabstick. Did Lord George know more about it than she knew?—and if so, was he now deterred by that knowledge from visiting her? "You see, my dear," said Mrs. Carbuncle, "that a gentleman visiting a lady with whom he has no connection in her bedroom, is in itself something very peculiar." Lizzie made a motion of impatience under the bedclothes. Any such argument was trash to her, and she knew that it was trash to Mrs. Carbuncle also. What was one man in her bedroom more than another? She could see a dozen doctors if she pleased, and if so, why not this man, whose real powers of doctoring her would be so much more efficacious? "You would want to see him alone, too," continued Mrs. Carbuncle, "and, of course, the police would hear of it. I am not at all surprised that he should stay away." Lizzie's condition did not admit of much argument on her side, and she only

showed her opposition to Mrs. Carbuncle by being cross and querulous.

Frank Greystock came to her with great constancy almost every day, and from him she did hear about the robbery all that he knew or heard. When three days had passed,—when six days, and even when ten days were gone, nobody had been as yet arrested. The police, according to Frank, were much on the alert, but were very secret. They either would not, or could not, tell anything. To him the two robberies, that at Carlisle and the last affair in Hertford Street, were of course distinct. There were those who believed that the Hertford Street thieves and the Carlisle thieves were not only the same, but that they had been in quest of the same plunder,—and had at last succeeded. But Frank was not one of these. He never for a moment doubted that the diamonds had been taken at Carlisle, and explained the second robbery by the supposition that Patience Crabstick had been emboldened by success. The iron box had no doubt been taken by her assistance, and her familiarity with the thieves, then established, had led to the second robbery. Lizzie's loss in that second robbery had amounted to some hundred pounds. This was Frank Greystock's theory, and of course it was one very comfortable to Lizzie.

"They all seem to think that the diamonds are at Paris," he said to her one day.

"If you only knew how little I care about them. It seems as though I had almost forgotten them in these after troubles."

"Mr. Camperdown cares about them. I'm told he says that he can make you pay for them out of your jointure."

"That would be very terrible, of course," said Lizzie, to whose mind there was something consolatory in the idea that the whole affair of the robbery might perhaps remain so mysterious as to remove her from the danger of other punishment than this.

"I feel sure that he couldn't do it," said Frank, "and I don't think he'll try it. John Eustace would not let him. It would be persecution."

"Mr. Camperdown has always chosen to persecute me," said Lizzie.

"I can understand that he shouldn't like the loss of the diamonds. I don't think, Lizzie, you ever realised their true value."

"I suppose not. After all, a necklace is only a necklace. I cared nothing for it,—except that I could not bear the idea that that man should dictate to me. I would have given it up at once, at the slightest word from you." He did not care to remind her then, as she lay in bed, that he had been very urgent in his advice to her to abandon the diamonds,—and not the less urgent because he had thought that the demand for them was unjust. "I told you often," she continued, "that I was tempted to throw them among the

waves. It was true;—quite true. I offered to give them to you, and should have been delighted to have been relieved from them.”

“That was, of course, simply impossible.”

“I know it was;—impossible on your part; but I would have been delighted. Of what use were they to me? I wore them twice because that man,”—meaning Lord Fawn,—“disputed my right to them. Before that I never even looked at them. Do you think I had pleasure in wearing them, or pleasure in looking at them? Never. They were only a trouble to me. It was a point of honour with me to keep them, because I was attacked. But I am glad they are gone,—thoroughly glad.” This was all very well, and was not without its effect on Frank Greystock. It is hardly expected of a woman in such a condition, with so many troubles on her mind, who had been so persecuted, that every word uttered by her should be strictly true. Lizzie, with her fresh nightcap, and her laced handkerchief, pale, and with her eyes just glittering with tears, was very pretty. “Didn’t somebody once give some one a garment which scorched him up when he wore it,—some woman who sent it because she loved the man so much?”

“The shirt, you mean, which Dejanira sent to Hercules. Yes;—Hercules was a good deal scorched.”

“And that necklace, which my husband gave me because he loved me so well, has scorched me horribly. It has nearly killed me. It has been like the white elephant which the Eastern king gives to his subject when he means to ruin him. Only poor Florian didn’t mean to hurt me. He gave it all in love. If these people bring a lawsuit against me, Frank, you must manage it for me.”

“There will be no lawsuit. Your brother-in-law will stop it.”

“I wonder who will really get the diamonds after all, Frank? They were very valuable. Only think that the ten thousand pounds should disappear in such a way!” The subject was a very dangerous one, but there was a fascination about it which made it impossible for her to refrain from it.

“A dishonest dealer in diamonds will probably realise the plunder,—after some years. There would be something very alluring in the theft of articles of great value, were it not that when got, they at once become almost valueless by the difficulty of dealing with them. Supposing I had the necklace!”

“I wish you had, Frank.”

“I could do nothing with it. Ten sovereigns would go further with me,—or ten shillings. The burthen of possessing it would in itself be almost more than I could bear. The knowledge that I had the thing, and might be discovered in having it, would drive me mad. By my own weakness I should be compelled to tell my secret to some one. And then I should never sleep for fear my partner in the

matter should turn against me." How well she understood it all! How probable it was that Lord George should turn against her! How exact was Frank's description of that burthen of a secret so heavy that it cannot be borne alone! "A little reflection," continued Frank, "soon convinces a man that rough downright stealing is an awkward, foolish trade; and it therefore falls into the hands of those who want education for the higher efforts of dishonesty. To get into a bank at midnight and steal what little there may be in the till, or even an armful of bank-notes, with the probability of a policeman catching you as you creep out of the chimney and through a hole, is clumsy work; but to walk in amidst the smiles and bows of admiring managers and draw out money over the counter by thousands and tens of thousands, which you have never put in and which you can never repay; and which, when all is done, you have only borrowed;—that is a great feat."

"Do you really think so?"

"The courage, the ingenuity, and the self-confidence needed are certainly admirable. And then there is a cringing and almost contemptible littleness about honesty, which hardly allows it to assert itself. The really honest man can never say a word to make those who don't know of his honesty believe that it is there. He has one foot in the grave before his neighbours have learned that he is possessed of an article for the use of which they would so willingly have paid, could they have been made to see that it was there. The dishonest man almost doubts whether in him dishonesty is dishonest, let it be practised ever so widely. The honest man almost doubts whether his honesty be honest, unless it be kept hidden. Let two unknown men be competitors for any place, with nothing to guide the judges but their own words and their own looks, and who can doubt but the dishonest man would be chosen rather than the honest? Honesty goes about with a hang-dog look about him, as though knowing that he cannot be trusted till he be proved. Dishonesty carries his eyes high, and assumes that any question respecting him must be considered to be unnecessary."

"Oh, Frank, what a philosopher you are!"

"Well, yes; meditating about your diamonds has brought my philosophy out. When do you think you will go to Scotland?"

"I am hardly strong enough for the journey yet. I fear the cold so much."

"You would not find it cold there by the sea-side. To tell you the truth, Lizzie, I want to get you out of this house. I don't mean to say a word against Mrs. Carbuncle; but after all that has occurred, it would be better that you should be away. People talk about you and Lord George."

"How can I help it, Frank?"

"By going away ;—that is, if I may presume one thing. I don't want to pry into your secrets."

"I have none from you."

"Unless there be truth in the assertion that you are engaged to marry Lord George Carruthers."

"There is no truth in it."

"And you do not wish to stay here in order that there may be an engagement? I am obliged to ask you home questions, Lizzie, as I could not otherwise advise you."

"You do, indeed, ask home questions."

"I will desist at once, if they be disagreeable."

"Frank, you are false to me!" As she said this she rose in her bed, and sat with her eyes fixed upon his, and her thin hands stretched out upon the bedclothes. "You know that I cannot wish to be engaged to him or to any other man. You know better almost than I can know myself, how my heart stands. There has, at any rate, been no hypocrisy with me in regard to you. Everything has been told to you ;—at what cost I will not now say. The honest woman, I fear, fares worse even than the honest man of whom you spoke. I think you admitted that he would be appreciated at last. She to her dying day must pay the penalty of her transgressions. Honesty in a woman the world never forgives." When she had done speaking, he sat silent by her bedside, but, almost unconsciously, he stretched out his left hand and took her right hand in his. For a few seconds she admitted this, and she lay there with their hands clasped. Then with a start she drew back her arm, and retreated as it were from his touch. "How dare you," said she, "press my hand, when you know that such pressure from you is treacherous and damnable!"

"Damnable, Lizzie!"

"Yes ;—damnable. I will not pick my words for you. Coming from you, what does such pressure mean?"

"Affection."

"Yes ;—and of what sort? You are wicked enough to feed my love by such tokens, when you know that you do not mean to return it. O Frank, Frank, will you give me back my heart? What was it that you promised me when we sat together upon the rocks of Portray?"

It is inexpressibly difficult for a man to refuse the tender of a woman's love. We may almost say that a man should do so as a matter of course,—that the thing so offered becomes absolutely valueless by the offer,—that the woman who can make it has put herself out of court by her own abandonment of the privileges due to her as a woman,—that stern rebuke and even expressed contempt are justified by such conduct,—and that the fairest beauty and most

alluring charms of feminine grace should lose their attraction when thus tendered openly in the market. No doubt such is our theory as to love and love-making. But the action to be taken by us in matters as to which the plainest theory prevails for the guidance of our practice, depends so frequently on accompanying circumstances and correlative issues, that the theory, as often as not, falls to the ground. Frank could not despise this woman, and could not be stern to her. He could not bring himself to tell her boldly that he would have nothing to say to her in the way of love. He made excuses for her, and persuaded himself that there were peculiar circumstances in her position justifying unwomanly conduct, although, had he examined himself on the subject, he would have found it difficult to say what those circumstances were. She was rich, beautiful, clever,—and he was flattered. Nevertheless he knew that he could not marry her;—and he knew also that much as he liked her he did not love her. “Lizzie,” he said, “I think you hardly understand my position.”

“Yes, I do. That little girl has cozened you out of a promise.”

“If it be so, you would not have me break it.”

“Yes, I would, if you think she is not fit to be your wife. Is a man, such as you are, to be tied by the leg for life, have all his ambition clipped, and his high hopes shipwrecked, because a girl has been clever enough to extract a word from him? Is it not true that you are in debt?”

“What of that? At any rate, Lizzie, I do not want help from you.”

“That is so like a man’s pride! Do we not all know that in such a career as you have marked out for yourself, wealth, or at any rate an easy income, is necessary? Do you think that I cannot put two and two together? Do you believe so meanly of me as to imagine that I should have said to you what I have said, if I did not know that I could help you? A man, I believe, cannot understand that love which induces a woman to sacrifice her pride simply for his advantage. I want to see you prosper. I want to see you a great man and a lord, and I know that you cannot become so without an income. Ah, I wish I could give you all that I have got, and save you from the encumbrance that is attached to it!”

It might be that he would then have told her of his engagement to Lucy, and of his resolution to adhere to that promise, had not Mrs. Carbuncle at the moment entered the room. Frank had been there for above an hour, and as Lizzie was still an invalid, and to some extent under the care of Mrs. Carbuncle, it was natural that that lady should interfere. “You know, my dear, you should not exhaust yourself altogether. Mr. Emilius is to come to you this afternoon.”

"Mr. Emilius!" said Greystock.

"Yes;—the clergyman. Don't you remember him at Portray? A dark man with eyes close together! You used to be very wicked, and say that he was once a Jew-boy in the streets." Lizzie, as she spoke of her spiritual guide, was evidently not desirous of doing him much honour.

"I remember him well enough. He made sheep's eyes at Miss Macnulty, and drank a great deal of wine at dinner."

"Poor Macnulty! I don't believe a word about the wine; and as for Macnulty, I don't see why she should not be converted as well as another. He is coming here to read to me. I hope you don't object."

"Not in the least;—if you like it."

"One does have solemn thoughts sometimes, Frank,—especially when one is ill."

"Oh, yes. Well or ill, one does have solemn thoughts;—ghosts, as it were, which will appear. But is Mr. Emilius good at laying such apparitions?"

"He is a clergyman, Mr. Greystock," said Mrs. Carbuncle, with something of rebuke in her voice.

"So they tell me. I was not present at his ordination, but I dare say it was done according to rule. When one reflects what a deal of harm a bishop may do, one wishes that there was some surer way of getting bishops."

"Do you know anything against Mr. Emilius?" asked Lizzie.

"Nothing at all but his looks, and manners, and voice,—unless it be that he preaches popular sermons, and drinks too much wine, and makes sheep's eyes at Miss Macnulty. Look after your silver spoons, Mrs. Carbuncle,—if the last thieves have left you any. You were asking after the fate of your diamonds, Lizzie. Perhaps they will endow a Protestant church in Mr. Emilius's native land."

Mr. Emilius did come and read to Lady Eustace that afternoon. A clergyman is as privileged to enter the bedroom of a sick lady as is a doctor or a cousin. There was another clean cap, and another laced handkerchief, and on this occasion a little shawl over Lizzie's shoulders. Mr. Emilius first said a prayer, kneeling at Lizzie's bedside; then he read a chapter in the Bible;—and after that he read the first half of the fourth canto of *Childe Harold* so well, that Lizzie felt for the moment that after all, poetry was life and life was poetry.

CHAPTER LIV.

"I SUPPOSE I MAY SAY A WORD."

THE second robbery to which Lady Eustace had been subjected by no means decreased the interest which was attached to her and her concerns in the fashionable world. Parliament had now met, and the party at Matching Priory,—Lady Glencora Palliser's party in the country,—had been to some extent broken up. All those gentlemen who were engaged in the service of Her Majesty's Government had necessarily gone to London, and they who had wives at Matching had taken their wives with them. Mr. and Mrs. Bonteen had seen the last of their holiday; Mr. Palliser himself was, of course, at his post; and all the private secretaries were with the public secretaries on the scene of action. On the 13th of February Mr. Palliser made his first great statement in Parliament on the matter of the five-farthinged penny, and pledged himself to do his very best to carry that stupendous measure through Parliament in the present session. The City men who were in the House that night,—and all the Directors of the Bank of England were in the gallery, and every chairman of a great banking company, and every Baring and every Rothschild, if there be Barings and Rothschilds who have not been returned by constituencies, and have not seats in the House by right,—agreed in declaring that the job in hand was too much for any one member or any one session. Some said that such a measure never could be passed, because the unfinished work of one session could not be used in lessening the labours of the next. Everything must be recommenced; therefore,—so said these hopeless ones,—the penny with five farthings, the penny of which a hundred would make ten shillings, the halcyon penny, which would make all future pecuniary calculations easy to the meanest British capacity, could never become the law of the land. Others, more hopeful, were willing to believe that gradually the thing would so sink into the minds of members of Parliament, of writers of leading articles, and of the active public generally, as to admit of certain established axioms being taken as established, and placed, as it were, beyond the procrastinating power of debate. It might, for instance, at last be taken for granted that a decimal system was desirable,—so that a month or two of the spring need not be consumed on that preliminary question. But this period had not as yet been reached, and it was thought by the entire City that Mr. Palliser was much too sanguine. It was so probable, many said, that he might kill himself by labour which would be herculean in all but success, and that no financier after him would venture to face the task. It behoved Lady Glencora to see that her Hercules did not kill himself.

In this state of affairs Lady Glencora,—into whose hands the custody of Mr. Palliser's uncle, the duke, had now altogether fallen,—had a divided duty between Matching and London. When the members of Parliament went up to London, she went there also, leaving some half-dozen friends whom she could trust to amuse the duke; but she soon returned, knowing that there might be danger in a long absence. The duke, though old, was his own master; he much affected the company of Madame Goesler, and that lady's kindness to him was considerate and incessant; but there might still be danger, and Lady Glencora felt that she was responsible that the old nobleman should do nothing, in the feebleness of age, to derogate from the splendour of his past life. What, if some day his grace should be off to Paris and insist on making Madame Goesler a duchess in the chapel of the Embassy! Madame Goesler had hitherto behaved very well;—would probably continue to behave well. Lady Glencora really loved Madame Goesler. But then the interests at stake were very great! So circumstanced, Lady Glencora found herself compelled to be often on the road between Matching and London.

But though she was burthened with great care, Lady Glencora by no means dropped her interest in the Eustace diamonds; and when she learned that on the top of the great Carlisle robbery a second robbery had been superadded, and that this had been achieved while all the London police were yet astray about the former operation, her solicitude was of course enhanced. The duke himself, too, took the matter up so strongly, that he almost wanted to be carried up to London, with some view, as it was supposed by the ladies who were so good to him, of seeing Lady Eustace personally. "It's out of the question, my dear," Lady Glencora said to Madame Goesler, when the duke's fancy was first mentioned to her by that lady. "I told him that the trouble would be too much for him." "Of course it would be too much," said Lady Glencora. "It is quite out of the question." Then, after a moment, she added in a whisper, "Who knows but what he'd insist on marrying her! It isn't every woman that can resist temptation." Madame Goesler smiled, and shook her head, but made no answer to Lady Glencora's suggestion. Lady Glencora assured her uncle that everything should be told to him. She would write about it daily, and send him the latest news by the wires if the post should be too slow. "Ah;—yes," said the duke; "I like telegrams best. I think, you know, that that Lord George Carruthers has had something to do with it. Don't you, Madame Goesler?" It had long been evident that the duke was anxious that one of his own order should be proved to have been the thief, as the plunder taken was so lordly.

In regard to Lizzie herself, Lady Glencora, on her return to

London, took it into her head to make a diversion in our heroine's favour. It had hitherto been a matter of faith with all the liberal party that Lady Eustace had had something to do with stealing her own diamonds. That esprit de corps, which is the glorious characteristic of English statesmen, had caused the whole Government to support Lord Fawn, and Lord Fawn could only be supported on the supposition that Lizzie Eustace had been a wicked culprit. But Lady Glencora, though very true as a politician, was apt to have opinions of her own, and to take certain flights in which she chose that others of the party should follow her. She now expressed an opinion that Lady Eustace was a victim, and all the Mrs. Bonteens, with some even of the Mr. Bonteens, found themselves compelled to agree with her. She stood too high among her set to be subject to that obedience which restrained others,—too high, also, for others to resist her leading. As a member of a party she was erratic and dangerous, but from her position and peculiar temperament she was powerful. When she declared that poor Lady Eustace was a victim, others were obliged to say so too. This was particularly hard upon Lord Fawn, and the more so as Lady Glencora took upon her to assert that Lord Fawn had no right to jilt the young woman. And Lady Glencora had this to support her views,—that, for the last week past, indeed ever since the depositions which had been taken after the robbery in Hertford Street, the police had expressed no fresh suspicions in regard to Lizzie Eustace. She heard daily from Barrington Erle that Major Mackintosh and Bunfit and Gager were as active as ever in their inquiries, that all Scotland Yard was determined to unravel the mystery, and that there were emissaries at work tracking the diamonds at Hamburg, Paris, Vienna, and New York. It had been whispered to Mr. Erle that the whereabouts of Patience Crabstick had been discovered, and that many of the leading thieves in London were assisting the police;—but nothing more was done in the way of fixing any guilt upon Lizzie Eustace. "Upon my word, I am beginning to think that she has been more sinned against than sinning." This was said to Lady Glencora on the morning after Mr. Palliser's great speech about the five farthings, by Barrington Erle, who, as it seemed, had been specially told off by the party to watch this investigation.

"I am sure she has had nothing to do with it. I have thought so ever since the last robbery. Sir Simon Slope told me yesterday afternoon that Mr. Camperdown has given it up altogether." Sir Simon Slope was the Solicitor-General of that day.

"It would be absurd for him to go on with his bill in Chancery now that the diamonds are gone,—unless he meant to make her pay for them."

"That would be rank persecution. Indeed she has been persecuted. I shall call upon her." Then she wrote the following letter to the duke:—

February 14th, 18—.

"MY DEAR DUKE,

"Plantagenet was on his legs last night for three hours and three-quarters, and I sat through it all. As far as I could observe through the bars I was the only person in the House who listened to him. I'm sure Mr. Gresham was fast asleep. It was quite piteous to see some of them yawning. Plantagenet did it very well, and I almost think I understood him. They seem to say that nobody on the other side will take trouble enough to make a regular opposition, but that there are men in the City who will write letters to the newspapers, and get up a sort of Bank clamour. Plantagenet says nothing about it, but there is a do-or-die manner with him which is quite tragical. The House was up at eleven, when he came home and eat three oysters, drank a glass of beer, and slept well. They say the real work will come when it's in Committee;—that is, if it gets there. The bill is to be brought in, and will be read the first time next Monday week.

"As to the robberies, I believe there is no doubt that the police have got hold of the young woman. They don't arrest her, but deal with her in a friendly sort of way. Barrington Erle says that a sergeant is to marry her in order to make quite sure of her. I suppose they know their business; but that wouldn't strike me as being the safest way. They seem to think the diamonds went to Paris, but have since been sent on to New York.

"As to the little widow, I do believe she has been made a victim. She first lost her diamonds, and now her other jewels and her money have gone. I cannot see what she was to gain by treachery, and I think she has been ill-used. She is staying at the house of that Mrs. Carbuncle, but all the same I shall go and call on her. I wish you could see her, because she is such a little beauty;—just what you would like; not so much colour as our friend, but perfect features, with infinite play,—not perhaps always in the very best taste; but then we can't have everything; can we, dear duke?

"As to the real thief;—of course you must burn this at once, and keep it strictly private as coming from me;—I fancy that delightful Scotch lord managed it entirely. The idea is, that he did it on commission for the Jew jewellers. I don't suppose he had money enough to carry it out himself. As to the second robbery, whether he had or had not a hand in that, I can't make up my mind. I don't see why he shouldn't. If a man does go into a business, he ought to make the best of it. Of course, it was a poor thing after the diamonds; but still it was worth having. There is some story about a Sir

Griffin Tewett. He's a real Sir Griffin, as you'll find by the peerage. He was to marry a young woman, and our Lord George insists that he shall marry her. I don't understand all about it, but the girl lives in the same house with Lady Eustace, and if I call I shall find out. They say that Sir Griffin knows all about the necklace, and threatens to tell unless he is let off marrying. I rather think the girl is Lord George's daughter, so that there is a thorough complication.

"I shall go down to Matching on Saturday. If anything turns up before that, I will write again, or send a message. I don't know whether Plantagenet will be able to leave London. He says he must be back on Monday, and that he loses too much time on the road. Kiss my little darlings for me,"—the darlings were Lady Glencora's children, and the duke's playthings,—“and give my love to Madame Max. I suppose you don't see much of the others.

“Most affectionately yours,

“GLENCORA.”

On the next day Lady Glencora actually did call in Hertford Street, and saw our friend Lizzie. She was told by the servant that Lady Eustace was in bed; but, with her usual persistence, she asked questions, and when she found that Lizzie did receive visitors in her room, she sent up her card. The compliment was one much too great to be refused. Lady Glencora stood so high in the world, that her countenance would be almost as valuable as another lover. If Lord George would keep her secret, and Lady Glencora would be her friend, might she not still be a successful woman? So Lady Glencora Palliser was shown up to Lizzie's chamber. Lizzie was found with her nicest nightcap, and prettiest handkerchief, with a volume of Tennyson's poetry, and a scent-bottle. She knew that it behoved her to be very clever at this interview. Her instinct told her that her first greeting should show more of surprise than of gratification. Accordingly, in a pretty, feminine, almost childish way, she was very much surprised. “I'm doing the strangest thing in the world, I know, Lady Eustace,” said Lady Glencora with a smile.

“I'm sure you mean to do a kind thing.”

“Well; yes, I do. I think we have not met since you were at my house near the end of last season.”

“No, indeed. I have been in London six weeks, but have not been out much. For the last fortnight I have been in bed. I have had things to trouble me so much that they have made me ill.”

“So I have heard, Lady Eustace, and I have just come to offer you my sympathy. When I was told that you did see people, I thought that perhaps you would admit me.”

"So willingly, Lady Glencora!"

"I have heard, of course, of your terrible losses."

"The loss has been as nothing to the vexation that has accompanied it. I don't know how to speak of it. Ladies have lost their jewels before now, but I don't know that any lady before me has ever been accused of stealing them herself."

"There has been no accusation, surely."

"I haven't exactly been put in prison, Lady Glencora, but I have had policemen here wanting to search my things;—and then, you know yourself, what reports have been spread."

"Oh, yes; I do. Only for that, to tell you plainly, I should hardly have been here now." Then Lady Glencora poured out her sympathy, —perhaps with more eloquence and grace than discretion. She was, at any rate, both graceful and eloquent. "As for the loss of the diamonds, I think you bear it wonderfully," said Lady Glencora.

"If you could imagine how little I care about it!" said Lizzie with enthusiasm. "They had lost the delight which I used to feel in them as a present from my husband. People had talked about them, and I had been threatened because I chose to keep what I knew to be my own. Of course, I would not give them up. Would you have given them up, Lady Glencora?"

"Certainly not."

"Nor would I. But when once all that had begun, they became an irrepressible burthen to me. I often used to say that I would throw them into the sea."

"I don't think I would have done that," said Lady Glencora.

"Ah,—you have never suffered as I have suffered."

"We never know where each other's shoes pinch each other's toes."

"You have never been left desolate. You have a husband and friends."

"A husband that wants to put five farthings into a penny! All is not gold that glistens, Lady Eustace."

"You can never have known such trials as mine," continued Lizzie, not understanding in the least her new friend's allusion to the great currency question. "Perhaps you may have heard that in the course of last summer I became engaged to marry a nobleman, with whom I am aware that you are acquainted." This she said in her softest whisper.

"Oh, yes;—Lord Fawn. I know him very well. Of course I heard of it. We all heard of it."

"And you have heard how he has treated me?"

"Yes,—indeed."

"I will say nothing about him,—to you, Lady Glencora. It would

not be proper that I should do so. But all that came of this wretched necklace. After that, can you wonder that I should say that I wish these stones had been thrown into the sea?"

"I suppose Lord Fawn will,—will come all right again now?" said Lady Glencora.

"All right!" exclaimed Lizzie in astonishment.

"His objection to the marriage will now be over."

"I'm sure I do not in the least know what are his lordship's views," said Lizzie in scorn, "and, to tell the truth, I do not very much care."

"What I mean is, that he didn't like you to have the Eustace diamonds——"

"They were not Eustace diamonds. They were my diamonds."

"But he did not like you to have them; and as they are now gone,—for ever——"

"Oh, yes; they are gone for ever."

"His objection is gone too. Why don't you write to him, and make him come and see you? That's what I should do."

Lizzie, of course, repudiated vehemently any idea of forcing Lord Fawn into a marriage which had become distasteful to him,—let the reason be what it might. "His lordship is perfectly free, as far as I am concerned," said Lizzie with a little show of anger. But all this Lady Glencora took at its worth. Lizzie Eustace had been a good deal knocked about, and Lady Glencora did not doubt but that she would be very glad to get back her betrothed husband. The little woman had suffered hardships,—so thought Lady Glencora,—and a good thing would be done by bringing her into fashion, and setting the marriage up again. As to Lord Fawn,—the fortune was there, as good now as it had been when he first sought it; and the lady was very pretty, a baronet's widow too!—and in all respects good enough for Lord Fawn. A very pretty little baronet's widow she was, with four thousand a year, and a house in Scotland, and a history. Lady Glencora determined that she would remake the match.

"I think, you know, friends who have been friends should be brought together. I suppose I may say a word to Lord Fawn?"

Lizzie hesitated for a moment before she answered, and then remembered that revenge, at least, would be sweet to her. She had sworn that she would be revenged upon Lord Fawn. After all, might it not suit her best to carry out her oath by marrying him? But whether so or otherwise, it would not but be well for her that he should be again at her feet. "Yes,—if you think good will come of it." The acquiescence was given with much hesitation;—but the circumstances required that it should be so, and Lady Glencora fully understood the circumstances. When she took her leave Lizzie was profuse in her gratitude. "Oh, Lady Glencora, it has been so

good of you to come. Pray come again, if you can spare me another moment." Lady Glencora said that she would come again.

During the visit she had asked some question concerning Lucinda and Sir Griffin, and had been informed that that marriage was to go on. A hint had been thrown out as to Lucinda's parentage;—but Lizzie had not understood the hint, and the question had not been pressed.

CHAPTER LV.

QUINTS OR SEMITENTHS.

THE task which Lady Glencora had taken upon herself was not a very easy one. No doubt Lord Fawn was a man subservient to the leaders of his party, much afraid of the hard judgment of those with whom he was concerned, painfully open to impression from what he would have called public opinion, to a certain extent a coward, most anxious to do right so that he might not be accused of being in the wrong,—and at the same time gifted with but little of that insight into things which teaches men to know what is right and what is wrong. Lady Glencora, having perceived all this, felt that he was a man upon whom a few words from her might have an effect. But even Lady Glencora might hesitate to tell a gentleman that he ought to marry a lady, when the gentleman had already declared his intention of not marrying, and had attempted to justify his decision almost publicly by a reference to the lady's conduct. Lady Glencora almost felt that she had undertaken too much as she turned over in her mind the means she had of performing her promise to Lady Eustace.

The five-farthing bill had been laid upon the table on a Tuesday, and was to be read the first time on the following Monday week. On the Wednesday Lady Glencora had written to the duke, and had called in Hertford Street. On the following Sunday she was at Matching, looking after the duke;—but she returned to London on the Tuesday, and on the Wednesday there was a little dinner at Mr. Palliser's house, given avowedly with the object of further friendly discussion respecting the new Palliser penny. The prime minister was to be there, and Mr. Bonteen, and Barrington Erle, and those special members of the government who would be available for giving special help to the financial Hercules of the day. A question, perhaps of no great practical importance, had occurred to Mr. Palliser,—but one which, if overlooked, might be fatal to the ultimate success of the measure. There is so much in a name,—and then an ounce of ridicule is often more potent than a hundredweight

of argument. By what denomination should the fifth part of a penny be hereafter known? Some one had, ill-naturedly, whispered to Mr. Palliser that a farthing meant a fourth, and at once there arose a new trouble which for a time bore very heavy on him. Should he boldly disregard the original meaning of the useful old word; or should he venture on the dangers of new nomenclature? October, as he said to himself, is still the tenth month of the year, November the eleventh, and so on, though by these names they are so plainly called the eighth and ninth. All France tried to rid itself of this absurdity, and failed. Should he stick by the farthing; or should he call it a fifthing, a quint, or a semitenth? "There's the 'Fortnightly Review' comes out but once a month," he said to his friend Mr. Bonteen, "and I'm told that it does very well." Mr. Bonteen, who was a rational man, thought the "Review" would do better if it were called by a more rational name, and was very much in favour of "a quint." Mr. Gresham had expressed an opinion, somewhat off-hand, that English people never would be got to talk about quints, and so there was a difficulty. A little dinner was therefore arranged, and Mr. Palliser, as was his custom in such matters, put the affair of the dinner into his wife's hands. When he was told that she had included Lord Fawn among the guests he opened his eyes. Lord Fawn, who might be good enough at the India Office, knew literally nothing about the penny. "He'll take it as the greatest compliment in the world," said Lady Glencora. "I don't want to pay Lord Fawn a compliment," said Mr. Palliser. "But I do," said Lady Glencora. And so the matter was arranged.

It was a very nice little dinner. Mrs. Gresham and Mrs. Bonteen were there, and the great question of the day was settled in two minutes, before the guests went out of the drawing-room. "Stick to your farthing," said Mr. Gresham.

"I think so," said Mr. Palliser.

"Quint's a very easy word," said Mr. Bonteen.

"But squint is an easier," said Mr. Gresham, with all a prime minister's jocose authority.

"They'd certainly be called cock-eyes," said Barrington Erle.

"There's nothing of the sound of a quarter in farthing," said Mr. Palliser.

"Stick to the old word," said Mr. Gresham. And so the matter was decided, while Lady Glencora was flattering Lord Fawn as to the manner in which he had finally arranged the affair of the Sawab of Mygawb. Then they went down to dinner, and not a word more was said that evening about the new penny by Mr. Palliser.

Before dinner Lady Glencora had exacted a promise from Lord Fawn that he would return to the drawing-room. Lady Glencora was very clever at such work, and said nothing then of her purpose.

She did not want her guests to run away, and therefore Lord Fawn, —Lord Fawn especially,—must stay. If he were to go there would be nothing spoken of all the evening, but that weary new penny. To oblige her he must remain;—and, of course, he did remain. “Whom do you think I saw the other day?” said Lady Glencora, when she got her victim into a corner. Of course, Lord Fawn had no idea whom she might have seen. Up to that moment no suspicion of what was coming upon him had crossed his mind. “I called upon poor Lady Eustace, and found her in bed.” Then did Lord Fawn blush up to the roots of his hair, and for a moment he was stricken dumb. “I do feel for her so much! I think she has been so hardly used!”

He was obliged to say something. “My name has, of course, been much mixed up with hers.”

“Yes, Lord Fawn, I know it has. And it is because I am so sure of your high-minded generosity and,—thorough devotion, that I have ventured to speak to you. I am sure there is nothing you would wish so much as to get at the truth.”

“Certainly, Lady Glencora.”

“All manner of stories have been told about her, and, as I believe, without the slightest foundation. They tell me now that she had an undoubted right to keep the diamonds;—that even if Sir Florian did not give them to her, they were hers under his will. Those lawyers have given up all idea of proceeding against her.”

“Because the necklace has been stolen.”

“Altogether independently of that. Do you see Mr. Eustace, and ask him if what I say is not true. If it had not been her own she would have been responsible for the value, even though it were stolen; and with such a fortune as hers they would never have allowed her to escape. They were as bitter against her as they could be;—weren’t they?”

“Mr. Camperdown thought that the property should be given up.”

“Oh yes;—that’s the man’s name; a horrid man. I am told that he was really most cruel to her. And then, because a lot of thieves had got about her,—after the diamonds, you know, like flies round a honey-pot,—and took first her necklace and then her money, they were impudent enough to say that she had stolen her own things!”

“I don’t think they quite said that, Lady Glencora.”

“Something very much like it, Lord Fawn. I have no doubt in my own mind who did steal all the things.”

“Who was it?”

“Oh,—one mustn’t mention names in such an affair without evidence. At any rate, she has been very badly treated, and I shall

take her up. If I were you I would go and call upon her;—I would indeed. I think you owe it to her. Well, duke, what do you think of Plantagenet's penny, now? Will it ever be worth two halfpence?" This question was asked of the Duke of St. Bungay, a great nobleman whom all Liberals loved, and a member of the Cabinet. He had come in since dinner, and had been asking a question or two as to what had been decided.

"Well, yes; if properly invested I think it will. I'm glad that it is not to contain five semitents. A semitenth would never have been a popular form of money in England. We hate new names so much that we have not yet got beyond talking of fourpenny bits."

"There's a great deal in a name;—isn't there? You don't think they'll call them Pallisers, or Palls, or anything of that sort;—do you? I shouldn't like to hear that under the new régime two lolly-pops were to cost three Palls. But they say it never can be carried this session,—and we shan't be in, in the next year."

"Who says so? Don't be such a prophetess of evil, Lady Glencora. I mean to be in for the next three sessions, and I mean to see Palliser's measure carried through the House of Lords next session. I shall be paying for my mutton chops at the club at so many quints a chop yet. Don't you think so, Fawn?"

"I don't know what to think," said Lord Fawn, whose mind was intent on other matters. After that he left the room as quickly as he could, and escaped out into the street. His mind was very much disturbed. If Lady Glencora was determined to take up the cudgels for the woman he had rejected, the comfort and peace of his life would be over. He knew well enough how strong was Lady Glencora.

CHAPTER LVI.

JOB'S COMFORTERS.

Mrs. CARBUNCLE and Lady Eustace had now been up in town between six and seven weeks, and the record of their doings has necessarily dealt chiefly with robberies and the rumours of robberies. But at intervals the minds of the two ladies had been intent on other things. The former was still intent on marrying her niece, Lucinda Roanoke, to Sir Griffin, and the latter had never for a moment forgotten the imperative duty which lay upon her of revenging herself upon Lord Fawn. The match between Sir Griffin and Lucinda was still to be a match. Mrs. Carbuncle persevered in the teeth both of the gentleman and of the lady, and still promised herself success. And our Lizzie, in the midst of all her troubles, had not been idle.

In doing her justice we must acknowledge that she had almost abandoned the hope of becoming Lady Fawn. Other hopes and other ambitions had come upon her. Latterly the Corsair had been all in all to her,—with exceptional moments in which she told herself that her heart belonged exclusively to her cousin Frank. But Lord Fawn's offences were not to be forgotten, and she continually urged upon her cousin the depth of the wrongs which she had suffered.

On the part of Frank Greystock there was certainly no desire to let the Under-Secretary escape. It is hoped that the reader, to whom every tittle of this story has been told without reserve, and every secret unfolded, will remember that others were not treated with so much open candour. The reader knows much more of Lizzie Eustace than did her cousin Frank. He, indeed, was not quite in love with Lizzie; but to him she was a pretty, graceful young woman, to whom he was bound by many ties, and who had been cruelly injured. Dangerous she was doubtless, and perhaps a little artificial. To have had her married to Lord Fawn would have been a good thing,—and would still be a good thing. According to all the rules known in such matters Lord Fawn was bound to marry her. He had become engaged to her, and Lizzie had done nothing to forfeit her engagement. As to the necklace,—the plea made for jilting her on that ground was a disgraceful pretext. Everybody was beginning to perceive that Mr. Camperdown would never have succeeded in getting the diamonds from her, even if they had not been stolen. It was “preposterous,” as Frank said over and over again to his friend Herriot, that a man when he was engaged to a lady, should take upon himself to judge her conduct as Lord Fawn had done,—and then ride out of his engagement on a verdict found by himself. Frank had therefore willingly displayed alacrity in persecuting his lordship, and had not been altogether without hope that he might drive the two into a marriage yet,—in spite of the protestations made by Lizzie at Portray.

Lord Fawn had certainly not spent a happy winter. Between Mrs. Hittaway on one side and Frank Greystock on the other, his life had been a burthen to him. It had been suggested to him by various people that he was behaving badly to the lady,—who was represented as having been cruelly misused by fortune and by himself. On the other hand it had been hinted to him, that nothing was too bad to believe of Lizzie Eustace, and that no calamity could be so great as that by which he would be overwhelmed were he still to allow himself to be forced into that marriage. “It would be better,” Mrs. Hittaway had said, “to retire to Ireland at once, and cultivate your demesne in Tipperary.” This was a grievous sentence, and one which had greatly excited the brother's wrath;—but it had shown how very strong was his sister's opinion against the lady to

whom he had unfortunately offered his hand. Then there came to him a letter from Mr. Greystock, in which he was asked for his "written explanation." If there be a proceeding which an official man dislikes worse than another, it is a demand for a written explanation. "It is impossible," Frank had said, "that your conduct to my cousin should be allowed to drop without further notice. Hers has been without reproach. Your engagement with her has been made public,—chiefly by you, and it is out of the question that she should be treated as you are treating her, and that your lordship should escape without punishment." What the punishment was to be he did not say; but there did come a punishment on Lord Fawn from the eyes of every man whose eyes met his own, and in the tones of every voice that addressed him. The looks of the very clerks in the India Office accused him of behaving badly to a young woman, and the doorkeeper at the House of Lords seemed to glance askance at him. And now Lady Glencora, who was the social leader of his own party, the feminine pole-star of the liberal heavens, the most popular and the most daring woman in London, had attacked him personally, and told him that he ought to call on Lady Eustace!

Let it not for a moment be supposed that Lord Fawn was without conscience in the matter, or indifferent to moral obligations. There was not a man in London less willing to behave badly to a young woman than Lord Fawn; or one who would more diligently struggle to get back to the right path, if convinced that he was astray. But he was one who detested interference in his private matters, and who was nearly driven mad between his sister and Frank Greystock. When he left Lady Glencora's house he walked towards his own abode with a dark cloud upon his brow. He was at first very angry with Lady Glencora. Even her position gave her no right to meddle with his most private affairs as she had done. He would resent it, and would quarrel with Lady Glencora. What right could she have to advise him to call upon any woman? But by degrees this wrath died away, and gave place to fears, and qualms, and inward questions. He, too, had found a change in general opinion about the diamonds. When he had taken upon himself with a high hand to dissolve his own engagement, everybody had, as he thought, acknowledged that Lizzie Eustace was keeping property which did not belong to her. Now people talked of her losses as though the diamonds had been undoubtedly her own. On the next morning Lord Fawn took an opportunity of seeing Mr. Camperdown.

"My dear lord," said Mr. Camperdown, "I shall wash my hands of the matter altogether. The diamonds are gone, and the questions now are, who stole them, and where are they? In our business we can't meddle with such questions as those."

"You will drop the bill in Chancery then?"

"What good can the bill do us when the diamonds are gone? If Lady Eustace had anything to do with the robbery——"

"You suspect her, then?"

"No, my lord; no. I cannot say that. I have no right to say that. Indeed it is not Lady Eustace that I suspect. She has got into bad hands, perhaps; but I do not think that she is a thief."

"You were suggesting that,—if she had anything to do with the robbery——"

"Well;—yes;—if she had, it would not be for us to take steps against her in the matter. In fact, the trustees have decided that they will do nothing more, and my hands are tied. If the minor, when he comes of age, claims the property from them, they will prefer to replace it. It isn't very likely; but that's what they say."

"But if it was an heirloom——" suggested Lord Fawn, going back to the old claim.

"That's exploded," said Mr. Camperdown. "Mr. Dove was quite clear about that."

This was the end of the filing of that bill in Chancery as to which Mr. Camperdown had been so very enthusiastic! Now it certainly was the case that poor Lord Fawn in his conduct towards Lizzie had trusted greatly to the support of Mr. Camperdown's legal proceeding. The world could hardly have expected him to marry a woman against whom a bill in Chancery was being carried on for the recovery of diamonds which did not belong to her. But that support was now altogether withdrawn from him. It was acknowledged that the necklace was not an heirloom,—clearly acknowledged by Mr. Camperdown! And even Mr. Camperdown would not express an opinion that the lady had stolen her own diamonds.

How would it go with him, if, after all, he were to marry her? The bone of contention between them had at any rate been made to vanish. The income was still there, and Lady Glencora Palliser had all but promised her friendship. As he entered the India Office on his return from Mr. Camperdown's chambers, he almost thought that that would be the best way out of his difficulty. In his room he found his brother-in-law, Mr. Hittaway, waiting for him. It is always necessary that a man should have some friend whom he can trust in delicate affairs, and Mr. Hittaway was selected as Lord Fawn's friend. He was not at all points the man whom Lord Fawn would have chosen, but for their close connection. Mr. Hittaway was talkative, perhaps a little loud, and too apt to make capital out of every incident of his life. But confidential friends are not easily found, and one does not wish to increase the circle to whom one's family secrets must become known. Mr. Hittaway was at any rate zealous for the Fawn family, and then his character as an official

man stood high. He had been asked on the previous evening to step across from the Civil Appeal Office to give his opinion respecting that letter from Frank Greystock demanding a written explanation. The letter had been sent to him; and Mr. Hittaway had carried it home and shown it to his wife. "He's a cantankerous Tory, and determined to make himself disagreeable," said Mr. Hittaway, taking the letter from his pocket and beginning the conversation. Lord Fawn seated himself in his great arm-chair, and buried his face in his hands. "I am disposed, after much consideration, to advise you to take no notice of the letter," said Mr. Hittaway, giving his counsel in accordance with instructions received from his wife. Lord Fawn still buried his face. "Of course the thing is painful,—very painful. But out of two evils one should choose the least. The writer of this letter is altogether unable to carry out his threat." "What can the man do to him?" Mrs. Hittaway had asked, almost snapping at her husband as she did so. "And then," continued Mr. Hittaway, "we all know that public opinion is with you altogether. The conduct of Lady Eustace is notorious."

"Everybody is taking her part," said Lord Fawn almost crying.

"Surely not."

"Yes;—they are. The bill in Chancery has been withdrawn, and it's my belief that if the necklace were found to-morrow, there would be nothing to prevent her keeping it,—just as she did before."

"But it was an heirloom?"

"No, it wasn't. The lawyers were all wrong about it. As far as I can see, lawyers always are wrong. About those nine lacs of rupees for the Sawab, Finlay was all wrong. Camperdown owns that he was wrong. If, after all, the diamonds were hers, I'm sure I don't know what I am to do. Thank you, Hittaway, for coming over. That'll do for the present. Just leave that ruffian's letter, and I'll think about it."

This was considered by Mrs. Hittaway to be a very bad state of things, and there was great consternation in Warwick Square when Mr. Hittaway told his wife this new story of her brother's weakness. She was not going to be weak. She did not intend to withdraw her opposition to the marriage. She was not going to be frightened by Lizzie Eustace and Frank Greystock,—knowing as she did that they were lovers, and very improper lovers, too. "Of course she stole them herself," said Mrs. Hittaway; "and I don't doubt but she stole her own money afterwards. There's nothing she wouldn't do. I'd sooner see Frederic in his grave than married to such a woman as that. Men don't know how sly women can be;—that's the truth. And Frederic has been so spoilt among them down at Richmond, that he has no real judgment left. I don't suppose he means to marry her."

"Upon my word I don't know," said Mr. Hittaway. Then Mrs. Hittaway made up her mind that she would at once write a letter to Scotland.

There was an old lord about London in those days,—or, rather, one who was an old Liberal but a young lord,—one Lord Mount Thistle, who had sat in the Cabinet, and had lately been made a peer when his place in the Cabinet was wanted. He was a pompous, would-be important, silly old man, well acquainted with all the traditions of his party, and perhaps, on that account, useful,—but a bore, and very apt to meddle when he was not wanted. Lady Glencora, on the day after her dinner-party, whispered into his ear that Lord Fawn was getting himself into trouble, and that a few words of caution, coming to him from one whom he respected so much as he did Lord Mount Thistle, would be of service to him. Lord Mount Thistle had known Lord Fawn's father, and declared himself at once to be quite entitled to interfere. "He is really behaving badly to Lady Eustace," said Lady Glencora, "and I don't think that he knows it." Lord Mount Thistle, proud of a commission from the hands of Lady Glencora, went almost at once to his old friend's son. He found him at the House that night, and whispered his few words of caution in one of the lobbies.

"I know you will excuse me, Fawn," Lord Mount Thistle said, "but people seem to think that you are not behaving quite well to Lady Eustace."

"What people?" demanded Lord Fawn.

"My dear fellow, that is a question that cannot be answered. You know that I am the last man to interfere if I didn't think it my duty as a friend. You were engaged to her?"—Lord Fawn only frowned. "If so," continued the late cabinet minister, "and if you have broken it off, you ought to give your reasons. She has a right to demand as much as that."

On the next morning, Friday, there came to him the note which Lady Glencora had recommended Lizzie to write. It was very short. "Had you not better come and see me? You can hardly think that things should be left as they are now. L. E.—Hertford Street, Thursday." He had hoped,—he had ventured to hope,—that things might be left, and that they would arrange themselves; that he could throw aside his engagement without further trouble, and that the subject would drop. But it was not so. His enemy, Frank Greystock, had demanded from him a "written explanation" of his conduct. Mr. Camperdown had deserted him. Lady Glencora Palliser, with whom he had not the honour of any intimate acquaintance, had taken upon herself to give him advice. Lord Mount Thistle had found fault with him. And now there had come a note from Lizzie Eustace herself, which he could hardly venture

to leave altogether unnoticed. On that Friday he dined at his club, and then went to his sister's house in Warwick Square. If assistance might be had anywhere, it would be from his sister;—she, at any rate, would not want courage in carrying on the battle on his behalf.

"Ill-used!" she said, as soon as they were closeted together. "Who dares to say so?"

"That old fool, Mount Thistle, has been with me."

"I hope, Frederic, you don't mind what such a man as that says. He has probably been prompted by some friend of hers. And who else?"

"Camperdown turns round now, and says that they don't mean to do anything more about the necklace. Lady Glencora Palliser told me the other day that all the world believes that the thing was her own."

"What does Lady Glencora Palliser know about it? If Lady Glencora Palliser would mind her own affairs it would be much better for her. I remember when she had troubles enough of her own, without meddling with other people's."

"And now I've got this note." Lord Fawn had already shown Lizzie's few scrawled words to his sister. "I think I must go and see her."

"Do no such thing, Frederic."

"Why not? I must answer it, and what can I say?"

"If you go there, that woman will be your wife, and you'll never have a happy day again as long as you live. The match is broken off, and she knows it. I shouldn't take the slightest notice of her, or of her cousin, or of any of them. If she chooses to bring an action against you, that is another thing."

Lord Fawn paused for a few moments before he answered. "I think I ought to go," he said.

"And I am sure that you ought not. It is not only about the diamonds,—though that was quite enough to break off any engagement. Have you forgotten what I told you that the man saw at Portray?"

"I don't know that the man spoke the truth."

"But he did."

"And I hate that kind of espionage. It is so very likely that mistakes should be made."

"When she was sitting in his arms,—and kissing him! If you choose to do it, Frederic, of course you must. We can't prevent it. You are free to marry any one you please."

"I'm not talking of marrying her."

"What do you suppose she wants you to go there for? As for political life, I am quite sure it would be the death of you. If I

were you, I wouldn't go near her. You have got out of the scrape, and I would remain out."

"But I haven't got out," said Lord Fawn.

On the next day, Saturday, he did nothing in the matter. He went down, as was his custom, to Richmond, and did not once mention Lizzie's name. Lady Fawn and her daughters never spoke of her now,—neither of her, nor, in his presence, of poor Lucy Morris. But on his return to London on the Sunday evening, he found another note from Lizzie. "You will hardly have the hardihood to leave my note unanswered. Pray let me know when you will come to me." Some answer must, as he felt, be made to her. For a moment he thought of asking his mother to call;—but he at once saw that by doing so he might lay himself open to terrible ridicule. Could he induce Lord Mount Thistle to be his Mercury? It would, he felt, be quite impossible to make Lord Mount Thistle understand all the facts of his position. His sister, Mrs. Hittaway, might have gone, were it not that she herself was so violently opposed to any visit. The more he thought of it, the more convinced he became that, should it be known that he had received two such notes from a lady and that he had not answered or noticed them, the world would judge him to have behaved badly. So, at last, he wrote,—on that Sunday evening,—fixing a somewhat distant day for his visit to Hertford Street. His note was as follows:—

"Lord Fawn presents his compliments to Lady Eustace. In accordance with the wish expressed in Lady Eustace's two notes of the 23rd instant and this date, Lord Fawn will do himself the honour of waiting upon Lady Eustace on Saturday next, March 3rd, at 12, noon. Lord Fawn had thought that under circumstances as they now exist, no further personal interview could lead to the happiness of either party; but as Lady Eustace thinks otherwise, he feels himself constrained to comply with her desire.

"Sunday evening, 25 February, 18—."

"I am going to see her in the course of this week," he said, in answer to a further question from Lady Glencora, who, chancing to meet him in society, had again addressed him on the subject. He lacked the courage to tell Lady Glencora to mind her own business and to allow him to do the same. Had she been a little less great than she was,—either as regarded herself or her husband,—he would have done so. But Lady Glencora was the social queen of the party to which he belonged, and Mr. Palliser was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and would some day be Duke of Omnium.

"As you are great, be merciful, Lord Fawn," said Lady Glencora. "You men, I believe, never realise what it is that women feel when

they love. It is my belief that she will die unless you are reunited to her. And then she is so beautiful ! ”

“ It is a subject that I cannot discuss, Lady Glencora.”

“ I dare say not, and I am sure I am the last person to wish to give you pain. But you see,—if the poor lady has done nothing to merit your anger, it does seem rather a strong measure to throw her off, and give her no reason whatever. How would you defend yourself, suppose she published it all ? ” Lady Glencora’s courage was very great,—and perhaps we may say her impudence also. This last question Lord Fawn left unanswered, walking away in great dudgeon.

In the course of the week he told his sister of the interview which he had promised, and she endeavoured to induce him to postpone it till a certain man should arrive from Scotland. She had written for Mr. Andrew Gowran,—sending down funds for Mr. Gowran’s journey,—so that her brother might hear Mr. Gowran’s evidence out of Mr. Gowran’s own mouth. Would not Frederic postpone the interview till he should have seen Mr. Gowran ? But to this request Frederic declined to accede. He had fixed a day and an hour. He had made an appointment ;—of course he must keep it.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THE WAR OF THE COMUNIDADES.

THE last volume of the documents which we owe to Mr. Bergenroth's industrious researches at Simaneas, has revived the interest in the revolt of the Comunidades, which represents the period of greatest crisis in the history of Spain. At that period, after a heroic, free, and romantic growth, Spain at last had reached an eminence at which two roads lay before her, the one leading to the Land of Promise of Freedom, the other to the desolate and dreary wastes of Despotism. She made a gallant struggle to take the first direction, and although she failed, the heroes who were the champions and martyrs of her cause deserve a place in her story as honourable as Winkelried holds in Switzerland, and Hampden among ourselves.

The papers contained in Mr. Bergenroth's last volume, if studied not with the view of substantiating his untenable "discovery" of the sanity of Queen Juana, but with that of more clearly understanding the character and vicissitudes of the last great patriotic rising of the old Castilian cities, prove how narrowly Spain missed continuing to be what she had hitherto been, the freest country in Europe. The Castilian commons rose in arms, not to claim any extension of liberty, but simply to secure themselves against a violation of rights which they had enjoyed for centuries; and had the popular party possessed one single head at all comparable to William the Silent or Washington, they would undoubtedly have succeeded. If the Spain of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries excites our pity and astonishment, it is but just to consider the circumstances under which she submitted to the domination of the House of Austria. "Had the revolt of the Comunidades succeeded," wrote Martinez de la Rosa in the preface to his play, *The Widow of Padilla*, "our country would have been saved from three centuries of superstition and ignorance."

How free the Spaniards were before the advent of the House of Austria, is shown by the famous oath by which the Cortes of Aragon habitually swore allegiance to the king—"We who are worth as much as you, make you our king and lord, on condition that you preserve our privileges and rights; but if not, no." The spirit of the oath taken by the Cortes of Aragon, animated equally the proceedings of the Cortes of the other kingdoms of Spain.

Great was the disgust then of all classes in Spain when it was known that Charles of Ghent, as he was called, on the death of Ferdinand, in 1517, had assumed the title of king, while he was still resident in Flanders, and without the permission of the Cortes, and

this the more, as the mother of Charles, Juana la Loca, was still living. Still greater was their disgust to find subsequently that their young king, who was but seventeen years of age at his accession, was kept away from Spain for two years by his Flemish governors, who made a traffic of the offices of Spain in so shameless a fashion that gold and silver began already to be scarce in the country. The aged Cardinal Ximenes, who had been left regent by the last king, remonstrated in vain with the Flemish advisers of Charles on the contempt shown for the rights of Spaniards, whom indeed the Flemings styled contemptuously *Indios*, or *niggers*. Nevertheless, he managed to keep the Spaniards in quiet allegiance until the arrival of Charles himself at Coruña.

The young king arrived surrounded by his Flemish counsellors, the chief of whom was Guillaume de Croy, Seigneur de Chievres, a member of that splendid family of the Croys who continued up to the end of the last century to fill the highest offices in every State in Europe. The Seigneur de Chievres had been the governor of Charles in his youth, and now filled the office of great chamberlain and treasurer to the king. By right of his office he slept in the same chamber with his master, and dined at the same table, and his influence over his ward was almost unlimited. He had not only all the offices of the royal household at his disposal by right, he was able not only to surround the young king by creatures of his own, but to exercise overwhelming authority in the distribution of all the dignities and preferments in Charles's dominions; and as he was avaricious, haughty, and grasping, he did not fail to make a shameless use of his opportunities. Chievres, during the time that he continued in office, was thus virtually king of Spain, though other Flemings participated in the extortionate and corrupt system, which had even before the arrival of Charles at Coruña made the name of Flanders detested in the country.

The next in influence to Chievres, so far as concerned the distribution of patronage, was Manigoal de Lanoy, the grand master of the horse, who from early association had acquired great authority over the young sovereign, while by virtue of his office, whenever the king left the palace for a journey of peace or a campaign of war, he was always near his person. He armed and disarmed him for battle or for tournament, and had under his command the whole array of heralds, trumpeters, grooms, tent-keepers, and the complete management of the royal stables in time both of war and peace. The young king passed his life, therefore, always under the eyes of his grand chamberlain and his grand master of the horse, and none, without their knowledge, could approach his person.

Besides these Flemish nobles, who had thus the person of the king in their keeping, another Fleming—Adrian, Dean of Louvain, the

former tutor of Charles, had been created Cardinal of Tortosa, and associated with Ximenes in the regency of seventeen months, which lasted from the death of Ferdinand till the arrival of Charles: but his quiet inoffensive manners, and the absence of ambition—for he seems always to have been desirous of escaping from the odium of the high position forced upon him amid a proud people, mistrustful of foreigners—united with the superior genius and long established reputation of the Spanish cardinal to confine him to the performance of a subordinate part, in which his activity was regarded by the Spaniards with less jealousy than that of the rest of the Flemings.

Whatever mistrust and ill-will were already brooding in the minds of the Spaniards against the Flemish attendants of Charles, was infinitely increased by the intelligence that shortly after his arrival the young king wrote a letter to Cardinal Ximenes, thanking him for his past services, and recommending him to look to Heaven for his reward, and informing him that he had named a new Council of State, in which he was excluded. The Spanish cardinal, who was now ninety years of age, died shortly after this letter, and although his great age alone might account for his death, yet it was reported that his heart had been broken by the ingratitude of his sovereign. To the further disgust of the Spanish people, there were now two Flemish councillors named among the presidents of the new Council of State for Castille: not only was the Cardinal of Tortosa included in the new formation, but one Sauvage, a Fleming, was named to the great public dignity of High Chancellor of Castille.

In the month of January, 1518, the Cortes met according to royal mandate in the Convent of San Pablo, at Valladolid. The procuradores, or deputies of the towns of Spain, all came charged by their different cities to present remonstrances to their sovereign for past abuses of royal authority. They refused, according to custom, to take any oath of allegiance till Charles himself had sworn to maintain the customs, liberties, and privileges of the commons of Spain. The appearance of Charles himself, moreover, was not calculated at this time to give much confidence to his subjects. He was but a boy, who had given as yet no proof of capacity, while his unimposing personal aspect, the under-hanging heavy lip of the Austrian family, strengthened the apprehensions entertained on account of the unfortunate mental condition of his mother, and his imperfect knowledge of Spanish. After some days of debate, Charles found himself constrained to take the oath required of him, on the 5th of February, when further discussion ensued, and the Doctor Zumel, representative for the town of Burgos, insisted further that the king should swear in express terms that he would in future confer no offices or preferments on foreigners. Charles replied, "*Esto juro*," a reply which was not considered quite satisfactory, though its brevity was

put down to the king's want of knowledge of Spanish ; and on the 7th of February the procuradores, prelates, grandees, and caballeros of the kingdom, including Don Fernando, the brother, and Doña Leonora, his sister, took the oath of allegiance, with the reservation that Doña Juana should be queen at any time if she recovered her reason. Before they separated, the Cortes presented petitions to the sovereign claiming redress in various matters, expressed in terms more bold than would have been used by the subjects of any other monarch in Europe at that period, after which their termination was celebrated with a profusion of festivals, bull-fights, juegos de cañas, and jousting matches.

But the semblance of harmony produced by action of the Cortes at Valladolid did not last long. The avarice and rapacity of the Flemings remained still as insatiable as before. They continued to make sale of every office of the State. In fact, the Flemish ministers of Charles were the first who set that current of gold and silver flowing out of Spain, which never thenceforth ceased till Spain became a pauper among nations, and the Spanish peasant, with that knack of rhyming characteristic of his nature, even then exclaimed at the presence of a "ducat of two," as they called the fine ducats which had on them the heads both of Ferdinand and Isabella :—

"Salveos Dios, ducado de dos,
Que Monsieur de Xevres no topò con vos."

May God preserve you, "ducat of two,"
Since Monsieur de Chievres has not met with you."

Moreover the Church and the nation were insulted, and the oath of the king violated, by the appointment of a Flemish boy, the nephew of Chievres, to the enormously rich Archbishopric of Toledo, vacant by the death of the venerable Cardinal Ximenes, which was, next to the Papacy, the most valuable ecclesiastical dignity in Europe. To complete the disgust of the Castilians, Don Ferdinand, the young brother of the king, who had been brought up in Spain, and became consequently the object of national affection, was, from motives of precaution, and against the wish of the people, sent out of Spain.

Charles of Austria, after the conclusion of the Cortes of Valladolid, had gone to Saragossa and to Barcelona to receive the allegiance of the Cortes of Aragon and Catalonia ; which was granted him after scenes of debate and remonstrance similar to those which took place at Valladolid, and after he had in like manner sworn to maintain the respective rights and liberties of his Aragonese and Catalan subjects ; news then arrived of the death of the Emperor Maximilian, and the election of Charles as his successor in the Imperial dignity.

The people of Spain received this news as nothing else than calamitous. They foresaw at once that their country would necessarily

be deprived of the presence of their monarch, that the government would have to be carried on by deputies, and that the destinies of the nation would be linked to a system of policy in which their own interests would be of secondary consideration; they felt by instinct, in fact, that that might happen which did happen—that the prosperity and liberties of Spain might be sacrificed to the ruthless exigencies of an ambition foreign to the welfare and desires of the country.

In order, however, to leave Spain, and to make due preparation for the assumption of the Imperial dignity, Charles and his counsellors found it necessary to appeal to Castille for supplies; he therefore convoked anew the Cortes, but at Santiago, in Gallicia, beyond the limits of Castille.

The convocation of the Cortes beyond the boundaries of Castille was a fresh unconstitutional act, which, joined with the other causes of mistrust and apprehension already rankling in the minds of the Castilians, called forth a rapid explosion of discontent.

“La muy noble y muy leal ciudad”—the city of Toledo—proud of her ancient rights, of her glorious memory as the chief fortress of the Spanish royalty in the long contest with the Moors, with whom Burgos alone contested the claim of being the chief jewel in the crown of Castille, trembled with indignation in her rocky seat on the banks of the Tagus, and was the first to lead the way in protesting against the violation of the constitutional rights of the towns of Spain. She called together her ayuntamiento, and named two commissioners to depart at once to Valladolid, to which place Charles had returned with his Flemish ministers, and protest against the place appointed for the meeting of the Cortes. Salamanca named two commissioners for the like purpose; and the four commissioners arrived at Valladolid, where the king contrived to evade their protestations, and to depart stealthily out of the town, leaving the commissioners a rendezvous at Tordesillas, six leagues from Valladolid.

The king, however, did not depart without an attempt on the part of the citizens of Valladolid to hinder his departure, and two thousand of them followed in pursuit, the ringleaders of whom were subsequently subjected to cruel punishments—some to incarceration and some to mutilation of the hands and feet. Finding that the king was absolutely bent on departure, the cities of Castille, in spite of the irregularity of the site of convention, nevertheless sent their deputies to Santiago, but with strict injunctions not to grant the subsidies demanded until full redress was previously made in the matter of their petitions. A stormy session was held for a while at Santiago, the king engaged to return to Spain in three years, and made promises of concessions, not sufficient, however, to satisfy the terms of redress which had been agreed upon in common by the Castilian

cities. Trusting, therefore, to finding the deputies more tractable if he dealt with them on the eve of departure, Charles now changed the place of assembly to Coruña. At Coruña, by dint of threats, promises, and bribes, Charles and his counsellors won over the members of the Cortes one by one, and the assembly was induced, contrary to the engagements which its members had severally undertaken towards the various cities they represented, to grant the *servicio* demanded by the king, without having first secured the royal promise for the redress of existing grievances.

In order, however, to protect themselves in some measure from the consequences of this abuse of their representative duties towards their constituents, after granting the *servicio*, they presented various petitions for redress, which were almost an echo of those presented at Valladolid.

The *procuradores*, on their return from Coruña, showed by their conduct their knowledge of the temper of their countrymen, and their misgivings as to the reception which awaited them at home. Nor were they deceived. At news of the vote of the subsidy at Coruña without any guarantee for the redress of grievances, a flame of indignation ran through all the cities of Castille; and Toledo again was the first to express her resentment. Toledo, indeed, had not been represented at all at Santiago or Coruña. Having cause to suspect the liberalism of the two *procuradores* who had represented her at Valladolid, she had replaced them by two noblemen of immense popularity, Don Juan de Padilla and Don Hernando Davalos. The two *procuradores* were summoned to Santiago by royal letters, and they affected to obey, but a multitude of the citizens came out of the city gates, turned them back on the way, and kept guard over them in the cathedral, at the same time Don Pedro Lars de la Vega, who had been one of the commissioners appointed to carry the remonstrances of the city to the king at Valladolid, and had been exiled to Padon, returned within the city. The *corregidor* of the town endeavoured to enforce his authority in vain. The people arose in one tumultuous mass, carried everything before them, and took by force possession of the *alcazar*, and the gates and bridges of the city. The insurrection passed to Segovia, to Zamora, on to Madrid, Guadalajara, to Alcalá, to Soria, to Avila, to Cuenca, to Medina del Campo, to Salamanca, to Leon, to Burgos; and even one or two towns like Valladolid, which did not at first wholly shake off the royal authority, were on the very brink of revolt. Some scenes of violence necessarily occurred in the rising. At Segovia, two officers of justice who opposed the people were strung up by the feet to a gallows outside the walls. One of their *procuradores*, named Tordesillas, who was foolhardy enough to return from Coruña and brave the indignation of his constituents, was seized by the mob in a

church, and a halter placed round his neck amid the cries of "Muera el traidor!" and he was hung in the sight of his brother, the prior of a Franciscan convent in the town, who, with the Host in his hand, and on his knees, with all his monks by his side, prayed for mercy. Finding his prayers would be of no avail, the prior asked that his brother might at least confess. "No confessor for traitors but the hangman!" was the reply. At Zamora the procuradores were burnt in effigy, and their portraits in the hall of the ayuntamiento disfigured with infamous inscriptions. At Burgos the alcazar was stormed, and the house of the corregidor, and the houses of many supposed to be opposed to the people, were sacked, and the mob burnt the jewels and furniture in the streets; while a Frenchman—Jofre—who was supposed to have enriched himself at the public expense, and who had insulted the people with threats, and the term *marranos*, was hung. At Cuenca, the wife of the corregidor retaliated for the insults of the people to her husband by such a ghastly tragedy as we read of almost only in the annals of Spain. She feigned friendship to two of the popular leaders, invited them to her house, put them to sleep with wine, and then stabbed them and hung them from her balcony, and escaped from the town. At Murcia, the corregidor and his *alguacils* were assassinated. Being animated, then, by one common spirit, the cities at once formed the league known in Spanish history as that of the Comunidades, while the members of the popular party took the name of *Comuneros*. Such was the news which met Adrian, Cardinal of Tortosa, now governor of Spain, on his way with the council to Valladolid, after the departure of Charles. He at once endeavoured to reduce Segovia, one of the most prominent of the revolted cities, and he despatched for this purpose the Alcalde Ronquillo with a considerable body of troops.

The nomination of the Alcalde Ronquillo was an unfortunate choice. The Alcalde Ronquillo has left as bad a name in Spain as Judge Jeffries in England; his ferocity and brutality were already notorious. Though a judge by profession, he was habituated to the use of arms, in common with most of the lawyers and no few of the priests of the time. His appointment sufficed to make rebels of all the population of Segovia, for he had formerly been a judge in Segovia itself, and was execrated for his cruelty by all classes. The city at once appointed Don Juan Bravo its captain, and wrote urgent letters to its fellow towns to come to its rescue. Toledo replied by sending Don Juan de Padilla at the head of 2,000 infantry and 200 horse; Madrid, by sending Don Juan Zapata with 400 soldiers and 50 horsemen; and Ronquillo, after having committed some useless acts of barbarity, was compelled to retreat.

The Regent and Council now began to understand that the revolt was a serious matter, and they took more serious measures to put it

down. They appointed Don Alonso Fonseca, brother of the Bishop of Burgos, to the command of the royal troops, to be assisted still by Ronquillo, and they ordered them to make a fresh attack with renewed forces on Segovia; but for this purpose previously to take possession of the royal artillery which had been laid up at Medina del Campo, and to use it against the rebellious town. Medina del Campo was at that time the richest city in Spain; its fairs were renowned throughout Europe; it was the chief emporium for national and foreign merchandize, and its shops were full of rich cloths, silks, brocades, jewellery, and tapestry. As soon, however, as the inhabitants knew that Fonseca and Ronquillo were on the march with the view of getting hold of their artillery in order to subdue their sister town of Segovia, they prepared for a desperate defence, and resolved to die one and all rather than surrender the guns. After some desperate fighting, Fonseca, at a loss how to subdue the town, hit upon the barbarous expedient of rolling barrels of lighted pitch into the houses of which he had obtained possession. The fire spread, and the greater part of the city burst into flames, while the people of Medina still fought amid their burning houses with such intrepidity, that Fonseca and Ronquillo were obliged to retire and leave the artillery behind them, after having, by a useless act of barbarity, ruined the richest city in their country, and reduced from 700 to 800 houses to ashes.

As might be expected, the news of this barbarous conduct of the royalist leaders at Medina del Campo increased to intensity the feeling of exasperation of the towns of Castille. All sent letters of condolence and assurance of passionate and indignant sympathy with the ruined city. The letters of Segovia, in whose behalf Medina del Campo had sustained this heroic defence, breathe of the heroic free Spanish spirit which distinguished the first period of the Comunidades:—

“Therefore hold for certain, senores, that since Medina ruined itself for Segovia, either the memory of Segovia shall perish, or Segovia will avenge the wrongs of Medina.”

“Pero tened, señores, por cierto que pues Medina se perdia por Segovia ò de Segovia no quedera memoria, o Segovia, vengara la su injuria à Medina.”

The news of the destruction of Medina del Campo brought about a revolution at Valladolid; it was in vain that the Cardinal de Tortosa declared that the royalist leaders had exceeded his orders; his authority was set at defiance, though, on account of his harmless and insignificant nature, he was allowed to remain in the city. Fonseca and Ronquillo, however, found it necessary to escape from the country. They fled to Flanders to avoid the vengeance of their countrymen and to report the state of things to the king.

The cause of the Comuneros now seemed entirely triumphant; the revolution spread to Andalusia, and the cities sent their procuradores to form a Junta Santa, or Cortes of their own, at the ancient city of Avila, not far distant from Segovia.

Nothing was wanting now to the Comuneros to insure the success of their movement but leaders, and a more conciliatory bearing towards the great grandees of Spain, who at this time either favoured the movement openly or secretly, or stayed from opposing it. As for leaders, they had several brave and able noblemen at their head, but not one capable of commanding an army or directing their councils. The most noticeable among their chiefs were Don Pedro Laço de la Vega, Don Juan de Padilla, both of Toledo, Don Juan Zapata of Madrid, Don Juan Bravo of Segovia, and Don Luis Quintanilla of Medina del Campo. Don Pedro Laço de la Vega, the father of the celebrated Spanish poet, was elected president of the revolutionary Junta, but the young noble Don Juan de Padilla was made the captain of the troops. Don Juan de Padilla, in fact, was the darling of the popular party, and of their soldiers in the field. He was the son of the commander of Castille, of sangre limpia, an accomplished knight, of brilliant exterior, of frank and engaging manners, of unquestioned loyalty and patriotism, brave and generous to excess. He was then about thirty years of age, and happy in the possession of a wife of kindred spirit, Dona Maria Pacheco, daughter of the Conde de Tendilla, and niece of the great Marques de Villena, a señora of noble and gentle bearing, of fine intelligence, strong in spirit though delicate in health, and charitably and kind to the necessitous. She, too, was a patriot, devoted to the popular cause as well for the sake of the people as for the sake of her husband, and in the last phase of the revolution she displayed all the heroism of a Maid of Saragossa, with a fertility of resources astonishing in one of her sex. But, unfortunately for Juan de Padilla, with all the qualities of a brilliant courtier, he lacked the talents necessary for a leader either in the field or the cabinet; he himself was aware of the fact, and endeavoured on one occasion to escape from the command which his eminent popularity thrust upon him. Unfortunately for the Comuncros, during the only period, and that the most critical, at which they allowed the military command to be exercised by another than Juan de Padilla, they conferred the post on a traitor, who did more harm by his treachery than Juan de Padilla could possibly have done by bad generalship. The chief who really ruined the cause of the Comuneros was Don Pedro de Giron.

Passionate controversies were there then in the ancient city Avila de los Caballeros. That quaint and stately city, renowned for its ancient loyalty, with its lofty gates and towers and fortifications, which look hewn out of solid grey rock, seated as it is on its rocky

eminence, and looking majestically across the deep Vega to the long lines and summits of the noble range of the Guadarama, was then the stronghold and centre of the national life of Spain. The fate of its liberties hung on the decision of the council of the Junta of Avila.

The Junta of Avila, however, represented all classes of the community; there were noble cavaliers like the Fajardos, the Ulloas, the Maldonados, and the Ayalas; there were bishops, abbots, canons, and priests—many among them accustomed to the use of arms, and ready to take the field in mail on their war-horses or on foot with their firelocks; there were doctors and professors of universities, artisans and men of commerce.

After consultation, the chiefs of the Comuneros determined that their first effort should be to get possession of Tordesillas, which city had now for years been for the inhabitants of Castille the centre of a mournful and mysterious interest.

It was not without reason that the people of Castille had been indignant at the removal of the young prince, the Infante Don Fernando, from the kingdom, for they had contemplated, in the presence of the violation of their rights and privileges by his elder brother Don Carlos, putting the prince at the head of the revolution and consolidating it under his authority; but there was another person yet alive who might be put at the head of the revolution—the rightful heiress of the crown of Castille, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, the mother of the two princes, condemned to a life of secesy and seclusion, under watch and ward, in the castle of Tordesillas.

The story of this unhappy lady has lately been studied with renewed interest, on account of Mr. Bergenroth's supposed discovery that she was a victim of State policy; that her insanity, which has gained for her the name of "Jeanne la Folle," and "Juana la Lorca," in history, was a pretext; and that her long and terrible state of seclusion and exclusion from the world was inflicted on her to gratify the ambition of an inhuman father and an inhuman son.

The strange figure of a widowed Queen of Castille, travelling with the corpse of an idolised husband by torchlight, or sitting at her castle windows and watching, with deranged mind and dreamy vision, year by year, the coffin which contained the remains of Philip the Fair, who expired in a neighbouring convent, was to disappear from history, and to be replaced by another even sadder spectacle—a Queen of Castille imprisoned in the prime of life and in the integrity of reason, deprived remorselessly of crown and liberty, and subjected to inhuman treatment for mere dynastic reasons. It is well, at least, to find, upon scrupulous examination, that such a monstrous violation of the most sacred sentiments of humanity never was perpetrated,

and that the unfortunate Juana of Castille was, undoubtedly, affected with an insanity, showing itself by turns in moods of fixed melancholy, in sullen disregard for the decencies of life, and in paroxysms of violence; and that, though subject at times to lucid intervals, she was absolutely unfit to take any part in the government.

Nevertheless, since both her father and her husband had both separately declared, when it suited their purpose, that she was sane, it is not to be wondered at that some suspicion as to the truth or incurableness of her diseased state of mind should exist; and since, were she sane, she was the rightful Queen of Castille, it is still less to be wondered at that the Commons should, in their discontent with the monarch to whom they had granted her authority, resolve to possess themselves of her person, to satisfy themselves as to the truth of her insanity, and to carry on the revolt in her name. Indeed, the very first rising in Toledo had been made in the name of the queen.

The chiefs of the Comuneros then—Juan de Padilla, Juan Bravo, Juan Zapata, and Luis Quintanilla—collected their forces to the walls of Tordesillas, and took the town by assault.

The unfortunate queen had now been living in seclusion for eleven years, and knowing nothing of what was going on in the external world.

Such was the condition of the Queen of Castille, when towards the middle of August, 1520, it was known that the Commons were about to march on Tordesillas. The Cardinal-Regent sent a small detachment of troops to reinforce the royal garrison, but the people of the town refused to admit them; and when the lieutenant-corregidor of Tordesillas knew, on the 23rd of August, that the popular forces were close at hand, he insisted on an interview with the queen, and informed her of the death of Ferdinand, and generally of the state of the kingdom. On the next day the army of the Commons entered Tordesillas, and were well received by the citizens. The chiefs of the popular troops, immediately after their arrival, sought and obtained interviews with the queen. They informed her of the exactions of the foreigners, of the violation of the rights of the people, of the state of revolt of the country, which had risen, not only in their own behalf, but in her name, to restore her to liberty, and to prevent her from being carried away. The queen appears at this time to have had a lucid interval of extraordinary clearness and duration, and received the information in a wonderfully composed manner. The chiefs of the Commons asked to get her signature, to cover their proceedings with her authority. But one of the marks of Juana's insanity was that she would never sign anything. As she constantly refused her signature, from one motive or the other, the chiefs hit upon the device of having interviews with her in the presence of the authorities of the town, and of taking down her replies in a document, attested

by the public notary. It is to this circumstance that we have a record of two such interviews held by the popular chiefs with the queen. The first of such attested interviews was on the 31st of August. The Queen Dona Juana, accompanied by her daughter, the Infanta, then thirteen years of age, stood in a corridor of her apartments, Juan de Padilla knelt before her on the floor, with Juan Bravo, Juan Zapata, and Luis Quintanilla around him. The corregidor of the town, Bernardino de Castro, was also present, with Vicente de Villalba, Dean of Bovilla, the bachiller Tamasas and Alonso Rodrigues de Palma, public notaries. The design of the interview was to get the queen to command the Junta of Avila to come to Tordesillas. The Dean of Bovilla addressed her kneeling on the floor, told her of the state of the kingdom, and of the measures required for pacifying it, and of the assemblage of the procuradores at Avila, and entreated her highness to recognise the meeting of the Junta, and to authorise its enactments. The queen answered, "The Junta was good," and she was well served by it. "Let them come here, and I shall be glad (of their presence) to consult with them about what is good for my kingdom, and about all the good, which will please me, and about all the evil, which will afflict me. I trust God will make all well." "Her highness," adds the notary carefully, "further enjoined the said dean, as he had come in the name of the procuradores of the Junta, to return to them and tell them to come. And then, still, for greater security, the corregidor asked her majesty if she were really willing the Junta should come. To which her highness replied, 'They may come.' And I, the said Alonso Rodrigues de Palma, asked her highness the same question, and she said, 'Yes.' " The chiefs of the Junta, we see, in the absence of the signature, took every possible precaution. Consequently, the Junta removed itself from Avila to Tordesillas; and, on the 24th of September, exactly a month after the taking of Tordesillas, they had a solemn interview with the queen in her castle, and this in the presence of three notaries, who attested the proceedings.

Alas, poor queen! the soul of Isabella the Catholic revived in her for a brief moment, and conquered the dreadful malady which ravaged her intellect. But we may imagine the amelioration was visibly only of a temporary kind, and that she had a sudden relapse, and fell immediately again into her disordered state; that she may, as her habit was, have been seized anew with fits of screaming and wild gestures, to which her strange, neglected, and even filthy attire and wild look, gave a still more pitiable aspect.

The news of the good sense showed by the queen, and of her sympathy with the wrongs of the people, spread far and wide through Castille, and excited immense joy and expectation. But the hopes thus inspired only tended to the discouragement of the popular party,

when it could not be concealed from all that Juana was in truth of irremediably diseased mind. The unhappy lady was allowed to emerge from her retirement, and was present at certain tournaments and jousting matches held in her honour. But although her signature to State documents was declared indispensable on the part of the Commons to the success of their party, and to the liberation of the queen from her so-called captivity, and although the Cardinal-Regent himself declared that if she could be got to sign papers the kingdom would be lost to the Independent party, she steadfastly refused to put her name to any document.

These attempts of the Commons to make use of the authority of a lunatic queen, turned out to be both impolitic and unfortunate; while, according to another dispatch of the cardinal, it appears that their leaders were very soon undeceived as to the state of the queen's mind.

The popular cause had, however, made some progress while the Commons were at Tordesillas, for Juan de Padilla marched with his troops into Valladolid, where he was received in triumph by the Liberal party, while several members of the royal council took to flight, and the rest were taken prisoners. It is a proof of their moderation, however, that they allowed the Cardinal of Tortosa to remain—partly, it would seem, because they had not much fear of his capacity, and partly because he was the most moderate and inoffensive of the council, and it must be added, moreover, that he was entitled to their respect, as a man without avarice and of irreproachable life. The poor cardinal, indeed, wanted nothing so much as to be quit of the whole business. He had written again and again to Charles to be relieved by dismissal from the responsibilities of office. To do him justice, he told his majesty some very plain truths, and did not conceal the desperate condition of the royal cause in Castille, while he declared that the only way of quieting the insurrection was to offer a full pardon to the offenders, and to remedy the abuses which were complained of.

All the advisers of the king advocated his speedy return to Spain, which he had resolved upon immediately after his coronation as emperor at Aix la Chapelle. Meanwhile, in pursuance of the advice of the cardinal and others, he named two envoys to act together with the present regent, the Condestable and the Almirante of Castille, Don Inigo de Velasco and Don Fadrique Enriquez de Cabera.

The nomination of these two great Spanish noblemen to a share in the regency, could not but have an injurious effect on the cause of the Commons, whose Junta had remained inactive in Tordesillas, contenting themselves with half measures, and giving their enemies full opportunity to write and get orders from Flanders, to concert

their schemes and to collect their forces. During the first days of their occupation of Tordesillas, everything was in their favour. All Castille was in revolt; the royal troops were beaten, its chiefs had fled from the execration of the country, the king was absent, the regent and his counsellors either fugitive, or captive, or in concealment, the Imperialist party was without authority, without troops, and without money. The game was in their power, nothing remained for them to overcome, and they had no need except to organise a national government. Such, indeed, was their authority in the country, that the cardinal even suggested to Charles that he should go to Tordesillas and consult with them himself, and endeavour to carry on the government with their assistance; and he did indeed send envoys to the Junta, but the Junta declined to enter into relations with a foreign regent, although they sent three messengers with a memorial of their conditions to Charles—one of whom, arriving before the other two, was imprisoned, upon hearing of which his companions returned to Spain.

The only proceeding of vigour on the part of the Commons was the march of Juan de Padilla to Valladolid, to throw a garrison into the town, and his return to Tordesillas, a movement which was unopposed; but the chief of the Comuneros omitted on his return to take possession of the strong castle of Simancas, which commanded the whole line of communication from Valladolid to Zamora, and proved to be a fatal oversight; while the Junta omitted even to put Tordesillas in such a state of defence as might prevent its being taken, on the part of the royalists, by a similar coup de main to that by which they themselves had occupied it.

They committed, moreover, the fatal blunder of setting the great nobles in opposition to their party, by the claims which they brought forward of investigating the titles of the nobility to the immense grants of public lands which had been made to them in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella. Many nobles, however, still remained faithful to their cause; for in most of the great towns of Spain the nobles had long been divided into two factions—those favourable and those opposed to the party of the Comuneros. In consequence of such delay and mistakes of policy the cause of the Commons lost ground daily, while the Royalists matured their plans and collected their forces.

The aspect of affairs changed rapidly from the time when the news of the nomination of the Condestable and the Almirante of Castille became known to the Castilians, before which the Regent had written to Charles that he had not a blanca in his coffers, and that not a lance glistened for him in the kingdom. The two new governors were both men of great power, possessing immense territorial wealth, tried in arms, and of great authority and influence,

through the exercise of which the Marques de Astorga, the Conde de Bunavente, the Condes of Lemos and Valencia, the Duque de l'Infantado and other grandees declared against the Comuneros, and levied money and soldiers on their vast estates, which they offered to the Regency. The King of Portugal, whose daughter, was about to be married to Charles V., also presented the Royalists with money. The head-quarters and rallying-point of the Royalists was established at Medina de Rioseco, to which place the Cardinal of Tortosa escaped in disguise from the hands of the party of the Commons at Valladolid. The Condestable Iñigo de Velasco, a severe ultra-Royalist, was an able, energetic man; and partly by threats, and partly by promises which he had neither the power nor the wish to keep, contrived to detach Burgos from the popular side, and remained in the city to overawe the party of the Commons. The Almirante Don Fadrique Enriquez, on the other hand, was a man of different character, who had sympathy with the just claims of the Comuneros, and used all his endeavours to mitigate the harshness of his colleague, and to settle the differences between Charles and his people by just compromise.

The defection of Burgos struck the Commons with alarm, and in the presence of the arming of the royal forces at Rioseco they determined on more vigorous action, and on attacking the city. Then ensued a period of disunion among the leaders of the Commons, beginning with a fierce dispute with respect to the fresh appointment of a captain-general of the army. Juan de Padilla was displaced for a time, but his successor's incapacity was flagrant, and he was entrusted again with the command. This second assumption of command was, however, accompanied with a second split among the leaders of the Commons; for many wished to appoint Don Pedro Laço de la Vega in his place, and Juan de Padilla generously admitted the superior talents of his rival for the post. However, his own popularity prevented his arguments from being accepted, and he continued to command the troops of the Junta up to the day of the entire ruin of the popular cause, at the fatal field of Villalar.

He began his campaign with various brilliant achievements, and finally carried by assault the fortress of Torrelobaton, one of the chief strongholds of the Royalists. But he had profited nothing by the lesson that had been given him of the danger of delay in campaigning, and especially in a revolutionary cause. Instead of dashing on from Torrelobaton, he accepted offers to treat on the part of the Royalists, who wanted to gain time, and concluded a truce for eight days; after the expiration of which he still remained inactive on the seat of his conquest, giving time for the popular party to become further dismembered through the mediation of the Almirante and the intrigues of the Condestable, and giving time also for the

latter to collect more soldiers at Burgos, to unite them with those of his co-regents and the Conde de Haro, and to fall all together upon the army of the Comuneros.

While these preparations were, however, being made against the Commons, they received one token of sympathy from the neighbouring kingdom of Aragon, where the people stopped the march of 2,000 soldiers raised by the Almirante, crying, "Aragon should not assist in robbing Castille of her liberties." "Aragon no debe ayudar a quitar las libertades a Castilla."

When Juan de Padilla was aware that the Imperialists were in the field, and advancing on Torrelobaton, he roused himself from inaction. He flew to Valladolid, gathered up some troops there, and returned to Torrelobaton. He had still 8,000 foot, 500 horse, and the artillery of Medina, among which was a pet cannon of the people, christened "San Francisco," cast in the days of the Cardinal Cisneros. On the morning of the 23rd of April, 1521, the fields around Torrelobaton rung with the noise of trumpets, as Padilla, with Juan Bravo and Maldarado by his side, set forth with his troops on the way to Toro, at which place he determined to give battle. The weather was tempestuous, the heaven black with the storms of early spring, which sweep at that season over the desolate plains of old Castille; from time to time it thundered heavily, and the rain fell in torrents; the roads were at parts knee-deep in mud, and the gun-carriages sank up to the axle-trees.

The troops of the Regency had arrived at Peñaflor, close to Torrelobaton, by the time Juan de Padilla set forth on his march, and followed in pursuit. The party of the nobles was naturally superior in cavalry, and of these, 1,400, with some light horse artillery pressed closer on the march of the Comuneros, who moved slowly, on account of the badness of the roads, and were unable to see clearly what was going on in their rear, on account of the violence of the wind and rain, which beat in their faces when they looked to the rear. The little army of the Comuneros reached at last the town of Villalar, situated on a slight eminence, only three leagues from Torrelobaton, and at this place Padilla determined to make a stand, and to give battle. While he was engaged in disposing his troops, the light artillery of the nobles was brought up to the front, and opened fire. Night was now falling, and the wind, and rain, and thunder were still incessant; and as in the storm and obscurity the soldiers of Padilla were unable to divine the numbers of their enemy, they imagined they had fallen into a trap and were surrounded, and fell into a panic. Some rushed forward to get into Villalar, some fled right and left, and tore off the red crosses, which were the ensigns of the party of the Comuneros, while the whole advanced body of the enemy's cavalry fell upon them. After vain attempts to restore order,

Juan de Padilla cried in desperation, "May God never permit that it be said in Toledo and in Valladolid, that I led their sons and husbands to slaughter, and that then I saved myself by flight." After saying this he put spurs to his horse, and followed by a squadron of horse mixed among his own dependents, set his lance in rest to the cry of "Santiago y Libertad," and dashed into the thick of the Imperial horsemen, who received him with the shout of "Santa Maria y Carlos." Padilla, after piercing through the hostile squadrons, wheeled round again to the charge, and then remained fighting in the midst till his lance was shivered in pieces, and his thigh pierced through, he fell to the ground, and was made a prisoner. Juan Bravo and Maldonado were also made prisoners on the field, which was now in complete possession of their enemies, whom a Dominican priest excited to the slaughter with the cry of "Slay, slay the villains; make away with the godless profligates; no pardon!" The number of killed, however, did not exceed one hundred, while they had four hundred wounded, and a thousand prisoners.

Vain attempts were made by the Almirante, who was with the Imperialist host, to save the lives of the brave captains of the Commons. They were taken to Villalar, and condemned to decapitation on the following day, without regular trial.

The three condemned men were led to the place of execution at the foot of the pillory of the town, mounted on mules, dressed in black, and accompanied by priests, though they requested to confess to a friar whom they saw on their way. The public crier called before them—"This is the justice which his Majesty and the governors in his name have ordered for these 'caballeros,' condemning them to the knife as traitors." "Thou liest," said Juan Bravo, "and he who speaks by thee; traitors, no! but lovers of the public weal, and defenders of the liberties of the kingdom." "Senor Juan Bravo," said Padilla, "yesterday it was our duty to fight like cavaliers, to-day to die like Christians." The captain of Segovia was then silent till they arrived at the plaza, when he said to the executioner, "Take off my head first, that I may not see the death of the best caballero in Castille." Juan Bravo was then executed, and Juan de Padilla advanced to the foot of the scaffold and took off some relics, which he entrusted to Don Enrique Sandoval y Rojas, the eldest son of the Marquis of Denia, the governor of the Queen, that he might give them to his wife, and then mounted; he looked at the body of Juan Bravo, and said, "Ahi estas, buen caballero;" then he exclaimed, "Domine non secundum peccata nostra faceas nobis," and his head was severed from his body by the knife, after which it was the turn of Francisco Maldonado, the captain of Salamanca. The heads of the three patriots were then nailed to the

top of the pillory ; but their names, as we said, now shine in letters of gold on the Chamber of Deputies at Madrid.

The noble spirit of liberty which animated the Commons of Spain was extinguished in the blood then shed at Villalar, and the Imperialist forces, in a day or two after that scene, full of calamity for the future of Spain, entered Valladolid without resistance, with offers of pardon ; but when they entered the gates they found the streets deserted, the windows of all the houses closed, and the city seemed a city of the dead. The free Spaniard who, under the banners of the kings of Castille and Aragon, had, after centuries of warfare, reconquered the soil of Spain for Christianity, was no more, and the city mourned his extinction in darkness and in silence.

The merciful counsels of the Almirante of Castille prevailed for a time at least, and the cities of Toro, Zamora, Salamanca, Leon, Medina del Campo, Avila, Soria, Cuenca, Murcia, Alcala, and Madrid were induced to submit with offers of pardon.

Segovia ended the list of the cities which thus came in, while Toledo, as she was the first to rise, so she was last to submit, and the heroic wife of Juan de Padilla, Dona Maria Pacheco, upheld the banner of the Comunidades for ten months after the fatal day of Villalar, in the once glorious stronghold of Spanish freedom on the banks of the Tajo. The news of Villalar reached her as she was on her knees with the ladies of her household before a crucifix ; though all colour left her, and her ladies thought she was about to faint, she immediately ordered the gates of the city to be secured. With superhuman strength she subdued grief within her, and resolved to devote all her energies to procure that the blood of her husband should not have been shed in vain, and to obtain the most advantageous conditions possible for the city he had loved and defended so well.

With her infant son in her arms, and accompanied by a prelate in full armour, Acuña, the Bishop of Zamora, who, in spite of his priesthood and his sixty years of age, had been an active fighting man throughout the whole revolution, and accompanied also by Hernando Davalos, and a crowd of citizens, in respectful silence, she went to take possession of the Alcazar, and organise the defence of the city ; while the Prior of San Juan, another warrior-priest—the atrocity of whose proceedings at Mora, where he had burnt three thousand people in a church, had made his name a word of execration—advanced against Toledo with a body of seven thousand foot and three thousand horse. The gallant resistance of the people, under the direction of Maria Pacheco, succeeded in securing good terms for the city, and the Prior of San Juan entered into possession of it ; but, strangely enough, the election of Adrian, the Cardinal of Tortosa, to the Papal dignity, was the cause of a second insurrection in Toledo three

months after the entry of the Imperialist forces. Adrian himself, on account of his mild character, was not personally detested in Spain, and the city of Toledo gave a festival in honour of his election, when the cry of "Viva Padilla," from a boy in the Plaza Locodover, again threw the city into revolt, which was ultimately suppressed, while Maria Pacheco was obliged to escape in the disguise of a peasant woman. After much danger and fatigue the heroic lady succeeded in reaching Portugal, where she died not long afterwards, while the house of Padilla and his wife was razed to the ground, the foundations uprooted, the site of it sown with salt, and an infamous inscription erected where it stood.

In spite of all the praises which royalist writers have heaped upon the memory of Charles, he did not make use of the victory gained in his name with clemency or moderation. His show of moderation was a farce, just as great a farce as his putting on mourning when he heard the Pope was his prisoner, and Rome the spoil of the soldiers of the Bourbon. It is true that after his return to Spain he mounted a scaffold, in Valladolid, with great show, on the 28th of October, 1522, and published a general pardon by proclamation. But the general pardon was a mere trick, it contained three hundred exceptions, and the pardon only reached the people who had taken no part whatever in the revolt of the Comunidades. Such was the rancour too, which he showed even after her death to the memory of the heroic wife of Padilla, that he refused permission for her body to be buried, as she desired by will, by the side of her husband. But if the vanquished fared ill, the victors fared no better. The Condestable of Castille, who bore the great mass of odium among his associates in the measures of repression, died of disgust at the ingratitude of the monarch he had served, in 1529, and his son, the Conde de Haro, succeeded to his office. He was the chief spokesman of his party in the celebrated Cortes held at Toledo in the convent of San Juan de los Reyes, which was the last assembly to which the three orders of the nobility, and the clergy, and the commons met together. At this Cortes the Condestable, and the rest of the great nobles who had combined to suppress the liberties of the Comuneros, themselves combined anew to remonstrate with their monarch against measures of arbitrary taxation and violation of the customs of the realm. After some days of ineffectual discussion, the royal president, the Archbishop of Toledo, appeared in the assembly, and addressed it in a curt speech, to the effect that he had heard its advice, and could dispense with any more; and he commanded that the members should depart to their homes. Then, turning round to his attendants, he said, "Have I forgotten anything?" "No," was the reply. "Your lordship has spoken so well that he has forgotten nothing,"

called out the Condestable. And this Cortes has been called the "Villalar" of the Spanish nobility.

After this time all the political power of the great Spanish grandees was at an end. They lived, indeed, in almost royal state on their vast estates, in their palaces of semi-Morresque architecture; they held miniature courts; they had their grand master of the household, their great chamberlains, and masters of the horse. Their wives were served by ladies-in-waiting, on their knees; and pages, likewise kneeling, handed them golden goblets to drink out of on golden salvers. They had even a small guard of troops; but they were mere cyphers in the government, and were delighted if the king honoured them with a cup he had drunk from, or if the queen presented their wives with a robe she had worn. Of all their ancient political power nothing remained but the bare privilege of being permitted to wear their hats in the royal presence; while, by a kind of poetical justice, in the days of Philip II., the only nobles who possessed the confidence of the king were the descendants of those who had borne arms with the people in the defence of the rights of the Comuneros.

W. STIGAND.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Life and Labours of Mr. Brassey. By ARTHUR HELPS. London: Bell & Daldy.

CAPITAL, we know, is the modern for heroism; and here is the historian of great conquerors who makes himself the historian of a great contractor. Sir Arthur Helps dedicates to the Queen the life of one of her wealthiest subjects. That is not to hint that the late Mr. Thomas Brassey was a man who made a fortune, and no more. Sir Arthur Helps shows plainly enough that he was a man of high and amiable character and of remarkable powers, whose biography it was fit enough should be written. We have had enough and to spare of "self-help;" we have had enough to turn our stomachs of the ignoble and unfruitful glorification of the man who has raised himself from the hod to the possession of millions, and the employment of millions of fellow-hodmen. It has become time to denounce with all one's breath the doctrine that to have been poor and to be rich, to have climbed from the station where you were born, is the highest of human achievements. And one could not but fear that Sir Arthur Helps, in undertaking the biography of a famous contractor and capitalist, a man who had been for far more than any one else in the greatest of modern material developments, might lend himself in some sort to this spirit, and give the weight of something like a classical name to this detestable doctrine which crushes us. But Sir Arthur Helps has not fallen into the snare. It is not that Mr. Brassey rose to capital, not from poverty, but from well-descended and well-to-do professional life; it is not even that he was not of those who made the attainment and display of wealth the object of their career and its reward; it is that the biographer knows how to leave quietly out of view the vulgar theory and vulgar instinct which offer their degrading incense to the fortune-maker. There would be two ideal ways, one would say, in which such a biography might be written. It might be written in that pernicious self-helping spirit: on the contrary, it might be written in a philosophical spirit, by a writer who should take his subject as a type of the turn which modern civilisation has taken, and try to bring out the vaster significance of this turn, should ask where it is leading us to, and show the essential relations which pre-eminence in material achievements having for their chief result wealth, bears to their pre-eminence in spiritual achievement, having for their chief result light, as well as those which the material achievements of one age and of industry bear to the material achievements of another age and of conquest. Perhaps the time is not come for the latter way; let us hope it is passed for the former. Sir Arthur Helps holds a sort of middle ground. He writes of things as they are with intelligence and largeness of view, touching as they arise on the points where questions of industry come in contact with questions of politics, or again where they come in contact with points of human character, but not trying to strike deeper than that. He is evidently warmly attracted towards the personal character of its subject, and takes great pains—permits himself, I would say, superfluous repetitions—to bring that out from the evidence

of friends and circumstances. He dwells with affection, and with the interest of an artist who sees his picture grow, on the natural courtesy telling with double effect in a sphere where manners are not studied, the reluctance to find fault which gave fault-finding a tenfold force when it came, the discreet choice of subordinates and the confidence in them which worked its own justification, the generalship, the generosity, the aversion from contentiousness, the courageous promptitude, the total freedom from avarice. I think Sir Arthur Helps is a little prone to give a self-conscious, an oracular turn to his reflections, the results of his observation of men and manners; but that is a small fault when the reflections and observations are on the whole so open and sensible as his are.

A Bible-reading for Schools: the Great Prophecy of Israel's Restoration (Isaiah, Chapters 40—66) arranged and edited for Young Learners. By MATTHEW ARNOLD, D.C.L., &c. London: Macmillan, 1872.

THE worst grudge felt against Mr. Matthew Arnold, by the most grudging reader of what he writes, is that he should write so little. Here is a small mercy in the shape of an essay thirty-six pages long, in which Mr. Matthew Arnold introduces and accounts for an amended version that he has prepared of the last twenty-seven chapters of Isaiah. The amended version is intended for use in primary schools. The introduction is an address to the lettered, setting forth the need for it, and the advantages of its use. Some of the points which Mr. Arnold puts down in his clear and open-minded way are obvious enough: as that the Bible is a good reading to bring home the sense of literature and poetry to the mind, and that to let it do this effectually, it is necessary to take parts of the Bible which can be apprehended as literary and poetical wholes, and to clear them of errors and mistranslations, when errors and mistranslations tend to puzzle and disturb the meaning. It is from a sense of these points, and from a sort of remorse, says the writer, to think how he had done nothing to promote literature in quarters where he had felt its want so poignantly, that he undertook this little edition. The little edition is of very unpretending aspect, bound in modest grey, and having forty-three pages of modified Bible-text to its thirty-six of preface and twenty-four of notes. Mr. Arnold's principle is to alter the rhythm and language of the authorised version as little as is consistent with the correction of its blunders when blunders tend to confusion. Blunders that do not tend to confusion he is ready on the whole to leave alone, and he does not set up for a formal or final emendator. It is for scholars to say how far his tact has helped him to a judicious choice as to the matter of his emendations: that it has helped him to a judicious one as to their manner, I think there is no doubt. There is no doubt that this version preserves the sense of rhythm and style which new versions are so apt to break, and which by its associations is too valuable to be broken if it can be helped. There is no doubt that with Mr. Arnold's corrections and his notes, a child can read Isaiah's prophecy of the deliverance of Israel as an intelligible literary whole. It is another question whether it will be so read in the quarters for which Mr. Arnold intends his work; whether it is not likely to pass over the heads of primary schools, and be useful in secondary schools, and where there exist other avenues to the knowledge of literature and poetry. For there are difficulties, which Mr. Matthew Arnold does not touch upon in his preface, in the way of

guiding towards literature and poetry by this avenue the children of the very poor, who have no other. The same system in thought and society which has shut out the poor and their children from all other letters and literary associations, so as to make the *Deserted Village* (to take Mr. Arnold's instance) unintelligible to them by its Latinized style—the same system which has done this with one hand, has with the other hand erected the Bible into something totally unlike a work of literature. It has turned the Bible from a book into a church relic and object of superstition. How far is it possible to get an impression of literature out of the Bible until the other impression, the mechanical superstition about it, is forgotten and swept away? Must we not perforce begin at the beginning, and teach poor children the elements of profane literature, before they can get to see in sacred literature the literary side which has been so long obscured by the sacred side? This question, I say, Mr. Matthew Arnold does not touch. Other and still larger questions he touches, and no more. The place of imagination as compared with the place of exact knowledge in education—that is a vast question of which Mr. Arnold's discourse is the momentary tangent; and as to it, momentary contact can draw even from him nothing more than a generality to which his style gives a more precise and rationally convincing air than belongs, I think, to its substance.

Hermann Agha: an Eastern Narrative. By W. GIFFORD PALGRAVE. 2 vols.
H. S. King & Co.

How many hands have tried romance, and yet how few excellent romances we have! Mr. Palgrave has given us an excellent romance in "*Hermann Agha*;" and by romance I mean a story of life and passion which is raised above the pitch of novel by something remote in its scenery, something exalted or enchanted in its atmosphere, something intense as well as unusual in what it narrates. Mr. Palgrave is one of two travellers who, in our day, have been at home in the East, by sympathy as well as by habit and adventure, and in whom the native gift of literature has existed to send home to us in the most forcible way the tenor of their experiences. One does not want here to set up a comparison between the literary talent—genius, I should almost be glad to call it—which there is in Captain Burton, and that which there is in Mr. Palgrave: only to point out that these are the two writers after whom it will be impossible for the English imagination to make the mistakes which it used to make in trying, under the powerful attraction which things Oriental have, to realise to itself Oriental modes of sentiment and action, the inner aspect of Oriental life. Even if another Tom Moore should be born, it would be impossible that he should write another "*Lalla Rookh*." The imagination which was so uninstructed then, in spite of the *Arabian Nights*, in spite of a fascinated attachment to the subject—that imagination has no excuse for being uninstructed now. Scores of scholars have done work that should be its instruction; but mere scholarship will do less towards this end in a hundred years, than will be done in ten by a writer or a pair of writers, in whom the man of adventure and the man of literary instinct is added to the man of scholarship. The history of Orientalism in modern literature and in modern art is a wide and most attractive matter, to which systematic treatment is by this time due: In his preface Mr. Palgrave touches on it for a moment, and on the blundering spirit which Orientalism has commonly had. He himself has now produced

a chapter of life which we may take for accurate, for instructed, both on the authority of its writer's antecedents and of the impression which it sends home. Its characters are remote from us, its passions are intense, its incidents, whether of tenderness or violence, are beside our experience: but they do come home, and not because of any pedantry or obtrusive local colour, but because of their buoyant inner spirit of reality. As a story, the story has only two faults—that it is too short, and that it is not finished. The hero tells his troubles to a friend as they sail beneath the Mediterranean moonlight; but those troubles are not yet over, he is in the middle of them. Sequels are an abomination; but this story calls aloud for a sequel; the mind refuses to acquiesce in the suspense where it is left, and must know whether Hermann and Zahra' get united as their faithful loves deserve. It is hard to say which is better done; the chivalrous love-making between Hermann and Zahra'; the rapid and fiery fighting-scenes of the Pasha's murder and the defence of the outnumbered rescuing party; or the scraps of meditative philosophy bandied between the hero and his interlocutor during the progress of the tale. Whatever Mr. Palgrave is writing about, he writes with a direct and nervous style which comes straight from the mind, and adds what one may call a constitutional charm of manner to the charm and force of the matter of his book.

Other Countries. By Major WILLIAM MORRISON BELL. 2 vols., with Maps and Illustrations. Chapman and Hall.

THIS is the season for books of travels and books of tours. Major Bell by the extent of his odyssey is a traveller, by the style and character of his observations a tourist. And, indeed, the two things are likely to be not long distinguishable. If Dr. Livingstone is a traveller of undeniable mark, has not Mr. Stanley something of the style and turn of his tourist? and has not Mr. Stanley penetrated the same wildernesses as Dr. Livingstone? And is the flock of Mr. Cook a flock of travellers, or is that a tour on which you start when you have taken your ticket for round the world? Major Bell, at any rate, went round the world on different terms and in the face of different difficulties than you can do by return ticket. Some part of his expeditions which had India for their basis, by the Himalayan passes into Cashmere and the borders of Thibet, was spirited and laborious work enough. Besides the parts about the Himalayas, he went to Ceylon, Australia, Tasmania, China, Japan, and by the Pacific route home across America. But he has nothing new or special to say, and not a good manner of saying what he does. To be jolly and enjoy one's self is one thing, to communicate as much to your reader is another. Major Bell is so much stronger in slang than in grammar that he cannot claim success in the latter part of his task. What is good about his book is its woodcuts; these have the directness of spirit's work, and do not look as if they had been passed through the professional medium by which the character of travellers' sketches is commonly effaced.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

ERRATUM.—In the notice of *The Miscellaneous Writings of John Conington*, at p. 118 of our last issue, the name of Mr. Symonds was by inadvertence written, instead of that of Professor H. J. L. Smith, as the author of the memoir of Mr. Conington at the head of the books.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. LXIX. NEW SERIES.—SEPTEMBER 1, 1872.

VICTOR HUGO: L'ANNÉE TERRIBLE.

THE man who takes upon himself the task of commentary on a book of this rank feels something of the same hesitation and reluctance come upon him which fell upon the writer at starting. He cannot at once be sure whether he does right to go forward or not. It is not that he too feels the rising tide of the bitter waters of shame; it is not that he too sees "a star grow lesser in heaven." It is, if I may take up the poet's metaphor, that he sees the crowning star of a long night now dilated to a sun through the thunderclouds of the morning. He knows that this fire in heaven is indeed the fire of day; but he finds no fitting words of welcome or thanksgiving to salute so terrible a sunrise. Once more we receive from the hands of our supreme poet a book full of light and music; but a book written in tears and blood and characters of flame. We cannot but rejoice that it has been written, and grieve that ever it could have been. The child brought forth is visibly of divine birth, and his blood of the immortals; but he was brought forth with heartbreak and the pangs of "a terrible childbed." The delight we take in the majesty and beauty of this "mighty line" has been dearly purchased by the bitter occasion which evoked it. Yet it cannot but be with delight that we receive so great a gift as this from the chief poet of an age, and of an age so full of light and storm, of high action and high passion, as is ours. For his hand has never been firmer, his note more clear than now.

ἔτι γὰρ θεόθεν καταπνέει
πειθὼ μολπᾶν
ἀλκῇ ζυμψυτος αἶων·

and in these bitter and tragic pages there is a sweetness surpassing that of love-songs or songs of music, a sweetness as of the roll of the book spread before Ezekiel, that was written within and without, "and there was written therein lamentations, and mourning, and

woe.—Then did I eat it; and it was in my mouth as honey for sweetness.”

It would be well that all students of this book should read together with it, as complement at once and commentary, the memorable collection, “*Actes et Paroles, 1870—1871—1872.*” By the light of that precious record, and by this light alone, can it be properly read. Then all who will may see by what right even beyond the right of genius the greatest poet of his great nation speaks now to us as a prophet to his people: by what right of labour, by what right of sorrow, by what right of pity and of scorn, by what right of indignation and of love. None of those disciples who most honoured him in his time of banishment could have anticipated for their master a higher honour or a heavier suffering than those nineteen years of exile; but in his own country there was reserved for him a brighter crown of honour, with a deeper draught of suffering. To defend Paris against Versailles and against itself, and to behold it wasted on the one hand with fire which was quenched on the other hand in blood; to cast from him the obloquy of men who refused to hear his defence of Garibaldi for the offence of coming to their aid, and to pass at once from the clamour of the Assembly to the silence of sudden death, beside the corpse of a beloved son; to offer shelter to his enemies, and to be hunted from that shelter himself: these were things he had yet to do and to endure.

The poem opens with a prelude at once prophetic and satiric, tender and wise, and full of noble scorn and nobler pity; the verse which sets a crown on the head of the people and a brand on the face of the mob, is such as it is given but to one man in an age to write, and that by no means in every age. Then, for the first and fatal month of August 1870, we have a poem terrible as the occasion which called it forth, fit alike to serve as prologue to the poems of the months which follow or as epilogue to the “*Châtiments*” which went before. That nothing after Sedan might be wanting to the fugitive assassin once elect of the party of Barabbas, the scourge of imperishable verse is added to the branding-iron of historic fact.

The poems of the siege at once demand and defy commentary; they should be studied in their order as parts of one tragic symphony. From the overture which tells of the old glory of Germany before turning to France with a cry of inarticulate love, to the sad majestic epilogue which seals up the sorrowful record of the days of capitulation, the various and continuous harmony flows forward through light and shadow, with bursts of thunder and tempest and interludes of sunshine and sweet air. In that last poem for February we see as it were the agony of faith; before the sight of evil inseparable from good, of good inextricable from evil, the rallying cry of hope seems for the moment, and only for the moment seems, to falter even

on the lips which uttered that sovereign song of resurrection, great as the greatest old Hebrew psalm, which crowns and closes the awful roll of the "Châtiments." For that mighty hymn of a transcendent faith in the final conscience of the world called God, in the ultimate justice and universal vision of the eye and heart of things, we have but the grand unanswerable question—

"Qui donc mesurera l'ombre d'un bout à l'autre,
Et la vie et la tombe, espaces inouïs
Où le monceau des jours meurt sous l'amas des nuits,
Où de vagues éclairs dans les ténèbres glissent,
Où les extrémités des lois s'évanouissent !"

In this tragic range of poems reaching from September to March there is an echo of all emotions in turn that the great spirit of a patriot and a poet could suffer and express by translation of suffering into song; the bitter cry of invective and satire, the clear trumpet-call to defence, the triumphal wail for those who fell for France, the passionate sob of a son on the stricken bosom of a mother, the deep note of thought that slowly opens into flower of speech, and through all and after all, the sweet unspeakable music of natural and simple love. After the voice which reproaches the priest-like soldier, we hear the voice which rebukes the militant priest; and a fire as the fire of Juvenal is outshone by a light as the light of Lucretius. In the verses addressed "to the Bishop who calls me Atheist," satire is dissolved in aspiration, and the keenest edge of scorn is molten in the highest ardour of worship. The necessity of perfect disbelief in the incredible and ignoble for every soul that would attain to perfect belief in the noble and credible was never more clearly expounded or more loftily proclaimed. The fiery love and faith of the patriot find again and ever again some fresh glory of speech, some new splendour of song, in which to array themselves for everlasting; words of hatred and horror for the greed and ravin of the enemy and his princes,

"who feed on gold and blood
Till with the stain their inmost souls are dyed;"

words of wrath and scorn for the renegade friends who had no word of comfort and no hand for help in the hour of the passion of France crucified, but were seen with hands outstretched from over sea

"Shaking the bloody fingers of her foes"

in the presence (as they thought it) of her corpse; words of living fire and light for love of the mother-land despised and rejected of men, whose pity goes so far as to compassionate her children for the blush of shame to which their bitter fortune has condemned them, for the disgrace of being compelled to confess her for their mother:

"Ah ! je voudrais,
Je voudrais n'être pas Français pour pouvoir dire

Que je te choisis, France, et que, dans ton martyre,
Je te proclame, toi que ronge le vautour,
Ma patrie et ma gloire et mon unique amour!"¹

Others who will may have the honour of that privilege, to cast the weight of their hearts upon the losing side, to bring tribute of love and trust and reverence rather to failure than to success, to a republic bound in chains of iron than to an empire bound in chains of gold; but men who have the lineal pulse of French blood in their veins and the traditional memories of French kindred and alliance in their hearts, men to whose forefathers in exile for their faith's sake the mighty mother has once and again opened her arms for shelter in past ages, and fostered under her wings generation after generation as her children, cannot well read such words as these without a thrill of the blood and a kindling of the memory which neither the native of France nor the kinless foreigner can wholly share.

Side by side with the ardent denunciations of German rapine and spoliation, of the hands found equally ready to seize a province or a purse, the purblind and devout incompetence of the defender who "would rather go with sir priest than sir knight," the soldier who for all his personal courage was "inclined to charge the saints in heaven with the task of keeping off the danger," is twice and thrice chastised with bitter and burning words of remonstrance. The keenest sarcasm however was in store for June, when an impertinence of this man's drew down a memorable retort on the general whose sallies were reserved for the writer; he was somewhat chary of them during the time of the siege; a general who might as well have taken the offensive against the enemy instead.

In sharp and sweet contrast to these stand the poems of a finer excellence, such as the letter of January 10th sent by balloon from

(1) I may cite here, as in echo of this cry, the noble words just now addressed by the greatest of American voices to "the star, the ship of France, beat back and baffled long—dim, smitten star—star panting o'er a land of death—heroic land!" This prophecy is from the new song of Whitman:

"Sure, as the ship of all, the earth itself,
Product of deathly fire and turbulent chaos,
Forth from its spasms of fury and its poisons,
Issuing at last in perfect power and beauty,
Onward, beneath the sun, following its course,
So thou, O ship of France!"

In the notes to his essay on "Democratic Vistas," Whitman for one expresses his recognition of Hugo living and Byron dead as deserving "so well of America;" which may be set against the impertinences of meaner American persons. It may likewise be remarked, and remembered with pleasure, that among the last printed words of Landor were two little stanzas of tributary verse, in honour of the younger poet's exile. Amid the countless calumnies and insults cast upon that exile by French and English writers of the reptile kind, it is a relief to recall the greeting sent to it by a great English republican, from the extreme verge of life, and from the shore of the new world, by the first poet of American democracy.

the besieged city, with its bright brave message of affection and confidence, full of the clear light laughter of French heroism not less than of its high and fiery faith. But for perfect delight and strong charm of loveliness, we return at each reading to the domestic poems as to the crowning splendour and wonder of this great book. All students have always known Victor Hugo for the supreme singer of childhood; of its works and ways, its gladness and sadness, its earthly weakness and heavenly beauty, its indefinable attraction lying deeper than all reason can sound or all analysis resolve. Even after Shakespeare's portrait of Mamillius, and the divine cradle-songs of Blake, we are compelled to recognise in the living master the most perfect poet of little children. Circumstances have given to these present poems a colour and a pathos, a gentle glory and luminous tenderness, which only such a framework time and place could give. Out of the strong has come forth such sweetness, out of the lion's mouth such honey, as no smaller or weaker thing can breed. Assuredly, as the Master has said himself in that majestic prose poem inscribed with the name of Shakespeare, the mightiest mountains can outmatch even for flowers the valleys whose whole business is to rear them; their blossoming ravines and hollows full of April can beat the meadows at their own trade; the strongest of singers are the sweetest, and no poet of the idyllic or elegiac kind can rival even on his own peculiar ground, for tender grace and delicacy of beauty, the most potent poets of a higher order, sovereigns of lyric and of tragic song. It is *Æschylus*, and not *Euripides*, who fills the bitter air of the Scythian ravine with music of wings and words more sweet than sleep to the weary, with notes of heavenly pity and love unsubduable by fear; who shows us with one touch of terrible tenderness the maiden agony of *Iphigenia*, smiting with the piteous dart of her eye each one of the ministers of sacrifice, in dumb show, as of a picture striving to speak to them; who throws upon the most fearful scene in all tragedy a flash of pathos unspeakable, when *Clytæmnestra* bares before the sword of her son the bosom that suckled him as he slept. What Euripidean overflow of tears and words can be matched for its own special and much-vaunted quality of tender and pathetic sweetness against such instances as these of the awful sweetness and intensity of the pathos of *Æschylus*? What wailing outcry in the measures of a hired Cissian mourner can be likened to these brief words that sting like tears of fire? What milder note of the lesser gods of song has in it such penetrating and piercing gentleness as the softened speech of the thunder-bearer? Where, among the poets who have never gone up to the prophetic heights or down to the tragic depths of thought and passion, is there one who can put forth when he will verse of such sweet and simple perfection as the great tragic and prophetic poet of our own age?

These are some of the first verses inscribed to the baby grandchild, whose pretty presence is ever and anon recalled to our mind's eye between the dark acts of the year-long tragedy.

“ Vous eûtes donc hier un an, ma bien-aimée.
 Contente, vous jasez, comme, sous la ramée,
 Au fond du nid plus tiède ouvrant de vagues yeux,
 Les oiseaux nouveau-nés gazouillent, tout joyeux
 De sentir qu'il commence à leur pousser des plumes.
 Jeanne, ta bouche est rose ; et dans les gros volumes
 Dont les images font ta joie, et que je dois,
 Pour te plaire, laisser chiffonner par tes doigts,
 On trouve de beaux vers, mais pas un qui te vaille
 Quand tout ton petit corps en me voyant tressaille ;
 Les plus fameux auteurs n'ont rien écrit de mieux
 Que la pensée éclore à demi dans tes yeux,
 Et que ta rêverie obscure, éparse, étrange,
 Regardant l'homme avec l'ignorance de l'ange.”

As in the look and action of a little child, so in this verse itself there is something of dim and divine pathos, sensible in the very joy of its beauty ; something which touches men not too much used to the melting mood with a smiling sense of tears, an inner pang of delight made up of compassion and adoration before that divine weakness. In the next month's verses addressed to the child in a time of sickness the pathos is more direct and tangible ; more tender and exquisite than this it could not be. Again, in January, we have a glimpse “ between two bombardments ” of the growing and changing charm of the newly weaned angel, now ambitious to feel its feet on earth instead of the wings it left in heaven ; on terms of household intimacy with an actual kitten, and old enough to laugh at angels yet unweaned.

“ A chaque pas qu'il fait, l'enfant derrière lui
 Laisse plusieurs petits fantômes de lui-même.
 On se souvient de tous, on les pleure, on les aime,
 Et ce seraient des morts s'il n'était vivant, lui.”

With the one eternal exception of Shakespeare, what other poet has ever strewn the intervals of tragedy with blossoms of such breath and colour ? The very verse seems a thing of flowerlike and childlike growth, the very body of the song a piece of living nature, like any bud that bursts or young life that comes forth in spring. We are reminded of the interlude in *Macbeth* made by the prattle of Macduff's child between the scenes of incantation and of murder. Beside these the student will set in the high places of remembrance the lines on a shell falling where once were the Feuillantines—that garden of now immortal blossom, of unwithering flower and fruit undecaying, where the grey-haired Master was once a fair-haired child, and watched beyond the flight of doves at sunrise the opening in heaven of the chalice flower of dawn—in the same heaven where now blazes

over his head the horrible efflorescence of the bursting shell. "Here his soul flew forth singing; here before his dreamy eyes sprang flowers that seemed everlasting. Here life was one thing with light; here, under the thickening foliage in April, walked his mother, whom he held by the skirt of her gown." Here the crowding flowers "seemed to laugh as they warmed themselves in the sun, and himself also was a flower, being a child."

After five months of siege comes a month of mourning, and after the general agony an individual anguish. Before this we are silent; only there rises once more in our ears the unforgotten music of the fourth book of the "Contemplations," and holds us dumb in reverence before the renewal of that august and awful sorrow.

Then come the two most terrible months of the whole hideous year—the strange vision of that Commune in which heroes were jostled by ruffians, and martyrs fell side by side with murderers—the monstrous figure of that Assembly on whose head lies all the weight of the blood shed on either side, within the city as without; the spectral, unspeakable aspect of that fratricidal agony, as of some Dantesque wrestle between devils and lost souls in hell. Against the madness of the besieged as against the atrocity of the besiegers the voice of the greatest among Frenchmen was lifted up in vain. In vain he prophesied, when first a threat of murder was put forth against the hostages, of the murderous reprisals which a crime so senseless and shameless must avowedly provoke. In vain he reclaimed for Paris, in the face of Versailles, the right of municipal self-government by her own council; in vain rebuked the untimely and inopportune haste of Paris to revindicate this right for herself in a season of such unexampled calamity and peril. On the 23rd of April he wrote from Brussels, where the care of his fatherless grandchildren for the time detained him, a letter to the *Rappel*—suppressed in their deaf and blind insanity by men who would not hear and could not see; in this letter he traced with the keen fidelity of science the disease to its head, and with the direct intelligence of simple reason tracked the torrent of civil war to its source; to the action of the majority, inspired by the terror and ignorance which ere long were to impel them to the conception and perpetration of even greater crimes than they had already provoked from the ignorance and passion of their antagonists. Above all, his faithful and fearless voice was raised before both parties alike against the accursed principle of reprisals. Now, as of old, as ever throughout his life of glory and of good, he called upon justice by her other name of mercy; he claimed for all alike the equity of compassion; he stood up to plead for all his enemies, for all the enemies of his cause—to repudiate for himself and his fellow-sufferers of past time the use of such means as had been used against themselves—of banishment, imprisonment, lifelong proscription,

murder in the mass or in detail. But the plague was not so to be stayed ; and when the restored government had set itself steadily to outdo in cold blood the crimes of the conquered populace in its agony, the mighty voice which had appealed in vain against the assassins and incendiaries whose deeds had covered with just or unjust dishonour the names of the fallen party, who had confused in the sight of Europe their own evil works with the noble dreams and deeds of better men, and sullied with the fumes of blood and fire the once sublime and stainless name of "commune,"—this same voice was heard to intercede for the outcasts of that party, to offer a refuge to fugitives from the grasp of a government yet guiltier of blood than theirs. This infamous crime had not long to wait for its reward ; a night attack on the house of the criminal with paving-stones and levers and threats of instant death. The year before, in answer to his appeal against invasion, certain bloodhounds of the press in Germany had raised such another yell as these curs in Belgium, bidding "hang the poet at the mast-head ;" this time the cry was "*A la lanterne !*" Never was the sanguinary frenzy of the men of revolution, as exemplified in Victor Hugo, set off in stronger relief by the mild wisdom and moderation of the men of order, as exemplified in his assailants. Moved by this consideration, the Belgian government naturally proceeded to expel the offender, but with a remarkable want of logic omitted to offer the slightest reward to the brave men who had vindicated law and order by leading a forlorn hope against a fortress garrisoned by an old man, four women, and two children, one twenty months of age, one two years and a half. It is almost incredible that some months later the son of a minister, who had taken a leading part in this heroic work, was condemned to a fine of not less than four pounds. Considering that once at least he or another of the crew did very nearly succeed in beating out the brains of the child in arms with a well-aimed flint, it is simply inexplicable that no mark of honour should have been conferred by royal or national gratitude on so daring a champion of law, so devoted a defender of social order against the horrors of imminent anarchy. In a case of this pressing danger, this marked peril, it is not every man who would have put himself forward at such risk to protect against a force so formidable the threatened safety of society ; not even the native land of these lion-hearted men can hope always to reproduce a breed of patriots ready to incur such hazards and undertake such feats as this in the sacred cause of their country. France has her Bayards and her Dantons, England her Sidneys and her Nelsons ; these are but common heroes, fit only to be classed with the heroes and patriots of old time, and such as their native soil might haply rear again at need ; but the most ardent and sanguine lover of his country in all Belgium can hardly hope that his father-

land will ever again bring forth a race of men worthy to be called the seed of such fathers as these—men capable of exploits unexampled in the annals of vulgar patriotism, and from which the bravest of those above cited would assuredly have drawn back. It is hard to imagine those heroes of other countries inspired with the courage requisite to make war upon such enemies and under such conditions as could not suffice to daunt or divert from their purpose the heroes of Brussels.

Thus, as once before from Jersey, was Victor Hugo now driven from Belgium by a government which, in the year of general shame, contrived to attain the supreme crown of disgrace, to gather the final flower of ignominy—a distinction not easy to win from so many rivals in the infamous race; but theft and murder, under their magnified and multiplied forms of national robbery and civic massacre, are too common among a certain sort of conquerors to be marked out for such especial notice as an act of this singular and admirable baseness. From all unclean things, from the mouths of the priesthood and the press, from the tongues that lap blood and the throats that vomit falsehood, rose the cry of mockery and hatred. If the preacher of peace and righteousness, the counsellor of justice and of mercy, were not a madman; he would be a ruffian; but the punctilious equity of episcopal journals gave him the benefit of the doubt. Yet for all this, as the poet found on leaving Brussels, it is not everybody who can impose the doom of exile; to expulsion the foreigner may condemn you—to exile he cannot. Exile is from the fatherland alone; a man's own country is the only one terrible to him who is cast out from it. In words full of the beauty of a divine sorrow, the exile of many years has set down the difference.

From Vianden as from Brussels he continued to fulfil the duty of intercessor—to plead for the incendiary who could not read, for the terrible and pitiable woman dragged in triumph through the laughing and raging throngs of Versailles, dumb and bleeding, with foam-flecked lips fast locked in bitterness of silence, in savage deafness that nothing can move or shake, with the look as of one "awearied of the sun," with a kind of fierce affright in her eyes. For all such his appeal is made to their slayers on the old sacred plea, "Forgive them; for they know not what they do." Their wretchedness and their ignorance, their great wants and their little knowledge, left them conscious of all that they suffered, unconscious of all that they did.

Out of the darkness of these most tragic poems of all one stands up with the light of a great deed on it, relieved against the rest in a glory as of sunrise. It is the poem which places on everlasting record the heroism of a child of twelve, condemned to be shot after all his companions, who asked leave to go first and take his watch

home to his mother, promising to come back in time to die in his turn. They let him go, laughing at the infantine shallowness of the pretence; the little blackguard was afraid; off with you! He went, and returned. Even the soldiers of Thiers and Galifet could not slaughter that boy; the officer in command gave him his life, and the master-poet of his nation has given him immortality. The verses in which the greater of these two gifts is bestowed come like a draught of wine to the lips of one sick and faint, amid all the pitiful and fearful records of evil inflicted and endured. They refresh, rekindle, reilluminate the sunken spirit with a flush and thrill of high delight.

But it is possible to meet death with another kind of fearlessness than this, a quality which is not of the light but of the darkness; not with divine defiance as a hero, but with desperate indifference as a slave. Nor is any society sound or any state secure which has found out no way to cure this dismal readiness to be killed off, this grim facility in dying. Upon all these to whom we have made life so hard that old men and children alike are ready to leave it without a word or tear, in tragic disdain, as of men strangers to their own death, whose grave was long since ready dug in their heart; upon all to whom we have refused the right of the body to its meat and the right of the spirit to its food, to whom we have given neither bread nor light, corporeal nurture nor intellectual; upon the slaughtered and the banished, the hideous pit of quicklime into which the yet warm corpses of men and women were huddled, and the more hideous ships of transport between whose decks were huddled the living agonies of those condemned to the sufferings over which in the first years of the fallen empire men shuddered or wept, thinking of the innocent as well as the guilty lives crushed and worn out in that penal passage, killed by cold and heat and foul wretchedness—stifled in dens too low to stand upright in, with the sense overhead of the moving mass of the huge hurrying ship on its intolerable way; upon all these multitudinous miseries of all who do and suffer wrong, the single voice of charity and of reason invokes the equal dole and due of pity. At Vianden, amid all the sounds and shows of summer, the banished poet broods on the bloody problem that is not to be solved by file-firing and massacre at haphazard. All the light of the June days is reflected in his verse; but in his soul there is no reflection but of graves dug in the street for men shot down without trial, of murder feeling its way in the dark at random, and victims dispatched by chance instead of choice. With the intense and subtle beauty of this June landscape, where the witness could see no sympathy with the human trouble of the time, we may compare that former picture of the grim glory of a November sky after sunset, seen from the besieged and invested walls of Paris, when heaven did

seem in harmony with the time, and the watcher saw there a reflection of war and mourning, from the west as white as a shroud to the east as black as a pall, and along the line of horizon the likeness of a blood-red sword let fall from the hand of a god after some battle with a giant of equal stature.

For all this, notwithstanding, the watchword of the poem is hope, and not despair. "All this horror has hope in it; the ice-cold morning chills the sky-line as with fear; at times the day begins with such a shudder that the rising sun seems a masked attack. The coming wave of the unknown has but a dull and livid transparence, into which the light comes but by degrees; what it shows us, seems to float and drift in folds immeasurable. The expansion of form and number appals us, and it is horrible to see to-day in the darkness what ought only to be seen to-morrow." By the parable of the robin's nest found in the hollow of the brazen mouth of the Waterloo lion, we are bidden see and hear the future in the womb of the present, hope in the jaws of despair, the song of peace in the very throat of war. Thus it is but natural that the poet should hearken rather to the higher voice than to the voice of expediency, to the counsellor whose name is Reason, whose forename is Interest; to the friendly admonition which reminds him that truth which is over-true is all but falsehood; that in seeking the ideal you find the visionary, and become a dreamer through being too much a thinker; that the wise man does not wish to be unjust, but fears on the other hand to be too just, and seeks a middle course between falsehood, which is the first danger, and truth, which is the second; that Right in the rough is merely the ore from which in its crude state we have to extract the pure gold of Law; that too much light is as sure to blind you as too much darkness, and if necessary you should not open the shutter more than halfway; that war and the scaffold are detestable in theory, and practically serviceable; that the shop must be set up against the temple, though the money-changers were once on a time driven out of it—for the fault of Jesus was to be something too much a God; that in all things wisdom is moderation, and from its quiet corner can remark and reprehend the flaws and excesses of the universe; as for instance that though the sun be splendid and the spring be sweet, the one has too many beams and the other has too many roses; this is the inconvenience of all things of the kind, and God is by no means free from exaggeration; to imitate him is to fall into perfection—a grave risk; all work is done better after a lesser model, and God does not always set the best example to follow. What is the use of being inaccessible? Jesus goes too far in declining to take the offer of Beelzebub into consideration; not that I say he ought to close with it; but it is stupid for God to be rude when the devil is civil; it would have been better

to say, "I'll think it over, my good friend." After all, man is man ; he is not wicked, and he is not good ; by no means white as snow, but by no means black as coal ; black and white, piebald, striped, dubious, sceptical. Seeing that men are small and their conscience dwarfish, the statesman takes their measure before he ventures anything ; he astonishes them, but without any thunderclaps of genius or daring which might make their heads giddy ; he gets them up prodigies proportional to their size. The voice of wisdom then proceeds to recapitulate all the troubles which a contrary line of conduct has wrought on the scorner who still turns a deaf ear to her counsel : he has got himself stoned out of Brussels ; the rattlesnakes of the press shake their rattles at him ; the clerical and imperial gazettes have brought to light all his secret sins, drunkenness, theft, avarice, inhospitality, the bad wine and lenten fare set before his guests, and so forth ; M. Veuillot is so witty as to call him pumpkin-head ; it is all his own fault ; to resist evil is doubtless a good thing, but it is a bad thing to stand alone ; to rate and rebuke success, to be rough with those who have the upper hand, is really a blockhead's trick ; all conquerors are in the right, and all that glitters is gold ; the god of the winds is God, and the weathercock is the symbol of his worship.—And then there is always some little admixture of positive right in actual fact, some little residue of discoverable good in all evil, which it should be your business to seek out. If Torquemada is in power you warm yourself at the stake.—It is better to look for the real than for the true ; the reality will help you to live, the truth will be the ruin of you ; the reality is afraid of the truth.—A man's duty is just to make use of facts ; you (says the voice of good counsel) have read it wrong : you are like a man who should take a star out of heaven to light him when a candle would serve better to see the way by. To this sound advice we see too plainly that the hearer on whom it is wasted prefers the dictation of the voice which speaks in answer, admitting that this low sort of light may have its partisans, may be found excellent, and may really be useful to avoid a shock, ward off a projectile, walk well-nigh straight by in the dark cross-roads, and find your whereabouts among small duties ; it serves publicans very well as a lamp for their counters ; it has on its side, very naturally, the purblind, the clever, the cunning, the prudent, the discreet, those who can only see things close, those who scrutinise a spider's web. But there must be somebody on the side of the stars ! somebody to stand up for brotherhood, for mercy, for honour, for right, for freedom, and for the solemn splendour of absolute truth. With all their sublimity and serenity, flowers as they are of summer everlasting, the shining constellations have need that the world they guide to should bear them witness that they shine, and some man's voice be raised in every age, to reassure his brothers by

such cry of testimony uttered across the night ; for nothing would be so terrible as an ultimate equality of good and evil, of light and darkness, in the sight of the supreme, infinite, and unknown world ; nothing would bring so heavy an indictment against God as the mad and senseless waste of light unprofitably lost and scattered about the hollowness of heaven, without the direction of a will. This absence of will, this want of conscience in the world, the prophet of belief refuses to accept as possible. In the last poem of the book he rejects the conception of evil as triumphant in the end, of nature as a cheat so ghastly and so base that God ought to hide himself for shame, of a heaven which shelters from sight a divine malefactor, of some one hiding behind the starry veil of the abyss who premeditates a crime, of man as having given all, the days of his life, the tears of his eyes, the blood of his heart, only to be made the august plaything of treacherous omnipotence : it would not be worth while for the winds to stir the stormy tide of our lives, for the morning to come forth of the sea and dazzle the blinded flowers with broadcast seed of diamonds, for the bird to sing, or for the world to be, if fate were but a hunter on the trail of his prey, if all man's efforts brought forth but vanity, if the darkness were his child and his mother were the dust, if he rowed on night and day, putting forth his will, pouring out his blood, discovering and creating, to no end but a frightful arrival nowhither ; then might man, nothing as he is, rise up in judgment against God and take to witness the skies and stars on his behalf. But it is not so ; whence morning rises, the future shall surely rise ; the dawn is a plighted word of everlasting engagement ; the visible nature of things is as it were a divine promise to pay ; and the eternal and infinite God is not bankrupt.

In the strength of this faith a man may well despise all insult and all falsehood thrown up at him, all railing and mockery of his country or his creed from the unclean lips of church pamphleteers and other such creatures of the darkness and the dirt as in all lands alike are bred from the obscurer and obscener parts of literature. These are to him no more than the foul bog-water at its foot is to the oak whose boughs are the whole forest's dome ; than are the unlovely insects of the dust that creep beneath it are to the marble giant, august in its mutilation—to the colossal Sphinx of rose-tinged granite, grim and great, that sits with hands on knees all through the night wherein the shaken palm-trees shiver, waiting for its moment to speak to the sunrise, and unconscious if any reptile beslaver its base. The god has never known that a toad was stirring ; while a worm slides over him, he keeps in silence his awful mystery of hidden sound and utterance withheld ; and the swarming of centipedes without number cannot take from Memnon, suddenly struck radiant, the great and terrible voice that makes answer to the sun. Those minute and

multitudinous creatures who revile and defame the great, and thereby, says Blake, "blaspheme God, for there is no other God," have no more power to disturb the man defamed than the judges who try the Revolution at their bar and give sentence against it have power to undo its work ; their wrath and their mourning are in vain. The long festival of the ravenous night is over, the world of darkness is in the throes of death, the dreadful daylight has come ; the flitter-mouse is blind, the polecat strays about squealing, the glowworm has lost his glory, the fox, alas, sheds tears ; the beasts that used to go out hunting in the evening at the time when little birds go to sleep are at their last gasp ; the desolation of the wolves fills the woods full of howling ; the persecuted spectres know not what to do ; if this goes on, if this light persists in dazzling and dismaying the night-hawk and the raven, the vampire will die of hunger in the grave ; the pitiless sunbeam catches and consumes the dark.—It is to judge the crimes of the sunrise that these judges sit in session.

Meantime, amid all the alternations of troubled hope with horror and the travail of an age in labour that has not strength to bring forth, there are present things of comfort and reassurance. "The children we have always with us ;" they are no more troubled about what we do than the bird that twitters beneath the hornbeam, or the star that breaks into flower of light on the black sky-line. They ask God for nothing but his sun. It is enough for little Jeanne that the sky should be blue. Over his son's and their father's grave the poet sees two little figures darkened by the dim shadow and gilded by the vague light of the dead. He speaks to them sweet and sublime words of blessing and of prophecy ; of the glad heavenly ignorance that is theirs now, of the sad great knowledge that must be one day theirs. With the last and loftiest notes of that high soft music in our ears, we will leave off our labour of citation and exposition. "They will live to know," he says, "how man must live with his fate at the mercy of chance, in such fashion that he may find hereafter the truth of things conform to his vision of them here."

"Moi-même un jour, après la mort, je connaîtrai
Mon destin que j'ignore,
Et je me pencherai sur vous, tout pénétré
De mystère et d'aurore.

Je saurai le secret de l'exil, du linceul
Jeté sur votre enfance,
Et pourquoi la justice et la douceur d'un seul
Semble à tous une offense.

Je comprendrai pourquoi, tandis que vous chantiez,
Dans mes branches funèbres,
Moi qui pour tous les maux veux toutes les pitiés,
J'avais tant de ténèbres.

Je saurai pourquoi l'ombre implacable est sur moi,
 Pourquoi tant d'hécatombes,
 Pourquoi l'hiver sans fin m'enveloppe, pourquoi
 Je m'accrois sur des tombes ;

Pourquoi tant de combats, de larmes, de regrets,
 Et tant de tristes choses ;

Et pourquoi Dieu voulut que je fusse un cyprès
 Quand vous étiez des roses."

A poem having in it any element of greatness is likely to arouse many questions with regard to the poetic art in general, and certain in that case to illustrate them with fresh lights of its own. This of Victor Hugo's at once suggests two points of frequent and fruitless debate between critics of the higher kind. The first, whether poetry and politics are irreconcilable or not ; the second, whether art should prefer to deal with things immediate or with things remote. Upon both sides of either question it seems to me that many wise men have ere now been led from errors of theory to errors of decision. The well-known formula of art for art's sake, opposed as it has ever been to the practice of the poet who was so long credited with its authorship, has like other doctrines a true side to it and an untrue. Taken as an affirmative, it is a precious and everlasting truth. No work of art has any worth or life in it that is not done on the absolute terms of art ; that is not before all things and above all things a work of positive excellence as judged by the laws of the special art to whose laws it is amenable. If the rules and conditions of that art be not observed, or if the work done be not great and perfect enough to rank among its triumphs, the poem, picture, statue, is a failure irredeemable and inexcusable by any show or any proof of high purpose and noble meaning. The rule of art is not the rule of morals ; in morals the action is judged by the intention, the doer is applauded, excused, or condemned, according to the motive which induced his deed. In art, the one question is not what you mean but what you do. Therefore, as I have said elsewhere, the one primary requisite of art is artistic worth—"art for art's sake first, and then all things shall be added to her ; or if not, it is a matter of quite secondary importance. But from him that has not this one indispensable quality of the artist, shall be taken away even that which he has. Whatever merit of aspiration, sentiment, sincerity, he may naturally possess, admirable and serviceable as in other lines of work it might have been and yet may be, is here unprofitable and unpraiseworthy." Thus far we are at one with the preachers of "art for art ;" we prefer for example Goethe to Körner and Sappho to Tyrtæus. We would give many patriots for one artist, considering that civic virtue is more easily to be had than lyric genius, and that the hoarse monotony of verse lowered to the level of a Spartan understanding, however commendable such verse may

be for the doctrine delivered and the duty inculcated upon all good citizens, is of less than no value to art, while there is a value beyond price and beyond thought in the Lesbian music which spends itself upon the record of fleshly fever and amorous malady. We admit then that the worth of a poem has properly nothing to do with its moral meaning or design; that the praise of a Cæsar as sung by Virgil, of a Stuart as sung by Dryden, is preferable to the most magnanimous invective against tyranny which love of country and of liberty could wring from a Bavius or a Shadwell; but on the other hand we refuse to admit that art of the highest kind may not ally itself with moral or religious passion, with the ethics or the politics of a nation or an age. It does not detract from the poetic supremacy of Æschylus and of Dante, of Milton and of Shelley, that they should have been pleased to put their art to such use; nor does it detract from the sovereign greatness of other poets that they should have had no note of song for any such theme. In a word, the doctrine of art for art is true in the positive sense, false in the negative; sound as an affirmation, unsound as a prohibition. If it be not true that the only absolute duty of art is the duty she owes to herself, then must art be dependent on the alien conditions of subject and of aim, whereas she is dependent on herself alone, and on nothing above her or beneath; by her own law she must stand or fall, and to that alone she is responsible; by no other law can any work of art be condemned, by no other plea can it be saved. But while we refuse to any artist on any plea the license to infringe in the least article the letter of this law, to overlook or overpass it in the pursuit of any foreign purpose, we do not refuse to him the liberty of bringing within the range of it any subject that under these conditions may be so brought and included within his proper scope of work. This liberty the men who take "art for art" as their motto, using the words in an exclusive sense, would refuse to concede. They see with perfect clearness and accuracy that art can never be a "handmaid" of any "lord," as the moralist, pietist, or politician would fain have her be, and therefore they will not allow that she can properly be even so much as an ally of anything else. So on the one side we have the judges who judge of art by her capacity to serve some other good end than the production of good work; these would leave us for instance *King John*, but would assuredly deprive us of *As You Like It*; the national devotion and patriotic fire of *King Henry V.* would suffice in their estimation to set it far above the sceptic and inconclusive meditations of *Hamlet*, the pointless and aimless beauty of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. On the other side we have the judges who would ostracise every artist found guilty of a moral sense, of the political faith or the religious emotion of patriots

and heroes ; whose theory would raze the Persæ from the scroll of Æschylus, and leave us nothing of Dante but the *Vita Nuova*, of Milton but the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, of Shelley but the *Sky-lark* and the *Cloud*. In consistency the one order of fanatics would expel from the poetic commonwealth such citizens as Coleridge and Keats, the other would disfranchise such as Burns and Byron. The simple truth is that the question at issue between them is that illustrated by the old child's parable of the gold and silver shield. Art is one, but the service of art is diverse. It is equally foolish to demand of a Goethe, a Keats, or a Coleridge, the proper and natural work of a Dante, a Milton, or a Shelley, as to invert the demand ; to arraign the *Divina Commedia* in the name of Faust, the Sonnet on the Massacres in Piedmont in the name of the Ode on a Grecian Urn, or the Ode to Liberty in the name of *Kubla Khan*. I know nothing stranger in the history of criticism than the perversity even of eminent and exquisite critics in persistent condemnation of one great artist for his deficiency in the qualities of another. It is not that critics of the higher kind expect to gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles ; but they are too frequently surprised and indignant that they cannot find grapes on a fig-tree or figs on a vine. M. Auguste Vacquerie has remarked before me on this unreasonable expectation and consequent irritation of the critical mind, with his usual bright and swift sense of the truth, the quality which we are sure to find when a good artist has occasion to speak of his own art and the theories current with respect to it. In this matter proscription and prescription are alike unavailing ; it is equally futile to bid an artist forego the natural bent of his genius or to bid him assume the natural office of another. If the spirit or genius proper to himself move him for instance to write political poetry, he will write it ; if it bid him abstain from any such theme and write only on personal or ideal subjects, then also he will obey ; or if ever he attempt to force his genius into unnatural service, constrain it to some alien duty, the most praiseworthy purpose imaginable will not suffice to put life or worth into the work so done. Art knows nothing of choice between the two kinds or preference of the one to the other ; she asks only that the artist shall "follow his star" with the faith and the fervour of Dante, whether it lead him on a path like or unlike the way of Dante's work ; the ministers of either tribe, the savours of either sacrifice, are equally excellent in her sight.

The question whether past or present afford the highest matter for high poetry and offer the noblest reward to the noble workman has been as loudly and as long debated, but is really less debateable on any rational ground than the question of the end and aim of art. It is but lost labour that the champions on one side summon us to

renounce the present and all its works, and return to bathe our spirits in the purer air and living springs of the past; it is but waste of breath for the champions of the other party to bid us break the yoke and cast off the bondage of the past, leave the dead to bury their dead, and turn from the dust and rottenness of old-world themes, epic or romantic, classical or feudal, to face the age wherein we live and move and have our being, to send forth our souls and songs in search of the wonderful and doubtful future. Art knows nothing of time; for her there is but one tense, and all ages in her sight are alike present; there is nothing old in her sight, and nothing new. It is true, as the one side urges, that she fears not to face the actual aspect of the hour, to handle if it please her the immediate matters of the day; it is true, as the other side insists, that she is free to go back when she will to the very beginnings of tradition and fetch her subject from the furthest of ancient days; she cannot be vulgarised by the touch of the present or deadened by the contact of the past. In vain, for instance, do the first poetess of England and the first poet of America agree to urge upon their fellows or their followers the duty of confronting and expressing the spirit and the secret of their own time, its meaning and its need; such work is worthy of a poet, but no worthier than any other work that has in it the principle of life. And a poem of the past, if otherwise as good, has in it as much of this principle as a poem of the present. If a poem cast in the mould of classic or feudal times, of Greek drama or mediæval romance, be lifeless and worthless, it is not because the subject or the form was ancient, but because the poet was inadequate to his task, incompetent to do better than a flat and feeble imitation; had he been able to fill the old types of art with new blood and breath, the remoteness of subject and the antiquity of form would in no wise have impaired the worth and reality of his work; he would have brought close to us the far-off loveliness and renewed for us the ancient life of his models, not by mechanical and servile transcript as of a copying clerk, but by loving and reverent emulation as of an original fellow-craftsman. No form is obsolete, no subject out of date, if the right man be there to rehandle it. To the question "Can these bones live?" there is but one answer. If the spirit and breath of art be breathed upon them indeed, the voice prophesying upon them be indeed the voice of a prophet, then assuredly will the bones "come together, bone to his bone;" and the sinews and the flesh will come up upon them, and the skin cover them above, and the breath come into them, and they will live. For art is very life itself, and knows nothing of death; she is absolute truth, and takes care of fact; she sees that Achilles and Ulysses are even now more actual by far than Wellington and Talleyrand; not merely more noble and more interesting as types

and figures, but more positive and real; and thus it is (as Victor Hugo has himself so finely instanced it) "that Trimalchio is alive, while the late M. Romieu is dead." Vain is the warning of certain critics to beware of the present and abstain from its immediate vulgarities and realities; not less vain, however nobly meant or nobly worded, is the counter admonition to "mistrust the poet" who "trundles back his soul" some centuries to sing of chiefs and ladies "as dead as must be, for the greater part, the poems made on their heroic bones;" for if he be a poet indeed, these will at once be reclothed with instant flesh and re-inspired with immediate breath, as true and as immediate, as palpable and as precious, as anything most near and real; and if the heroic bones be still fleshless and the heroic poems lifeless, the fault is not in the bones but in the poems, not in the theme but in the singer. As vain it is, not indeed to invite the muse to new spheres and fresher fields, whither also she will surely and gladly come, but to bid her "migrate from Greece and Ionia, cross out those immensely overpaid accounts, that matter of Troy, and Achilles' wrath, and Æneas', Odysseus' wanderings;" forsake her temples and castles of old for the new quarters which, doubtless, also suit her well and make her welcome; for neither epic nor romance of chivalrous quest or classic war is obsolete yet, or ever can be; there is nothing in the past extinct; no scroll is "closed for ever," no legend or vision of Hellenic or feudal faith "dissolved utterly like an exhalation:" all that ever had life in it has life in it for ever; those themes only are dead which never were other than dead. "She has left them all, and is here;" so the prophet of the new world vaunts himself in vain; she is there indeed, as he says, "by thud of machinery and shrill steam-whistle undismayed—smiling and pleased, with palpable intent to stay;" but she has not needed for that to leave her old abodes; she is not a dependent creature of time or place, "servile to all the skiey influences;" she need not climb mountains or cross seas to bestow on all nations at once the light of her countenance; she is omnipresent and eternal, and forsakes neither Athens nor Jerusalem, Camelot nor Troy, Argonaut nor Crusader, to dwell as she does with equal good-will among modern appliances in London or New York. All times and all places are one to her; the stuff she deals with is eternal and eternally the same; no time or theme is inapt for her, no past or present preferable.

We do not therefore rate this present book higher or lower because it deals with actual politics and matter of the immediate day. It is true that to all who put their faith and hope in the republican principle it must bring comfort and encouragement, a sense of strength and specialty of pleasure, quite apart from the delight in its beauty and power; but it is not on this ground that

we would base its claim to the reverent study and thankful admiration of men. The first and last thing to be noted in it is the fact of its artistic price and poetic greatness. Those who share the faith and the devotion of the writer have of course good reason to rejoice that the first poet of a great age, the foremost voice of a great nation, should speak for them in the ears of the world; that the highest poetry of their time should take up the cause they have at heart, and set their belief to music. To have with us Victor Hugo in the present, as we have Milton and Shelley in the past, is not a matter to be lightly prized. Whether or not we may be at one with the master-singer on all points is a matter of less weight; whether we have learnt to look to Rome or to Paris, regenerate and redeemed from imperial or sacerdotal damnation, for the future light and model of republican Europe, we can receive with equal sympathy the heroic utterance of the greatest Frenchman's trust in the country and the city of the Revolution. Not now, after so many days of darkness, after so many stages of terror and pity, can any lover of France be inclined to cavil at the utmost expression of loyalty, the utmost passion of worship, which the first of her sons may offer in the time of her sore need. All men's mouths were opened against the sins and shames of Paris; stricken of her enemies, forsaken of her friends, the great city was naked to all assault of hostile hands or tongues; she was denied and renounced of Europe; it was time for the poet to take her part. We need not recall, though we cannot but remember, the source of all her ills; the first and foulest crime of a fruitful and baneful series, the murder of the Roman republic by the hands of French republicans; a crime which naturally and perforce brought forth at once its counterpart and its retribution in the minor though monstrous crime of December; which overthrew the triumvirate in Rome, and founded the empire in Paris. For that infamous expedition against right and freedom the nation which perpetrated and the nations which permitted it have since had heavily to pay. Not from the chief criminal alone, but from all accomplices who stood by silent to watch with folded hands the violation of all international conscience and the consummation of all international treason, has time exacted the full price of blood in blood and gold and shame. For the commission by France and the condonation by Europe of the crime which reinthrall'd a people and reinstalled a priesthood, even the infliction of the second empire was not found too costly an atonement to be exacted by the terrible equity of fate. But that the scourge fell first and heaviest on those Frenchmen who had protested and struggled with all the strength of their conscience and their soul against the sin and the shame of their country, men might have watched almost "with a bitter and severe delight" the assassination in its turn of republican France while yet red-handed from the

blood of republican Rome. But it was not for the greatest of those among her sons who had resisted that execrable wrong, and being innocent of bloodguiltiness had suffered in expiation of it for nineteen years of exile—it was not for Hugo, and it is not for us, to cast in her teeth the reproach of her sin now that it has been atoned for by a heroic agony. Yet in reading these ardent and profuse invocations of France as prophetess and benefactress, fountain of light and symbol of right, we must feel now and then that some recognition of past wrong-doing, some acknowledgment of treason and violence done against the right and the light of the world, would have added weight and force to the expression of a patriotism which in default of it may be open to the enemy's charge of vulgar and uncandid partisanship, of blind and one-sided provinciality. From these, as from all other charges of narrowness or shallowness, want of culture, of judgment, and of temperance, we would fain see the noble ardour and loving passion of his faith as demonstrably clear in all men's eyes as in the main it is at bottom to those who can read it aright. To have admitted that the empire was not simply a crime and a shame imposed on France as though by accident, but an inevitable indemnity demanded for her sin against her own high mission and honour, for the indulgence of greed and envy, of the lust after mean renown and unrighteous power, which is the deformed and vicious parody of that virtue of patriotism whose name it takes in vain to make it hateful, of the arrogant and rancorous jealousy which impelled her baser politicians to play the game of the Catholic faction and let loose upon free Italy the soldiers of the Republic as the bloodhounds of the Church—to have avowed and noted this as the first and strongest link in the fatal chain of cause and effect wound up from Mentana to Sedan, could but have given fresh point and fresh profit to the fiery proclamation of France rearisen and redeemed. Then the philosophy and patriotism of the poet would not have been liable to the imputation of men who are now led to confound them with the common cries and conceits of that national egotism which has led to destruction the purblind and rapacious policy of sword-play and tongue-play. As it is, if ever tempted to find fault with the violence of devotion which insists on exalting above all names the name of Paris—Paris entire, and Paris alone—without alloy or reserve of blame or regret for its follies and falsities, its windy vanities and rootless restless mobility of mind, to qualify the praise of its faith and ardour in pursuit of the light, we may do well to consider that this hymn of worship is raised rather to the ideal city, the archetypal nation, the symbolic people, of which he has prophesied in that noble dithyrambic poem in prose, prefixed originally to the book called "Paris Guide." Whether or not that prophecy be accepted as a prediction, the speaker cannot fairly be accused of making his voice the mere echo of the blatant ignorance

and strident self-assertion of the platform. Not but that some sharper word of warning or even of rebuke might perhaps have profitably tempered the warmth of his loyal and filial acclamation. With this, and with some implied admission of those good as well as evil elements in the composition of the German empire and army which gave his enemies their strength, the intellectual and historical aspect of the poem would be complete and unassailable. From all other points of view it stands out in perfect unity of relief, as an absolute type of what poetry can do with a tragic or epic subject of the poet's own time. For a continuous epic or tragedy he gives us in appearance a series of lyric episodes which once completed and harmonized are seen to fulfil the conditions and compose the structure of a great and single work of art. Thus only can such a work be done in simple and sensible accordance with that unwritten law of right which is to the artist as a natural and physical instinct.

We accept then without reserve this great gift, for which the student can pay but thanks to the master whose payment from the world is the hatred of base men and the love of noble. In the mighty roll of his works we recognise at once that it must hold a high place for ever. That intense moral passion which may elsewhere have overflowed the bounds and "o'er-informed the tenement" of drama or romance has here a full vent in its proper sphere. This sovereign quality of the prophet is a glorious and dangerous quality for a poet. The burning impulse and masterful attraction of the soul towards ideas of justice and mercy which makes a man dedicate his genius to the immediate office of consolation and the immediate service of right must be liable at times to divert the course of his work and impair the process of his art. To those who accused him of not imitating in his plays the method of that supreme dramatist in whom he professed his faith, Victor Hugo has well answered that it was not his part to imitate Shakespeare or any man; that the proof of vitality and value in the modern drama was that it had a life and a form, a body and a soul of its own. Nevertheless we may notice, with all reverence for the glorious dramatic work and fame of the first poet of our age, that on one point he might in some men's judgment have done well to follow as far as was possible to his own proper genius the method of Shakespeare. The ideal dramatist, an archetype once incarnate and made actual in the greatest of all poets, has no visible preferences; in his capacity of artist he is incapable of personal indignation or predilection. As Keats with subtle truth and sovereign insight has remarked, "he conceives and creates with equal satisfaction an Iago and an Imogen." For the time being, throughout the limits of his design, he maintains in awful equanimity of apparent abstraction the high indifference of nature or of God. Evil and good, and things and men, are in his hands as clay

in the potter's, and he moulds them to the use and purpose of his art alone. What men are, and what their doings and their sufferings, he shows you face to face, and not as in a glass darkly; to you he leaves it to comment on the action and passion set before you, to love or hate, applaud or condemn, the agents and the patients of his mundane scheme, wide as time and space, hell-deep and heaven-high. It is for you, if you please, to take part with Imogen or Desdemona against Iago or Iachimo, with Arthur or Cordelia against Goneril or King John. He is for all men, inasmuch as all are creatures and parcels of himself as artist, and of that art which "itself is nature." He is not more for Brutus than for Antony, for Portia or Volumnia than for Cleopatra. This supreme office, it is evident, can scarcely be fulfilled by a poet of whom it is possible for his most loving disciple and the son of his adoption to say, as Auguste Vacquerie has said of Victor Hugo, that all his works are acts of public virtue and charity, that his books are consecrated to the study and the relief of all sufferings, that his plays are dedicated to all the outcast and disinherited of the world. It is the general presence and predominance of this predeterminate and prepose design which has exposed his marvellous work to the charge of too deliberate and mechanical preparation, too studious premeditation of effect, too careful preoccupation of result. This in fact is the sum and sense of the imputations of calculated extravagance and preconcerted pathos and puppetry of passion done to order, outer heat of artificial fire with inner frost of spiritual cold, cast upon him by the only two famous men, among many infamous and obscure, who have attempted to impugn his greatness. But the most devout believer in Goethe's or in Heine's judgment, if not blind as well as devout, must allow that the edge of their criticism is somewhat blunted by the fact that in the same breath they decry with loud and acrid violence of accent the man generally acknowledged as chief poet of his age and country, and extol in his place the names of such other Frenchmen as no countryman of their own outside their private social set or literary party could hear cited as his rivals without a smile. If fault be found in our hearing by any critic of general note and repute with some alleged shortcoming in the genius or defect in the workmanship of Shakespeare, of Michael Angelo, or of Handel, the force of the objection will be somewhat taken off when we find that the eminent faultfinder proposes to exalt in their stead, as preferable objects of worship, the works of Racine, of Guido, or of Rossini; and in like manner we are constrained to think less of the objections taken to Hugo by the Jupiter of Weimar and the Aristophanes of Germany when we find that Goethe offers us as a substitute for his Titanic sculptures the exquisite jewellery and faultless carvings of Prosper Mérimée; as though one should offer to supplant the statuary "in

that small chapel of the dim St. Lawrence," not by that of the Pan-athenaic series, but by the silver shrine of Orcagna in which the whole legend of the life of Mary is so tenderly and wonderfully wrought in little; while Heine would give us for the sun of that most active and passionate genius, its solar strength and heat, its lightning and its light, the intermittent twinkle of a planet now fiery as a shooting star, now watery as a waning moon—sweet indeed and bright for the space of its hour, and anon fallen as an exhalation in some barren and quaking bog; would leave to France in lieu of the divine and human harmony and glory of Hugo's mighty line the fantastic tenderness and ardent languor, the vacuous, monotonous, desire and discontent, the fitful and febrile beauty of Alfred de Musset.

But whether or not there be reason in the objection that even such great works as "*Marion de Lorme*" and "*Ruy Blas*" are comparatively discoloured by this moral earnestness and strenuous preference of good to evil, or that besides this alleged distortion and diversion of art from its proper line of work, too much has been sacrificed, or at least subordinated, to the study of stage surprises conveyed in a constant succession of galvanic shocks, as though to atone for neglect or violation of dramatic duty and the inner law of artistic growth and in a poetic propriety by excess of outward and theatrical observance of effect; whether or not these and such-like deductions may be made from the fame of this great poet as dramatist or as novelist, in such a book as that now before us, this quality is glorious only and dangerous no more. The partisanship which is the imperfection of a play is the perfection of a war-song or other national lyric, be it of lamentation, of exhortation, or of triumph. This book of song takes its place beyond question beside the greatest on that lyric list which reaches from the "*Odes et Ballades*" to the "*Chansons des Rues et des Bois*;" such a list of labours and triumphs as what other lyricist can show? First come the clear boyish notes of prelude, songs of earliest faith and fancy, royalist and romantic; then the brilliant vivid ballads, full already of supple harmonies and potent masteries of music, of passion and sentiment, force and grace; then the auroral resonance and radiance of the luminous "*Orientales*," the high and tender cadences of the "*Feuilles d'Automne*," the floating and changing melody of the "*Chants du Crépuscule*," the fervent and intimate echoes of the "*Voix Intérieures*," the ardent and subtle refractions of "*Les Rayons et les Ombres*;" each in especial of these two latter books of song crowned by one of the most perfect lyrics in all the world of art for sweetness and sublimity—the former by those stanzas on the sound of the unseen sea by night, which have in them the very heart and mystery of darkness, the very music and the very passion of wave and wind; the other by that most wonderful and adorable poem in which all the sweet and bitter madness of love strong as death is distilled into deathless

speech, the little lyric tragedy of "Gastibelza:" next, after many silent or at least songless years, the pealing thunders and blasting sunbeams of the "Châtiments;" then a work yet wider and higher and deeper than all these, the marvellous roll of the "Contemplations," having in it all the stored and secret treasures of youth and age, of thought and faith, of love and sorrow, of life and death; with the mystery of the stars and the sepulchres above them and beneath; then the terrible and splendid chronicle of human evil and good, the epic and lyric "Légende des Siècles," with its infinite variety of action and passion, infernal and divine; then the subtle and full-throated carols of vigorous and various fancy built up in symmetrical modulation of elaborate symphonies by vision or by memory among the woods and streets; and now the sorrowful and stormy notes of the giant organ whose keys are the months of this "Année Terrible." And all these make up but one division of the work of one man's life: we know that in the yet unsounded depth of his fathomless genius, as in the sunless treasure-houses of the sea, there are still jewels of what price we know not that must in their turn see light and give light. For these we have a prayer to put up that the gift of them may not be long delayed. There are few delights in any life so high and rare as the subtle and strong delight of sovereign art and poetry; there are none more pure and more sublime. To have read the greatest works of any great poet, to have beheld or heard the greatest works of any great painter or musician, is a possession added to the best things of life. As we pity ourselves for the loss of poems and pictures which have perished, and left of Sappho but a fragment and of Zeuxis but a name, so are we inclined to pity the dead who died too soon to enjoy the great works that we have enjoyed. At each new glory that "swims into our ken" we surely feel that it is something to have lived to see this too rise. Those who might have had such an addition to the good things of their life, and were defrauded of it by delay, have reason to utter from the shades their ghostly complaint and reproach against the giver who withheld his gifts from the world till they had passed out of it, and so made their lives less by one good thing, and that good thing a pleasure of great price. We know that our greatest poet living has kept back for many years some samples of his work; and much as he has given, we are but the more impelled by consideration of that imperial munificence to desire and demand its perfect consummation. Let us not have to wait longer than must needs be for the gift of our promised treasures: for the completion of that social and historic trilogy which has yet two parts to accomplish; for the plays whose names are now to us as the names of the lost plays of Æschylus, for the poems which are as the lost poems of Pindar; for the light and sustenance, the glory and the joy, which the world has yet to expect at the hands of Victor Hugo.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

MR. BRASSEY ON WORK AND WAGES.

WE are forcibly reminded of the great axiom of Bacon—the subtlety of nature vastly transcends the subtlety of the human mind—when ever we are enabled to test the dogmatism of economic laws by a truthful register of industrial facts. Mr. Herbert Spencer has lately produced some striking examples of the way in which social results falsify theoretic predictions. And there now appears an unpretending book on work and wages, wherein are set down a few simple facts as to labour by one who has the very best means of knowing them. The results, and they are quite unanswerable, form a strange comment on the gratuitous hypotheses which so often masquerade as scientific axioms. The complaint one makes against that anti-social jargon, which so easily passes for economic science, is that it is in ludicrous opposition to the common observation of facts. Political economy professes to be a science based on observation. But the bitter pedantry which often usurps that name usually assumes its facts, after it has rounded off dogmas to suit its clients. In practice this magazine of untruth escapes detection for two reasons. One is that the facts relating to labour are invariably seen through the spectacles of capital. The employing class is virtually in possession of the whole machinery of information; and all judgments are tinged with the tone current among them. Thus we see the very newspapers which celebrate the amusements of the rich in a hundred different forms, scandalized at the coal miners objecting to grub in the pits every day in the week. Laziness, ingratitude, and extortion, seem the proper terms for sportsmen and fine ladies to apply to the men and children who swelter half their lives underground. The second reason which obscures the truth about industry is, that the facts about capital are almost never honestly disclosed. It is not very difficult to see how this comes about. We all know the uncomfortable stories of the unsoundness of income-tax returns. Business indeed has a constitutional jealousy in all its dealings; and success may often in practice depend on secrecy. Not one employer in a thousand would willingly publish a perfectly just account of his profits and losses in trade. There is a point of honour in each class, as we all know from our butchers' bills, not to bruit about to the world any fortunate turn of the market, or fresh source of profit. It is all covered under appropriate euphemisms—"a slight improvement," "upward tendency," and "increased buoyancy." On the contrary, a turn of sixpence in the wages of a miner or a bricklayer rings through every household in

England. There is no possible disguise with the men's profits. Every farthing is known, and is chronicled throughout the realm with phrases often other than euphemistic. The consequence is that a general impression grows on the public that these unconscionable artisans are always getting fresh bonuses, and that poor capital is struggling to keep pace with their extortion. One of the most experienced inquirers in England—the secretary of one of our most useful commissions—has repeatedly said that he never knew a labour question in which the employers published the truth. Without imitating our friend's bluntness, it is quite fair to say that from the great facilities for secrecy in all the operations of capital, and from the inveterate habits of concealment which it has acquired, the true facts are curiously difficult to come at.

It is therefore a matter of some importance when we can get a really honest statement of the facts by a capitalist with an adequate experience. Mr. Thomas Brassey has just published a volume,¹ which contains many years of study of the facts derived mainly from the business carried on in all parts of the world by his father and his partners. He professes no particular doctrines in political economy, and is not using his figures in the service of any political or social school. What he has done is to have a sort of blue book compiled in the offices of those vast and diverse undertakings; and to these he has put certain questions of a crucial and suggestive kind. One of the valuable points about the returns made is, that the managers and secretaries who compile them, or who narrate their experience, have often, it is clear, no knowledge of the object with which the facts are sought, and give answers without the slightest colouring. The immense mass of materials thus sifted has been well arranged and used; and the deductions are drawn out from them in a thoroughly intelligent and cautious spirit. It would not be easy from this book to claim Mr. Brassey for any particular school of opinion, and the present writer has not the least intention of claiming him for his own. The value of his work is simply this—that he has collected the cardinal facts about industry, work and wages, from a source which is almost inaccessible to the world, the books, the agents, and the subordinate staff of an employer of the first order, whose experience of industry was on the whole wider than that of any one else in our age. And all this is worked out in a practical spirit, with perfect candour. In a word, we may say that this is almost the first time that capital has ever honestly laid its budget on the table.

Let us compare its figures with the grumbling commonplaces which too frequently reflect but the prejudices of the rich. One of the commonest of these statements is, that wages have been continually and greatly increased over a period of the last twenty years.

(1) *Work and Wages.* By Thomas Brassey, M.P. Bell and Daldy.

Now this is not true of industry as a whole in any such degree. Within the last year or two, under an almost unprecedented ebullition of capital, wages have pretty generally risen. In the gambling trades, the coal and iron getting, where the men are unluckily made part sharers in the game, we have heard of startling advances in wages. Startling, for it is said to those who do not know, that whilst newspapers are ringing with the ten per cent. added to puddlers' wages, iron-masters are quietly pocketing their fifty per cent. of increased profit. Again, the vast changes in the size and habits of London have given a great impulse to building there and in one or two great towns. This is the natural result of the enormous expansion of the middle-class, and the same cause has increased the competition for domestic servants. Now bricklayers, servants, and colliers, are just those working people in whose wages the public takes the most lively interest. But if we take industry as a whole, down to the last year or two, the rise in wages for twenty years had been exceedingly moderate, and anything but continuous.

At the Canada works at Birkenhead, 600 men on the average are employed, and they embrace a variety of skilled trades. On page 157 Mr. Brassey gives a table of the rates paid in every year from 1854 to 1869 inclusive. (See following page.)

Now if we compare the year 1869 with 1854, the result is as follows:—

Three out of thirteen trades were stationary at the same rates.

Of the remaining ten, four were gainers—

	s.	d.
The Fitters had gained	1	0
The Boiler Smiths	2	0
The Pattern Makers	2	0
The Boiler Makers	0	6
The four trades together	5	6

Against this, six trades had lost:—

	s.	d.
The Copper-smiths had lost	0	9
The Grinders	4	0
The Smiths	1	0
The Forgemmen	4	0
The Painters	1	0
The Moulders	0	6
The six trades together had lost	11	3

This shows a loss for the thirteen trades of 5s. 9d.; and (except in the fluctuating rates paid to the grinders, who range from 22s. to 32s.) there is no fluctuation during any one of these sixteen years which exceeds ten per cent.

Now, either the wages paid at Birkenhead were not the market rates (which it would be absurd to suppose), or we must conclude

	1864	1865	1866	1867	1868	1869
Fitters	s. d. 29 0	s. d. 28 3	s. d. 29 0	s. d. 30 6	s. d. 28 10	s. d. 27 6
Turners	s. d. 29 4	s. d. 30 3	s. d. 31 3	s. d. 33 0	s. d. 31 6	s. d. 31 0
Coppersmiths and Braziers	s. d. 31 6	s. d. 30 10	s. d. 28 10	s. d. 29 0	s. d. 28 0	s. d. 30 0
Grinders	s. d. 27 0	s. d. 27 0	s. d. 27 0	s. d. 24 0	s. d. 24 0	s. d. 22 0
Smiths	s. d. 31 0	s. d. 31 5	s. d. 32 0	s. d. 31 0	s. d. 30 0	s. d. 29 6
Boiler Smiths	s. d. 34 0	s. d. 34 0	s. d. 35 0	s. d. 34 0	s. d. 32 6	s. d. 33 0
Bricklayers	s. d. 34 0	s. d. 34 0	s. d. 34 0	s. d. 34 0	s. d. 34 0	s. d. 34 0
Saddlers and Bolt Makers	s. d. 26 0	s. d. 27 0	s. d. 26 0	s. d. 26 0	s. d. 27 0	s. d. 26 0
Forgemen	s. d. 36 6	s. d. 37 0	s. d. 36 0	s. d. 33 6	s. d. —	s. d. —
Painters	s. d. 24 0	s. d. 23 0	s. d. 24 0	s. d. 26 0	s. d. 26 6	s. d. 25 0
Moulders	s. d. 32 0	s. d. 31 6	s. d. 33 0	s. d. 33 0	s. d. 32 0	s. d. 31 6
Joiners and Pattern Makers	s. d. 28 0	s. d. 28 6	s. d. 29 0	s. d. 28 2	s. d. 27 6	s. d. 29 0
Boiler Makers	s. d. 31 6	s. d. 31 0	s. d. 30 6	s. d. 32 6	s. d. 29 0	s. d. 30 6

that the thirteen skilled trades, whose labour built up a colossal fortune, had rather lost in wages between 1854 and 1869, and on the average had been nearly stationary.

Here is the official table of the rates of wages paid in the Royal yard at Sheerness for the three years 1849, 1859, and 1869 :—

[SHEERNESS RATE OF WAGES.

	1849	1859	1869
	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>
Shipwrights	4 0	4 6	4 6
Caulkers	4 0	4 6	4 6
Joiners	3 6	3 10	3 10
Forgemen	7 0	Same.	
Furnacemen	5 0		
Assistant Furnacemen	4 0		
Steam Hammermen	4 6		
Anchor Firemen, 1st Class	5 6		
" " 2nd Class	4 9		
Double Firemen	4 9		
Single Firemen, Vicemen, and Fitters	4 3		
Hammermen, 1st Class	3 9		
" 2nd Class	3 3		

Here the vast shipbuilding movement of the Crimean war had told its tale, and had increased the wages of the first three classes of workmen between 1849 and 1859 ; but with that exception, in the thirteen classes of men, wages had been absolutely stationary for twenty years.

Here is the table of rates paid in the private yards on the Thames, prepared by the former manager of the Millwall Iron Works. It embraces nineteen years, ending with 1869 :—

AVERAGE RATES OF WAGES PAID AT MILLWALL IRON WORKS.

RATES OF WAGES DURING YEARS 1851 TO 1869.

	1851	1861—1865	1865—1869	1869
	<i>s. s.</i>	<i>s. s.</i>	<i>s. s.</i>	<i>s. s.</i>
Fitters	33—38	33—38	35—40	33—38
Planers	30—33	30—33	32—34	30—33
Drillers	22—27	22—27	23—28	22—27
Smiths	30—42	30—42	30—42	30—42
" Helpers	22—24	22—24	22—24	22—24
Moulders	36—38	36—38	36—40	36—40
Pattern Makers	36—39	36—39	39—42	36—39
Joiners	36—39	36—39	36—42	36—42
Shipwrights	42—48	42—48	39—42	36—39
Platers	36—42	36—42	36—42	36—42
" Helpers	21—24	21—24	21—24	21—24
Riveters	30—32	30—32	30—32	30—32
" Helpers	20—24	20—24	20—24	20—24
Caulkers	30—33	30—33	30—33	30—33
Chippers	28—30	28—30	28—30	28—30
Angle Iron Smiths	38—40	38—40	38—40	38—40
Boiler Makers	36—42	36—42	36—42	36—42
" Helpers	21—24	21—24	21—24	21—24
Painters	21—30	21—30	21—30	21—30

In this table we see that eleven skilled trades stood at absolutely stationary rates for nineteen years. The other eight trades are almost stationary. Between 1851 and 1869 there is not a single rise in the minimum rates. The great difference is that the shipwrights have fallen from 42s.-48s. in 1851 to 36s.-39s. in 1869. On the whole the gain is 5s., the loss 9s.

It is a curious comment on the industrious mendacity which so often obscures labour questions, thus to find the real truth about the wages of London shipwrights. It will be remembered that about 1867 and 1868 the newspapers were filled with lamentations over their extortionate demands, under which we were told the trade was being driven from England. It now turns out, on the authority of a manager of one of the largest London works, that the wages of shipwrights in the Thames have never risen since 1851, and that they fell between 1865-1869 from 42s.-48s. to 39s.-42s., and in 1869 again fell to 36s.-39s., showing a maximum fall between 1865 and 1869 of 9s. upon 48s., which is not far short of 20 per cent.

We now turn to the typical English industry, and compare the wages paid in 1859 and 1869, in one of the largest of our locomotive factories:—

AVERAGE RATE OF WAGES PAID TO SKILLED WORKMEN,
LOCOMOTIVE WORKS, ENGLAND.

	1859		1869	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
Fitters	28	3·15	28	7·69
Turners	28	4·57	29	3·76
Braziers	28	6·85	28	7·06
Grinders	27	6	28	10·50
Smiths	28	5	26	10·35
Boiler Smiths	31	8	30	4·50
Bricklayers	24	5·10	30	0·57
Saddlers	19	8	20	3
Forgemen	34	3	34	4·05
Painters	22	10	23	1·60
Moulders	29	4·50	28	5·58
Joiners, Pattern Makers, and Sawyers	24	6·18	24	4·95
Brickmakers	27	8·44	27	5·28
Total Average	27	11·23	28	1·28

Here we have, in a period of ten years, an average rise in fifteen skilled trades, of 2d. upon 28s., or little more than $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and but for the bricklayers it would be a fall and not a rise.

It is perfectly true that during the last and the current years a sort of jubilee of capital has been celebrated, and triumphant competition has been bidding for hands at reckless rates. It is a very different thing whether this will be maintained; and on the whole it is safer to look back for twenty years. The iron and coal wages, as

we have said, rise and fall like American railway bonds. The wages also of all the building trades, especially in London, have risen steadily and greatly under the special causes before stated. Against this must be set the great rise in house-rent in London. We have the authority of Sir Sydney Waterlow (page 165) that in London working men, earning from 25s. to 40s. per week, pay on the average one day's wages, one-sixth of their income, in rent; that below 25s. the proportion is rather more than less; and that in the latter case the increase within the last twenty years has ranged from 20 to 30 per cent. And beef has been rising in the twenty years 40 per cent., mutton 50 per cent., and bacon and cheese 25 per cent.

On the whole, it is no doubt true that wages have been rising generally for a generation, but, except under special circumstances, somewhat slowly. The book before us gives abundant examples how a vast new organization, such as a railway, the creation of the Welsh iron trade, or the expansion of London, will in particular districts raise wages in certain trades even 50 per cent. But if we take a general average of skilled labour throughout the country, we can hardly show a progress between 1849 and 1869 of more than 5 or 10 per cent.

On the other hand, the expansion of business shows a far more rapid progress. Thus the trade of the kingdom, which was £260,000,000 in 1855, had more than doubled itself in fifteen years, and was £547,000,000 in 1870. In 1845 the capital in railways was £88,000,000; in 1870, it was £530,000,000. The exports of iron and steel have doubled within seven years; and, as we all know, the income-tax, since its first institution, produces something like a double percentage.

If, therefore, we look on capital expanding its operations with these tremendous strides, whilst, on the other hand, house-rent, especially for the poor, has been increasing 25 per cent., and all forms of animal food have been increasing from 25 to 50 per cent., there is nothing astonishing to find the wages of skilled labour advancing in twenty years 5 or even 10 per cent. The surprising thing is that they have not advanced more. And this they certainly would have done if our agricultural labourers had a free opening, and if their low condition had not lain like a dead weight on the artisan.

So far from the rise in wages, such as it has been, being abnormal, so far is it from being the result of trade-union conspiracies, that it may be shown that the increase has been exceptionally small in England. Mr. Brassey proves, and it is one of the most interesting features of his work, that wages in the same period have advanced far more in all the principal industries of the continent than they have in England.

In France, Belgium, and Prussia prices are from 20 to 30 per cent. dearer than twenty years ago. Mr. Fane, the late Secretary to the Embassy, tells us that the general rate of money wages in France has increased about 40 per cent. in the last fifteen years in those industries which compete with foreigners in the neutral markets. "In the famous engine-building establishment at Creuzot, 10,000 persons are now employed, and the annual expenditure in wages amounts to £400,000. Mechanics were paid, when the establishment was first created, at the rate of two and a half francs a day. At the present time none receive less than five francs a day. In Italy, since 1861, wages have risen considerably, in some trades to the extent of 30 to 50 per cent. It has been stated that in Sicily, since 1860, the pay of the working classes has doubled. In Lower Silesia the rates of wages have doubled generally within the memory of the elder workmen. At the great zinc works known as the *Vieille Montagne*, near Liège, where 6,500 hands are employed, in twelve years the wages have increased 45 per cent." In Silesia the erection of a new factory caused a rise in the men's wages of 100 per cent. In Wurtemberg the average increase in eight branches of industry during the last thirty years amounted to 60-70 per cent., and in the building trades to 80-90 per cent. The same thing is true all over the world. We see what is happening now in Berlin. The book before us is full of examples of new industries, especially of a new railway system, raising wages 50 and even 100 per cent. In Bombay the monthly wages of a carpenter were, from 1840-49, 28s. 10d. In 1863 they had risen to 58s. The wages of coolies, in the same way, rose from 12s. 3d. to 27s. Speaking generally, wages in India, in districts travelled by railways, have advanced within a short time no less than 100 per cent. Mr. Brassey, with such experience before him, may well say, "Our operatives have but a faint conception of the rise of wages which has taken place abroad, in countries where trades-unions did not exist." In fact, the true problem is not why wages have risen so much within our generation in England, but why they have risen so little. And it is a fair subject for inquiry if the working classes have yet received their reasonable share of the enormous increase in production and the marvellous development of machinery.

A mere increase in production would, of course, give no such claim, if production increased no faster than population, and if the cost of production were incapable of any reduction. But here comes in a striking law of industry, which the book before us boldly formulates and completely proves. 'It is that daily wages are no criterion of the cost of executing works or producing manufactures. That is to say, it may happen, and often does happen, that wages may be raised, prices reduced, and profits increased at one and the same

time. That an employer pays high wages is no sort of proof that he is not producing cheaply, or that he is not making large profits. New machinery, science, and organization may and ought to make immense and continual saving in cost. And this economy, in all skilled businesses, may far outstrip the mere rise in daily wages. Nay, a rise in daily wages, under healthy conditions of the market, almost invariably implies a more valuable service. In favourable cases, a normal rise in wages is economically a good investment. It does or it ought to bring a more than equivalent profit. Thus an agricultural labourer, with his wages doubled, and thereby supplied with animal food, may be trained into the "navvy," when he will do three or four times the work of a mere labourer. The work of a highly skilled artisan at high wages is worth twice or thrice the work of an inferior workman at one-third lower rates. As intelligence, machinery, and complex organization play a larger part in any industry, the value of the superior workman grows with an increasing ratio. But the superior man naturally seeks higher wages; and indeed it is only by means of higher wages that, speaking of a class, he can get superior training. As industry advances, and as we rise in the scale of industry, the function of economic and mechanical appliances grows, and that of mere manual power diminishes. It is said by one of our factory inspectors that in France one workman looks after fourteen spindles. In England one minder and two assistants can manage a mule with 2,200 spindles. It is an obvious economy to employ such a minder at even higher rates as compared with the French. This is the process by which, in our cotton industry, as in so many others, wages have been rising, profits have been growing, and goods have been cheapened all at the same time. There is but one secret in the seeming mystery—growing organization in industry.

The late Mr. Brassey executed works in all parts of the world; in the densest manufacturing districts of England, in the wilds of the Danube, and on the plains of India. The wages of even unskilled labour varied enormously. In some places he paid 6s. a day; in some, as in India, 6d. That is to say, an English "navvy" was sometimes paid twelve times as much as a coolie. Yet notwithstanding this enormous difference in wages, a given amount of railway work costs about the same in both cases. The resident partner of the firm in India reports that, "mile for mile the cost of railway work is about the same in India as it is in England." The extra cost of supervision almost equalises the value of the lowest wages; and skilled labour in rude countries costs more than it does in our own. The cost of supervision in India runs away with 20 per cent. on the entire outlay. It is hence worth paying almost any increased wage which will get rid of the cost of supervision. And thus the workman

whose intelligence requires no more than the minimum of supervision is a cheap bargain even at the maximum wage. One of the largest and most successful of our contractors put the principle to a friend in these significant words: "Let me pick my own workmen, and I don't mind what wages I pay them."

Here are some of the practical proofs:—

"At the commencement of the construction of the North Devon Railway the wages of the labourers were 2s. a day. During the progress of the work their wages were raised to 2s. 6d. and 3s. a day. Nevertheless it was found that the work was executed more cheaply when the men were earning the higher rate of wage than when they were paid at the lower rate. Again in London, in carrying out a part of the Metropolitan drainage works in Oxford Street, the wages of the bricklayers were gradually raised from 6s. to 10s. a day. Yet it was found that the brickwork was constructed at a cheaper rate per cubic yard, after the wages of the workmen had been raised to 10s. than when they were paid at the rate of 6s. a day."

"In making the South Staffordshire Railway the navvies employed by Mr. Day, my father's resident agent, were paid from 3s. to 3s. 6d. a day. A few years later Mr. Day was engaged on the construction of a line from Enniskillen to Bundoran, and on that line the labourers were paid at the rate of 1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d. a day. Yet, with this immense difference in the rate of wages, sub-contracts on the Irish railway were let at the same prices which had been previously paid in South Staffordshire." (Page 69.)

In constructing a station at Basingstoke, on one side a London bricklayer was employed at 5s. 6d. a day; on the other, two country bricklayers at 3s. 6d. a day. It was found by measurement, unknown to the men, that the London man laid more bricks in the same time than the two countrymen. It was therefore a great economy to pay one man 5s. 6d. a day instead of the two men 7s.; and as the workmen improved, it would be a great economy to employ them even at higher rates. The wages of shipbuilders at Marseilles are little more than half those of English shipbuilders; yet a French ship costs 20 per cent. more to build than it does a ship in England.

In fact dear labour stimulates invention and economy to a degree which seems almost without limit. Mr. Brassey gives some curious examples. A particular class of spinner, who before a recent improvement in machinery earned 41s. a week, can now earn 50s., an increase of more than 20 per cent., while the cost of the yarn is reduced 13d. per pound. In Denmark the cost of constructing railways has been reduced 35 per cent., entirely by an improved system of working. In various parts of the world managers report that the cost of constructing railways abroad has been considerably reduced in twenty years, though the rate paid for labour has increased 15 or 20 per cent. Mr. Nasmyth, by mechanical contrivances, reduced the number of men in his employ from 3,000 to 1,500 without reducing the production. He may well add, with somewhat characteristic caution, "the result was that my profits were much increased." It is found in one of the largest locomotive works in England, that the cost of manu-

facturing a first-class engine and tender has been steadily diminished; and the re-manufacture of iron rails, which in 1860 cost £7 15s. per ton, in 1868 cost £7 0s. 2d. per ton. "The cost of a locomotive, has been reduced," says another manager, "from £2,600 to £2,300. *There have been no changes in the rate of wages*; but production is cheaper through the application of improved machinery."

Mr. Lothian Bell says that by improvements in furnaces 500,000 tons of coal are annually saved in the Cleveland iron trade alone. An English engineer who had to manufacture locomotives in France, where fuel cost three times what it did in England, contrived to reduce the cost of the fuel by economizing consumption, until it did not exceed the cost which he would have paid for fuel in England. The wages of skilled labour in America are at least double those paid in England; yet they contrive to sell tools, axes, spades, &c., and many agricultural implements in England, though both materials and wages are twice as dear with them as with us, and there is the cost of carriage besides.

With evidence like this before us, we may well hesitate to accept the professorial dicta of so-called economists. They give us almost daily lectures based on the assumption that high wages inevitably imply dear goods and low profits. They assume that every shilling on the workman's wages means a shilling of extra price. They warn the artisan in solemn strains that as they are the great consumers, they will have to pay back in more than equivalent prices every penny they earn in increased wages. And it is an axiom with some of these philosophers that every rise in wages is a fresh tax on British industry. Of course a rise in wages does not imply of necessity cheaper production; but it is, in a healthy state of trade, perfectly compatible with it. In point of fact economy in production has a progress far more steady, constant, and silent, than any advance in wages. And it is pretty clear that wherever capital is equal to its mission, wherever it is doing a thriving and growing business, it is really, if silently, accumulating economies, that far outstrip even any rise of wages which our generation has seen. So far is it from being true that rising wages involve dearer products, that the law is quite the other way. In all productions where skill, machinery, and organized labour count for much—and these count for more in every step upwards in industrial progress—the true axiom would seem to be that whilst the wages tend to rise, the cost tends to diminish. The increased wages are in the long-run partly the effect and partly the cause of superior intelligence. And the superior intelligence is a necessary condition of economizing production. The things in which the cost is continually growing are not the products of organized industry, but the soil and its immediate proceeds. Land, house-room, animal food, and domestic service, are the articles in which prices may be

expected to rise. But the products of organized industry do not necessarily increase in cost, nor do the profits of the manufacturers diminish, even though the wages of the workmen they employ occasionally rise. It is very doubtful indeed if profits do not grow far more rapidly and continuously than wages. And there is abundant evidence for the position clearly and boldly stated by Mr. Brassey thus:—"The daily wage is not the true measure of cost. The superior diligence, the skill and energy of the workmen, may and generally do largely compensate the employer who pays a higher rate of wages. Or again, when the superior qualities of the operations do not fully make up for the difference in wages, the high price of labour will generally lead to the use of labour-saving machinery, which would not have been adopted had labour been cheap." Such is the lesson drawn from the honest study of those ledgers wherein are recorded the growth of one of the gigantic modern fortunes.

To this first proposition—that the rate of wages affords no indication of the cost of production—Mr. Brassey adds a second, which is quite as significant. "It is equally true," he says, "that the hours of work are no criterion of the amount of work performed." Now this is very instructive, especially at the present time. Throughout the movement to substitute the day of nine hours for that of ten, the public instructors invariably assume that this is equivalent to a loss in productive power of 10 per cent. Nothing can be more utterly belied by facts. Mr. Brassey has accumulated instances from the experience of his firm, and from that of others, to the contrary. In order to complete the Trent Valley line successive shifts of men were employed, working eight hours each instead of ten hours. It was found that they did more work than the men working ten hours. On January 2, of this year, Messrs. Ransome & Co., who employ twelve hundred workmen, reduced the hours from fifty-eight and a half to fifty-four hours per week. They find no diminution in product; and, in certain kinds of piecework, it is increased 12 to 15 per cent. At one of the principal engineering works in the North, it is within the writer's knowledge that after three months' experience of the introduction of the nine-hour day, no difference in business could be ascertained from the books. MM. Dollfus, of Mulhausen, recently reduced the hours in their spinning works from twelve to eleven per day; and it was found that the shorter day produced 5 per cent. more work. It is perfectly clear that where the best work is done the hours are the shortest. The average day's work in England is ten, on the Continent it is twelve, in Russia sometimes sixteen or seventeen. Yet it is calculated that two English mowers will do in a day the work of six Russian serfs. Russian factory operatives work seventy-five hours in the week, English only sixty; yet their work is about

one-fifth only of that of an English workman. In Oldenburg the hours of factory work are stated to be fourteen and a half hours. Yet only half the same weight of work is turned off as in an English factory, even under English overlookers, and much less under native overlookers. "Miners work on the average twelve hours a day in South Wales, and only seven hours in the North of England; yet the cost of getting coals in Aberdare is 25 per cent. more than in Northumberland." As industry rises in the scale, more work can be done in shorter time; and the longer time is rather a disadvantage than a gain. One of the most powerful and skilful of workmen told the writer that a workman who could not tire himself out in eight hours, was not worth his salt. An ordinary clerk or accountant is usually employed seven or eight hours a day. It would be no real economy to work him for ten hours, even at the same rate of wages. The average professional man or merchant can get the best out of himself in six or seven hours. And until we get to the higher forms of intellectual force, nothing would be gained by stretching his day's work over ten hours.

Now, as we improve the organization of industry, the qualities we need in the workman become less those of a labourer, and more those of an educated assistant. The faculties called out by the highest forms of handicraft are already those of minute and sustained attention. A child can look to a few spindles; but to drive a mule with 2,200 spindles requires much the same care as is needed to keep a ledger. In fact, the higher grade of artisan is pretty much on a level with what we call the liberal occupations. We must come to get rid of the arbitrary line drawn above what are called manual trades. We must regard them, as the French workmen do, as being in their own way professions. But as the trades more and more acquire this character, and call out sustained tension of the intelligence, it becomes more and more necessary, even in an economical point of view, to concentrate that tension into a shorter time. Comte anticipated a time when the normal hours of toil were to be seven. Exactly along with that progress of industry towards a higher organization which was established in Mr. Brassey's first proposition, we have that need for shorter hours which underlies his second proposition. If the more refined and scientific organization of production involves higher wages, it also involves shorter hours. For both greater resources and greater leisure are needed to raise the workman to his true point of efficiency. When we reach this stage, a reduction of hours, within due limits, may become a real saving in itself. For it may give the employer a workman of a higher order.

The querulous prophecies over increased wages and reduced hours are therefore as false as they are selfish. When these changes come about

under natural conditions, they rather point to a double economy. Capital, in fact, is getting a far more valuable servant; if it were not so, it would not seek him; for there is always a supply of inferior servants; and at the same time it is concentrating work into a shorter space. It may, of course, often happen that wages may be raised and hours reduced without adequate grounds, and capital and production suffer by the change. But it need not be so; and the normal course of industry upwards distinctly points to the contrary. Our pessimists may well study the proofs which Mr. Brassey offers for his axiom—that as wages are no test of the cost, so hours are no test of the amount, of actual production.

It is singular that capital should not be more ready to avow this its pre-eminent power. This mysterious faculty it has to economize cost and time, is the true justification of the private capitalist. Here is the real answer to communism. In the abstract and on purely social grounds communism can make a plausible claim. But it is plainly unequal to the utmost economic organization of industry. We here learn how increased wages and increased leisure can be guaranteed to the workman only by the subtle progress of imperceptible economies, by the ceaseless effort to improve organization. The workings of this unseen, untiring power are as impalpable as those of genius; they require concentration of authority and thought as completely as the conduct of a campaign. It was said of Napoleon that he made his calculations, and then won his battles by half-an-hour. It is just by that saving of the half-hour, by the nice adjustment of minute details in a common design, that the great battles of industry are won. This is the function of the capitalist, and his *raison d'être*. He can work up an establishment of 5,000 men till they do the work of 8,000 or of 10,000 men, and all by patient revision and economizing of their work. This cannot be done by a mere elected committee of workmen, any more than an army could be led and battles won by an elected committee. To effect it, requires a trained capitalist class. It is strange that in these days capitalists should have been so slow to put forward that which is in fact their highest claim to social utility. As the Frenchman said of Providence, if the capitalist did not exist, society would have had to invent him.

The book before us contains itself a typical instance of this organizing instinct, this power of the capitalist to meet new conditions by fresh contrivances. It offers a suggestion to meet a growing difficulty in which the writer feels a keen interest. It has been shown how the growing organization of industry involves two tendencies corresponding and related to each other. The advancing economy of labour calls into play an ever larger proportion of machinery, manual appliance, and scientific organization. At the

same time the men required to work this improved system demand, and indeed need, shorter hours of labour. But here arises this difficulty. The new machinery, plant, and scientific staff grow continually more costly in proportion to the wages of the workmen. But they differ from the workmen in this. They do not need the same rest. On the contrary the prime cost of the plant is the principal one. And there is a point where machinery would cease to be profitable, if it were to stand idle too great a portion of the twenty-four hours. We have, therefore, here got a dilemma, the pressure of which is constantly growing. To meet the growing costliness of machinery, it ought to be worked longer hours. But the men who are competent to work such machinery can only be obtained by reducing hours. Hence, doubtless, the desperate struggle which master builders and others have made against what is an inevitable change—the nine hours' day instead of ten hours. It is not the loss of the men's work, but the costly plant standing idle which they are thinking of. "Think of our yards and our machines standing still at four o'clock on a summer's afternoon!" cried a master builder in despair the other day. And it is beyond question a dilemma which threatens the onward progress of industry. At this point Mr. Brassey makes a suggestion which seems worthy of great attention. He says in such cases introduce the double-shift system. Have two sets of men in the day; and let them successively work the machines. For works of this class fall back on the eight-hour system. Work the plant sixteen hours, increasing the working day to that limit; and let each shift of workmen take only its eight hours. Thus the costly machinery and plant would be earning returns two-thirds of the twenty-four hours; and the men would be at work only one-third. It is of course obvious that there are serious objections to the double-shift system. These are carefully examined by Mr. Brassey; and it is plain that the experience he has collected finds no obstacle in them. As to the difficulties of supervision, risk to the machinery, and the like, in the double-shift system, it must be remembered that we have experience of it precisely in those industries in which supervision, watchfulness, and the unbroken work of the machinery, are most conspicuous. For instance, the entire marine service of the world is and always has been carried on, on the relay system. What can be successfully done in the microcosm of one of our ocean steamships, can be easily done in a forge or a building yard. Railways throughout the world are more or less worked on the relay system. And though the cupidity of certain companies works switchmen sixteen hours, it is an economy as costly as it is cruel. The double-shift system for railways is a crying want, and an increasing practice. Large coal fields are worked on the three-shift system, or by three relays of eight hours each; others by two relays, the steam machinery, plant, and cattle being served by successive gangs

of workmen. Yet there is no relaxation of supervision or weakening of the organization in these cases. When we see complex industries so different in kind and so elaborate in their machinery successfully working under the relay system, the difficulties are not likely to prove very serious anywhere. The "half-time" system for children in factories never justified any of the predictions against its success. In fact the relay system cannot be seriously attacked as impracticable.

It is obvious that it is not adapted to every kind of industry. In many kinds of labour there is not the need for rapid execution, and no very considerable use of plant or machinery. But in the grand forms of industry, when works are entirely produced under time contracts, and the organization is on the vastest and completest scale, the double-shift system seems singularly fit. In building a ship, a railway, a public building, in turning out rails, locomotives, or girders by a given date, time is the first element in the calculation. A thousand men cannot be put upon works built only to contain five hundred; but with such a contract on hand, there is plenty of work for them if there were room.

This appears to be the true solution of the difficulty which capital finds in utilising its costly apparatus. Whenever and wherever the short hours of human labour neutralise the economy of machinery, the answer is simple: adopt the relay system. Whenever it is applicable, an immense saving at once arises. The work of the machine would be increased 60 per cent., and production would be increased 60 per cent.; for the "works" would be active sixteen hours instead of ten. On the other hand, the workmen would gain 20 per cent. of increased leisure, without any loss on production, but with an immense increase of it. It is not as if the body of workmen were a fixed number. It is an eminently elastic body. With our own vast reserves of surplus labour, and constant stream of emigration, there are large bodies of men who could be brought into employment, if their labour could only be economically applied. Contractors with great contracts on hand could often employ their men twenty-four hours of the day, if flesh and blood could stand it. To double the number of men would be no use under the present system, for they must double the amount of their plant, which they could not do, even if its cost were not important. They could easily employ a thousand men in place of five hundred, if they could get them usefully at work on the same plant and work. When a great contractor is "busy," he wants his men to work sixteen hours a day, and he sometimes forces them to do it. It does not pay him to take on more men at nine or ten hours a day. But at sixteen hours a day he could take on any number of men; and there are plenty of men to be taken. Only under the high pressure of modern industry, men at sixteen hours a day each are not economical. They cannot keep it up; and what is of more importance, they will not. On the contrary,

as business gets brisk, they want shorter and shorter hours. They are striking for nine, and talking about eight; and they do this, just under that very "buoyancy," which makes sixteen hours per day as necessary as sunshine at harvest.

It is at this point that the relay system steps in, and gives both parties what they want. It gives capital its sixteen hours' day, the machinery and plant "going" continuously. And it gives workmen their dream of an eight hours' day. It almost doubles the powers of production, and makes the economy of adding one-third more to the profit of the whole dead plant. The problem of course is, to find if the eight hours per day could be given to the men without reducing their wages. Now, there is ground for the belief that, with an entire reorganization of labour, eight hours' work might be made almost, or quite as valuable as ten hours' work. Mr. Brassey's firm, as we have seen, have with the double-shift system got more work out of the eight-hour men than out of the ten-hour men. It is not to be assumed that this can always be done. Yet the saving to be made in working plant sixteen hours a day, instead of nine or ten, is obviously enormous; and it is a growing amount as machinery and "plant" become more used. The problem is simply this:—To make sixteen hours of human labour (say at ten shillings), together with sixteen hours of machine labour, as valuable as nine hours of human labour (say at five shillings), together with nine hours of machine labour. It is obvious that the solution of the question grows easier as machinery and appliances play a larger part in industry, and as their use is more and more economized, and labour more and more concentrated and organized.

But the relay system, if it offers unlimited means to the "great contract" capitalists, offers as much to the workmen. It need not involve nightwork strictly so called. The sixteen hours' day would be obtained by working from five A.M. to nine P.M. These are, in fact, the hours of some continental industries, and occasionally of English works. If two rests of half an hour each are allowed, one shift might work from five A.M. to half-past one P.M. The second shift from half-past one P.M. to ten P.M. And it is possible that the dinner hour could be dispensed with altogether. For both sets of workmen could take their dinners at home; the one, for instance, dining at midday, the other at two or three P.M. Thus, to say nothing of the increased home-life, the workman would economize by getting his principal meal with his family, and would save the cost of the tavern.

Whether this system be immediately available we will not pretend to decide. The experience of a firm which has executed great works upon the system shows that it is not a mere theory. It is far from clear that industry is yet ripe for the enormous revolution and expansion which it implies. But it looks like the only con-

ceivable escape from a growing difficulty. The workmen claim and will continue to claim reduced hours of work. They will bring their hours down to those of the professional and mercantile classes, and they have a right to do so. In the meantime, capital cries out, and it does seem most justly, that to reduce the working hours of the machine is to make it unprofitable; and if machinery is to be beaten back, industry cannot progress.

We may confidently hazard the prediction that the relay system in all the great mechanical organizations of industry is the real solution of the future. That which stands in the way of its introduction is clearly the reluctance of the employers to realise the shorter day to which workmen's demands are tending. If they would frankly declare for the eight hours' day as the men's limit, it is the obvious expedient. As it is said here, "this is the true way to apply the exhaustible powers of man to the inexhaustible machine." In other words, it is the economic justification of the workman's demand for the eight hours' day.

There are other subjects of interest in the volume before us, but they need not be discussed here. The object of this paper has been to notice only some on which new light would appear to be thrown by an experience rarely acquired, and still more rarely disclosed. We have sought to point out only the proofs with which these pages teem of the infinite resources of capital, and the great mission of which, in worthy hands, it is capable. In these days, when governments and societies are shuddering at the growth of communism, when philanthropists and agitators are dabbling in many a form of diluted socialism, it is melancholy to see no rational assertion of the true function of capital. It retires for the most part within a grim resolve to do what it will with its own, or bursts out in spasmodic retaliation on all whom it suspects of hostility. The time has come when it must put forth both in practice and in theory a real justification for its claims on society. It need not fear, as in its perplexity it seems half willing to do, that no such justification is at hand. It is amongst the first of social axioms, that the free control over masses of capital by the hands of trained individuals is a condition of social progress of any high kind. The communist and socialist Utopias are as rotten in an economical as they are deficient in a moral sense. The true use of capital has a future both materially and socially superior. It can nourish a more highly organized society, whilst it can call out finer personal qualities. It has resources, tenacity, and foresight, as essential to the conduct of an industrial campaign, as a general is to a martial campaign. Like the qualities of a great general, its power seems a sort of inspiration, which nothing artificial can replace. In industry, as in war, no council or combination of men can do the work of the one right man. In both, concentration of

responsibility and authority tell the same tale. Far from being further subdivided and controlled by a species of popular suffrage, the true future of capital is to be concentrated in larger and fewer masses than it is, and freed ever more and more from legal and material restraint; and so far from receiving the mere inglorious toleration which now is all it asks, and which it now scarce openly dares to ask, the time may come when it can claim a chivalrous loyalty in return for its knightly services. Then its paramount office in modern society will be not merely recognised, but honoured. But for this it must thoroughly realise to itself the social necessities on which it is based, and the public duties which it is called on to perform. When it has done this, it will not need to meet fierce and perpetual attacks on its very right to exist. In those days co-operation, and every other bastard form of socialism, will be forgotten as the clumsy efforts of a generation which had failed to understand even the problem that was set for it to solve; and communism will be remembered only as the pathetic but irrational Utopia of men who understood the problem, but defied its scientific conditions—a Utopia, it must be said, as untrue to human nature, as subversive of orderly society, even if as pure in its aspirations, as the Sermon on the Mount was once.

Stranger things have come about than this, that capital, wearied out by the undying warfare which it is forced to wage for its existence, should fall back on that great armoury of argument wherein its rank and office have been asserted by Auguste Comte. He, among modern philosophers who felt the deepest sympathy with the classes where communism is bred, and best understood the side by which it appealed to many of their noblest feelings, was assuredly also the philosopher who has worked out most patiently the fundamental title of capital to social respect, and the radical incompetence of communism to realise progress. He it was, whom petulance not seldom ranks among socialists, who assigned the loftiest mission to capital, whilst for the first time he gave it a foundation at once scientific and religious. He built on a ground covered once either by the inhuman plutonomy of pedantic economists, or by the benevolent impossibilities of anarchical Utopists. Petulant misrepresentation is a fungus which springs in every soil, and lives its hour to-day as yesterday; and positivism, which offers the first social refutation of communism, must expect to be confounded with it in our day as in his. There is some satisfaction, therefore, though it be to little purpose, in insisting again on the contrary; and the same pen which in these pages but recently protested against the right of wealth to maintain its orgy of enjoyment by wholesale massacre, may find a more congenial task in asserting, from the same principles and with unchanged aims, the legitimate titles of capital to social respect and practical power.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

ROUSSEAU AT LES CHARMETTES.

A CHAPTER FROM A FORTHCOMING MONOGRAPH.

THE commonplace theory which the world takes for granted as to the relations of the sexes, makes the woman ever crave the power and guidance of her physically stronger mate ; but even if this be a true account of the normal state, there is at any rate a kind of temperament among the many types of men in which it seems as if the elements of character remain mere futile and dispersive particles, until compelled into unity and organization by the creative shock of feminine influence. There are men, famous or obscure, whose lives might be divided into a number of epochs, each defined and presided over by the influence of a woman. For the inconstant such a calendar contains many divisions, for the constant it is brief and simple, but for both alike it marks the great decisive phases through which character has moved.

Rousseau's temperament was deeply marked by this special sort of susceptibility, in one of its least agreeable forms. His sentiment in this order was neither robustly and courageously animal, nor was it an intellectual demand for the bright and vivacious sympathies in which women sometimes excel ; it had neither bold virility, nor that sociable energy which makes close emotional companionship an essential condition of freedom of faculty and completeness of work. There is a certain close and sickly air round all his dealings with women, and all his feeling for them. We seem to move not in the star-like radiance of love, nor even in the fiery blaze of lust, but among the humid heats of some unknown abode of things unwholesome and unmanly. "I know a sentiment," he writes, "which is perhaps less impetuous than love, but a thousand times more delicious, which sometimes is joined to love, and which is very often apart from it. Nor is this sentiment friendship only ; it is more voluptuous, more tender ; I do not believe that any one of the same sex could be its object, at least I have been a friend, if ever man was, and I never felt this about any of my friends."¹ He admits that he can only describe this sentiment by its effects ; but our lives are mostly ruled by elements that defy definition, and in Rousseau's case the sentiment which he could not describe was a paramount trait of his mental constitution. It was as a soft and voluptuous garment in which his imagination was cherished into activity, and protected against that outer air of reality which braces ordinary men, but benumbs and disintegrates the whole vital apparatus of such an organization as

(1) *Conf.*, Bk. iii. 177.

Rousseau's. If he had been devoid of this feeling about women, his character might very possibly have remained sterile. That feeling was the complementary contribution, without which no fecundity.

When he returned from his squalid Italian expedition in search of bread and a new religion, his mind was clouded with the vague desire, the sensual moodiness, which in such natures stains the threshold of manhood. This unrest, with its mysterious torments and black delights, was banished, or at least soothed into a happier humour, by the influence of the curious person who is one of the strangest types to be found in the gallery of civilised women.

A French writer in the eighteenth century, in a charming story which deals with a rather repulsive thread of action, in a tone that is graceful, simple, and pathetic, painted the portrait of a creature for whom no moralist with a reputation to lose can say a word, and whom we may, if we choose, fool ourselves by supposing to be without a counter-part in the better regulated world of real life, at any rate in modern times, but who, in spite of both these objections, is an interesting and not untouching figure to those who like to know all the many-webbed stuff out of which their brothers and sisters are made. The Manon Lescaut of the unfortunate abbé Prévost, kindly, bright, playful, tender, but devoid of the very germ of the idea of the virtue which is counted the sovereign recommendation of woman, helps us to understand Madame de Warens. Manon Lescaut is a prettier figure, because romance has fewer limitations than real life, but if we think of her in reading of Rousseau's benefactress, the vision of the imaginary woman tends to soften our judgment of the actual one, as well as to enlighten our conception of a character that eludes the instruments of a commonplace analysis.

She was born at Vevai in 1700; she married early, and early disagreed with her husband, from whom she eventually went away, abandoning family, religion, country, and means of subsistence, with all gaiety of heart. The King of Sardinia happened to be keeping his court at a small town on the southern shores of the lake of Geneva, and the conversion of Madame de Warens to Catholicism by the preaching of the Bishop of Annecy, gave a zest to the royal visit, as being a successful piece of sport in the great spiritual hunt which Savoy loved to pursue at the expense of the reformed church in Switzerland. The king, to mark his zeal for the faith of his house, conferred on the new convert a small pension for life; but as the tongues of the scandalous imputed a less pure motive for such generosity in a parsimonious prince, Madame de Warens removed from the court, and settled at Annecy. Her conversion was hardly more serious than Rousseau's own, because seriousness was no condition of her intelligence on any of its sides or in any of its relations. She was extremely charitable to the poor, full of pity for all in

misfortune, easily moved to forgiveness of wrong or ingratitude; careless, gay, open-hearted; having, in a word, all the good qualities which spring in certain generous soils from human impulse, and hardly any of those which spring from reflection, or are implanted by the ordering of society. Her reason had been warped in her youth by an instructor of the devil's stamp,¹ who finding her attached to her husband and to her duties, always cold, argumentative, and impregnable on the side of the senses, attacked her by sophisms, and at last persuaded her that the union of the sexes is in itself a matter of the most perfect indifference, provided decorum of appearance is preserved, and the peace of mind of persons concerned not disturbed.² This execrable lesson, which greater and more unselfish men held and propagated in grave books before the end of the century, took root in her mind, and, if we accept Rousseau's explanation, did so the more easily as her temperament was cold, and thus corroborated the idea of the indifference of what public opinion and private passion usually concur in investing with such enormous weightiness. "I will even dare to say," Rousseau declares, "that she only knew one true pleasure in the world, and that was to give pleasure to those whom she loved."³ He is at great pains to protest how compatible this coolness of temperament is with excessive sensibility of character; but neither ethological theory nor practical observation of men and women is at all hostile to what he is anxious to prove. The cardinal element of character is the speed at which its energies move; its rapidity or its steadiness, concentration or volatility; whether the thought and feeling travel as quickly as light, or as slowly as sound. A rapid and volatile constitution, like that of Madame de Warens, is inconsistent with ardent and glowing warmth, which belongs to the other sort, but it is essentially bound up with sensibility, or readiness of sympathetic answer to every cry from another soul. It is the slow, brooding, smouldering nature, like Rousseau's own, in which you ought to seek the tropics.

To bring the heavy artillery of moral reprobation to bear upon a poor soul like Madame de Warens is like denouncing the flagrant want of moral purpose in the busy movements of ephemera. Her activity was incessant, but it ended in nothing better than debt, embarrassment, and confusion. She inherited from her father a taste for alchemy, and spent much time in search after secret elixirs and the like. "Quacks taking advantage of her weakness, made

(1) De Tavel, by name. Disorderly ideas as to the relations of the sexes began to appear in Switzerland along with the reformation of religion. In the sixteenth century a woman appeared at Geneva with the doctrine, that it is as inhuman and as unjustifiable to refuse the gratification of this appetite in a man, as to decline to give food and drink to the starving. (Picot's *Hist. de Genève*, vol. ii.)

(2) *Conf.*, v. 342. Also ii. 83; and vi. 401.

(3) *Conf.*, v. 345.

themselves her master, constantly infested her, ruined her, and wasted, in the midst of furnaces and chemicals, her intelligence, her talents, and her charms, with which she might have been the delight of the best societies."¹ Perhaps, however, the too notorious vagrancy of her amours had at least as much to do with her failure to delight the best societies as her indiscreet passion for alchemy. Her person was attractive enough. "She had points of beauty," says Rousseau, "which last, because they reside rather in expression than in feature. She had a tender and caressing air, a soft eye, a divine smile, light hair of uncommon beauty. . . You could not see a finer head, or bosom, finer arms and hands."² Her portrait, which is still to be seen by those who will, answers very well to this verbal picture; it presents a certain wondering cheerful looseness, an open-eyed readiness for such goods as cheerful gods should provide, and a multiplicity of gaily rounded outlines, which mark one for whom the rigours of a monogamous society might well prove a little grievous to be borne. She was full of tricks and whimsies. She could not endure the first smell of the soup and meats at dinner; when they were placed on the table, she nearly swooned, and her disgust lasted some time, until at the end of half an hour or so, she took her first morsel.³ On the whole, if we accept the current standard of sanity, Madame de Warens must be pronounced ever so little flighty; but a monotonous world can afford to be lenient to the people with a slight craziness, provided only that it goes with hearty benevolence and cheerfulness, and goes without egoism or stupid vanity.

This was the person within the sphere of whose attraction Rousseau was decisively brought in the autumn of 1729, and he remained, with certain breaks of vagabondage, linked by a close attachment to her until 1738. It was in many respects the truly formative portion of his life. He acquired during this time much of his knowledge of books, such as it was, and his principles of judging them. He saw much of the lives of the poor and of the world's ways with them. Above all his ideal was revolutionized, and the recent dreams of Plutarchian heroism, of grandeur, of palaces, princesses, and a glorious career, were replaced by a new conception of blessedness of life, which never afterwards faded from his vision, and which has held a front place in the imagination of literary Europe ever since. The notions or aspirations which he had picked up from a few books, gave way to notions and aspirations which were suggested and shaped and fostered by the scenes of actual life into which he was thrown, and which found his character soft and pliant for their impression. In one way the new pictures of a future were as dissociated from the conditions of reality as the old had been, and the sensuous life of the happy valley in Savoy fitted a man as little to compose ideals for our

(1) *Conf.*, ii. 83.(2) *Ibid.*, ii. 82.(3) *Ibid.*, iii. 179. See also 200.

gnarled and knotted world, as the mental life among the heroics of sentimental fiction had done.

Rousseau's delight in the spot where Madame de Warens lived at Annecy was the mark of the new ideal which circumstances were to engender in him, and after him to spread in many hearts. His room looked over gardens and a stream, and beyond them stretched a far landscape. "It was the first time since leaving Bossey that I had green before my windows. Always shut in by walls, I had nothing under my eye but house-tops and the dull grey of the streets. How moving and delicious this novelty was to me! It brightened all the tenderness of my disposition. I counted this landscape among the kindnesses of my dear benefactress; it seemed as if she had brought it there expressly for me; I placed myself there in all peacefulness with her; she was present to me everywhere among the flowers and the verdure; her charms and those of spring were all mingled together in my eyes. My heart, which had hitherto been stifled, found itself more open in this free space, and my sighs had more liberal vent among these orchard gardens."¹ Madame de Warens was the semi-divine figure who made the scene live, and gave it perfect and harmonious accent. He had neither transports nor desires by her side, but existed in a state of ravishing calm, enjoying without knowing what. "I could have passed my whole life and eternity itself in this way, without an instant of weariness. She is the only person with whom I never felt that dryness in conversation, which turns the duty of keeping it up into a torment to me. Our intercourse was not so much conversation as an inexhaustible stream of chatter, which never came to an end until it was interrupted from without . . . I only felt all the force of my attachment for her when she was out of my sight. So long as I could see her, I was merely happy and satisfied, but my disquiet in her absence went so far as to be painful . . . I shall never forget how one holiday, while she was at Vespers, I went for a walk outside the town, my heart full of her image and of an eager desire to pass all my days by her side. I had sense enough to see that for the present this was impossible, and that the bliss which I relished so keenly must be brief. This gave to my musing a sadness which was still free from everything sombre, and which was moderated by pleasing hope. The sound of the bells, which has always moved me to a singular degree, the singing of the birds, the glory of the weather, the sweetness of the landscape, the scattered rustic dwellings in which my imagination placed our common home;—all this so struck me with a vivid, tender, sad and touching impression, that I saw myself as in an ecstasy transported into the happy time and the happy place where my heart, possessed of all the felicity that could

(1) *Conf.*, iii. 177—8.

bring it delight, shared inexpressible joys, without even dreaming of the pleasures of sense.”¹

There was still, however, a space to be bridged between the doubtful now and this delicious future. The harshness of circumstance is ever interposing with a money question, and for a vagrant of eighteen the first problem is a problem of economics. Rousseau was submitted to the observation of a kinsman of Madame de Warens,² and his verdict corresponded with that of the notary at Geneva with whom, years before, Rousseau had first tried the critical art of making a living. He pronounced that in spite of an animated expression, the lad was, if not thoroughly inept, at least of very slender intelligence, without ideas, almost without attainments, very narrow in short in all respects, and that the honour of one day becoming a village priest was the highest piece of fortune to which he had any right to aspire.³ So he was sent to the seminary, to learn Latin enough for the priestly offices. He began by conceiving a deadly antipathy to his instructor, whose appearance was displeasing to him. A second was found,⁴ and the patient and obliging temper, the affectionate and sympathetic manner of his new teacher, made a great impression on the pupil, though the progress in intellectual acquirement was unsatisfactory in one case as in the other. It is characteristic of that subtle impressionableness to physical comeliness, which in ordinary natures is rapidly blurred by press of more urgent considerations, but which Rousseau's strongly sensuous quality retained, that he should have remembered and thought worth mentioning years afterwards that the first of his two teachers at the seminary of Annecy had greasy black hair, a complexion as of gingerbread, and bristles in place of beard, while the second had the most touching expression he ever saw in his life, with fair hair and large blue eyes, and a glance and a tone which made you feel that he was one of the band predestined from their birth to unhappy days. While at Turin, Rousseau had made the acquaintance of another sage and benevolent priest,⁵ and uniting the two good men thirty years after, he conceived and drew the character of the Savoyard Vicar.⁶

Shortly, the seminarists reported that, though not vicious, their pupil was not even good enough for a priest, so deficient was he in intellectual faculty. It was next decided to try music, and Rousseau ascended for a brief space into the seventh heaven of the arts. This was one of the intervals of his life of which he says that he recalls not only the times, places, persons, but all the surrounding objects, the temperature of the air, its odour, its colour, a certain local impression only felt there, and the memory of which stirs the old transports anew. He never forgot a certain air, because one Advent

(1) *Conf.*, iii. 181—3.

(2) M. d'Aubonne.

(3) *Conf.*, iii. 192.

(4) M. Gâtier.

(5) M. Gaime.

(6) *Conf.*, iii. 204.

Sunday he heard it from his bed, being sung before daybreak on the steps of the cathedral; nor an old lame carpenter who played the counter-bass, and a fair little abbé who played the violin in the choir.¹ Yet he was in so dreamy, absent, and distracted a state, that neither his good will nor his assiduity availed, and he could learn nothing, not even music. His teacher, one Le Maitre, belonged to that great class of irregular and disorderly natures with which Rousseau's destiny, in the shape of an irregular and disorderly temperament of his own, so constantly brought him into contact. He could not work without the inspiration of the wine cup, and thus his passion for his art landed him a sot. He took offence at a slight put upon him by the precentor of the cathedral, of which he was choir-master, and left Annecy in a furtive manner along with Rousseau, whom the too comprehensive solicitude of Madame de Warens dispatched to bear him company. They went together as far as Lyons, and here the unfortunate musician happened to fall into an epileptic fit in the street. Rousseau called for help, informed the crowd of the poor man's hotel, and then seizing a moment when no one was thinking about him, turned the street corner, and finally disappeared, the musician being thus "abandoned by the only friend on whom he had a right to count."² It thus appears that a man may be exquisitely moved by the sound of bells, the song of birds, the fairness of smiling gardens, and yet be capable all the time of leaving a friend lying senseless in the road in a strange place, without a qualm of misgiving. It is wonderful how many ugly and cruel actions are done by people with an extraordinary sense of the beauty and beneficence of nature. At the moment Rousseau only thought of getting back to Annecy and Madame de Warens. "It is not," he says in words of profound warning, which we verify in those two or three hours before the tardy dawn that swell into huge purgatorial æons, "it is not when we have just done a bad action, that it torments us; it is when we recall it long after, for the memory of it cannot be put out."³

When he made his way homewards again, he found to his surprise and dismay that his benefactress had left Annecy, and gone for an indefinite time to Paris. He never knew the secret of this sudden departure, for no man, he says, was ever so little curious as to the private affairs of his friends; his heart, wholly occupied with the present, filled its whole capacity and entire space with that, and except past pleasures, no empty corner was ever left for what was done with.⁴ As it is impossible for us to know what Madame de Warens's errand was upon, and as such knowledge would be futile even if it were attainable, we may profitably imitate Rousseau's self-control.

(1) *Conf.*, iii. 209—10.(2) *Ibid.*, iii. 217—22.(3) *Ibid.*, iv. 227.(4) *Ibid.*, iii. 224.

He says he was too young to take this desertion deeply to heart. Where he found subsistence we do not know. He was fascinated by a flashy French adventurer,¹ in whose company he wasted many hours and the precious stuff of youthful opportunity. Then he accepted an invitation from a former waiting-woman of Madame de Warens to attend her home to Freiburg. On this expedition he paid an hour's visit to his father, who had settled and re-married at Nyon. Returning from Freiburg, he came to Lausanne, where, with an audacity which may be taken for the first presage of mental disturbance, he undertook to teach music. "I have already," he says, "noted some moments of inconceivable delirium, in which I ceased to be myself. . . . Behold me now a teacher of singing, without knowing how to decypher an air. Without the least knowledge of composition, I boasted of my skill in it before all the world; and without ability to score the slenderest vaudeville, I gave myself out for a composer. Having been presented to M. de Treytorens, a professor of law, who loved music and gave concerts at his house, I insisted on giving him a specimen of my talent, and I set to work to compose a piece for his concert with as much effrontery as if I knew all about it." The performance came off duly, and the strange impostor conducted it with as much gravity as the profoundest master. Never since the beginning of opera had the like charivari greeted the ears of men.² Such an opening was fatal to all chance of scholars, but the friendly tavern-keeper who had first taken him in did not either hope or charity. "How is it," Rousseau cried, many years after this, "that having found so many good people in my youth, I find so few in my advanced life? Is their stock exhausted? No; but the class in which I have to seek them now is not the same as that in which I found them then. Among the common people, where great passions only speak at intervals, the sentiments of nature make themselves heard oftener. In the higher ranks they are absolutely stifled, and under the mask of sentiment it is only interest or vanity that speaks."³

From Lausanne he went to Neuchatel, where he had more success, for, teaching others, he began himself to learn. But no success was marked enough to make him resist a vagrant chance, and one day in his rambles falling in with an archimandrite of the Greek church, who was traversing Europe in search of subscriptions for the restoration of the Holy Sepulchre, he at once attached himself to him in the capacity of interpreter. In this position he remained for a few weeks, until the French minister at Soleure took him away from the Greek monk, and dispatched him to Paris, where he was to be the attendant of a young officer. A few days in the famous city, which he now saw for the first time, and which disappointed his expecta-

(1) *One Venture de Villeneuve.*(2) *Conf.*, iv. 254—6.(3) *Ibid.*, iv. 223.

tions just as the sea and all other wonders disappointed them,¹ convinced him that here was not what he sought, and he again turned his face southwards in search of Madame de Warens and more familiar lands.

The interval thus passed in roaming over the eastern face of France, and which we may date in the summer of 1732, was always counted by Rousseau among the happy epochs of his life, though the weeks may seem grievously wasted to a generation which limits its ideas of redeeming the time to the two pursuits of reading books or making money. He travelled alone and on foot from Soleure to Paris and from Paris back again to Lyons, and this was part of the training which served him in the stead of books. Scarcely any great writer since the revival of letters has been so little literary as Rousseau, so little indebted to literature for the most characteristic part of his work. He was formed by life; not by life in the sense of contact with great numbers of active and important persons, or with great numbers of persons of any kind, but in the rarer sense of free surrender to the plenitude of his own impressions. A world composed of such people, all dispensing with the inherited portion of human experience, and living independently on their own stock, would rapidly fall backward into dissolution; but there is no more rash idea of the right composition of a society than this, which leads us to denounce a type of character, for no better reason than that if it were universal, society would go to pieces. There is very little danger of Rousseau's type becoming common, unless lunar or other great physical influences arise to work a vast change in the cerebral constitution of the species. We may safely trust the superb *vis inertiae* of human nature to ward off the peril of an eccentricity beyond bounds spreading too far. At present, however, it is enough, without going into the general question, to notice the particular fact that while the other great exponents of the eighteenth century movement, Hume, Voltaire, Diderot, were nourishing their natural strength of understanding by the study and practice of literature, Rousseau, the leader of a reaction against that movement, was wandering a beggar and an outcast, craving the rude fare of the peasant's hut, knocking at roadside inns, and passing nights in caves and holes in the fields, or in the great desolate streets of towns. If such a life had been disagreeable to him, it would have lost all the significance which it now has for us. But where others would have found affliction, he had consolation, and where they would have lain desperate and squalid, he marched elate and struck the stars. "Never," he says, "did I think so much, exist so much, be myself so much, as in the journeys I have made alone and on foot. Walking

(1) The only object which ever surpassed his expectation was the Roman construction near Nismes, the Pont du Gard.—*Conf.*, vi. 446.

has something about it which animates and enlivens my ideas. I can hardly think while I am still; my body must be in motion, to move my mind. The sight of the country, the succession of agreeable views, open air, good appetite, the freedom of the alehouse, the absence of everything that could make me feel dependence, or recall me to my situation—all this sets my soul free, gives me a greater boldness of thought. I dispose as its sovereign lord of all nature; my heart, wandering from object to object, mingles and is one with things that soothe it, wraps itself up in charming images, and is intoxicated with delicious sentiments. . . . Ideas come as they please, not as I please: they do not come at all, or they come in a crowd, overwhelming me with their number and their force. . . . When I came to a place, I only thought of eating, and when I left it I only thought of walking. I felt that a new paradise awaited me at the door, and I thought of nothing but of going in search of it.”¹

Here again is a picture of one whom vagrancy assuredly did not degrade:—“I had not the least care for the future, and I awaited the answer [as to the return of Madame de Warens to Savoy], lying out in the open air, sleeping stretched out on the ground or on some wooden bench, as tranquilly as on a bed of roses. I remember passing one delicious night outside the town [Lyons], in a road which ran by the side of either the Rhone or the Saône, I forget which of the two. Gardens raised on a terrace bordered the other side of the road. It had been very hot that day, and the evening was delightful; the dew moistened the parched grass, the night was profoundly still, the air fresh without being cold; the sun after going down had left red vapours in the heaven, which turned the water into a rose colour; the trees on the terrace sheltered nightingales answering one another. I went on in a sort of ecstasy, surrendering my heart and all my senses to the enjoyment of it all, and only sighing for regret that I was enjoying it alone. Absorbed in the sweetness of my musing, I prolonged my ramble far into the night, without perceiving that I was tired. At last I perceived it. I lay down voluptuously on the shelf of a niche or false doorway made in the wall of the terrace; the canopy of my bed was formed by overarching tree-tops; a nightingale was perched exactly over my head, and I fell asleep to his singing. My slumber was delicious, my awaking still more delicious. It was broad day, and my opening eyes looked on sun and water and green things and an adorable landscape. I rose up, and gave myself a shake; I felt hungry, and started gaily for the town, resolved to expend on a good breakfast the two pieces of money which I still had left. I was in such joyful spirits that I went along the road singing lustily.”²

There is in this the free expansion of inner sympathy; the

(1) *Conf.*, iv. 279—80.

(2) *Conf.*, iv. 290—1.

natural sentiment spontaneously responding to all the delicious movement of the external world on its peaceful and harmonious side, just as if the world of many-hued social circumstances which man has made for himself did not exist. We are conscious of a full nervous elation which is not the product of literature, such as we have seen so many a time since, and which only found its expression in literature in Rousseau's case by accident; that is, he did not feel in order to write, but felt without any thought of writing. He dreamed at this time of many lofty destinies, among them that of a marshal of France, but the fame of authorship never entered into his dreams. When the time for authorship actually came, his work had all the benefit of the absence of self-consciousness, the disinterestedness, so to say, with which the first fresh impressions were suffered to rise in his mind. One other picture of this time is worth remembering, as showing that Rousseau was not wholly blind to social circumstances, and as illustrating, too, how it was that his way of dealing with social circumstances was so much more real and passionate, though so much less sagacious in some of its aspects, than the way of the other revolutionists of the century. One day, when he had lost himself in wandering in search of some site which he expected to find beautiful, he entered the house of a peasant, half dead with hunger and thirst. His entertainer offered him nothing more restoring than coarse barley bread and skimmed milk; presently, however, after seeing what manner of guest he had, the worthy man descended by a small trap into his cellar, and brought up some good brown bread, some meat, and a bottle of wine, and an omelette was added afterwards. Presently he explained to the wondering Rousseau, who was a Swiss, and knew none of the mysteries of the French fisc, that he hid away his wine on account of the duties, and his bread on account of the *taille*, and declared that he would be a ruined man if they suspected that he was not dying of hunger. All this made an impression on Rousseau which he never forgot. "Here," he says, "was the germ of the inextinguishable hatred which afterwards grew up in my heart against the vexations that harass the common people, and against their oppressors. This man did not dare to eat the bread which he had won by the sweat of his brow, and only avoided ruin by showing the same misery as reigned around him."¹

It was because he had thus seen the wrongs of the poor, not from without but from within, not as a pitying spectator but as of their company, that Rousseau by and by brought such fire to the attack upon the old order, and changed the blank practice of the elder philosophers into a deadly affair of ball and shell. The man who had been a servant, who had wanted bread, who knew the horrors of the midnight street,² who had slept in dens, who had been befriended

(1) *Conf.*, iv. 281—3.(2) *Ibid.*, iv. 286.

by rough men and rougher women, who saw the goodness of humanity under their coarsest rudeness, and who above all never tried to shut these things out from his memory, but accepted them as the most interesting, the most touching, the most real, of all his experiences, might well be expected to penetrate to the root of the matter, and protest to the few who usurp literature and policy with their ideas, aspirations, interests, that it is not they but the many whose existence stirs the heart and fills the eye with the great prime elements of the human lot.

It was, then, sometime towards the middle of 1732 that Rousseau arrived at Chambéry, and finally took up his residence with Madame de Warens in the dullest and most sombre room of a dull and sombre house. She had procured him employment in connection with a land survey which the government of Charles Emmanuel III. was at that time executing. It was only temporary, and Rousseau's function was no loftier than that of clerk, who had to copy and reduce arithmetical calculations.¹ We may imagine how a youth fresh from nights under the summer sky would relish a daily eight hours of surly toil in a gloomy office, with a crowd of dirty and ill-smelling fellow-workers.² If Rousseau was ever oppressed by any set of circumstances, his method was invariable: he ran away from them. So now he threw up his post, and again tried to earn a little money by that musical instruction, of which we can never think without a certain association of the grotesque. Even here the virtues which make ordinary life a possible thing, were not his. "I was pleased at my lessons while there, but I did not like being bound to be there, nor the fixing of an hour." In time this experiment for a subsistence came to the same pale end as all the others. He next rushed to Besançon in search of the musical instruction which he wished to give to others, but his baggage was confiscated at the frontier, and he had to return.³ Finally he abandoned the attempt, and threw himself loyally upon the narrow resources of Madame de Warens, whom he assisted, though in a singularly indefinite way, in the transaction of her very indefinite and miscellaneous affairs,—if we are here, as so often, to give the name of affairs to a very rapid and heedless passage along a shabby road to ruin.

The household at this time was on a highly remarkable footing. Madame de Warens was its head, and Claude Anet, gardener, butler, steward, was her factotum. This was a discreet person, of severe probity and few words, firm, thrifty and sage. The comprehensive principles of his mistress, of which we have already spoken, admitted him to the closest intimacy, and in due time, when Madame de Warens thought of the seductions which ensnare the feet of youth, Rousseau was delivered from them in an equivocal way by solicitous

(1) *Conf.*, iv. 300; v. 310.

(2) v. 325.

(3) *Conf.*, v. 360—4; *Corr.*, i. 21—4.

application of the same maxims of comprehension. "Although Claude Anet was as young as she was, he was so mature and so grave, that he looked upon us as two children worthy of indulgence, and we both looked upon him as a respectable man, whose esteem it was our business to conciliate. Thus there grew up between us three a companionship, perhaps without another example like it upon earth. All our wishes, our cares, our hearts were in common; nothing seemed to pass outside our little circle. The habit of living together, and of living together exclusively, became so strong, that if at our meals one of the three was absent, or there came a fourth, all was thrown out; and, for all our special relations, a *tête-à-tête* was less sweet than a meeting of all three."¹ Fate interfered to spoil this striking attempt after a new type of the family, developed on a polyandric base. For Claude Anet was seized with illness, a consequence of excessive fatigue in an alpine expedition in search of plants, and he came to his end.² In him Rousseau always believed that he lost the most solid friend he ever possessed, "a rare and estimable man, in whom nature served instead of education, and who nourished in obscure servitude all the virtues of great men."³ The day after his death, Rousseau was speaking of their lost friend to Madame de Warens with the liveliest and most sincere affliction, when suddenly in the midst of the conversation he remembered that he should inherit the poor man's clothes, and particularly a handsome black coat. A reproachful tear from his Maman, as he always somewhat nauseously called Madame de Warens, extinguished the vile thought and washed away its last traces.⁴ After all, those men and women are exceptionally happy, who have no such involuntary meanness of thought standing against themselves in that unwritten chapter of their lives, which even the most candid persons keep privately locked up in shamefast recollection.

Rousseau's health began to show signs of weakness. His breath became asthmatic, he had palpitations, he spat blood, and suffered from a slow feverishness, from which he never afterwards became entirely free. His mind was as feverish as his body, and the morbid broodings, which active life reduces to their lowest degree in most young men, were left to make full havoc along with the seven devils of idleness and vacuity. An instinct, which may flow from the unrecognised animal lying deep down in us all, suggested the way of return to wholesomeness. Rousseau prevailed upon Madame de Warens to leave the stifling streets for the fresh fields, and to deliver herself from the adventurers who made her their prey, by retreat to rural solitude. Les Charmettes, the modest farm-house to which they

(1) *Conf.*, v. 340—50.

(2) Apparently in the summer of 1736, though the reference to the return of the French troops at the peace (*Conf.*, v. 365), would place it in 1735.

(3) *Conf.*, v. 356.

(4) *Ibid.*, v. 356.

retired, still stands ; and the modern traveller, with a taste for relieving an imagination strained by great historic monuments and secular landmarks, by the sight of spots associated with the passion and meditation of some far-shining teacher of men, may walk a short league from where the grey slate roofs of dull Chambéry bask in the sun, and ascending a gently mounting road, with high leafy bank on the right throwing cool shadows over his head, and a stream on the left making music at his feet, he sees an old red house-top rising lonely above the trees. The homes in which men have lived now and again lend themselves to the beholder's subjective impression, and seem to be brooding in forlorn isolation like some life-wearied grey-beard over ancient and sorrow-stricken memories. At Les Charmettes a pitiful melancholy penetrates you. The supreme loveliness of the scene, the meadows, the orchard, the water-ways, the little vineyard with here and there a rose glowing crimson among the yellow stunted vines, the rust-red crag of the Nivolet lifted against the sky far across the broad valley ;—the contrast between all this peace, beauty, silence, and the diseased miserable life of the famous man who found a scanty span of paradise in the midst of it, touches the soul with a pathetic spell. We are for the moment lifted out of squalor, vagrancy and disorder, and seem to hear some of the harmonies which sounded to this perturbed spirit, soothing it, exalting it, and reaching those inmost vibrations which in truth make up all the short divine part of a man's life.¹

"No day passes," he wrote the very year in which he died, "in which I do not recall with joy and tender effusion this single and brief time in my life, when I was fully myself, without mixture or hindrance, and when I may say in a true sense that I lived. I may almost say, like the prefect, when disgraced and proceeding to end his days tranquilly in the country, 'I have passed seventy years on the earth, and I have lived seven of them.' But for this brief and precious space, I should perhaps have remained uncertain about myself ; for during the rest of my life, I have been so agitated, tossed, plucked hither and thither by the passions of others, that, being nearly passive in a life so stormy, I should find it hard to distinguish what belonged to me in my own conduct, to that degree has harsh necessity weighed upon me. But during these few years I did what I wished to do, I was what I wished to be."² The secret of such rare

(1) Rousseau's description of Les Charmettes is at the end of the fifth book. The present proprietor keeps the house arranged as it used to be, and has gathered one or two memorials of its famous tenant, including his poor clavecin, his watch, and a portrait in oil of Madame de Warens. In an outside wall, Hérault de Sechelles, when Commissioner from the Convention in the department of Mont Blanc, inserted a little white stone with two most lapidary stanzas inscribed upon it, about *génie, solitude, fierté, gloire, vérité, envie*, and the like.

(2) *Révérries*, x. 336 (1778).

felicity is hardly to be described in words. It was the case of a profoundly sensuous nature with every sense gratified and fascinated. Caressing and undivided affection within doors, all the sweetness and movement of nature without, solitude, freedom, and the busy idleness of life in gardens,—such were the conditions of Rousseau's ideal state. "If my happiness," he says, in language of singular felicity, "consisted in facts, actions, or words, I might then describe and represent it in some way; but how say what was neither said, nor done, nor even thought, but enjoyed, felt, without my being able to point to any other object of my happiness but this very feeling? I arose with the sun, and I was happy: I went out of doors, and I was happy: I saw Maman, and I was happy: I left her, and I was happy: I went among the woods and hills, I wandered about in the dells, I read, I was idle, I dug in the garden, I gathered fruit, I helped them indoors, and happiness followed me everywhere: it was not in any given thing, it was all in myself, and could never leave me for a single instant."¹ This was a veritable garden of Eden, with the serpent in temporary quiescence, and we may count the man rare since the fall who has found such happiness in such conditions, and not less blessed that he is rare. The fact that he was one of this chosen company, was among the foremost of the circumstances which made Rousseau seem to so many men in the eighteenth century as a spring of water in a thirsty land.

All innocent and amiable things moved him. He used to spend hours together in taming pigeons, and he inspired them with such confidence that they would follow him about, and allow him to take them whenever he would; the moment he appeared in the garden, two or three of them would instantly settle on his arms or head.² The bees, too, gradually came to put the same trust in him,³ and his whole life was surrounded with gentle companionship. He always began the day with the sun, walking on the high ridge above the slope on which the house lay, and going through his form of worship "which did not consist in a vain moving of the lips, but in a sincere elevation of heart to the author of the tender nature whose beauties lay spread out before my eyes. This act passed rather in wonder and contemplation than in requests; and I always knew that with the dispenser of true blessings the best means of obtaining those which are needful for us, is less to ask than to deserve them."⁴ These effusions may be taken for the beginning of the deistical reaction in the eighteenth century. While the truly scientific and progressive spirits were occupied in laborious preparation for adding to human knowledge and systematizing it, Rousseau walked with his head in the clouds among gods, beneficent authors of nature, wise dispensers of blessings, and the like. God became the

(1) *Conf.*, vi. 393.(2) *Conf.*, vi. 407.

(3) vi. 418.

(4) vi. 412.

highest known formula for sensuous expansion, the synthesis of all complacent emotions, and Rousseau filled up the measure of his delight by creating and invoking a supreme being to match with fine scenery and sunny gardens. We shall have a better occasion to mark the attributes of this important conception when we come to *Emile*, where it was launched in a panoply of resounding phrases, upon a Europe which was grown too strong for Christian dogma, and was not yet grown strong enough to rest in a provisional co-ordination of the results of its own positive knowledge. Walking on the terrace at Les Charmettes, you are at the very birthplace of that particular *Etre Suprême* to whom Robespierre offered the incense of an official festival.

Sometimes the reading of a Jansenist book would make him unhappy, by the prominence into which it brought the displeasing idea of hell, and he used now and then to pass a miserable day in wondering whether this cruel destiny was his. Madame de Warens, whose softness of heart inspired her with a theology that ought to have satisfied a seraphic doctor, had abolished hell, but could not dispense with purgatory, because she did not know what to do with the souls of the wicked, being unable either to damn them or to install them among the good until they had been purified into goodness; and in truth, it must be confessed, says Rousseau, that alike in this world and the other, the wicked are extremely embarrassing.¹ His own search after knowledge of his fate is well known. One day amusing himself in a characteristic manner by throwing stones at trees, he began to be tormented by fear of the eternal pit. He resolved to test his doom by throwing a stone at a particular tree; if he hit, then salvation; if he missed, then perdition. With a trembling hand and beating heart he threw, and as he had chosen a large tree, and was careful not to place himself too far away, all was well.² As a rule, however, in spite of the ugly phantoms of theology, he passed his days in a state of calm, and even when illness brought it into his head that he should soon know the future lot by more assured experiment, he still preserved a tranquillity which he justly qualifies as sensual.

In thinking of Rousseau's peculiar feeling for nature, which acquired such a decisive place in his character during his life at Les Charmettes, it is to be remembered that it was entirely devoid of that stormy and boisterous quality which has grown up in more modern literature, out of the violent attempt to press nature in her most awful moods into the service of the great revolt against a social and religious tradition that can no longer be endured. Of this revolt Rousseau was a chief, and his passion for natural aspects

(1) *Conf.*, vi. 399.

(2) *Conf.*, vi. 424. Goethe made a similar experiment; see Mr. Lewes's *Life*.

was connected with this attitude, but he did not seize those aspects which the writer of *Manfred*, for example, forced into an imputed sympathy with his own rebellion. Rousseau always loved nature best in her moods of quiescence and serenity, and in proportion as she lent herself to such moods in men. He liked rivulets better than rivers. He could not bear the sight of the sea, whose infertile bosom and blind restless tumblings filled him with melancholy. The ruins of a park affected him more than the ruins of castles.¹ It is true that no plain, however beautiful, ever seemed so in his eyes, and that he required torrents, rocks, dark forests, mountains, and precipices;² but this does not affect the fact that he never moralised appalling landscape, as post-revolutionary writers have done, and that the hideous Alpine wastes which throw your puniest modern into a rapture, had no attraction for him. He could steep himself in nature without climbing fifteen thousand feet to find her. The humble heights of the Jura, and the lovely points of the valley round Chambéri, sufficed to give him all the pleasure of which he was capable. In truth, a man cannot escape from his time, and Rousseau at least belonged to the eighteenth century in being devoid of the capacity for feeling awe, and the taste for objects inspiring it. Nature was a tender friend with softest bosom, and no sphinx with cruel enigma. He felt neither terror, nor any sense of the littleness of man, nor of the mysteriousness of life, nor of the unseen forces which make us their sport, as he peered over the precipice and heard the water roaring at the bottom of it; he only remained for hours enjoying the physical sensation of dizziness with which it turned his brain,³ with a break now and again for hurling large stones and watching them roll and leap down into the torrent, with as little reflection and as little articulate emotion as if he had been a child.

Just as it is convenient for purposes of classification to divide a man into body and soul, even when we believe the soul to be only a function of the body, so people talk of his intellectual side and his emotional side, his thinking quality and his feeling quality, though in fact and at the roots these qualities are not two but one, with temperament for the common substratum. During this period of his life the whole of Rousseau's true force went into his feelings, and at all times feeling predominated over reflection, with many drawbacks and some advantages of a very critical kind for subsequent generations of men. Nearly every one who came into contact with him in the way of testing his capacity for being instructed, pronounced him hopeless. He had several excellent opportunities of learning Latin,

(1) Bernardin de Saint Pierre tells us all this, *Œuvres* (Ed. 1818), xii. 70, etc.

(2) *Conf.*, iv. 297. See also the description of the scenery of the Valais, in the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, Let. xxiii.

(3) *Conf.*, iv. 298.

especially at Turin in the house of Count Gouvion, and in the seminary at Annecy, and at Les Charmettes he did his best to teach himself, but without any better result than a very limited power of reading. In learning one rule, he forgot the last; he could never master the most elementary rules of versification; he learnt and re-learnt twenty times the Eclogues of Virgil, but not a single word remained with him.¹ He was absolutely without verbal memory, and he pronounces himself wholly incapable of learning anything from masters.² Madame de Warens tried to have him taught both dancing and fencing, but he could never achieve a minuet, and after three months of instruction he was as clumsy and helpless with his foil as he had been on the first day.³ He resolved to make himself a master at the chessboard; he shut himself up in his room, and worked night and day with the books with indescribable effort, which covered many weeks, but on proceeding to the café to manifest his powers, he found that all the moves and combinations had got mixed up in his head, he saw nothing but clouds on the board, and as often as he repeated the experiment he only found himself weaker than before.⁴ Even in music, for which he had a genuine passion and at which he worked hard, he never could acquire any facility at sight, and he was an inaccurate scorer, even when only copying the score of others.⁵

"Two things," he writes in an important passage, "nearly incompatible, are united in me without my being able to think how; an extremely ardent temperament, lively and impetuous passions, along with ideas that are very slow in coming to the birth, very embarrassed, and which never arise until after the event. One would say that my heart and my intelligence do not belong to the same individual. . . . I feel all, and see nothing; I am carried away, but I am stupid. . . . This slowness of thinking united with such vivacity of feeling, possesses me not only in conversation, but when I am alone and working. My ideas arrange themselves in my head with incredible difficulty; they circulate there in a dull way, and ferment until they agitate me, fill me with heat, and give me palpitations; in the midst of this stir, I see nothing clearly, I could not write a single word. Insensibly this violent emotion grows still, the chaos is disentangled, everything falls into its place, but very slowly and after long and confused agitation."⁶

So far from saying that his heart and intelligence belonged to two persons, we might have been quite sure, knowing his heart, that his intelligence must be exactly what he describes its process to have been. The slow-burning ecstasy in which he knew himself at his height and was most conscious of fulness of life, was incompatible with the rapid and deliberate generation of ideas. The same soft

(1) *Conf.*, vi. 416, 422, etc., iii. 164.

(2) iii. 203.

(3) v. 347.

(4) v. 383—4.

(5) v. 313, 367; iv. 293.

(6) iii. 192—3.

passivity, the same receptiveness, which made his emotions like the surface of a lake under sky and breeze, entered also into the working of his intellectual faculties; but it happens that in this region, in the attainment of knowledge, truth, definite thoughts, even receptiveness implies a distinct and active energy, and hence the very quality of temperament which left him free and eager for sensuous impressions, seemed to muffle his intelligence in a certain opaque and resisting medium of the indefinable kind that interposes between will and action in a dream. His rational part was fatally protected by a non-conducting envelope of sentiment, which intercepted clear ideas on their passage, and even cut off the direct and true impress of those objects and their relations, which are the material of clear ideas. He was no doubt right in his avowal that objects generally made less impression on him than the recollection of them;¹ that he could see nothing of what was before his eyes, and had only his intelligence where his memories were concerned; and that of all that was said or done in his presence, he felt and penetrated nothing.² In other words, this is to say that his material of thought was not fact but image, and that when he plunged into reflection, he did not deal with the objects of reflection at first hand and in themselves, but only with the reminiscences of objects which he had never approached in a spirit of deliberate and systematic observation, and with those reminiscences, moreover, suffused and saturated by the impalpable but most potent essences of a fermenting imagination. Instead of urgently seeking truth with the patient energy, the wariness, and the conscience, with the sharpened instruments, the systematic apparatus, and the minute feelers and tentacles, of the genuine thinker and solid reasoner, he floated languidly on a summer tide of sensation, and captured premise and conclusion in a succession of swoons. It would be a mistake to contend that no work can be done for the world by this method, or that truth only comes to those who run after her with logical forceps. But one should always try to discover how a teacher of men came by his ideas, whether by careful toil, or by the easy bequest of generous phantasy.

To give a zest to rural delight, and partly perhaps to satisfy the intellectual interest which must have been an instinct in one who became so consummate a master in the great and noble art of composition, Rousseau, during the time when he lived with Madame de Warens, tried, as well as he knew how, to acquire a little knowledge of what fruit the cultivation of the mind of man had hitherto brought forth. According to his own account, it was Voltaire's *Letters on the English* which first drew him seriously to study, and nothing which that illustrious man wrote at this time escaped him. His,

(1) *Conf.*, iv. 301^a

(2) iii. 195.

taste for Voltaire inspired him with the desire of writing with elegance, and of imitating "the fine and enchanting colour of Voltaire's style"¹—an object in which he cannot be held to have in the least succeeded, though he achieved a superb style of his own. He read an Introduction to the Sciences, by an oratorian father;² then he took an Encyclopædia, and tried to learn all things together, until he changed his mind, and resolved to study subjects apart, which he found a better plan for one to whom long application was so fatiguing, that he could not with any effect occupy himself for half an hour on any one matter, especially if following the ideas of another person.³ He began his morning's work, after an hour or two of dispersive chat, with the Port-Royal Logic, Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, Malebranche, Leibnitz, Descartes.⁴ He found these authors in a condition of such perpetual contradiction among themselves, that he formed the chimerical design of reconciling them with one another. This was tedious, so he took up another method, on which he congratulated himself to the end of his life. It consisted in simply adopting and following the ideas of each author, without comparing them either with one another or with those of other writers, and above all without any criticism of his own. Let me begin, he said, by collecting a store of ideas, true or false, but at any rate clear, until my head is well enough stocked to enable me to compare and choose. At the end of some years passed "in never thinking exactly except after other people, without reflecting so to speak, and almost without reasoning," he found himself in a state to think for himself. "In spite of beginning late to exercise my judicial faculty, I never found that it had lost its vigour, and when I came to publish my own ideas, I was hardly accused of being a servile disciple."⁵ To that fairly credible account of the matter, one can only say that this mutually exclusive way of learning the thoughts of others and developing thoughts of your own is for an adult probably the most mischievous, where it is not the most impotent, fashion in which intellectual exercise can well be taken. It is exactly the use of the judicial faculty, criticising, comparing, and defining, which is indispensable for a student not only effectually to assimilate the ideas of a writer, but even for him to know what those ideas come to, and how much they are worth. And so, when he works at ideas of his own, a judicial faculty which has been kept studiously slumbering for some years, is not likely to revive in full strength without any preliminary training. Rousseau was a man of singular genius, and he set an extraordinary mark on Europe, but this mark would have been very

(1) *Conf.*, v. 372—3. The mistaken date assigned to the correspondence between Voltaire and Frederick is one of many instances how little we can trust the Confessions for minute accuracy.

(2) *Conf.*, vi. 404.

(3) vi. 409.

(4) vi. 413. He adds a suspicious looking "etcetera."

(5) vi. 414.

different if he had ever mastered any one system of thought, or if he had ever fully grasped what systematic thinking means. Instead of this, his debt to the men whom he read was a debt of piecemeal, and his obligation an obligation for fragments; and this is perhaps the worst way of acquiring an intellectual lineage, for it leaves out the vital continuity of temper and method. It is a small thing to accept this or that of Locke's notions upon education, or the origin of ideas, if you do not see the merit of his way of coming by his notions. In short, Rousseau has distinctions in abundance, but the distinction of knowing how to think, in the exact sense of that term, was hardly among them, and neither now nor at any other time did he go through any of that toilsome and vigorous intellectual preparation to which the ablest of his contemporaries, Diderot, Voltaire, D'Alembert, Turgot, Condorcet, Hume, and others, submitted themselves. His comfortable view was that "the sensible and interesting conversations of a woman of merit are more proper to form a young man, than all the pedantical philosophy of books."¹

It was their custom to return to Chambéri for the winter, and the day of their departure from Les Charmettes was always a day blurred and tearful for Rousseau, who never left it without kissing the ground, the trees, the flowers, and who had to be torn away from it as from a loved companion. At the first melting of the winter snows they left their dungeon in Chambéri, and they never missed the earliest song of the nightingale.² Many a joyful day of summer peace remained vivid in Rousseau's memory, and made a mixed heaven and hell for him, long years after, in the stifling dingy Paris street, and the raw and cheerless air of a Derbyshire winter.³ "We started early in the morning," he says, describing one of these simple excursions, on the day of St. Louis, who was the unconscious patron saint of Madame de Warens, "together and alone; I proposed we should go and ramble about the side of the valley opposite to our own, which we had not yet visited. We had sent our provisions on before us, for we were to be out all day. We went from hill to hill, and wood to wood, sometimes in the sun and often in the shade, resting from time to time, and forgetting ourselves for whole hours; chatting about ourselves, our union, our dear lot, and offering unheard prayers that it might last. All seemed to conspire for the bliss of this day. Rain had fallen a short time before; there was no dust, and the little streams were full; a light fresh breeze stirred the leaves, the air was pure, the horizon without a cloud, and the same serenity reigned in the sky as in our own hearts. Our dinner was cooked

(1) *Conf.*, iv. 295. See also v. 346.

(2) *Conf.*, vi. 403, 406.

(3) The first part of the Confessions was written at Wootton in Derbyshire, in the winter of 1766—7.

in a peasant's cottage, and we shared it with his family. These Savoyards are such good souls! After dinner we sought shade under some tall trees, where, while I collected dry sticks for making our coffee, Maman amused herself by botanizing among the bushes," and the expedition ended in transports of tenderness and effusion.¹ This is one of the days which the soul turns back to, when the misery that stalks after us all has seized it, and we are left to the sting and smart of the memory of irrecoverable things.

He was resolved to bind himself to Madame de Warens with an unalterable fidelity for all the rest of his days; he would watch over her with all the dutiful and tender vigilance of a son, and she should be to him something dearer than mother or wife or sister. What actually befell was this. He was attacked by vapours, which he characterizes as the disorder of the happy. One symptom of his disease was the conviction, derived from the rash perusal of surgeons' treatises, that he was suffering from a polypus in the heart. On the not very chivalrous principle that if he did not spend Madame de Warens' money, he was only leaving it for adventurers and knaves,² he proceeded to Montpellier to consult the physicians, and took the money for his expenses out of his benefactress's store, which was always slender because it was always open to any hand. While on the road, he fell into an intrigue with an obscene woman, who happened to be his travelling companion for a space. In due time, the Montpellier doctor being unable to discover a disease, declared that the patient had none. The scenery was dull and unattractive,³ which would have counterbalanced the weightiest prudential reasons with him at any time, and Rousseau debated whether he should keep tryst with his travelling companion, or return to Chambéry. Remorse, and that emptiness of pocket which is the iron key to many a deed of ingenuous-looking self-denial and Spartan virtue, directed him homewards. Here he had a surprise, and perhaps learnt a lesson. He found installed in the house a personage whom he describes as tall, fair, noisy, coxcombical, flat-faced, flat-souled. Another triple alliance seemed a thing odious in the eyes of a man whom his travelling debauch had made a Pharisee for the hour. He protested, but Madame de Warens was a woman of principle, and declined to let Rousseau, who had profited by the doctrine of indifference, now set up in his own favour the contrary doctrine of a narrow and churlish partiality. So a short, delicious, and never-forgotten episode came to an end: this pair who had known so much happiness together were happy together no more; and the air became peopled for Rousseau with wan spectres of dead joys and fast-gathering cares.

EDITOR.

(1) *Conf.*, vi. 426.

(2) *v.* 374.

(3) *Corr.*, i. 51, etc.

THE INCREASING DIFFICULTIES OF TENANT-FARMERS, AND THEIR LEGISLATIVE REMEDIES.

COMPENSATION FOR UNEXHAUSTED IMPROVEMENTS.

THE general rise in the wages of farm labourers in consequence of the strike, which was the subject of a paper in the July number of this Review, cannot fail to give a new impetus to the agitation of those questions which relate to the inequalities and disabilities that oppress the tenant-farmers of Great Britain, and are indirectly injurious to the interests of the nation at large. There can be no doubt that of late years the difficulties of profitable farming have been steadily increasing. Rents have risen enormously during the last twenty years, and rates and taxes have advanced in proportion. On all sides the farmer has found his expenses rising, in spite of the advantages of improved implements and machinery, and the employment of steam to a limited extent. It is only by a larger outlay of capital, and a consequently increased return, that he has been able to farm at a profit. The yeomen and small tenant-farmers, men of little capital, have almost disappeared, and the process of improving them off the face of the agricultural world is still progressing to its bitter end. Homestead after homestead has been deserted, and farm has been added to farm—a very unpleasing result of that inexorable principle, the survival of the fittest, by means of which even the cultivators of the soil are selected ; but a result which, not the laws of nature, but the bungling arrangements of human legislators have rendered inevitable. With regard to the yeomen, in most instances they have only disappeared as yeomen to reappear as tenant-farmers. By selling their farms, they have obtained capital enough to hire larger occupations. With a just system of land tenure, this would be a gain to them, because they may easily obtain a higher rate of interest on their capital than money invested in land will yield. Numbers of small occupiers, on the other hand, have disappeared as farmers altogether. Some have sunk to the position of farm bailiffs, and others may be heard of in the reports of the Agricultural Benevolent Institution. The chief cause of their failure has been the insufficiency of their capital for the extent of land which they occupied, a disproportion directly fostered by the injustice of the existing laws. A tenant with a small capital, having no security for high farming, is tempted to take more land than he can farm to the best advantage. He has no legal security which would warrant him in investing twenty pounds

on one acre, and so he invests it in four instead, the consequence being generally, in such cases, a more or less lingering progress to ruin, unless by a lucky commencement his profits are sufficient to bring the amount of his capital up to what is necessary for average farming.

Hitherto, then, the farmers have met their increasing difficulties by higher farming, and those who have been unable to do this have, for the chief part, become embarrassed, whilst many have been ruined. But the expenses still go on increasing; and now that the wages of the labourers have advanced so considerably, and are likely still further to advance as the men become more intelligent, the increase of the farmer's expenses will become more rapid than ever. How is he to meet these accumulating difficulties? The reply obviously is, in the same way as he has met them before—namely, by better cultivation, and, consequently, larger returns. But, before the tenant will be justified by prudence in increasing his outlay to a sufficient extent, he must have that security against what has aptly been termed *confiscation*, the absence of which is a monstrous disgrace to our legal system.

The Irish Land Bill has happily removed a great portion of the evils under which the tenantry of Ireland were suffering, evils far greater in degree than those prevailing here, though similar in kind. We need a land bill for England and Scotland, and we need something more. Even in Ireland there are evils connected with the land system yet to be removed. Complete security for the tenant's capital is here, as it was in Ireland, the most important desideratum; but there are other reforms needed. The great importance of removing as speedily as possible all hindrances to the most thorough cultivation of the land may be easily comprehended, if we accept as even proximately correct the often quoted statements of Lord Derby and the Earl of Leicester to the effect that the land of these islands does not produce more than half what might be obtained from it under the most favourable circumstances, and if we further take into consideration the estimate that the agricultural produce of the United Kingdom is now worth at least £200,000,000.¹

For many years past, tenants' grievances have been agitated with intermittent energy and chronic inefficiency. The tenant-farmers, as a class, have been quick to grumble, and slow to act. It must be admitted, too, that their strongest efforts have sometimes been misdirected, and undeserving of success—as, for instance, their vain attempts to prevent the repeal of the iniquitous Corn Laws. But, unfortunately, for really needed reforms they have been not less impotent. Dispersed over a wide tract of country, seldom meeting

(1) Mr. Méchi estimates it at £183,000,000, but other authorities have given larger sums, varying from £200,000,000 to £250,000,000.

in any considerable numbers except for the transaction of business, and either ignorant of the true remedies for the ills which they suffered, or deficient in the courage necessary to apply them, they have long remained disorganized and comparatively powerless. The establishment of Chambers of agriculture has given to the farmers excellent means of combination; but they have to a very slight extent availed themselves of them up to the present time. Landlord influence in the chambers has been, and still is in many instances, overwhelming, and in many more it is too strong for the few courageous and independent tenants who do not fear to act against them. Not but that the true interests of landlords and tenants are, in the long run, identical, generally if not always. As a matter of fact, I cannot call to mind a single reform demanded by the British tenant-farmer that is antagonistic to the best interests of the landowners. Nevertheless, landowners are perhaps of all classes the one most averse to change. Their fear of any disturbance of the existing state of things is intense in proportion to its vagueness. Conscious, probably, that many of their existing privileges are based upon the mere shreds of feudal tyranny, they fear to admit any change, however beneficial, lest it should lead to something else which they know not of. Thus they have been accustomed to oppose many reforms, which, each by itself, they can scarcely fail to admit the benefit of. In taking this course, they only follow the examples of past possessors of undue power, but they are not on that account acting the less imprudently, as the warnings of history might teach them. It is, however, superfluous to remark that, at the present day, there is a large and increasing body of landowners to whom the above observations by no means apply—just and enlightened men, who do not hesitate to act fairly, and even generously, in spite of class prejudice, and who have a faith in the future not to be eclipsed by vague warnings, however dreadful. A few of these have recently offered, without any pressure, advantages of tenure quite in advance of what is customary, and others, in consideration of the advance of wages, have voluntarily come forward with liberal concessions.

Unfortunately, the same vague dread of change which depresses a large body of the landowners, prevails to a considerable extent among the tenant-farmers. Many are conscious of holding good farms at low rents; and fearing that they may obtain less by reform than they now enjoy by a happy accident, they have not public virtue enough to assist in any agitation for the benefit of their class. Ignorance and prejudice prevent many more from pursuing the course which alone will lead to the removal of the evils from which they suffer. There is probably no class of men in the country more dependent than the tenant-farmers, simply because there is no class besides whose interests are so completely in the power of others.

The existing laws give power to the landowner to seize and appropriate the property of a tenant. Badly as a large portion of the land is cultivated, there are few farmers who would not lose something by a sudden expulsion from their farms, and the law, in the absence of contract, only requires six months' notice. It is to the credit of the landlords of England and Scotland that this arbitrary and unjust power has not been exercised more frequently than it has been; but at what a terrible cost to the independence and public morality of the tenant the comparative immunity has been preserved, none can tell. Happily, there now exists a growing body of agriculturists who are in a position to speak boldly on all questions relating to their calling, and who have the ability requisite to enable them to lead their brother farmers in an agitation against the abuses under which they alike suffer. It is of the utmost importance, not only to themselves, but also to the country at large, that the farmers should seriously consider which leaders they will follow. If from no other source, they may learn the benefit of combination from their own labourers. Should they fail to learn it, they will be placed between two fires. The landowners are practically in combination already, and the labourers are rapidly becoming so.

In the paper on the strike of the farm labourers, before referred to, I pointed out how the farmers might to some extent meet the rise of wages by the economy and more careful distribution of labour. If there had been space, it was my intention to refer also to those needed reforms of the laws relating to land and its occupancy, which it is the object of the present article to advocate. Since commencing to write this paper, my attention has been directed to an admirable article on the strike in *Fraser's Magazine* for June. The writer of that article thinks that the farmers should willingly prepare themselves to pay a large increase of wages to the labourers, and should look to the establishment of a just system of tenant-right, the repeal of the laws of primogeniture and entail, and the reform of the game laws, to provide that compensation, without which it is impossible for them to meet this new and serious demand. A complete programme of the reforms which are needed should include, besides those just mentioned, the cheap and simple transfer of land, the repeal of the malt tax, and the equalisation of local taxation. To this list may be added for Scotland, the abolition of the law of hypothec.

Resolutions in favour of most of the above enumerated reforms have recently been passed in many of the chambers of agriculture. With regard to the repeal of the laws of primogeniture and entail, the opinion of the tenantry is little known. Apparently they have not yet sufficiently considered the question in all its bearings. The

subject is extremely unpalatable to the landowners as a class, and its discussion in the chambers seems to have been quietly tabooed by landlord influence. It is, however, a striking fact, as denoting a sign of the times, and the progress of liberal opinions in the least promising quarters, that in Essex, the county of the once boasted "Conservative Ten," a resolution has recently been passed in the Chamber of Agriculture,¹ advocating both the simplification of the transfer of land, and the repeal of primogeniture and entail. Mr. G. W. Latham, in a paper read before the Cheshire Chamber, a short time back, summed up his demands as follows:—"I have now gone through those laws relating to the land which I consider are hindrances to the thorough cultivation of the soil. I have asked for the abolition of the law of primogeniture and entail, for the destruction of the law of distress, for the enactment of a law of tenant-right, for the modification of the game and trespass laws, and some change in the plan of rating." No resolution seems to have been moved, but the paper was apparently well received. But to the whole programme of land-law and land-tenure reform, it is impossible to do justice in a single article of ordinary length; and it is therefore necessary to leave what I hold to be comparatively the less important of the items for future treatment, whilst devoting the remainder of this paper exclusively to the advocacy of that legislative establishment of a just system of tenant-right, which seems to me to be one of the most urgent reforms which our Parliament, in the present day, is called upon to consider.

It is commonly agreed that by far the most serious of the hindrances to the more efficient cultivation of the land in Great Britain is the insecurity of the tenant's capital. Mr. Mill has said:—"The land question in England is unlike the land question in Ireland; but the evils of the system are different in kind rather than inferior in degree. The land question in Ireland is a tenant's question, and what the case principally requires is reform of the condition of tenure. The land question in England is mainly a labourer's question, though the tenants also suffer deeply from the same causes which have reduced the labourers to their present state." With all respect for Mr. Mill's opinion, it appears to me that the land question in England and the land question in Ireland differ in degree rather than in kind. In England, the great difficulty is, as it was in Ireland, before the passing of the Land Act, the insecurity of tenant's capital; only, the abuses which arose out of that insecurity in Ireland were far more glaring than in England. The Irish tenant as a rule had made a larger proportion of the permanent improvements that had been

(1) This resolution was carried, after an adjourned discussion, upon a paper read by Mr. W. Fowler, M.P., for voting and influencing votes upon which there had apparently been a whip-up of county magnates.

made, and the landlord a smaller proportion than in England. Works of drainage and reclamation that in England have usually been done in part by the landlords, had, with some exceptions, been carried out in Ireland by the tenants. Far more frequently than in England, the tenant in Ireland had transformed a barren bog into a fruitful field by his own unaided exertions, and by the expenditure of his little capital. Consequently, dispossession without compensation for unexhausted improvements was a more glaring injustice to the latter country than in the former, and it was to an injustice that was far more frequently perpetrated by Irish than by English landlords. The Irish tenant, moreover, had less power and ability to protect himself than the richer and better educated English farmer. And beyond these differences in degree, there was another which may be said to be a difference in kind; namely, that the Irish tenant was possessed strongly by the belief that he had an inalienable right to cultivate the land which his fathers had cultivated before him, and the bitterness of ejection by one whom he regarded as a foreigner and an unrightful possessor of the land of his country, was quite without its parallel on this side of the channel.

On the other hand, it is equally true with regard to Great Britain as to Ireland, that "security of tenure is indispensable to enlist the self-interest of the occupier of land on the side of good cultivation, and this security cannot be trusted to the operation of contract, but must be provided by law." Tenant-right has been advocated for many years in England, with so little result that it is foolish to hope to secure it without legislative interference. As long ago as 1848, when the Agricultural Customs Committee sat, an overwhelming mass of evidence was brought forward, in favour of the universal establishment of a complete system of tenant-right, in which compensation for unexhausted improvements should be included. Mr. T. Horley, of Leamington, in an able paper on Land Tenure, read before the Warwick Chamber of Agriculture, in January last—referring to the report of that Parliamentary Committee, which, as he remarks, took evidence from about fifty of the leading land-agents and farmers residing in about forty counties—quoted clause 13, which, alluding to compensation for unexhausted improvements, runs thus:—"That the improvements above mentioned, which are very generally required throughout the country, and, in order to develop the full powers of the soil, are greatly promoted by this system of compensation, and therefore it is highly important that all difficulties should be removed which stand in the way of its extension, by the voluntary act of landlord and tenants."¹ In direct opposition to the declared opinions of the majority of the witnesses, the committee thought fit to depre-

(1) "Digest of Evidence taken before Agricultural Customs Committee;" compiled by William Shaw and Henry Corbet, p. 56.

cate legislative intervention, as the 14th clause shows. Still, in reference to the system of compensation for unexhausted improvements, this clause of the report states—"That any attempt to make its general introduction compulsory would be met by great practical difficulties, and your committee rely for the general and successful adoption of the system on mutual arrangements between landlords and tenants."¹ In commenting upon this clause, Mr. Horley pertinently remarks:—"Twenty-four years have passed away since that was written, and how far has the system been extended? We find, on reference to our own experience, if we have visited these districts, that in the limited area where it is the custom of the country to pay for unexhausted improvements, and where security of tenure exists, the cultivation of the land is further ahead of other districts than it was at the time the committee sat, and that the system has very slightly extended. Yet we find the good understanding between owners and occupiers, which is so desirable, stronger in Lincolnshire, where this system has long been a custom almost more binding than law, than probably in any other county, the land in the highest state of cultivation, a thriving tenantry, and the labourers well cared for." Thus we see that in spite of the very great success of the system where it has been voluntarily introduced, and has been in operation for a considerable period,² and in spite of the strong recommendation of the committee in favour of its extension, it has not spread to any appreciable extent. Is it not then time that this system, which is productive only of good to those immediately concerned, and is besides a public benefit, should be made general and compulsory in Great Britain, as it has been made in Ireland?

To a small extent in England, and to a greater extent in Scotland, the custom of granting leases has afforded to those who have had the benefit of them, an advantage which comparatively few Irish tenants possessed. But leases without a system of compensation as a supplement, only provide for the liberal cultivation of the land during a portion of their term. As has been pointed out, even with the best of farmers, the first few years of a lease are occupied in bringing foul and exhausted land into good condition; in the middle portion of the term that condition is preserved; but during the last four years, at least, the tenant is compelled in justice to himself to endeavour to take all out of the land that he has put into it, unless he desires to make a handsome present to his landlord. Improvements of a permanent character are discontinued some years before the fourth from the termination of the lease, except in cases where there is an agreement for a renewal. Mr. G. W. Latham, in his

(1) Digest, &c., p. 136.

(2) Clause 4, in Report of the Committee of 1848, refers to the system as a "modern usage." The time and mode of its origination appears to be unknown.

paper on "The Land Laws considered as Hindrances to the Thorough Cultivation of the Soil," previously quoted from, said :—" Even under a lease of twenty-one years, it will take the first seven to bring the land to its highest state of fertility ; then for nine it will be kept in that state ; and for the last five it will gradually be allowed to decline ; so that we have twelve lean years for nine fat ones ; and, in cases of leases from year to year, the leanness will become chronic."

There are some people who profess to be satisfied with the existing absence of legal security for the tenant's capital. They argue that there is practical security in the majority of tenancies. The landlords of England and Scotland, they say, are generally disposed to act fairly, and even generously by their tenants ; and they would leave it to the gradual influence of an improving public opinion to extend this happy relationship to all. They point to many of the large estates on which it is the rule, rather than the exception, for farms to pass from father to son, or to some more distant relation ; and they ask, what better security would you have than this, which rests on just and kindly feelings between man and man ? If you disturb this happy relationship by legal enactments, they further contend, a keen commercial spirit will be certain to take its place, rents will rise, and landlords and tenants will become antagonists where they were friends.

If all this were indisputable, it would be no answer whatever to the arguments in favour of legal security of tenure. In the first place, as has been previously remarked, no one knows at how great a cost to independence and public virtue these lengthened occupations have been maintained. It is certain that in thousands of instances the tenant-farmer has not been able to call his vote his own, and that in others, as far as the profession of a particular creed is concerned, he can scarcely have been considered entitled to call his soul his own. In this latter respect, no doubt, the spirit of the times is more tolerant than of old. He would be a bold man who, at the present day, should ostensibly turn a tenant out of his farm on account of a change of religious creed ; but a Dissenter applying for an occupation on some estates would probably find his chance of being accepted remarkably small even now. Many tenants too have had much to put up with, without daring to complain, in the way of the excessive preservation of game, and in various other ways they have had tamely to submit to wrong, annoyance, and petty tyranny, if they would avoid offending, and would continue to farm under their paternal landlords. The case has frequently been aggravated by harsh and overbearing agents, and the dual tyranny has then been sometimes too much even for the humblest tenant to endure. An imprudent

speech,¹ a conscientious vote,² or even a hasty word, has been sufficient, in more cases than are generally known, to bring a six months' notice to quit upon the head of the unlucky yearly tenant, who has consequently been mulcted in damages proportionate to the goodness of his farming.

On many estates, no widows are allowed; and the consequence of this restriction has been, in many instances, that the improving tenant who has died before reaping the benefit of a liberal outlay of capital, has left his family impoverished, and the property rightfully belonging to the widow and orphans has gone into the pockets of the landlord. In other cases the landlord himself has died, and his successor has appropriated the property invested in the soil by improving tenants, by a large increase of their rents. Thus, it is obvious, that if all existing landowners and agents were the most just and liberal of men, tenants from year to year would still have but a hazardous security for their outlay, in the shape of any improvement that will not yield an immediate return. Under these circumstances, it is natural that but little enterprise should be exhibited. The yearly tenant, as a rule, pursues what may be termed a *hand-to-mouth* system of farming. Any outlay which he makes beyond a fair preparation for the next crop, is simply a speculation. He may reap the benefit of it, or he may not. Grant that the chances are greatly in his favour, it is a speculation still. Can it be wondered at, then, that yearly tenants hazard their stakes meagrely and cautiously in this great game of chance?

It is commonly argued that the landowner is the man who should make all permanent improvements on his estate, and that good landlords are willing to assist, at any rate. In this case, assistance is not enough. In the absence of a lease, the landlord is the only man who has any security for permanent improvements, and he should

(1) The case of Mr. Hope, of Fenton Barns, who has recently been turned out of a farm long occupied and improved by himself and his ancestors, has called forth quite a national expression of indignation. Many have, however, been greater sufferers than Mr. Hope, because less able to endure a loss. It would be interesting to ascertain the amount of Mr. Hope's property that has been legally confiscated by means of his eviction. It is only fair to state that Mr. Hamilton, the landlord, has contradicted the common impression that political differences between himself and his tenant caused the dismissal of the latter. However this may be, the loss to Mr. Hope of the property left in the land of his late landlord, is none the less. Few tenants have ever been considered to be more secure in their holdings than Mr. Hope was supposed to be, and his case shows how absurd it is to rely on anything less certain than the law of the land to secure to them property which is theirs by moral right.

(2) At the last annual meeting of the Dumfriesshire Liberal Registration Association, attention was called to several recent cases of tenants being turned out of their farms on account of their political opinions. One farmer, who had voted for Sir Sydney Waterlow, received the first intimation that he would not be allowed to continue in his farm, after the termination of his lease, from a public advertisement, which stated that "the present tenant is not to be an offerer."

therefore pay the whole expense, charging the tenant with interest. But how often is this done? On how many estates in the country is the owner able and willing to invest as much as an enterprising tenant knows will be remunerative? And besides the improvements commonly called permanent, there are many others that are permanent to a limited extent—such as a large consumption of cake, heavy dressings of manure, deep and costly cultivation by steam, &c., which landlords seldom think of paying for. Under a just system of tenant-right established by law, it would be of comparatively little consequence whether the permanent improvements were made by owners or by occupiers. In either case, the investor would have security for his outlay, landlord and tenant would both be benefited, and the world would be the richer by an increased production.

The tenant-right system that has been for many years in operation in Lincolnshire, and which has been productive of such obviously beneficial results to all concerned, will be some guide in the construction of a national tenant-right bill, although some important variations and additions will be necessary. In May last, Mr. Alfred Cole, of Long Sutton, contributed a summary of the Lincolnshire customs to the *Chamber of Agriculture Journal*. Some of the most important provisions Mr. Cole states thus:—"Yearly holdings, at six months' notice to quit, are the rule, and leases the exception; and where there is no contract to the contrary, custom allows the outgoing-tenant compensation for unexhausted improvements." Now there is no valid reason why leases and tenant-right should not go together, a plan advocated by Sir John Pakington at a recent meeting of the Central Chamber of Agriculture, hereafter to be referred to. Although tenant-right without a lease is preferable to a lease without tenant-right, a combination of the two is still more desirable. A tenant would find it to his interest to improve his farm, held on a yearly tenancy with security of compensation; but he would probably effect still greater improvements if he had a lease with the same security. With regard to the stipulation that compensation should be given only "where there is no contract to the contrary," the common interest demands that it should be struck out. Land is to so great an extent a monopoly in this country, that to allow the power of evading compensation by contract, is to leave the option of giving it too much in the hands of the landowners. The interest of the nation demands that a farmer should not be able to hire land under such conditions that he cannot do full justice to it without serious risk of loss. But to return to the Lincolnshire conditions:—"Sheds, barns, and other buildings, if of wood or other construction, placed upon brick or stone in such a way as not to be attached to the freehold, are allowed for at their full value. Structures of brick or stone, being irremovable by the tenant, are the property of the

landlord, unless erected with his consent in writing." This distinction should be abolished, and all buildings erected by the tenant, that are considered by the valuers or their umpire to be improvements, should be paid for at their full value; whilst any buildings, not held to be improvements to the farm, should not be allowed for; but the tenant should be allowed to remove them, restoring the site, if required, to its original condition.

"Reclamations and enclosures belong to the proprietor of the estate, unless by special agreement. But in the case of new land being made by the filling up of ponds, ditches, creeks, &c., the tenant is allowed for the labour in carting, &c., during the last year." The compensation here seems utterly insufficient. Why should not the tenant be allowed the full amount which by reclamation, &c., he has added to the value of the estate?

"Fences and ditches the tenant is bound to keep up; therefore no allowance is made for any expense he may have bestowed upon them, nor is he compensated for planting new quick hedges. But in case of default in necessary maintenance of fences and drains, damage for dilapidation arises against him." Here the obvious question is, if no compensation is allowed for improvement, is it fair to charge for deterioration?

"Underdraining with pipe-tiles is allowed for on this principle— if the cost of the pipes and the whole of the haulage and labour are borne by the occupier, the total outlay is extended over seven years; whereas, if the pipes are found by the landlord, the cost of haulage and labour incurred by the tenant is spread over four or five years, generally the latter period. Some few valuers, however, do not allow anything at all for under-drainage."

Here, again, the compensation is strikingly insufficient. The benefit of under-draining, if it is well done, is considered to last for twenty years or more, according to the nature of the soil. Therefore to allow for seven years only is very meagre compensation; whilst to allow nothing at all, is simply abominable.

"For liming, marling, or chalking land, repayment is allowed for material, carriage, and labour, on the assumption that five to seven years exhausts the benefit."

The allowance in this case is also inadequate.

Into the allowances for unexhausted manuring and arts of husbandry it would be tedious to enter in detail. They appear to be on the whole just, though there are some unaccountable stipulations.

On the whole, the Lincolnshire tenant-right customs do not sufficiently meet the increasing difficulties of the tenant-farmers; and to the same extent they fail to give the necessary guarantee to the nation, that all hindrances to thoroughly efficient agriculture shall

be removed. Yet the Lincolnshire system is generally acknowledged to be by far the best that exists in Great Britain.

The Ulster tenant-right customs differ from those prevalent in Lincolnshire chiefly in this important respect, that in the former, and not in the latter, the principle of compensation for disturbance of tenure is recognised, and is provided for by the payment by the incoming tenant of a considerable sum for the "good-will" of a farm. This distinction fairly represents the difference which exists between the demands which British occupiers make, and those which were made by and conceded to Irish tenants. English and Scotch farmers do not dispute the right of landowners to get rid of their tenants when they think fit, although a capricious and unreasonable disturbance of an occupancy would, of course, be regarded by them as disreputable on the part of a landlord. An ungenerous exercise of legal powers is always condemned by the strong voice of public opinion, as we have seen in the case of Mr. Hope. With compensation for unexhausted improvements established by law, a tenant ousted from an occupation without reasonable excuse would doubtless feel aggrieved as a man, but he would have no complaint to make as a tenant.

The custom of payment for the good-will of a farm is by no means one for imitation. It cripples the resources of an incoming tenant, without giving him any compensating advantage. If he only gets the same money on leaving which he pays on entering, he actually loses the compound interest of the sum that he has paid for good-will. On the other hand, money paid for improvements actually made, either directly to the outgoing tenant, or indirectly to the landlord, in the shape of an advanced rent, is a remunerative investment that brings a speedy return.

The Central Chamber of Agriculture has recently commenced to agitate the question of compensation for unexhausted improvements. At a meeting, held on June 2nd, the following resolutions, prepared by the Business Committee after considering the resolutions sent up by twenty-six provincial chambers (which were said to be very conflicting), were brought before the body of the council for discussion :—

1. "That this Council considers it necessary for the proper security of capital engaged in husbandry that, in the absence of a lease or agreement to the contrary, the outgoing tenant should be entitled to compensation from the landlord or incoming tenant for the unexhausted value of his improvements—subject to previous consent of the owner with respect to drainage, reclamation, and other improvements of a permanent character; and that, at the same time, the landlord should be paid by such outgoing tenant for dilapidation and deteriorations, the amounts respectively due to be determined by valuation."

2. "That, in the opinion of this Council, it is desirable that schedules of allowances adapted to different districts should be framed for the guidance of

arbitrators, and that committees of the Chambers of Agriculture, or, in their absence, local committees, including landowners, tenants, and valuers, should be appointed to prepare such schedules."

3. "That this Council, while deprecating legislative interference with freedom of contract, considers that a change is required in the existing law of tenancy, so that the letting and hiring of agricultural land, as well on entailed as on other estates, shall be subject to at least twelve months' notice to quit."

Only the first resolution was then discussed, and the further consideration of the question was adjourned till the November meeting of the Chamber, in order to give time for the provincial Chambers throughout the country to send in their reports. A somewhat ludicrous tenderness as to the recommendations of legislative interference was displayed by some of the farmers who took part in the discussion. Mr. Masfen, a delegate from the Staffordshire Chamber, who introduced the first resolution, wished to try what could be done by voluntary arrangement, before appealing to Parliament for a compulsory enactment. It was also stated that the members of the Business Committee were, on the whole, unfavourable to legislative interference. With respect to this gingerly treatment of what was evidently supposed to be a touchy question, Mr. C. S. Read, M.P., with well-timed sarcasm, said :—"He was sure that the landlords present must be charmed and delighted to see how very sensitive the tenant-farmers were upon the question of interference between landlord and tenant by legislative enactment." He further observed that—"He should much prefer instead of saying in the resolution, in the absence of a lease or agreement to the contrary, that in all yearly agreements those things should be paid for. * * * Why should they be afraid of legislative interference? Every Act of Parliament was an interference between somebody and somebody else. If he were to agree to let another man murder him, would the law allow it to be said that he had contracted himself out of the law? If landlords desired to rob their tenants by turning them out without compensation, the legislature could not do better than pass a resolution that the tenant should be paid for his unexhausted improvements." Colonel Brise, M.P., a conservative and a landowner, described the resolution as a "milk and water" one, but differed from Mr. Read with regard to the opinion expressed by that gentleman, that compensation should be allowed for all improvements, whether done with the consent of the landlord or not. Colonel Brise further remarked that—"Those who had read the report of the evidence given before the Tenant Right Committee, in 1848, must have arrived at this conclusion, that every gentleman who gave his evidence before that select committee, unless he was mistaken,¹ was in favour of legislative interference, and, although the report of the committee did not recommend legislative interference, he felt convinced that if a committee were to sit

(1) There were a few exceptions.

now, the report of that committee would be very different from what it was in 1848, because the circumstances were so entirely changed." Mr. Corrance, M.P., and the majority of the other speakers, also spoke in favour of legislative interference.

Sir John Pakington, speaking "as a landlord," said:—"I have no right to expect that my farms shall be cultivated to the greatest advantage unless I put the occupier in a position to make the most of his capital. The reason why I think a lease is preferable (to a yearly tenancy) is this, that, partly judging by theory, and partly from my own practical experience, I do think that a farmer sets about his farming with more energy and more vigour, and feels more independence, if he is holding under a lease than if he is holding under a yearly tenancy; and however good tenant-right may be under a yearly tenancy, he may still be subjected to be dispossessed of his farm, subject to the arrangement of the tenant-right. But I am rather disposed to go a step further, and ask why, under a well-regulated system of land tenure, we should not allow leases and tenant-right to go together."

Mr. H. Biddel feared that "If they suggested any point for the legislature to take up, they would offend many parties. On the other hand, if they put forward anything to take the place of the present customs, they must remember that a custom was not the result of a conclave or experience of the best men, and settled in a short time, but it was the result of long practice and convenience." This remark, whether Mr. Biddel intended it to be so or not, contains a forcible argument against leaving compensation to be established by voluntary custom. Before a custom can have the force of law, it must have existed long enough to be what is termed "beyond legal memory," a period defined by Mr. James Stewart, a barrister who was examined by the committee of 1848, to be about twenty years. In the mean time, "felonious landlords" would have every opportunity, as heretofore, of continuing their acts of confiscation.

The following excellent amendment to the first resolution was moved by Mr. D. Long, of the Gloucestershire Chamber:—

"That this Council consider it necessary for the proper security of tenants' capital engaged in husbandry, and for the production of the greatest possible amount of home-grown food for the people, that the outgoing tenant should be entitled by legislative enactment to compensation from the landlord, or incoming tenant, for the value of his unexhausted improvements, such value to be ascertained by valuation in the usual way." This amendment met with considerable support, but was not put to the vote, on account of the motion for adjournment being carried.

The adjournment will give the tenant-farmers of England an opportunity of declaring their views upon this important question.

It is earnestly to be hoped that they will listen to no timid and half-hearted counsels. The time has come when, with unanimity and courage, they may secure the speedy redress of the gross wrongs they have so long suffered. Let them flock to the Chambers, and declare, by the voice of an immense majority, the necessity of legislative interference, and their right to compensation for all real improvements effected by them, with or without the consent of their landlords. Although some of the landowners, who spoke in the Central Chamber meeting, were in favour of legislative interference, it is to be feared that the majority of their class will be less liberal in this respect, and that in many of the Chambers they will exercise their utmost influence in opposition to it. Nevertheless, the tenants in every Chamber are, of course, in an immense majority, and it will be their fault and their lasting disgrace, if they allow themselves to be scared from a firmly pronounced and definite declaration of their just demands. It would be strange indeed, if, on this question, the farmers of England should prove themselves to have retrograded since 1848. A large majority of the valuers and farmers examined before the Committee which then sat, declared for the absolute necessity of legislative interference; and many of them insisted that the law should be so framed as to over-rule any private agreement to the contrary. Even in Lincolnshire, Mr. T. C. Beasley considered that the tenantry required the principle of compensation to be enforced by law, *the custom being uncertain*. If the Committee had acted upon these forcible recommendations, instead of reporting in direct opposition to them, we should probably have had a satisfactory settlement of the question many years ago. But the circumstances of the present time render the reform demanded much more urgent than it was in 1848. There is, to say the least, a possibility of a serious crisis in agricultural interests, which will be to the lasting injury of landowners, tenants, and labourers alike. Without that security for capital employed, which alone will enable farmers to get sufficiently increased returns from their farms, they will be unable to meet the reasonable demands of the labourers for a larger share of the fruits of the land which their toil so largely helps to render productive, without resorting to expedients for economizing labour, the adoption of which would entail a national loss, and which, even at that cost, might lamentably fail to save the present generation of tenants. Even the economizing of hand labour, by an increased use of machinery and implements, has met with a new difficulty. Owing to the high price of iron and coal, and the increase of wages in mines and manufactories, implements have become dearer. Makers, in some cases, even refuse to execute orders for machines on a large scale. The rise in prices will probably be permanent; but, in any case, the increased

employment of machinery and implements involves an increased expenditure of tenant's capital. The more we consider the question, the more completely do we become convinced of the inability of farmers to tide over their present difficulties without the aid of legislative interference.

The fate of the farmers may now be said to be in their own hands. The nation will support them in the efforts which they are called upon to make, to remove restrictions which are beneficial to none, though foolishly upheld by the few who have more than their fair share of political power. The impotent resolutions brought forward in the Central Chamber of Agriculture deserve nothing but the contempt of all thorough reformers. The opportunity proposed to be reserved to landowners to hinder improvements, by simply withholding their consent, would continue to them the possession of an arbitrary power over the land of the nation to which they have no rightful claim. There would be no hardship in compelling them by law to give compensation for all real improvements effected by their tenants, whether done with their consent or not, the term *improvement* being defined to be anything which adds to the letting value of property. On the other hand, a tenant should be rendered liable for deteriorations caused by his mismanagement. A tenant-right bill should be brought forward in the next session of Parliament, and in all probability will be if the tenant-farmers seriously demand it.

WILLIAM EDWIN BEAR.

THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

The Slavonic Peoples.

IV.

IN our former articles we spoke of the republican movement among the Latin nations ; in this we have to consider the republican movement among the Slavonic peoples. As the globe moves around its two poles, so does Central Europe move around these two races ; the Latins, in the West, representing society as it was in historic times ; the Slavonians, in the East, holding somewhat the position held by the Germanic races grouped about the ancient Romano-Hellenic civilisation whose imperial capitals were Byzantium and Rome. For this reason I have turned directly from the study of the Latin race, encircled by the aureole of tradition, to the study of the Slavonic race, as yet wrapped in the mysteries of the future. After these two extremes we shall consider the Germano-Saxon nations. The abundance of materials, of documents and books, overburdens us when we study the Latin nations ; the failure of these sources of knowledge disheartens us when we come to treat of the Slavonic peoples. Many of them, fast locked in Asiatic despotism, give scarcely any outward sign of the secret workings of their conscience or of their daily life. Our knowledge of these tribes is confined to the fevered works of foreign writers, wherein two sentiments are always exaggerated as the natural fruit of their exile—an exalted passion for their own absent land, and a holy horror of strange life and ways. I have endeavoured, as far as lay in my power, to seek the truth amidst darkness, even though the darkness be palpable.

The Russian Empire to-day represents the Slavonic race ; and to an understanding of the state of ideas among the Russian people our efforts should be mainly addressed. In every race some one nation takes the lead, and becomes its representative for a time. In the earlier stage of ancient history the Greeks typified our Hellenic-Latin race, and in its second stage the Romans. In modern history, from the end of the fifteenth to the end of the sixteenth century, the Spanish nation becomes the representative of the Latin race ; and in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the sceptre passes into the hands of the French, who have continued to bear it until their recent calamities befell them ; and now, perhaps, it is about to return anew to the nation that wielded it and led the van in ancient history—to the Italian people, one and independent, allied with Prussia, masters of the great city called Rome, and holding a monarchical

fiefdom in the very capital of that vast Spanish empire which wrought the sun itself among the emblems of its crown.

And so, to-day, the nation which harasses the tribes scattered on the banks of the Danube; which thrusts itself between the Greeks and their ancient conquerors, the Turks; which absorbs Poland by force; which sustains Bohemia in the steady recovery of its old autonomy; which is at once a standing menace to Scandinavia and to Germany, to the empire of Austria and the empire of Constantinople; which in its onward march disputes the palm of Asiatic domination with all-powerful England; and which glories in marshalling under the banner of its emperor fourteen distinct nationalities, whereby it may carry civilisation to the East and infuse new life into the West—the nation which is animated by all these diverse ideals, and bears all these vague hopes in its heart, is Russia, which believes itself called to be the sole exponent of all the Slavonic peoples of the world.

A most clouded problem is this of Russia. The general judgment of Europe regards this vast domain, touching on the one hand Germany, the land of modern ideas, and on the other China, the land of antiquity—regards this confused agglomeration of races almost as unknown to them in reality as were the Germanic tribes to the ancient Romans, as the key-stone of unchangeableness, even while a few Muscovite writers have already undertaken, with strong and dauntless purpose, a task that will be, as it were, a nursery of the most difficult phases of social progress.

I know of no question in which the salient facts are, not merely opposed, but so radically contradictory, and in which the contradiction lacks even terms and means whereby it may be synthetized. The advent of the Goths might have been and should have been a healthful renovation for Rome. But these Tartars, whose nature is as arid as their own Asiatic steppes, these Mongols, habituated to obey empires as rotten as that of Byzantium in its decadence; and these Cossacks, savage in their utter inculture, and vitiated by the corroding virus of immorality, hoard in their veins only cankering blood, and in their national life only a giant despotism, like those which have wasted the ancient Orient by cruel wars, and paralysed it by rock-rooted theocracies.

The gloomy pictures brought by the enemies of Russia are equalled, on the other side, by the apocalyptic hopes of the defenders and friends of Russia. According to these, it is reserved for the Russians to fulfil the mission forecast in the Hebraic and Christian prophecies, and to be the exterminating angels of arrogant Rome and unclean Babylon. Although our age is not an age of mystic visions, and although no mighty religious apocalypse has been revealed to contemporary reformers, they have, indeed, received a true social

revelation. And to those who discovered no means of overcoming such powerful interests, such political hierarchies, the industrial aristocracy and bureaucracy brought in by the French revolution, the Muscovite writers showed, beneath the layers of mud imposed on the soil of Russia by a despotism of German origin, the Cossack—nomad like all races called to progressive ends, free as the wind on his steppes, individualist like the ancient Germans to such a point that he could not comprehend either the monarchy or the state itself in any of its forms, and socialist to the point of ignoring individual property, and living among his tribes on the meagre product of the common labour of all united in interests and in spirit.

Some writer has called the Slaves, who form the soul of the Russian population, blonde Arabs; and, in fact, behind that white and rosy complexion, under that head of golden hair, in the depths of those blue eyes, is hidden a soul as poetic as the soul of the Semites, endowed with the same gift for the expression of poetic ideas in melancholy cadences. And if they resemble the Arab through their poetry and their music, they differ from the Arab in their gracious and sociable character, their universal and cosmopolitan spirit. They have a marvellous aptitude for all social studies, and for the acquisition of all human languages. They pass readily from one state to another, and still more readily forget the former one, just as the Goths of the fourth century exchanged with singular ease the religion of nature for the religion of the Arian sect, and that in turn for the religion of the Catholic Church. Perhaps from this reckless mobility comes the reputation for fickleness which the Slaves have acquired, but which they deny, calling this fickleness a salutary flexibility. Their various aptitudes for social life arise also from the dissemination of this race over the planet. The Greeks and Latins have lived settled upon the three Mediterranean peninsulas, and on the southern coast of France. The Germans lived between the Vistula and the Baltic, the Rhine and the Danube, in regions of uniform character. But the Slaves inhabit the countries from the borders of the Adriatic, eternally Greek, to the borders of the Gulf of Finland, eternally Scandinavian; from the regions of classic light, of the arts—regions essentially pictorial and sculptural, where the artists of plastic form are inspired—to the interpolar regions, where to half a year of Boreal nights reflected on the silvery deserts of ice succeeds half a year of greyish days illuminated by a pallid sun—nights and days which invite the concentration of the spirit in thought.

But from this dissemination the Slaves derive continual arguments in support of the cosmopolitan character of their race, and the synthetic character of their spirit. According to them the Slavic race is not like the Latin race, more social than individual, founder of strong states and of universal religions, but always approximating

Cæsarism. Nor is it like the German race, which, through its individualist tendencies, its spirit of isolation, its continually approximating aristocracy. The Slaves have within themselves the marvellous equation of liberty and equality, of society and the individual, of the humanitarian spirit and the personal spirit, which reconciles all that is efficacious in socialism for the redemption of the people with all that is salutary in individualism for the complete realisation of human rights. The Slaves claim the title of the most truly synthetic race in modern history. The apologists of this claim rely upon the following considerations :

The Slaves are the purest custodians of the Aryan blood. The Slaves called husbandmen by the Zend name of *aratai*, which means venerable. In their mythology, especially in the Polish, there has never existed the barbarous god of war. The poor cultivator of the field is called to be chief of the tribe and of the race ; and even up to times near our own, at the close of the Middle Ages, the king could not put on the purple of monarchy without first assuming the smock of the farmer. Their cities were called *vile*, which means the common property of the citizens. The jury existed among the Serbs before it did among the English. The ideal of the Slavic society is the republican ideal of the Indo-European families, which engendered the states of Greece and of Italy, but heightened by an invincible love of aggregation without any loss of personal independence. The Slaves are, therefore, the people destined to realise the great revolution of our times. As the religious gospel, which was the prologue of our civilisation, required the presence of the Germans in the West, the social gospel required the presence of the Slaves. They are not, they could not be, the militia of despots ; they are, and they must be, by their temperament and their history, the soldiers of revolution.

These were, in truth, novel theories, which changed completely the common idea of European policy. The dreamers, the friends of reactionary restorations, have always counted upon the help of Russia. They hoped that the Cossacks were to eradicate revolution, and bring in the armed reign of immovable authority and hierarchical order. The ideal of the partisans of reaction was found in that Russian empire of which they had but confused and imperfect knowledge, but in which they saw the czar surrounded by a luxurious clergy, a strong army ; and at the feet of the czar hordes of people drowsy with the stupid indifference of slavery, ready only to move when the clarion of war should call them, like the angel of the last judgment waking the dead, to hurl them upon the people of the West, to bind them with their own chains, under the lash of an authority semi-Asiatic in its power and in its origin.

What a terrible disillusion to find that these soldiers of authority were the most radical among revolutionists, the best fitted to renew the blood and the life of this society which the absolutists wished to bewitch with ancient superstitions, and sustain upon traditional bases!

One of the writers who have contributed most in Europe to the diffusion of the original thesis of which I speak is Herten, who is now dead, after having been for a long time the victim and the terror of the Emperor Nicholas and his race. First from London, then from Geneva, the Russian writer, in a most vivid style, warm with faith, and vivid with poetry, issued his bold appeals to the Slavie race to fulfil their providential destinies. It seems to me that I can still hear him repeating, a little before his death, his revolutionary struggles, his audacious conspiracies. He was short in stature, with a large head, long fair hair like a Goth's, clear complexion, light beard, small luminous eyes like those of the Huns, which, according to Fernandez, so terrified the degenerate Romans—all the traits of the Northern races; but he had at the same time, in the vividness of his speech, in the warmth which animated it, in the strong emotion by which he was agitated, in the sudden transitions from the sublime to the grotesque, in the marvellous variety and the inimitable grace, all the warmth and verve of the men of the South. To write the story of Russian revolution he had written his own memoirs, and had done well, because his memoirs summed up all the revolutionary events which took place in reality, and all the ideas which came to light in the consciousness of Russian thinkers. Herten was a democrat, a republican, a federalist; and, in addition, devoted himself with a special energy to the diffusion of the social ideas which are destined to accomplish the economic emancipation of the people.

With such merits, it is scarcely necessary to say that he very soon was sent into exile in Siberia. In 1839, his exile ended, and he was allowed to go to Moscow, where he found his old friends devoted to the work of philosophic thought and hopes of reform. It was a singular case, and one which is difficult to comprehend among Western peoples. This revolutionist, always persecuted, was always an employé. In Viatka he had been attached to the government of the province in the section of statistics; in Vladimir, in the office of the official journal. The Russian newspapers of that time merit especial notice. Under that strong censorship, and the necessity of concealing every liberal thought, the nation was silent and gagged; but, in compensation, the government wrote without restraint, and poured torrents of ink over the people, as if to obscure their conscience. Nearly every minister had a newspaper, and every governor of a province also. To edit them they made levies of writers, retaining those who showed, if not a good style, at least a good orthography;

and their whole editing consisted in following blindly the official countersign.

Scarcely returned from exile, Herten's father obliged him to go to St. Petersburg, where the Minister of the Interior reserved for him another position, in the bureau of heraldry. Moscow is the capital of Russian tradition, the capital of Russian thought ; St. Petersburg is the capital of the Russian bureaucracy, the capital of the German empire placed above the Muscovite spirit, which never has ceased to revindicate its ancient predominance. In consequence St. Petersburg is a city of spies, of secret police. The waiter at a café who lights your fire is a spy, the barber who induces you to talk while he is shaving you and dressing your hair, the washer-woman, the merchant. The banker upon whom you have a letter of credit watches your correspondence like a spy. Spies follow you, fasten themselves upon your acquaintance, invisibly watch your sleep. They are like the air which surrounds you perpetually. Yet for more than a century the despots of Russia have died horribly, for humanity lives under inevitable laws. Peter III. is persecuted by Catherine his wife, the Pasiphae of the North, the coarse fury of crowned sensuality. When he was in prison the very men who promised him liberty poisoned him in secret in a night of debauch, in an orgie of mingled blasphemy and brutality. When Peter felt the first effects of the poison he turned furiously upon the assassins. They knew that there was no time to be lost, and assailed him like a mad bull, overcame him in spite of his Herculean efforts, threw him to the ground, falling all about him in his death-struggle, until they killed him with a thousand wounds, mashing his head against the floor. The next day the afflicted empress deposited in a magnificent catafalque the body of her husband, dressed in the uniform of a Russian general. The Russians have a custom of kissing the lips of the corpses of their friends. The masses kissed the corpses of the czars. When they kissed the lips of Peter III. they drank the poison, and sudden swellings appeared on their mouths, so corrosive was the liquid and so implacable was the loving spouse of the czar. Paul I. died in the same manner. His servants, his domestics, his courtesans pulled at the strings by which this savage was strangled. Alexander, after having been the friend and the enemy of Napoleon ; after having attempted to divide with him the quarry of Europe ; after having witnessed the burning of Moscow and the victory of Paris ; worn out in body by indulgence, and in spirit by mystic visions ; calling himself now a Messiah, now a minister of the vengeance of God, now a criminal lashed by the torments of conscience ; seeing that the greatest empire of the world, which carried in its diadem the diamonds of the poles and in its sandals the sapphires of the Mediterranean, the most numerous horde of serfs known to modern

history, still were not enough to satisfy his ambition nor to mitigate the thirst of his desires—shut himself up like a hermit in the country, and died there, in the manner of Titus, among possessions and terrors, half mad, furious against himself, jealous of himself, without belief in humanity or hope in God. Nicholas, in our own recollection, when he received the news of his reverses, and recognised the weakness of his empire, when his physician hung to the bridle of his horse to keep him from going to a review on a terribly cold day, and told him that in his condition the ride would be suicide, went out desperately in search of death. What wonder, then, if those who died in this way lived in fear of the words and the letters of their vassals? Is not each vassal a victim, and is not each victim a walking corpse, without conscience and without soul, because these die exhausted where there is no liberty? And these victims inspire in his conscience, whether they will or no, a crowd of remorseful terrors.

The circumstances which we have recounted prove how full of apprehensions is the life of a tyrant. Alexander Herzen had written to his father that one of the representatives of the despot assassinated people in the streets at night. By this Herzen rendered himself liable to the implacable punishments of despotism, because in this way he disclosed his incorrigible tendencies to criticism, which is revolution in the conscience and the spirit. But his exiles were singular ones. He was treated like a prodigal son of a monarchical and aristocratic family. He passed from one employment to another in his long and involuntary journeys through all the territory of Russia. From the Ministry of the Interior in St. Petersburg, he went to the Council of Regency at Novgorod. In vain did one of the most estimable princesses of Russia interest herself for him. Nicholas was inflexible, and he was compelled to abandon the capital and start for the provinces.

In this position he was enabled to do important service to two classes of beings equally unfortunate—the serfs and the sectaries. These latter are peasants who, dissenting from the official religion, betake themselves to the deserts throughout Russia, to save the faith of their souls, the treasure of their beliefs. The sectaries of Novgorod believed in direct revelation, and in the assistance of a pure spirit which communicated immediately with them. Paul I. wished to know the old chief who in his time presided over this tribe. The old man presented himself, and as it is a mark of respect among his people to remain covered, he did not take off his fur cap. The barbarous czar took it as a mark of disrespect, and commanded that they should send him to Siberia, and burn the village where he harboured. One of his ministers, several days after, threw himself at the feet of the emperor, and told him that they had not complied

with either order, awaiting the calmer confirmation of the czar. He did not confirm them, and the sectary was shut up in a convent, where the purity and abnegation of his life were a source of great edification to the gluttonous and drunken Muscovite monks. Persecutions increased the number of the sectaries. The young republican was able frequently to show favour to these innocent people, and to relieve them from great annoyances.

It was more difficult to afford any protection to the field labourers, because, in effecting this, it was impossible to avoid quarrelling with the nobles. Nevertheless, he afforded such protection as was in his power; but what could he do against the fatal pressure of institutions? A female serf entered the dining-room with a tea-pot of boiling water, and the governor's child, in going out, stumbled against her and burned his hand. What punishment could the master invent for this involuntary fault? That of retaliation. He commanded her child to be brought, a boy of twelve years, and plunged his hand into boiling water.

The military colonies were a creation worthy of the sinister fancies of the Middle Ages—all the delirium of despotism above, and the horrors of servitude below. At their head was one of those generals who in themselves contained all the vices of the Muscovite empire—the ferocity of the Tartar, the pride of the Mongol, and the indifference of the German drill-sergeant, reduced to a machine by the discipline of the great Frederick. He was called Araktcheief. He had an insolent and vulgar mistress, who beat her serfs, and they assassinated her. The despot wet his handkerchief in the blood of the woman, placed it near his heart, and swore to take a terrible vengeance. Although the assassin was his own cook, it was long before the latter was discovered. In the meantime, the prisons were filled with guiltless people, and their bones were broken continually upon the rack. Even passers-by were seized and tortured with the rack and the knout. The tyrant, in his savage wrath, indulged in horrible cruelties. He suspected a poor innocent woman, and subjected her to torture in the very palace where he lived. The unhappy creature was pregnant, and begged for pity, not for herself, but for her unborn child. There was no pity. Under the torture of the rack, she died giving birth to a child—murdered before its life began.

The spirit of the young democrat burned in the presence of these sad examples of despotism. One day when he was in the palace of the governor, a peasant woman presented herself to beg for mercy from a sentence which had been passed upon her to leave her only son and be banished for life to Siberia. But as Herten could do nothing for her, he presented his resignation of an office which could only be exercised by the cruel, and could only bring profit to ex-

tortioners; and he went back to Moscow under the surveillance of the police.

After 1840, Alexander Herzen went to Moscow, where, through the death of his father, he received a rich inheritance, and from Moscow to St. Petersburg in 1845, where he was compelled to have recourse to all his social influence to obtain a passport to go abroad. When he left Russia, with her absolute emperor at the summit and her hordes of serfs at the base, with her demoralised and intolerant clergy, with her army at the service of any despotism, with her police who filled with espionage every retreat from the domestic hearth to the shop of the barber, with universities governed by soldiers, like barracks, with her nationalities bound and tortured, with her different races bowed under the lash, Herzen breathed freely, and felt the revolutionary sentiment reviving and growing when he saw the uneclipsed shining of thought in conscience, and the serene flow of speech from lips without gags; saw the press bloom like a tree diurnally renewed, scattering leaves freighted with ideas, universities discussing all the various systems which form the world of science, and from the tribune, that high moral mountain, heard the noble aspirations of peoples embodied in admirable discourses, the masses gathering at the polls to lend greater force and impulse to the movement of civilisation toward its natural end—the realisation of justice. He never wearied in the enjoyment of this marvellous spectacle, until to his eyes his former life, passed in servitude, in silence, in misery, in the persecutions of the police, in the slavery of life and of thought, seemed like a dream of death in the shade of a rotting sepulchre.

Then Herzen felt a great passion for the revolutionary propaganda in this country, and believed that, in spite of the severe orthodoxy of the Russian Church, and the semi-Mongol, semi-German despotism of the court, in the Cossack race there were still traits of independence—individualist qualities, an intensely personal spirit, brilliant faculties—which rendered it capable of a rule as liberal as that of the American people. Herzen considered the Cossacks a species of Continental Saxons, restless, warlike, nomad; hearing always a voice which whispered liberty to them, and which impelled them forward as if to the destruction of some old empire and the construction of some new society. And if the Cossacks appeared to him in this light, the Slaves were something more—through their municipal genius, their community of property and of instruments of labour; through their mixture of the most individual independence with the most social spirit (qualities derived from their privileged nature)—the people best fitted to found upon new bases of solidarity and of harmony the economic life of modern democracy.

In his opinion, what these people wanted was a voice to awaken them

—a clarion which, resounding in their ears, would call them to life and to the struggle for justice in society. After having assisted at the beginning and the end of the revolution of February in Paris, Alexander Herzen retired to London, and there began the publication of a newspaper in Russian and in French, called the *Bell*. At this great distance a Russian newspaper seems a matter of little interest to an emperor sitting on a throne so lofty; but it was not so. The cursed sheet fell into his hands as if it rained from heaven. He found it in his garden, in his palace, in his bed-chamber. It seemed as if every gust of wind blew it to him. Nicholas felt keenly the publication of this sheet, which denounced all the brutalities of his government. He felt it through foreign kings and peoples, through the Russian emigration wandering through Europe, through his own people, to whose ears he feared that the word might arrive, creative of new thoughts. When Herzen asked for the first time his passport of the Emperor Nicholas, the emperor with his own hand wrote in pencil on the margin, "Too soon." The powerful influence of the Princess Olga Alexandrovna, the sister-in-law of Orloff, at one time the mistress of George IV. of England, and directress of the conspiracy which assassinated the Emperor Paul I., gained the passport for him. How Nicholas must have regretted having allowed the escape of a man who bore to the knowledge of foreign nations the revolutionary germs deposited by nature and by history in the bosom of Russia! He ordered him to return, and naturally Herzen refused. He then confiscated all the property which he had in Russia. The blows of Herzen redoubled as the wrath of Nicholas increased. The emperor must have believed, as Philip II. believed, in his right of eminent domain over the life and the soul of his vassals as czar and as pope. It is related of Philip II. that, having some scruples in ordering an assassination, he put them to rest with the thought that the life of his vassals belonged to their king. It is certain that in virtue of an analogous train of reasoning Nicholas sent certain detectives to London against the revolutionary writer, with more of the air of assassins than of judges. The new ideas, in spite of the iron hand which weighed upon the consciences of the Russians, had extended so far as to create another secret police face to face with the secret police of the emperor. Herzen knew the imperial detectives, who, with pretences of friendship, surrounded him in London. He once invited one of them to drink with him at a tavern, and when the rascal was indulging in the highest flight of revolutionary eloquence, Herzen drew out a photographic portrait made in St. Petersburg, at the foot of which were written these words, "A spy of Nicholas." It is easy to imagine the surprise of the poor wretch. At the death of Nicholas and the accession of the new czar the persecutions

became less, and the opposition of Herten was also moderated. The law of the emancipation of the serfs captivated him, and gave rise in his mind to new hopes of the grand ministry of the Slav race in the modern world. From London he next transferred his journal to Geneva.

In his Swiss retirement he diffused revolutionary ideas, and with them the hope of a true renovation of his race, and, with this example, of all Europe. While he was engaged in these earnest occupations the political congress of Geneva took place, which was called a peace congress, and became a republican congress. Revolutionary representatives from all the peoples united in this assembly. One of the first invited to the council of the new dogmas was the Russian writer who had so laboured for the diffusion of these dogmas in desert steppes and among primitive races. Notwithstanding his revolutionary character, Herten declined to assist at the revolutionary congress, and excused himself with reference to the Russian question, thinking that the democrats of the West could never be just toward his nation, and toward the hopes which his nation, unknown to the world, retained in its heart. He was not deceived. The novel pretensions of renovation from Slav municipalities and the Cossack blood seemed too ambitious. They excited great opposition, or at least great surprise, among the revolutionary men of the West. A German exile uttered in the Congress a vehement discourse against the Slav in general and against Russia in particular. He bitterly criticised their Cossack pope, mitred and on horseback, with a sabre at his belt and the cross in his hands; his religion, with its contempt of any other faith, based on a haughty orthodoxy; his hordes of people, hungry and cold, cherishing the hope of continual feasting in lands of beneficent warmth; their historic pretensions to represent in the bosom of a savage barbarism the ancient and pure Greek spirit; their hordes of Scythians, half-beast, half-human, commanded by renegade Germans, a continual menace to the Western civilisation; their ogre-generals, archi-Asiatic, reared in the desert to prepare new Mongolian, Tartar, and Calmuck invasions; their Messianic pamphleteers, brought up under the lash of the police, servile imitators of Western culture in form, and enemies of that culture in substance, who put forward as the hope of the world the barbarous Russo-Slav institutions, stained with the corrosive gangrene of primitive and brutal communism.

It is evident that Herten had justly feared the Western democrats. This discourse did not succeed in being read, because such an attack upon a people roused all the peoples and produced universal protests; but being afterward printed in Brussels and scattered profusely, written in a style full of dazzling imagery, and with those salient tones natural to the German humour, the discourse of Borkheim

attained great success through its presentation of the folly of a people in the torments of slavery, and under the sceptre of autocrats, not only refusing redemption, but even pretending to be itself Messiah and Redeemer.

Hertzen spoke with a certain contempt of the men of the West. He found among all of them traces of the precarious position which the majority of writers hold in our countries. He considered them gifted with brilliant but eccentric faculties, lacking the universal aptitudes which he discovered in his Slavonic race. Nevertheless this ardent enthusiasm for his race never induced him to share in the ideas of the Pan-Slavists. These involved the necessity of combating the German culture brought in by the reigning family, of closing the period initiated in St. Petersburg contrary to the ancient Russian spirit, of reviving the national life with its pure democracy and its Byzantine Church, freeing it from the Germanism unfortunately imported by Peter I. into the midst of a people whole in their originality and pure in their manners. Hertzen believed also that Russia possessed general elements of civilisation and progress. The individual and social nature of the Cossacks; their sense of personality; their passionate love of society; the patriarchal farm life; the workshop, an association of labourers were each worked for all and all for each; the common life of the farm; the reunion of the peasantry in assemblies; the reunion of the assemblies in self-governing cantons—all these characteristics, improved by the modern spirit of liberty and equality, the product of so many ages of spiritual elaboration, might serve as the revelation of a new era in history. In Hertzen's opinion the Slaves, with their restless and eager disposition, their enterprising and audacious will, as sensitive and fantastic as they were strong and brave, lacking in spontaneity, and having a surplus of the spirit of assimilation, communicative without ever losing their own character, and original without losing the universal human spirit, are of all the peoples of Europe the best adapted to pass from the ancient autocratic regimen to the new federal rule, and to solve, without sacrificing the individual to society, or society to the individual, all social problems.

These aspirations are not without illusion. The Russian publicist traced this idea in the times of the French empire. That eclipse of the human conscience appeared to him eternal night. The revolutionary peoples, after all their marvellous crusades for liberty, were wrapped in a brutal sleep at the feet of despotism. Like spectres came back those last days of the ancient society, in which the citizens raised altars and rendered vows offerings to the Cæsars who freed them from the oppressing weight of their liberties. In such degradation the people, brutalised and vicious, asked each other, whenever a fresh effort was made, to wake them to liberty, "What is liberty?" We have seen

something analogous in the Western civilisation in those days in which Herten wrote his books. And as the monarchy of the Ptolemies and the Augustuses inspired the Eclogue, the true voice of nature in the midst of arbitrary combinations of despotism, and the tyranny of the Cæsars drove the historian Tacitus to draw the picture of the Germans independent in their woods, and emancipated from society for the better preservation of their own individual liberties—a blessing stolen from Rome by an eternal dictatorship, and lost through an incurable weakness—so when we were all complaining of the military despotism triumphant in the heart of Europe, it was a consolation and hope to refresh and elevate the spirit, faint and thirsting for faith, in the pure life of the fields, with their patriarchal nomad race, enjoying in the midst of privations the inestimable treasure of liberty.

But we must admit that these patriarchal customs, this life in common, this community of labour, this absence of all individual autonomy, is not only the property of the Cossacks disseminated in the Russian empire; it belongs as well to all primitive races, to all societies in the innocence of infancy, to all nomad peoples, to all those ancient and distant epochs of complete confusion between man and nature in which the soul is fastened to the earth as an embryo to the womb. We must fall very low before peoples like the Helleno-Latin, who have given taste to humanity, who have produced civil law, who have rendered the human spirit divine with their idea of the Word, who have educated nomad races in social religion and discipline, who have brought to the modern world the great cultivation of the spirit contained in the Renaissance, and to modern society the principles of justice contained in the French revolution—before they can stoop to take as their ideal those social states through which the aboriginal tribes passed during the distant ages of their long history.

And what I say of the Helleno-Latin race, I repeat of those Germanic races who have founded individual liberty in their municipalities; who have brought forth the modern conscience in the Reformation; who have educated the Puritans, the apostles and the martyrs of democracy; who have given to the world the jury and the Parliament of England, the federation and the republic of America; who have illuminated the modern conscience with philosophic ideas—labours which would be called sterile, and faith which would be called barren, if within this large series of ideas there did not exist the social idea called to redeem the fourth estate from its economic servitude, without any encroachment upon the fundamental human rights to which we owe the full possession of our being and plenitude of our life.

In philosophy Herten belongs to the extreme left of the followers

of Hegel : nature for the only existence, the present life for all life, the movement of ideas for the only ideal. This is his science. You will not seek in it for any absolute principle ; it is a continual procession of shadows which go and come like the *danse macabre* of our mediæval cathedrals. When I contemplate these scientific systems, life in them appears to me a river without source and without issue, rolling its waves eternally through a purposeless channel. The world of the future needs an ideal. An ideal can not be without ideas, and ideas can only be found in the unconditional, the absolute. I have never believed that to dethrone the kings of the earth it was necessary to destroy the idea of God in the conscience, nor the hope of immortality in the soul. I have always believed the contrary—that souls, deprived of these great principles, fall collapsed in the mire of the earth to be trodden by the beasts that perish. Give to man a great idea of himself, tell him that he bears God in his conscience and immortality in his life, and you will see him rise by this fortified sentiment of his dignity to reclaim those rights which assure him the noblest independence of his being in society and in nature.

Alexander Herten had proposed to himself to move the Russian world with the most extreme ideas of the West, and to move the Western world with ingenious paradoxes in regard to the Russian. To his naturalism in philosophy, to his socialism in politics, he united a clear understanding of the physical sciences and a brilliant study of modern literature. He shines as a writer by his variety of tone, by his neatness of diction, by his apt antithesis, by the marvellous flexibility of his speech, and his aptitude for joining without discord the grotesque to the sublime through his knowledge of the delicate shades of ideas and gradations of style. If he frequently pushes his principles to extremes, it is not to be wondered at. The Englishman, the American, the Swiss, who have lived always amidst the realities of politics, understand the obstacles, and do not propose to destroy them with legends and dreams, but with practical and positive reforms. The people in prison fill their jails with fancies. Herten himself says that the Slave resembles the Arab in cradling himself often on the wings of his songs. He shows the qualities of his race also, cradling himself in illusions and dreams. He was a poet, naturalist, philosopher ; and although he sacrificed everything for politics, he was never a politician in the true sense of the word. But at all events he has revealed the unity of the modern spirit in showing that even in the heart of that Russia which appears an immense desert of ideas, under the Byzantine Church and the German autocracy, the Muscovite nobleness, the army of Cossacks and of Tartars, and the bureaucracy of machines, there still flourished irrepressible aspirations towards universal liberty.

EMILIO CASTELAR.

THE EUSTACE DIAMONDS.

CHAPTER LVII.

HUMPTY DUMPTY.

THE robbery at the house in Hertford Street took place on the 30th of January, and on the morning of the 28th of February Bunfit and Gager were sitting together in a melancholy, dark little room in Scotland Yard, discussing the circumstances of that nefarious act. A month had gone by, and nobody was yet in custody. A month had passed since that second robbery; but nearly eight weeks had passed since the robbery at Carlisle, and even that was still a mystery. The newspapers had been loud in their condemnation of the police. It had been asserted over and over again that in no other civilised country in the world could so great an amount of property have passed through the hands of thieves without leaving some clue by which the police would have made their way to the truth. Major Mackintosh had been declared to be altogether incompetent, and all the Bunfits and Gagers of the force had been spoken of as drones and moles and ostriches. They were idle and blind, and so stupid as to think that, when they saw nothing, others saw less. The major, who was a broad-shouldered, philosophical man, bore all this as though it were, of necessity, a part of the burden of his profession; but the Bunfits and Gagers were very angry, and at their wits' ends. It did not occur to them to feel animosity against the newspapers which abused them. The thieves who would not be caught were their great enemies; and there was common to them a conviction that men so obstinate as these thieves,—men to whom a large amount of grace and liberty for indulgence had accrued,—should be treated with uncommon severity when they were caught. There was this excuse always on their lips,—that had it been an affair simply of thieves, such as thieves ordinarily are, everything would have been discovered long since;—but when lords and ladies with titles come to be mixed up with such an affair,—folk in whose house a policeman can't have his will at searching and browbeating,—how is a detective to detect anything?

Bunfit and Gager had both been driven to recast their theories as to the great Carlisle affair by the circumstances of the later affair in Hertford Street. They both thought that Lord George had been concerned in the robbery;—that, indeed, had now become the general opinion of the world at large. He was a man of doubtful character, with large expenses, and with no recognised means of

living. He had formed a great intimacy with Lady Eustace at a period in which she was known to be carrying these diamonds about with her, had been staying with her at Portray Castle when the diamonds were there, and had been her companion on the journey during which the diamonds were stolen. The only men in London supposed to be capable of dealing advantageously with such a property were Harter and Benjamin,—as to whom it was known that they were conversant with the existence of the diamonds, and known, also, that they were in the habit of having dealings with Lord George. It was, moreover, known that Lord George had been closeted with Mr. Benjamin on the morning after his arrival in London. These things put together made it almost a certainty that Lord George had been concerned in the matter. Bunfit had always been sure of it. Gager, though differing much from Bunfit as to details, had never been unwilling to suspect Lord George. But the facts known could not be got to dovetail themselves pleasantly. If Lord George had possessed himself of the diamonds at Carlisle,—or with Lizzie's connivance before they reached Carlisle,—then why had there been a second robbery? Bunfit, who was very profound in his theory, suggested that the second robbery was an additional plant, got up with the view of throwing more dust into the eyes of the police. Patience Crabstick had, of course, been one of the gang throughout, and she had now been allowed to go off with her mistress's money and lesser trinkets,—so that the world of Scotland Yard might be thrown more and more into the mire of ignorance and darkness of doubt. To this view Gager was altogether opposed. He was inclined to think that Lord George had taken the diamonds at Carlisle with Lizzie's connivance;—that he had restored them in London to her keeping, finding the suspicion against him too heavy to admit of his dealing with them,—and that now he had stolen them a second time, again with Lizzie's connivance; but in this latter point, Gager did not pretend to the assurance of any conviction.

But Gager at the present moment had achieved a triumph in the matter which he was not at all disposed to share with his elder officer. Perhaps, on the whole, more power is lost than gained by habits of secrecy. To be discreet is a fine thing,—especially for a policeman; but when discretion is carried to such a length in the direction of self-confidence as to produce a belief that no aid is wanted for the achievement of great results, it will often militate against all achievement. Had Scotland Yard been less discreet and more confidential, the mystery might, perhaps, have been sooner unravelled. Gager at this very moment had reason to believe that a man whom he knew could,—and would, if operated upon duly,—communicate to him, Gager, the secret of the present whereabouts of Patience Crabstick. That belief was a great possession, and much too im-

portant, as Gager thought, to be shared lightly with such an one as Mr. Bunfit—a thick-headed sort of man, in Gager's opinion, although, no doubt, he had by means of industry been successful in some difficult cases.

"Is lordship ain't stirred," said Bunfit.

"How do you mean,—stirred, Mr. Bunfit?"

"Ain't moved nowheres out of London."

"What should he move out of London for? What could he get by cutting? There ain't nothing so bad when anything's up against one as letting on that one wants to bolt. He knows all that. He'll stand his ground. He won't bolt."

"I don't suppose as he will, Gager. It's a rum go; ain't it?—the rummiest as I ever see." This remark had been made so often by Mr. Bunfit, that Gager had become almost weary of hearing it.

"Oh,—rum; rum be b——. What's the use of all that? From what the governor told me this morning, there isn't a shadow of doubt where the diamonds are."

"In Paris,—of course," said Bunfit.

"They never went to Paris. They were taken from here to Hamburg in a commercial man's kit,—a fellow as travels in knives and scissors. Then they was recut. They say the cutting was the quickest bit of work ever done by one man in Hamburg. And now they're in New York. That's what has come of the diamonds."

"Benjamin, in course," said Bunfit in a low whisper, just taking the pipe from between his lips.

"Well;—yes. No doubt it was Benjamin. But how did Benjamin get 'em?"

"Lord George,—in course," said Bunfit.

"And how did he get 'em?"

"Well;—that's where it is; isn't it?" Then there was a pause, during which Bunfit continued to smoke. "As sure as your name's Gager, he got 'em at Carlisle."

"And what took Smiler down to Carlisle?"

"Just to put a face on it," said Bunfit.

"And who cut the door?"

"Billy Cann did," said Bunfit.

"And who forced the box?"

"Them two did," said Bunfit.

"And all to put a face on it?"

"Yes;—just that. And an uncommon good face they did put on it between 'em;—the best as I ever see."

"All right," said Gager. "So far, so good. I don't agree with you, Mr. Bunfit; because the thing, when it was done, wouldn't be worth the money. Lord love you, what would all that have cost? And what was to prevent the lady and Lord George together taking

the diamonds to Benjamin and getting their price. It never does to be too clever, Mr. Bunfit. And when that was all done, why did the lady go and get herself robbed again? No;—I don't say but what you're a clever man, in your way, Mr. Bunfit; but you've not got a hold of the thing here. Why was Smiler going about like a mad dog,—only that he found himself took in?"

"Maybe he expected something else in the box,—more than the necklace,—as was to come to him," suggested Bunfit.

"Gammon."

"I don't see why you say Gammon, Gager. It ain't polite."

"It is gammon,—running away with ideas like them, just as if you was one of the public. When they two opened that box at Carlisle, which they did as certain as you sit there, they believed as the diamonds were there. They were not there."

"I don't think as they was," said Bunfit.

"Very well?—where were they? Just walk up to it, Mr. Bunfit, making your ground good as you go. They two men cut the door, and took the box, and opened it,—and when they'd opened it, they didn't get the swag. Where was the swag?"

"Lord George," said Bunfit again.

"Very well,—Lord George. Like enough. But it comes to this. Benjamin, and they two men of his, had laid themselves out for the robbery. Now, Mr. Bunfit, whether Lord George and Benjamin were together in that first affair, or whether they weren't, I can't see my way just at present, and I don't know as you can see yours;—not saying but what you're as quick as most men, Mr. Bunfit. If he was,—and I rayther think that's about it,—then he and Benjamin must have had a few words, and he must have got the jewels from the lady over night."

"Of course he did,—and Smiler and Billy Cann knew as they weren't there."

"There you are, all back again, Mr. Bunfit, not making your ground good as you go. Smiler and Cann did their job according to order, and precious sore hearts they had when they'd got the box open. Those fellows at Carlisle,—just like all the provincials,—went to work open mouthed, and before the party had left Carlisle, it was known that Lord George was suspected."

"You can't trust them fellows any way," said Mr. Bunfit.

"Well;—what happens next? Lord George, he goes to Benjamin, but he isn't goin' to take the diamonds along with him. He has had words with Benjamin or he has not. Anyways he isn't goin' to take the necklace with him on that morning. He hasn't been goin' to keep the diamonds about him, not since what was up at Carlisle. So he gives the diamonds back to the lady."

"And she had 'em all along."

"I don't say it was so,—but I can see my way upon that hypothesis."

"There was something as she had to conceal, Gager. I've said that all through. I knew it in a moment when I see'd her faint."

"She's had a deal to conceal, I don't doubt. Well, there they are,—with her still,—and the box is gone, and the people as is bringing the lawsuit, Mr. Camperdown and the rest of 'em, is off their tack. What's she to do with 'em?"

"Take 'em to Benjamin," said Bunfit, with confidence.

"That's all very well, Mr. Bunfit. But there's a quarrel up already with Benjamin. Benjamin was to have had 'em before. Benjamin has spent a goodish bit of money, and has been thrown over rather. I dare say Benjamin was as bad as Smiler, or worse. No doubt Benjamin let on to Smiler, and thought as Smiler was too many for him. I daresay there was a few words between him and Smiler. I wouldn't wonder if Smiler didn't threaten to punch Benjamin's head,—which well he could do it,—and if there wasn't a few playful remarks between 'em about penal servitude for life. You see, Mr. Bunfit, it couldn't have been pleasant for any of 'em."

"They'd 've split," said Bunfit.

"But they didn't,—not downright. Well,—there we are. The diamonds is with the lady. Lord George has done it all. Lord George and Lady Eustace,—they're keeping company, no doubt, after their own fashion. He's a robbing of her, and she has to do pretty much as she's bid. The diamonds is with the lady, and Lord George is pretty well afraid to look at 'em. After all that's been done, there isn't much to wonder at in that. Then comes the second robbery."

"And Lord George planned that too?" asked Bunfit.

"I don't pretend to say I know, but just put it this way, Mr. Bunfit. Of course the thieves were let in by the woman Crabstick."

"Not a doubt."

"Of course they was Smiler and Billy Cann."

"I suppose they was."

"She was always about the Lady,—a doing for her in every thing. Say she goes to Benjamin and tells him as how her lady still has the necklace,—and then he puts up the second robbery. Then you'd have it all round."

"And Lord George would have lost 'em. It can't be. Lord George and he are thick as thieves up to this day."

"Very well. I don't say anything against that. Lord George knows that she has 'em;—indeed he'd given 'em back to her to keep. We've got as far as that, Mr. Bunfit."

"I think she did 'ave 'em."

"Very well. What does Lord George do then? He can't make

money of 'em. They're too hot for his fingers, and so he finds when he thinks of taking 'em into the market. So he puts Benjamin up to the second robbery."

"Who's drawing it fine, now, Gager;—eh?"

"Mr. Bunfit, I'm not saying as I've got the truth beyond this,—that Benjamin and his two men were clean done at Carlisle, that Lord George and his lady brought the jewels up to town between 'em, and that the party who didn't get 'em at Carlisle tried their hand again and did get 'em in Hertford Street." In all of which the ingenious Gager would have been right, if he could have kept his mind clear from the alluring conviction that a lord had been the chief of the thieves.

"We shall never make a case of it now," said Bunfit despondently.

"I mean to try it on all the same. There's Smiler about town as bold as brass, and dressed to the nines. He had the cheek to tell me he was going down to the Newmarket Spring to look after a horse he's got a share in."

"I was talking to Billy only yesterday," added Bunfit. "I've got it on my mind that they didn't treat Billy quite on the square. He didn't let on anything about Benjamin; but he told me out plain, as how he was very much disgusted. 'Mr. Bunfit,' said he, 'there's that roguery about, that a plain man like me can't touch it. There's them as'd pick my eyes out while I was sleeping, and then swear it against my very self.' Them were his words, and I knew as how Benjamin hadn't been on the square with him."

"You didn't let on anything, Mr. Bunfit?"

"Well,—I just reminded him as how there was five hundred pounds going a-begging from Mr. Camperdown."

"And what did he say to that, Mr. Bunfit?"

"Well, he said a good deal. He's a sharp little fellow, is Billy, as has read a deal. You've heard of 'Umpty Dumpty, Gager? 'Umpty Dumpty was a hegg."

"All right."

"As had a fall, and was smashed,—and there's a little poem about him."

"I know."

"Well;—Billy says to me: 'Mr. Camperdown don't want no hinformation; he wants the diamonds. Them diamonds is like 'Umpty Dumpty, Mr. Bunfit. All the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't put 'Umpty Dumpty up again.'"

"Billy was about right there," said the younger officer rising from his seat.

Late on the afternoon of the same day, when London had already been given over to the gaslights, Mr. Gager, having dressed himself

especially for the occasion of the friendly visit which he intended to make, sauntered into a small public-house at the corner of Meek Street and Pineapple Court, which locality,—as all men well versed with London are aware,—lies within one minute's walk of the top of Gray's Inn Lane. Gager, during his conference with his colleague Bunfit, had been dressed in plain black clothes; but in spite of his plain clothes he looked every inch a policeman. There was a stiffness about his limbs, and, at the same time, a sharpness in his eyes, which, in the conjunction with the locality in which he was placed, declared his profession beyond the possibility of mistake. Nor, in that locality, would he have desired to be taken for anything else. But as he entered the "Rising Sun" in Meek Street, there was nothing of the policeman about him. He might probably have been taken for a betting man, with whom the world had latterly gone well enough to enable him to maintain that sleek, easy, greasy appearance, which seems to be the beau-ideal of a betting man's personal ambition. "Well, Mr. Howard," said the lady at the bar, "a sight of you is good for sore eyes."

"Six penn'orth of brandy,—warm, if you please, my dear," said the pseudo-Howard, as he strolled easily into an inner room, with which he seemed to be quite familiar. He seated himself in an old-fashioned arm-chair, gazed up at the gas lamp, and stirred his liquor slowly. Occasionally he raised the glass to his lips, but he did not seem to be at all intent upon his drinking. When he entered the room, there had been a gentleman and a lady there, whose festive moments seemed to be disturbed by some slight disagreement; but Howard, as he gazed at the lamp, paid no attention to them whatever. They soon left the room, their quarrel and their drink finished together, and others dropped in and out. Mr. Howard's "warm" must almost have become cold, so long did he sit there, gazing at the gas lamps, rather than attending to his brandy and water. Not a word did he speak to any one for more than an hour, and not a sign did he show of impatience. At last he was alone;—but had not been so for above a minute when in stepped a jaunty little man, certainly not more than five feet high, about three or four and twenty years of age, dressed with great care, with his trousers sticking to his legs, with a French chimney-pot hat on his head, very much peaked fore and aft and closely turned up at the sides. He had a bright-coloured silk handkerchief round his neck, and a white shirt, of which the collar and wristbands were rather larger and longer than suited the small dimensions of the man. He wore a white greatcoat tight buttoned round his waist, but so arranged as to show the glories of the coloured handkerchief; and in his hand he carried a diminutive cane with a little silver knob. He stepped airily into the room, and as he did so he addressed our friend the

policeman with much cordiality. "My dear Mr. 'Oward," he said, "this is a pleasure. This is a pleasure. This is a pleasure."

"What is it to be?" asked Gager.

"Well;—ay, what? Shall I say a little port wine negus, with the nutmeg in it rayther strong?" This suggestion he made to a young lady from the bar, who had followed him into the room. The negus was brought and paid for by Gager, who then requested that they might be left there undisturbed for five minutes. The young lady promised to do her best, and then closed the door. "And now, Mr. 'Oward, what can I do for you?" said Mr. Cann, the burglar.

Gager, before he answered, took a pipe-case out of his pocket, and lit the pipe. "Will you smoke, Billy?" said he.

"Well;—no, I don't know that I will smoke. A very little tobacco goes a long way with me, Mr. 'Oward. One cigar before I turn in;—that's about the outside of it. You see, Mr. 'Oward, pleasures should never be made necessities, when the circumstances of a gentleman's life may perhaps require that they shall be abandoned for prolonged periods. In your line of life, Mr. 'Oward,—which has its objections,—smoking may be pretty well a certainty." Mr. Cann, as he made these remarks, skipped about the room, and gave point to his argument by touching Mr. Howard's waistcoat with the end of his cane.

"And now, Billy, how about the young woman?"

"I haven't set eyes on her these six weeks, Mr. 'Oward. I never see her but once in my life, Mr. 'Oward;—or, maybe, twice, for one's memory is deceitful; and I don't know that I ever wish to see her again. She ain't one of my sort, Mr. 'Oward. I likes 'em soft, and sweet, and coming. This one,—she has her good p'int about her,—as clean a foot and ankle as I'd wish to see;—but, laws, what a nose, Mr. 'Oward! And then for manner;—she' no more manner than a stable dog."

"She's in London, Billy?"

"How am I to know, Mr. 'Oward?"

"What's the good, then, of your coming here?" asked Gager, with no little severity in his voice.

"I don't know as it is good. I 'aven't said nothing about any good, Mr. 'Oward. What you wants to find is them diamonds?"

"Of course I do."

"Well;—you won't find 'em. I knows nothing about 'em, in course, except just what I'm told. You know my line of life, Mr. 'Oward?"

"Not a doubt about it."

"And I know yours. I'm in the way of hearing about these things,—and for the matter of that, so are you too. It maybe, my

ears are the longer. I 'ave 'eard. You don't expect me to tell you more than just that. I 'ave 'eard. It was a pretty thing, wasn't it? But I wasn't in it myself, more's the pity. You can't expect fairer than that, Mr. 'Oward?"

"And what have you heard?"

"Them diamonds is gone where none of you can get at 'em. That five hundred pounds as the lawyers 'ave offered is just nowhere. If you want information, Mr. 'Oward, you should say information."

"And you could give it;—eh, Billy?"

"No—; no—" He uttered these two negatives in a low voice, and with much deliberation. "I couldn't give it. A man can't give what he hasn't got;—but perhaps I could get it."

"What an ass you are, Billy. Don't you know that I know all about it?"

"What an ass you are, Mr. 'Oward. Don't I know that you don't know;—or you wouldn't come to me. You guess. You're always a-guessing. And because you know how to guess, they pays you for guessing. But guessing ain't knowing. You don't know;—nor yet don't I. What is it to be, if I find out where that young woman is?"

"A tenner, Billy."

"Five quid now, and five when you've seen her."

"All right, Billy."

"She's a-going to be married to Smiler next Sunday as ever is down at Ramsgate;—and at Ramsgate she is now. You'll find her, Mr. 'Oward, if you'll keep your eyes open, somewhere about the 'Fiddle with One String.'"

This information was so far recognised by Mr. Howard as correct, that he paid Mr. Cann five sovereigns down for it at once.

CHAPTER LVIII.

"THE FIDDLE WITH ONE STRING."

MR. GAGER reached Ramsgate by the earliest train on the following morning, and was not long in finding out the "Fiddle with One String." The "Fiddle with One String" was a public-house, very humble in appearance, in the outskirts of the town, on the road leading to Pegwell Bay. On this occasion Mr. Gager was dressed in his ordinary plain clothes, and though the policeman's calling might not be so manifestly declared by his appearance at Ramsgate as it was in Scotland Yard,—still, let a hint in that direction have ever been given, and the ordinary citizens of Ramsgate would at once be

convinced that the man was what he was. Gager had doubtless considered all the circumstances of his day's work carefully, and had determined that success would more probably attend him with this than with any other line of action. He walked at once into the house, and asked whether a young woman was not lodging there. The man of the house was behind the bar, with his wife, and to him Gager whispered a few words. The man stood dumb for a moment, and then his wife spoke. "What's up now?" said she. "There's no young woman here. We don't have no young women." Then the man whispered a word to his wife, during which Gager stood among the customers before the bar with an easy, unembarrassed air. "Well, what's the odds?" said the wife. "There ain't anything wrong with us."

"Never thought there was, ma'am," said Gager. "And there's nothing wrong as I know of with the young woman." Then the husband and wife consulted together, and Mr. Gager was asked to take a seat in a little parlour, while the woman ran up-stairs for half an instant. Gager looked about him quickly, and took in at a glance the system of the construction of the "Fiddle with One String." He did sit down in the little parlour, with the door open, and remained there for perhaps a couple of minutes. Then he went to the front door, and glanced up at the roof. "It's all right," said the keeper of the house, following him. "She ain't a-going to get away. She ain't just very well, and she's a-lying down."

"You tell her, with my regards," said Gager, "that she needn't be a bit the worse because of me." The man looked at him suspiciously. "You tell her what I say. And tell her, too, the quicker the better. She has a gentleman a-looking after her, I daresay. Perhaps I'd better be off before he comes." The message was again taken up to the lady, and Gager again seated himself in the little parlour.

We are often told that all is fair in love and war, and, perhaps, the operation on which Mr. Gager was now intent may be regarded as warlike. But he now took advantage of a certain softness in the character of the lady whom he wished to meet, which hardly seems to be justifiable even in a policeman. When Lizzie's tall footman had been in trouble about the necklace, a photograph had been taken from him which had not been restored to him. This was a portrait of Patience Crabstick, which she, poor girl, in a tender moment, had given to him, who, had not things gone roughly with them, was to have been her lover. The little picture had fallen into Gager's hands, and he now pulled it from his pocket. He, himself, had never visited the house in Hertford Street till after the second robbery, and, in the flesh, had not as yet seen Miss Crabstick; but he had studied her face carefully, expecting, or, at any rate, hoping,

that he might some day enjoy the pleasure of a personal acquaintance. That pleasure was now about to come to him, and he prepared himself for it by making himself intimate with the lines of the lady's face as the sun had portrayed them. There was even yet some delay, and Mr. Gager more than once testified uneasiness. "She ain't a-going to get away," said the mistress of the house, "but a lady as is going to see a gentleman can't jump into her things as a man does." Gager intimated his acquiescence in all this, and again waited.

"The sooner she comes, the less trouble for her," said Gager to the woman; "if you'll only make her believe that." At last, when he had been somewhat over an hour in the house, he was asked to walk up-stairs, and then, in a little sitting-room over the bar, he had the opportunity, so much desired, of making personal acquaintance with Patience Crabstick.

It may be imagined that the poor waiting-woman had not been in a happy state of mind since she had been told that a gentleman was waiting to see her down-stairs, who had declared himself to be a policeman immediately on entering the shop. To escape was of course her first idea, but she was soon made to understand that this was impracticable. In the first place there was but one staircase, at the bottom of which was the open door of the room in which the policeman was sitting; and then, the woman of the house was very firm in declaring that she would connive at nothing which might cost her and her husband their license. "You've got to face it," said the woman. "I suppose they can't make me get out of bed unless I please," said Patience firmly. But she knew that even that resource would fail her, and that a policeman, when aggravated, can take upon him all the duties of a lady's maid. She had to face it,—and she did face it. "I've just got to have a few words with you, my dear," said Gager.

"I suppose, then, we had better be alone," said Patience; whereupon the woman of the house discreetly left the room.

The interview was so long that the reader would be fatigued were he asked to study a record of all that was said on the occasion. The gentleman and lady were closeted together for more than an hour, and so amicably was the conversation carried on that when the time was half over Gager stepped down-stairs and interested himself in procuring Miss Crabstick's breakfast. He even condescended himself to pick a few shrimps and drink a glass of beer in her company. A great deal was said, and something was even settled, as may be learned from a few concluding words of that very memorable conversation. "Just don't you say anything about it, my dear, but leave word for him that you've gone up to town on business."

"Lord love you, Mr. Gager, he'll know all about it."

"Let him know. Of course he'll know—if he comes down. It's my belief he'll never show himself at Ramsgate again."

"But, Mr. Gager——"

"Well, my dear?"

"You aren't a perjuring of yourself?"

"What;—about making you my wife? That I ain't I'm upright, and always was. There's no mistake about me, when you've got my word. As soon as this work is off my mind, you shall be Mrs. Gager, my dear. And you'll be all right. You've been took in, that's what you have."

"That I have, Mr. Gager," said Patience, wiping her eyes.

"You've been took in, and you must be forgiven."

"I didn't get,—not nothing out of the necklace; and as for the other things, they've frightened me so, that I let 'em all go for just what I tell you. And as for Mr. Smiler,—I never didn't care for him; that I didn't. He ain't the man to touch my heart,—not at all; and it was not likely either. A plain fellow,—very, Mr. Gager."

"He'll be plainer before long, my dear."

"But I've been that worried among 'em, Mr. Gager, since first they made their wicked prepositions, that I've been jest,—I don't know how I've been. And though my lady was not a lady as any girl could like, and did deserve to have her things took if anybody's things ever should be took, still, Mr. Gager, I knows I did wrong. I do know it,—and I'm a-repenting of it in sackcloth and ashes;—so I am. But you'll be as good as your word, Mr. Gager?"

It must be acknowledged that Mr. Gager had bidden high for success, and had allowed himself to be carried away by his zeal almost to the verge of imprudence. It was essential to him that he should take Patience Crabstick back with him to London,—and that he should take her as a witness and not as a criminal. Mr. Benjamin was the game at which he was flying,—Mr. Benjamin, and, if possible, Lord George; and he conceived that his net might be big enough to hold Smiler as well as the other two greater fishes, if he could induce Patience Crabstick and Billy Cann to co-operate with him cordially in his fishing.

But his mind was still disturbed on one point. Let him press his beloved Patience as closely as he might with questions, there was one point on which he could not get from her what he believed to be the truth. She persisted that Lord George de Bruce Carruthers had had no hand in either robbery, and Gager had so firmly committed himself to a belief on this matter, that he could not throw the idea away from him, even on the testimony of Patience Crabstick.

On that evening he returned triumphant to Scotland Yard with Patience Crabstick under his wing; and that lady was housed there with every comfort she could desire, except that of personal liberty.

CHAPTER LIX.

MR. GOWRAN UP IN LONDON.

IN the meantime Mrs. Hittaway was diligently spreading a report that Lizzie Eustace either was engaged to marry her cousin Frank,—or ought to be so engaged. This she did, no doubt, with the sole object of saving her brother; but she did it with a zeal that dealt as freely with Frank's name as with Lizzie's. They, with all their friends, were her enemies, and she was quite sure that they were, altogether, a wicked, degraded set of people. Of Lord George and Mrs. Carbuncle, of Miss Roanoke and Sir Griffin Tewett, she believed all manner of evil. She had theories of her own about the jewels, stories,—probably of her own manufacture in part, although no doubt she believed them to be true,—as to the manner of living at Portray, little histories of Lizzie's debts, and the great fact of the scene which Mr. Gowran had seen with his own eyes. Lizzie Eustace was an abomination to her, and this abominable woman her brother was again in danger of marrying! She was very loud in her denunciations, and took care that they should reach even Lady Linlithgow, so that poor Lucy Morris might know of what sort was the lover in whom she trusted. Andy Gowran had been sent for to town, and was on his journey while Mr. Gager was engaged at Ramsgate. It was at present the great object of Mrs. Hittaway's life to induce her brother to see Mr. Gowran before he kept his appointment with Lady Eustace.

Poor Lucy received the wound which was intended for her. The enemy's weapons had repeatedly struck her, but hitherto they had alighted on the strong shield of her faith. But let a shield be ever so strong, it may at last be battered out of all form and service. On Lucy's shield there had been much of such batterings, and the blows which had come from him in whom she most trusted had not been the lightest. She had not seen him for months, and his letters were short, unsatisfactory, and rare. She had declared to herself and to her friend Lady Fawn, that no concurrence of circumstances, no absence, however long, no rumours that might reach her ears, would make her doubt the man she loved. She was still steadfast in the same resolution; but, in spite of her resolution, her heart began to fail her. She became weary, unhappy, and ill at ease, and though she would never acknowledge to herself that she doubted, she did doubt.

"So, after all, your Mr. Greystock is to marry my niece, Lizzie Greystock." This good-natured speech was made one morning to poor Lucy by her present patroness, Lady Linlithgow.

"I rather think not," said Lucy plucking up her spirits and smiling as she spoke.

"Everybody says so. As for Lizzie she has become quite a heroine. What with her necklace, and her two robberies, and her hunting, and her various lovers,—two lords and a member of Parliament, my dear,—there is nothing to equal her. Lady Glencora Palliser has been calling on her. She took care to let me know that. And I'm now told that she certainly is engaged to her cousin."

"According to your own showing, Lady Linlithgow, she has got two other lovers. Couldn't you oblige me by letting her marry one of the lords?"

"I'm afraid, my dear, that Mr. Greystock is to be the chosen one." Then after a pause the old woman became serious. "What is the use, Miss Morris, of not looking the truth in the face? Mr. Greystock is neglecting you."

"He is not neglecting me. You won't let him come to see me."

"Certainly not;—but if he were not neglecting you, you would not be here. And there he is with Lizzie Eustace every day of his life. He can't afford to marry you, and he can afford to marry her. It's a deal better that you should look it all in the face and know what it must all come to."

"I shall just wait,—and never believe a word till he speaks it."

"You hardly know what men are, my dear."

"Very likely not, Lady Linlithgow. It may be that I shall have to pay dear for learning. Of course, I may be mistaken as well as another,—only I don't believe I am mistaken."

When this little scene took place, only a month remained of the time for which Lucy's services were engaged to Lady Linlithgow, and no definite arrangement had been made as to her future residence. Lady Fawn was prepared to give her a home, and to Lady Fawn, as it seemed, she must go. Lady Linlithgow had declared herself unwilling to continue the existing arrangement because, as she said, it did not suit her that her companion should be engaged to marry her late sister's nephew. Not a word had been said about the deanery for the last month or two, and Lucy, though her hopes in that direction had once been good, was far too high-spirited to make any suggestion herself as to her reception by her lover's family. In the ordinary course of things she would have to look out for another situation, like any other governess in want of a place; but she could do this only by consulting Lady Fawn; and Lady Fawn when consulted would always settle the whole matter by simply bidding her young friend to come to Fawn Court.

There must be some end of her living at Fawn Court. So much Lucy told herself over and over again. It could be but a temporary measure. If—if it was to be her fate to be taken away from Fawn

Court a happy, glorious, triumphant bride, then the additional obligation put upon her by her dear friends would not be more than she could bear. But to go to Fawn Court, and, by degrees, to have it acknowledged that another place must be found for her, would be very bad. She would infinitely prefer any intermediate hardship. How, then, should she know? As soon as she was able to escape from the countess, she went up to her own room, and wrote the following letter. She studied the words with great care as she wrote them,—sitting and thinking before she allowed her pen to run on the paper.

“MY DEAR FRANK,

“It is a long time since we met;—is it not? I do not write this as a reproach; but because friends tell me that I should not continue to think myself engaged to you. They say that, situated as you are, you cannot afford to marry a penniless girl, and that I ought not to wish you to sacrifice yourself. I do understand enough of your affairs to know that an imprudent marriage may ruin you, and I certainly do not wish to be the cause of injury to you. All I ask is that you should tell me the truth. It is not that I am impatient; but that I must decide what to do with myself when I leave Lady Linlithgow.

“Your most affectionate friend,

“LUCY MORRIS.

“2nd March, 18—.”

She read this letter over and over again, thinking of all that it said and of all that it omitted to say. She was at first half disposed to make protestations of forgiveness,—to assure him that not even within her own heart would she reproach him, should he feel himself bound to retract the promise she had made him. She longed to break out into love, but so to express her love that her lover should know that it was strong enough even to sacrifice itself for his sake. But though her heart longed to speak freely, her judgment told her that it would be better that she should be reticent and tranquil in her language. Any warmth on her part would be in itself a reproach to him. If she really wished to assist him in extricating himself from a difficulty into which he had fallen in her behalf, she would best do so by offering him his freedom in the fewest and plainest words she could select.

But even when the letter was written she doubted as to the wisdom of sending it. She kept it that she might sleep upon it. She did sleep upon it,—and when the morning came she would not send it. Had not absolute faith in her lover been the rock on which she had declared to herself that she would build the house of her future hopes? Had not she protested again and again that no caution

from others should induce her to waver in her belief? Was it not her great doctrine to trust,—to trust implicitly, even though all should be lost if her trust should be misplaced? And was it well that she should depart from all this, merely because it might be convenient for her to make arrangements as to the coming months? If it were to be her fate to be rejected, thrown over, and deceived, of what use to her could be any future arrangements? All to her would be ruin, and it would matter to her nothing whither she should be taken. And then, why should she lie to him as she would lie in sending such a letter? If he did throw her over he would be a traitor, and her heart would be full of reproaches. Whatever might be his future lot in life, he owed it to her to share it with her, and if he evaded his debt he would be a traitor and a miscreant. She would never tell him so. She would be far too proud to condescend to spoken or written reproaches. But she would know that it would be so, and why should she lie to him by saying that it would not be so? Thinking of all this, when the morning came, she left the letter lying within her desk.

Lord Fawn was to call upon Lady Eustace on the Saturday, and on Friday afternoon Mr. Andrew Gowran was in Mrs. Hittaway's back parlour in Warwick Square. After many efforts, and with much persuasion, the brother had agreed to see his sister's great witness. Lord Fawn had felt that he would lower himself by any intercourse with such a one as Andy Gowran in regard to the conduct of the woman whom he had proposed to make his wife, and had endeavoured to avoid the meeting. He had been angry, piteous, haughty, and sullen by turns; but Mrs. Hittaway had overcome him by dogged perseverance; and poor Lord Fawn had at last consented. He was to come to Warwick Square as soon as the House was up on Friday evening, and dine there. Before dinner he was to be introduced to Mr. Gowran. Andy arrived at the house at half-past five, and after some conversation with Mrs. Hittaway, was left there all alone to await the coming of Lord Fawn. He was in appearance and manners very different from the Andy Gowran familiarly known among the braes and crofts of Portray. He had a heavy stiff hat, which he carried in his hand. He wore a black swallow-tail coat and black trousers, and a heavy red waistcoat buttoned up nearly to his throat, round which was lightly tied a dingy black silk handkerchief. At Portray no man was more voluble, no man more self-confident, no man more equal to his daily occupations than Andy Gowran; but the unaccustomed clothes, and the journey to London, and the town houses overcame him, and for a while almost silenced him. Mrs. Hittaway found him silent, cautious, and timid. Not knowing what to do with him, fearing to ask him to go and eat in the kitchen, and not liking to have meat and un-

limited drink brought for him into the parlour, she directed the servant to supply him with a glass of sherry and a couple of biscuits. He had come an hour before the time named, and there, with nothing to cheer him beyond these slight creature-comforts, he was left to wait all alone till Lord Fawn should be ready to see him.

Andy had seen lords before. Lords are not rarer in Ayrshire than in other Scotch counties; and then, had not Lord George de Bruce Carruthers been staying at Portray half the winter? But Lord George was not to Andy a real lord,—and then a lord down in his own county was so much less to him than a lord up in London. And this lord was a lord of Parliament, and a government lord, and might probably have the power of hanging such a one as Andy Gowran were he to commit perjury, or say anything which the lord might choose to call perjury. What it was that Lord Fawn wished him to say, he could not make himself sure. That the lord's sister wished him to prove Lady Eustace to be all that was bad, he knew very well. But he thought that he was able to perceive that the brother and sister were not at one, and more than once during his journey up to London he had almost made up his mind that he would turn tail and go back to Portray. No doubt there was enmity between him and his mistress; but then his mistress did not attempt to hurt him even though he had insulted her grossly; and were she to tell him to leave her service, it would be from Mr. John Eustace, and not from Mrs. Hittaway, that he must look for the continuation of his employment. Nevertheless he had taken Mrs. Hittaway's money, and there he was.

At half-past seven Lord Fawn was brought into the room by his sister, and Andy Gowran, rising from his chair, three times ducked his head. "Mr. Gowran," said Mrs. Hittaway, "my brother is desirous that you should tell him exactly what you have seen of Lady Eustace's conduct down at Portray. You may speak quite freely, and I know you will speak truly." Andy again ducked his head. "Frederic," continued the lady, "I am sure that you may implicitly believe all that Mr. Gowran will say to you." Then Mrs. Hittaway left the room,—as her brother had expressly stipulated that she should do.

Lord Fawn was quite at a loss how to begin, and Andy was by no means prepared to help him. "If I am rightly informed," said the lord, "you have been for many years employed on the Portray property?"

"A' my life, so please your lairdship."

"Just so;—just so. And, of course, interested in the welfare of the Eustace family?"

"Nae doobt, my laird,—nae doobt; vera interested indeed."

"And being an honest man, have felt sorrow that the Portray property should,—should,—should—; that anything bad should happen to it." Andy nodded his head, and Lord Fawn perceived that he was nowhere near the beginning of his matter. "Lady Eustace is at present your mistress?"

"Just in a fawshion, my laird,—as a mon may say. That is she is,—and she is nae. There's a mony things at Portray as ha' to be lookit after."

"She pays you your wages," said Lord Fawn shortly.

"Eh ;—wages! Yes, my laird, she does a' that."

"Then she's your mistress." Andy again 'noddod his head, and Lord Fawn again struggled to find some way in which he might approach his subject. "Her cousin, Mr. Greystock, has been staying at Portray lately?"

"More coothie than coosinly," said Andy, winking his eye.

It was dreadful to Lord Fawn that the man should wink his eye at him. He did not quite understand what Andy had last said, but he did understand that some accusation as to indecent familiarity with her cousin was intended to be brought by this Scotch steward against the woman to whom he had engaged himself. Every feeling of his nature revolted against the task before him, and he found that on trial it became absolutely impracticable. He could not bring himself to inquire minutely as to poor Lizzie's flirting down among the rocks. He was weak, and foolish, and, in many respects, ignorant,—but he was a gentleman. As he got nearer to the point which it had been intended he should reach, the more he hated Andy Gowran,—and the more he hated himself for having submitted to such contact. He paused a moment, and then he declared that the conversation was at an end. "I think that will do, Mr. Gowran," he said. "I don't know that you can tell me anything I want to hear. I think you had better go back to Scotland." So saying, he left Andy alone and stalked up to the drawing-room. When he entered it, both Mr. Hittaway and his sister were there. "Clara," he said very sternly, "you had better send some one to dismiss that man. I shall not speak to him again."

Lord Fawn did not speak to Andy Gowran again, but Mrs. Hittaway did. After a faint and futile endeavour made by her to ascertain what had taken place in the parlour down-stairs, she descended, and found Andy seated in his chair, still holding his hat in his hand, as stiff as a wax figure. He had been afraid of the lord, but as soon as the lord had left him he was very angry with the lord. He had been brought up all that way to tell his story to the lord, and the lord had gone away without hearing a word of it,—had gone away and had absolutely insulted him, had asked him who paid him his wages, and had then told him that Lady Eustace was his mis-

tress. And Gowran felt strongly that this was not the kind of confidential usage which he had a right to expect. And after his experience of the last hour and a half, he did not at all relish his renewed solitude in that room. "A drap of puir thin liquor,—poured out, too, in a weeny glass nae deeper than an egg-shell,—and twa cookies; that's what she ca'ed—rafrashment!" It was thus that Andy afterwards spoke to his wife of the hospitalities offered to him in Warwick Square, regarding which his anger was especially hot, in that he had been treated like a child or a common labourer, instead of having the decanter left with him to be used at his own discretion. When, therefore, Mrs. Hittaway returned to him, the awe with which new circumstances and the lord had filled him was fast vanishing, and giving place to that stubborn indignation against people in general which was his normal condition. "I suppose I'm jist to gang back again to Portrae, Mrs. Heetaway, and that'll be a' you'll want o' me?" This he said the moment the lady entered the room.

But Mrs. Hittaway did not want to lose his services quite so soon. She expressed regret that her brother should have found himself unable to discuss a subject that was naturally so very distasteful to him, and begged Mr. Gowran to come to her again the next morning. "What I saw wi' my ain twa e'es, Mrs. Heetaway, I saw,—and nane the less because his lairdship may nae find it jist tastefu', as your leddyship was saying. There were them twa, a colloquing, and a seetting ilk in ither's laps, a' o'er, and a keessing,—yes, my leddy, a keessing as females, not to say males, ought nae to keess, unless they be mon and wife,—and then not amang the rocks, my leddy; and if his lairdship does nae care to hear tell o' it, and finds it nae tastefu', as your leddyship was saying, he should nae ha' sent for Andy Gowran a' the way from Portray, jist to tell him what he wanna hear, now I'm come to tell't to him!"

All this was said with so much unction that even Mrs. Hittaway herself found it to be not "tasteful." She shrunk and shivered under Mr. Gowran's eloquence, and almost repented of her zeal. But women, perhaps, feel less repugnance than do men at using ignoble assistance in the achievement of good purposes. Though Mrs. Hittaway shrunk and shivered under the strong action with which Mr. Gowran garnished his strong words, still she was sure of the excellence of her purpose; and, believing that useful aid might still be obtained from Andy Gowran, and, perhaps, prudently anxious to get value in return for the cost of the journey up from Ayrshire, she made the man promise to return to her on the following morning.

CHAPTER LX.

LET IT BE AS THOUGH IT HAD NEVER BEEN.

BETWEEN her son, and her married daughter, and Lucy Morris, poor Lady Fawn's life had become a burden to her. Everything was astray, and there was no happiness or tranquillity at Fawn Court. Of all simply human creeds the strongest existing creed for the present in the minds of the Fawn ladies was that which had reference to the general iniquity of Lizzie Eustace. She had been the cause of all these sorrows, and she was hated so much the more because she had not been proved to be iniquitous before all the world. There had been a time when it seemed to be admitted that she was so wicked in keeping the diamonds in opposition to the continued demands made for them by Mr. Camperdown, that all people would be justified in dropping her, and Lord Fawn among the number. But, since the two robberies, public opinion had veered round three or four points in Lizzie's favour, and people were beginning to say that she had been ill-used. Then had come Mrs. Hittaway's evidence as to Lizzie's wicked doings down in Scotland,—the wicked doings which Andy Gowran had described with a vehemence so terribly moral; and that which had been at first, as it were, added to the diamonds, as a supplementary weight thrown into the scale, so that Lizzie's iniquities might bring her absolutely to the ground, had gradually assumed the position of being the first charge against her. Lady Fawn had felt no aversion to discussing the diamonds. When Lizzie was called a "thief," and a "robber," and a "swindler," by one or another of the ladies of the family,—who, in using those strong terms whispered the words as ladies are wont to do when they desire to lessen the impropriety of the strength of their language by the gentleness of the tone in which the words are spoken,—when Lizzie was thus described in Lady Fawn's hearing in her own house she had felt no repugnance to it. It was well that the fact should be known, so that everybody might be aware that her son was doing right in refusing to marry so wicked a lady. But when the other thing was added to it; when the story was told of what Mr. Gowran had seen among the rocks, and when that gradually became the special crime which was to justify her son in dropping the lady's acquaintance, then Lady Fawn became very unhappy, and found the subject to be, as Mrs. Hittaway had described it, very distasteful.

And this trouble hit Lucy Morris as hard as it did Lord Fawn. If Lizzie Eustace was unfit to marry Lord Fawn because of these things, then was Frank Greystock not only unfit to marry Lucy, but most unlikely to do so, whether fit or unfit. For a week or two Lady Fawn had allowed herself to share Lucy's joy, and to believe

that Mr. Greystock would prove himself true to the girl whose heart he had made all his own ;—but she had soon learned to distrust the young member of Parliament who was always behaving insolently to her son, who spent his holidays down with Lizzie Eustace, who never visited and rarely wrote to the girl he had promised to marry, and as to whom all the world agreed in saying that he was far too much in debt to marry any woman who had not means to help him. It was all sorrow and vexation together ; and yet when her married daughter would press the subject upon her, and demand her co-operation, she had no power of escaping. “Mamma,” Mrs. Hittaway had said, “Lady Glencora Palliser has been with her, and everybody is taking her up, and if her conduct down in Scotland isn’t proved, Frederic will be made to marry her.” “But what can I do, my dear ?” Lady Fawn had asked, almost in tears. “Insist that Frederic shall know the whole truth,” replied Mrs. Hittaway with energy. “Of course, it is very disagreeable. Nobody can feel it more than I do. It is horrible to have to talk about such things,—and to think of them.” “Indeed it is, Clara,—very horrible.” “But anything, mamma, is better than that Frederic should be allowed to marry such a woman as that. It must be proved to him,—how unfit she is to be his wife.” With the view of carrying out this intention, Mrs. Hittaway had, as we have seen, received Andy Gowran at her own house ; and with the same view she took Andy Gowran the following morning down to Richmond.

Mrs. Hittaway, and her mother, and Andy were closeted together for half an hour, and Lady Fawn suffered grievously. Lord Fawn had found that he couldn’t hear the story, and he had not heard it. He had been strong enough to escape, and had, upon the whole, got the best of it in the slight skirmish which had taken place between him and the Scotchman ; but poor old Lady Fawn could not escape. Andy was allowed to be eloquent, and the whole story was told to her, though she would almost sooner have been flogged at a cart’s tail than have heard it. Then “rafrashments” were administered to Andy of a nature which made him prefer Fawn Court to Warwick Square, and he was told that he might go back to Portray as soon as he pleased.

When he was gone, Mrs. Hittaway opened her mind to her mother altogether. “The truth is, mamma, that Frederic will marry her.”

“But why ? I thought that he had declared that he would give it up. I thought that he had said so to herself.”

“What of that, if he retracts what he said ? He is so weak. Lady Glencora Palliser has made him promise to go and see her ; and he is to go to-day. He is there now, probably,—at this very moment. If he had been firm, the thing was done. After all that has

taken place, nobody would ever have supposed that his engagement need go for anything. But what can he say to her now that he is with her, except just do the mischief all over again? I call it quite wicked in that woman's interfering. I do indeed! She's a nasty, insolent, impertinent creature;—that's what she is! After all the trouble I've taken, she comes and undoes it all with one word."

"What can we do, Clara?"

"Well;—I do believe that if Frederic could be made to act as he ought to do, just for a while, she would marry her cousin, Mr. Greystock, and then there would be an end of it altogether. I really think that she likes him best, and from all that I can hear, she would take him now, if Frederic would only keep out of the way. As for him, of course he is doing his very best to get her. He has not one shilling to rub against another, and is over head and ears in debt."

"Poor Lucy!" ejaculated Lady Fawn.

"Well;—yes; but really that is a matter of course. I always thought, mamma, that you and Amelia were a little wrong to coax her up in that belief."

"But, my dear, the man proposed for her in the plainest possible manner. I saw his letter."

"No doubt;—men do propose. We all know that. I'm sure I don't know what they get by it. But I suppose it amuses them. There used to be a sort of feeling that if a man behaved badly something would be done to him; but that's all over now. A man may propose to whom he likes, and if he chooses to say afterwards that it doesn't mean anything, there's nothing in the world to bring him to book."

"That's very hard," said the elder lady, of whom everybody said that she did not understand the world as well as her daughter.

"The girls,—they all know that it is so, and I suppose it comes to the same thing in the long run. The men have to marry, and what one girl loses another girl gets."

"It will kill Lucy."

"Girls ain't killed so easy, mamma;—not nowadays. Saying that it will kill her won't change the man's nature. It wasn't to be expected that such a man as Frank Greystock, in debt, and in Parliament, and going to all the best houses, should marry your governess. What was he to get by it? That's what I want to know."

"I suppose he loved her."

"Laws, mamma, how antediluvian you are! No doubt he did like her,—after his fashion; though what he saw in her I never could tell. I think Miss Morris would make a very nice wife for a country clergyman who didn't care how poor things were. But she

has no style ;—and as far as I can see, she has no beauty. Why should such a man as Frank Greystock tie himself by the leg for ever to such a girl as that ? But, mamma, he doesn't mean to marry Lucy Morris. Would he have been going on in that way with his cousin down in Scotland had he meant it ? He means nothing of the kind. He means to marry Lady Eustace's income if he can get it ;—and she would marry him before the summer if only we could keep Frederic away from her."

Mrs. Hittaway demanded from her mother that in season and out of season she should be urgent with Lord Fawn, impressing upon him the necessity of waiting, in order that he might see how false Lady Eustace was to him ; and also that she should teach Lucy Morris how vain were all her hopes. If Lucy Morris would withdraw her claims altogether the thing might probably be more quickly and more surely managed. If Lucy could be induced to tell Frank that she withdrew her claim, and that she saw how impossible it was that they should ever be man and wife, then,—so argued Mrs. Hittaway,—Frank would at once throw himself at his cousin's feet, and all the difficulty would be over. The abominable, unjustifiable, and insolent interference of Lady Glencora just at the present moment would be the means of undoing all the good that had been done, unless it could be neutralised by some such activity as this. The necklace had absolutely faded away into nothing. The sly creature was almost becoming a heroine on the strength of the necklace. The very mystery with which the robberies were pervaded was acting in her favour. Lord Fawn would absolutely be made to marry her,—forced into it by Lady Glencora and that set,—unless the love affair between her and her cousin, of which Andy Gowran was able to give such sufficient testimony, could in some way be made available to prevent it.

The theory of life and system on which social matters should be managed, as displayed by her married daughter, was very painful to poor Lady Fawn. When she was told that under the new order of things promises from gentlemen were not to be looked upon as binding, that love was to go for nothing, that girls were to be made contented by being told that when one lover was lost another could be found, she was very unhappy. She could not disbelieve it all, and throw herself back upon her faith in virtue, constancy, and honesty. She rather thought that things had changed for the worse since she was young, and that promises were not now as binding as they used to be. She herself had married into a liberal family, had a liberal son, and would have called herself a liberal ; but she could not fail to hear from others, her neighbours, that the English manners, and English principles, and English society were all going to destruction in consequence of the so-called liberality of the age. Gentlemen, she

thought, certainly did do things which gentlemen would not have done forty years ago; and as for ladies,—they, doubtless, were changed altogether. Most assuredly she could not have brought an Andy Gowran to her mother to tell such tales in their joint presence as this man had told!

Mrs. Hittaway had ridiculed her for saying that poor Lucy would die when forced to give up her lover. Mrs. Hittaway had spoken of the necessity of breaking up that engagement without a word of anger against Frank Greystock. According to Mrs. Hittaway's views Frank Greystock had amused himself in the most natural way in the world when he asked Lucy to be his wife. A governess like Lucy had been quite foolish to expect that such a man as Greystock was in earnest. Of course she must give up her lover; and if there must be blame, she must blame herself for her folly! Nevertheless, Lady Fawn was so soft-hearted that she believed that the sorrow would crush Lucy, even if it did not kill her.

But not the less was it her duty to tell Lucy what she thought to be the truth. The story of what had occurred among the rocks at Portray was very disagreeable, but she believed it to be true. The man had been making love to his cousin after his engagement to Lucy. And then, was it not quite manifest that he was neglecting poor Lucy in every way? He had not seen her for nearly six months. Had he intended to marry her, would he not have found a home for her at the deanery? Did he in any respect treat her as he would treat the girl whom he intended to marry? Putting all these things together, Lady Fawn thought that she saw that Lucy's case was hopeless;—and, so thinking, wrote to her the following letter.

“Fawn Court, 3rd March, 18—.

“DEAREST LUCY,

“I have so much to say to you that I did think of getting Lady Linlithgow to let you come to us here for a day, but I believe it will perhaps be better that I should write. I think you leave Lady Linlithgow after the first week in April, and it is quite necessary that you should come to some fixed arrangement as to the future. If that were all, there need not be any trouble, as you will come here, of course. Indeed, this is your natural home, as we all feel; and I must say that we have missed you most terribly since you went,—not only for Cecilia and Nina, but for all of us. And I don't know that I should write at all if it wasn't for something else, that must be said sooner or later;—because, as to your coming here in April, that is so much a matter of course. The only mistake was, that you should ever have gone away. So we shall expect you here on whatever day you may arrange with Lady Linlithgow as to leaving her.” The poor, dear lady went on repeating her affectionate

invitation, because of the difficulty she encountered in finding words with which to give the cruel counsel which she thought that it was her duty to offer.

"And now, dearest Lucy, I must say what I believe to be the truth about Mr. Greystock. I think that you should teach yourself to forget him,—or, at any rate, that you should teach yourself to forget the offer which he made to you last autumn. Whether he was or was not in earnest then, I think that he has now determined to forget it. I fear there is no doubt that he has been making love to his cousin, Lady Eustace. You well know that I should not mention such a thing, if I had not the strongest possible grounds to convince me that I ought to do so. But, independent of this, his conduct to you during the last six months has been such as to make us all feel sure that the engagement is distasteful to him. He has, probably, found himself so placed that he cannot marry without money, and has wanted the firmness, or perhaps you will say the hardness of heart, to say so openly. I am sure of this, and so is Amelia, that it will be better for you to give the matter up altogether, and to come here and recover the blow among friends who will be as kind to you as possible. I know all that you will feel, and you have my fullest sympathy; but even such sorrows as that are cured by time, and by the mercy of God, which is not only infinite, but all-powerful.

"Your most affectionate friend,

"C. FAWN."

Lady Fawn, when she had written her letter, discussed it with Amelia, and the two together agreed that Lucy would never surmount the ill effects of the blow which was thus prophesied. "As to saying it will kill her, mamma," said Amelia, "I don't believe in that. If I were to break my leg, the accident might shorten my life, and this may shorten hers. It won't kill her in any other way. But it will alter her altogether. Nobody ever used to make herself happy so easily as Lucy Morris; but all that will be gone now."

When Lucy received the letter, the immediate effect upon her, the effect which came from the first reading of it, was not very great. She succeeded for some half-hour in putting it aside, as referring to a subject on which she had quite made up her mind in a direction contrary to that indicated by her correspondent's advice. Lady Fawn told her that her lover intended to be false to her. She had thought the matter over very carefully within the last day or two, and had altogether made up her mind that she would continue to trust her lover. She had abstained from sending to him the letter which she had written, and had abstained on that resolution. Lady Fawn, of course, was as kind and friendly as a friend could be. She loved Lady Fawn dearly. But she was not bound to think Lady

Fawn right, and in this instance she did not think Lady Fawn right. So she folded up the letter and put it in her pocket.

But by putting the letter into her pocket she could not put it out of her mind. Though she had resolved, of what use to her was a resolution in which she could not trust? Day had passed by after day, week after week, and month after month, and her very soul within her had become sad for want of seeing this man, who was living almost in the next street to her. She was ashamed to own to herself how many hours she had sat at the window, thinking that, perhaps, he might walk before the house in which he knew that she was immured. And, even had it been impossible that he should come to her, the post was open to him. She had scorned to write to him oftener than he would write to her, and now their correspondence had dwindled almost to nothing. He knew as well as did Lady Fawn when the period of her incarceration in Lady Linlithgow's dungeon would come to an end; and he knew, too, how great had been her hope that she might be accepted as a guest at the deanery, when that period should arrive. He knew that she must look for a new home, unless he would tell her where she should live. Was it likely,—was it possible, that he should be silent so long if he still intended to make her his wife? No doubt he had come to remember his debts, to remember his ambition, to think of his cousin's wealth,—and to think also of his cousin's beauty. What right had she ever had to hope for such a position as that of his wife,—she who had neither money nor beauty,—she who had nothing to give him in return for his name and the shelter of his house beyond her mind and her heart? As she thought of it all, she looked down upon her faded grey frock, and stood up that she might glance at her features in the glass; and she saw how small she was and insignificant, and reminded herself that all she had in the world was a few pounds which she had saved and was still saving in order that she might go to him with decent clothes upon her back. Was it reasonable that she should expect it?

But why had he come to her and made her thus wretched? She could acknowledge to herself that she had been foolish, vain, utterly ignorant of her own value in venturing to hope; perhaps unmaidenly in allowing it to be seen that she had hoped;—but what was he in having first exalted her before all her friends, and then abasing her so terribly and bringing her to such utter shipwreck? From spoken or written reproaches she could, of course, abstain. She would neither write nor speak any;—but from unuttered reproaches how could she abstain? She had called him a traitor once in playful, loving irony, during those few hours in which her love had been to her a luxury that she could enjoy. But now he was a traitor indeed. Had he left her alone she would have loved him in

silence, and not have been wretched in her love. She would, she knew, in that case, have had vigour enough and sufficient strength of character to bear her burden without outward signs of suffering, without any inward suffering that would have disturbed the current of her life. But now everything was over with her. She had no thought of dying, but her future life was a blank to her. She came down-stairs to sit at lunch with Lady Linlithgow, and the old woman did not perceive that anything was amiss with her companion. Further news had been heard of Lizzie Eustace, and of Lord Fawn, and of the robberies, and the countess declared how she had read in the newspaper that one man was already in custody for the burglary at the house in Hertford Street. From that subject she went on to tidings which had reached her from her old friend Lady Clantantram that the Fawn marriage was on again. "Not that I believe it, my dear; because I think that Mr. Greystock has made it quite safe in that quarter." All this Lucy heard, and never showed by a single sign, or by a motion of a muscle, that she was in pain. Then Lady Linlithgow asked her what she meant to do after the 5th of April. "I don't see at all why you shouldn't stay here, if you like it, Miss Morris;—that is, if you have abandoned the stupid idea of an engagement with Frank Greystock." Lucy smiled, and even thanked the countess, and said that she had made up her mind to go back to Richmond for a month or two, till she could get another engagement as a governess. Then she returned to her room and sat again at her window, looking out upon the street.

What did it matter now where she went? And yet she must go somewhere, and do something. There remained to her the wearisome possession of herself, and while she lived she must eat, and have clothes, and require shelter. She could not dawdle out a bitter existence under Lady Fawn's roof, eating the bread of charity, hanging about the rooms and shrubberies useless and idle. How bitter to her was that possession of herself, as she felt that there was nothing good to be done with the thing so possessed! She doubted even whether ever again she could become serviceable as a governess, and whether the energy would be left to her of earning her bread by teaching adequately the few things that she knew. But she must make the attempt,—and must go on making it, till God in his mercy should take her to himself.

And yet but a few months since life had been so sweet to her! As she felt this she was not thinking of those short days of excited, feverish bliss in which she had believed that all the good things of the world were to be showered into her lap; but of previous years in which everything had been with her as it was now,—with the one exception that she had not then been deceived. She had been full of smiles, and humour, and mirth, absolutely happy among her

friends, though conscious of the necessity of earning her bread by the exercise of a most precarious profession,—while elated by no hope. Though she had loved the man and had been hopeless she was happy. But now, surely of all maidens and of all women, she was the most forlorn.

Having once acceded to the truth of Lady Fawn's views, she abandoned all hope. Everybody said so, and it was so. There was no word from any side to encourage her. The thing was done and over, and she would never mention his name again. She would simply beg of all the Fawns that no allusion might be made to him in her presence. She would never blame him, and certainly she would never praise him. As far as she could rule her tongue, she would never have his name upon her lips again.

She thought for a time that she would send the letter which she had already written. Any other letter she could not bring herself to write. Even to think of him was an agony to her; but to communicate her thoughts to him was worse than agony. It would be almost madness. What need was there for any letter? If the thing was done; it was done. Perhaps there remained with her,—staying by her without her own knowledge,—some faint spark of hope, that even yet he might return to her. At last she resolved that there should be no letter, and she destroyed that which she had written.

But she did write a note to Lady Fawn, in which she gratefully accepted her old friend's kindness, till such time as she could "find a place." "As to that other subject," she said, "I know that you are right. Please let it all be as though it had never been."

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Memoir of Comte de Montalembert. By MRS. OLIPHANT. 2 vols.
Blackwood.

OF all ill-yoked enthusiasms, the strangest at first sight would seem, the enthusiasm for Liberty and the enthusiasm for the Catholic Church together, and for the one through and in the other, which has inspired more than one group of generous spirits in our century, but none more generous or more brilliant than the group gathered about the earlier phase of the career of Lamennais. *Fils des croisés*, as they called themselves—and indeed their aims were less likely, their enterprise was far more wildly calculated, than that of their historic ancestors. They were the champions, and the honourable and gifted champions, but the more than Quixotic, of a sentiment of the imagination which implies that things irreconcilable should be reconciled, and is all the more seductive by the implication. In the days preceding the revolution of July, society in France had offered proofs enough that the material and sceptical spirit could be reconciled with the despotic spirit, the spirit of political absolutism. What wonder if ardent youth should have flown to the inference that the opposite spirit, the spirit of chivalry and catholicism, must be the natural ally of liberty and political emancipation? That was for a moment the inference accepted, almost with one consent, by the youth of that illustrious generation. Chateaubriand, who had kept kindled through a time of darkness the double torch of spiritual faith in religion and free romance in literature, Chateaubriand was the generation's literary and intellectual father. A hundred influences conspired to foster the sentiment, the aspiration, of which we speak. In welcoming the Restoration and the Charter, young France had believed she was welcoming back her historic monarchy purged with constitutionalism, her historic faith chastened by tribulation. The more despotism after a while defied the charter—the more, at the same time, materialist systems and materialist officials continued to lower the faith—the closer seemed the union of the two discredited and depressed causes, Liberty and Catholicism. Then the claims of the generation to freedom of art and imagination came to throw over the Church the same halo from another side. As already in Germany, so now in France, the romantic movement was at once a movement to recover the past and to break through convention; and the movers, in recovering the past and its beauty in the teeth of convention, found Catholicism and chivalry the other names for that beauty. Accordingly, with Catholicism and chivalry they fell in love. Again, the votaries of liberty with Catholicism had this justification, that being themselves high and generous tempers, convinced of duty and perfection, they too often saw in the votaries of liberty without Catholicism low and selfish tempers, careless of duty and perfection. That is a justification which the votaries of liberty, who are also enemies of spiritual delusion, unfortunately too often give; and that, until they can wholly cease to give it, and can stand up for duty and perfection no less manfully than against oppression and illusion, will always send fine spirits into an opposite camp, where they will

waste themselves trying to reconcile irreconcilables, to raise the flag of liberty and justice in things temporal side by side with the flag of authority, of delusion, in things spiritual. Such a camp was very strong in the France of forty years ago; and though some of its chief spirits have deserted, and many are dead, it is not wholly scattered yet. Whatever it could not do for life or politics, in literature and history we owe it some of the best work of the century,—our best light upon the Middle Age, its arts, institutions, and aspirations. The Lyons group of Ballanche, Dégerando, Ozanam, the other group with the eloquent Lamennais for their first leader, with the eloquent Lacordaire, with Rio for the history of art, with Montalembert for the history of the Church—to these no student of letters can be ungrateful.

The biographer of Montalembert, however, must naturally treat his life as a whole, and cannot separate the politics from the literature, or the religion from either. Mrs. Oliphant, who had already been his translator, is now that biographer; and she has had access to all the materials that could be desired, and has discharged her task with great zeal and great intelligence. Perhaps one would rather, had it been possible, that she had allowed her hero to speak a little more for himself. I mean in his private and familiar character: for of speeches and writings the excerpts she gives are abundant; not so of letters and journals; and Montalembert was an indefatigable journal writer. The most disjointed real fragments of that kind have so much more life than the best arrangement and paraphrase of them, even by a hand skilful and sympathetic like this one. In spite of the jars which are inevitable in a career having for its watchword a spiritual contradiction—in spite of the sense of impotence produced by a man borrowing the weapons of darkness to fight the battle of light—in spite of the spectacle of confusion and pitifulness which a French Republican presents to history, when in his Catholicity he hounds on his country's arms to the overthrow of the Republic of Rome—in spite of all this and more, the personal character presented by Montalembert is fundamentally a beautiful and harmonious one. The English elements of his origin and the French, the steadfastness and love of liberty and the devoutness and rhetorical enthusiasm, do not clash in his constitution, but rather mingle into what was an excellent ideal of character for the contemplative life, and might have been a valuable one for the practical life which in fact attracted it, had the world and its issues been other than what they are. The most beautiful part of the biography is certainly its opening part, which tells of the exquisite and simple devotion of the English grandfather for his daughter's child. Then we have the studies of the laborious schoolboy, the ambitions and aspirations of the young man conscious of a descent and of a mission; the trip to Stockholm and project of an Irish history; the religious and political ferment of 1830; the influence of Lamennais; the call of Lacordaire, and Montalembert's association with him; the historical and antiquarian united with the religious zeal; the journey to Italy; the animating society of Rio, that of Albert de la Ferronnays, more animating, elevating, and fascinating still; the reception given by the Holy Mother to her forward children, and how Lacordaire and Montalembert were more docile under it than their leader; the episode of Marburg and St. Elizabeth; the restlessness; the married and political life; the senatorial eloquence, now baffled and now triumphant; the long campaign in favour of clerical control in education under the name of

liberty, the brief one in favour of the expedition to Rome, both gaining their ends; the Prince-President turning by-and-by upon his supporter; the alarm, the helplessness of the religious moderate between despotism and democracy; his retirement and literary toil in his Burgundian château; the famous manifesto on England; the lingering illness, the heroic patience, and the death.

Historical Sketches. By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. Pickering. 1872.

ONE can hardly help turning from the essential contradiction of aims, the ambiguous enthusiasms—a contradiction and an ambiguity the more melancholy from being wholly unacknowledged and unrealised—of the neo-catholic French Liberal, to the Catholicism of one who was his friend, but in whom, since he was first a Catholic, there has been nothing divided or ambiguous. Dr. Newman is not the slave of incompatible sentiments, nor is he of those who miscalculate their alliances, or misinterpret the meaning of what they believe. For Montalembert and his group, the hereditary Catholics, the cry was Liberty and the Church—the Church indeed first, but Liberty very close beside her; for Dr. Newman, the Catholic by adoption, the cry is the Church only. He may be at one with a Liberal like Montalembert—they may both be at one with Liberals wholly unlike either of them—for a moment, when the thing to be liberated is the Church, when it is a question of Catholic emancipation in the State; but he is incapable of disguising from himself that, in spite of moments when their interests may be identical, the cause of Liberalism and the cause of the Church are hostile causes. He may call Conservatism a snare, but he means the ecclesiastical Conservatism which holds to the temporalities and number One for their own sakes; and what he opposes to it is not Liberalism, but the ecclesiastical virtue of “detachment.” He accepts the principle of authority in the fullest sense, and having once with his eyes open assented to that, he pushes it to its farthest consequences. And being at once the most finished of reasoners, and the most accustomed man of the world, and the most perfect master of style, he presents the principle and its consequences under a guise which you cannot but delight in, more than, for the time, you care or feel the power to gainsay it. This last volume of Dr. Newman’s collected writings has much more to connect it with thoughts of Montalembert than the mere common ground of their intelligent Catholicity, for it is concerned with what were the great themes of Montalembert’s labours also. The bulk of the volume consists of a reprint of those essays which Dr. Newman contributed eighteen years ago to the *Catholic University Magazine* on the question of a great Catholic university—a great seat of clerical piety and learning for all the world—to have its seat in Dublin. The Catholic University of Dublin was a project appealing to all the erudition, all the enthusiasm, all the ideas of Dr. Newman, and this series is a masterpiece. The erudition that walks in the lightest and most graceful guise of colloquy; the enthusiasm that is in truth an enthusiasm for the unreasonable, and yet makes itself look like the sanest as well as the strongest of principles; the ideas that are at war with their time, and yet contrive to treat their time with a pliant and superior courtesy,—here they are in their inimitable individuality. In going over the history of old universities and mediæval and romantic learning, Dr. Newman goes over a good deal of Montalembert’s ground; and the reader may remember a passage in the essay on

the "Isles of the North," where the thought of ancient glories, with the anticipation of new, warms the Catholic convert, the enthusiast for the Irish past and the prophet of her future, into an eloquence that may match with any of Montalembert's own. In the same series Dr. Newman finds place for an exposition of his ideal of a university, and of his theory as to the right balance between a college element and a university element in a seat of learning. These arise from a point of view different enough from that held by the ordinary university reformer, yet have instruction and interest for him too. The volume further contains the fragment on the Northmen and Normans in England from the *Rambler*, the earlier sketch of mediæval Oxford from the *British Critic*, and the still earlier essay on Convocation from the *British Magazine*.

Recollections of Society in France and England. By LADY CLEMENTINA DAVIES.
2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

PHASES of society, and especially phases of political society, vanish and are forgotten with alarming swiftness. And it is well when some one who has lived through characteristic social phases, one or more, and caught their spirit, gives to the world something whereby to remember, before it is too late, what that spirit was like. No book of late times has breathed the spirit of bygone cycles more freshly than these light recollections of Lady Clementina Davies. Whatever discretion may say to the publication, under thin nominal disguises or none at all, of romances, family adventures and scandals—some of these of quite recent date, and of which the actors must survive and flourish—whatever discretion may say to this, it makes an extremely entertaining reading. Lady Clementina Davies begins with the experiences of her father at the court of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and ends with her own at the court of Napoleon III. and Eugénie. (We except a prophetic epilogue on the career of Legitimacy's actual representative, and the hopes that there are for France in his eventual restoration. Politics, the writer elsewhere says, are above her comprehension.) The conditions of her descent, the element of her birth and childhood, with their savour of Jacobinism and St. Germain's, are already things of another world. The house of Drummond was Jacobin by ties of blood as well as of devotion which attached it to the exiled family; and was foremost among the houses which Jacobinism had expatriated without denationalising them, and of which the members lived as British subjects about the court of the French kings. In the days of the French Revolution, the Jacobinical elements of the Scotch aristocracy and the Legitimist French aristocracy were drawn closer than ever; and Edinburgh became a centre for a mixed society of these as of so many other interesting elements. Nothing more vivacious, in the liveliest spirit of card-room gossip, than Lady Clementina Davies's reminiscences of this and kindred societies in Edinburgh, in Paris, in London—with a connecting thread of her own family history running without interruption through them. She does not really go so much deeper in social than in political reflection. What makes her gossip so entertaining is not its wit or penetration, but its liveliness and movement. There are clues for a hundred novels. On one page you are in Lever, in another you are in Scott, in another you are in Balzac; only the incidents and intrigues, loves and duels, are all told in the same simple and eager temper, which so delights in anything personal, merely because it is personal, that it communicates delight

to the reader. Naturally, in the course of the writer's story, many of the foremost modern personages often flit across her pages. But what she has to say about illustrious personages is generally less interesting than what she has to say about obscure ones. For one thing, she undertakes from her personal experience a defence or apology of Talleyrand, but leaves no further impression than that, whatever his active vices, he was not without passive amiability, attraction, and attachableness, which are all that superficial intercourse demands to the social credit of a character.

Catalogue of a Series of Photographs from the Collections of the British Museum, taken by S. Thompson. Introduction by CHARLES HARRISON. W. A. Mansell.

THERE are signs that photography, and the various modifications and applications of photography, mean in time to settle down into their proper place, which is not the place of an independent fine art, but of a contrivance subordinate to the fine arts and commemorative of them. For prolonging and multiplying memoranda of the objects and monuments of fine art, photography is indispensable and invaluable. The riches of natural, municipal, and private collections—the objects and monuments—can never be known and disseminated, as in the interests of education and of the science of fine art they ought to be, until a much more cosmopolitan and much more complete system is initiated of photographing and publishing photographs from them. What public interest ought in all countries to make a system of, has been made an experiment of, in England, by private zeal. Mr. Charles Harrison has by his zeal obtained the permission, and by his liberality provided the means, for the publication of a select series of more than a thousand photographs, taken by Mr. Stephen Thompson, from objects and monuments in the British Museum. But it is not the series of photographs, it is the preface with which Mr. Harrison has accompanied them, and the catalogue, in which he has had partial help from officials of the Museum, which alone concern us in this place. The preface attempts a tough job, a general survey of archæology and comparative art, from Thothmes III. to the nineteenth century. The job is almost too tough within the compass, and Mr. Harrison's style wrestles visibly with his matter. Perhaps a separate and special introduction to the illustrations of each group would have been a better plan. Mr. Harrison compresses much knowledge into his unmanageable frame; but occasionally surprises us with an easy slip. For instance, in p. xxxiv., he speaks of the sculptures of the East Pediment of the Parthenon as having for their subject "Helios or Hyperion rising from the sea; a mythological subject treated more as the result of human actions, the power of man rising above and calling into existence the daily phenomena of nature." That is not, I think, sense, when everybody knows the subject to be the birth of Athene, with Hyperion at one end, and Selene at the other, for no more than accessories. And a like error is repeated in the catalogue; as, indeed, the Greek antiquity section of the catalogue is full of careless errors both of dates and spelling. But these are things which another edition could correct; and, were they worse than they are, are not enough to take away the merit and value of the enterprise.

Charles Dickens as a Reader. By CHARLES KENT. Chapman and Hall.

MR. KENT dedicates to the general biographer of Dickens this special episode towards his biography. It contains a narrative from one familiar with the commercial and statistical facts, and a criticism from one enthusiastic for the intellectual thing, of those later exertions of Dickens's life which brought him into personal and (so to speak) physical acquaintance with his public in Britain and America, and which, by their strain upon his person and physique, helped to bring his days to their end. The fault of Mr. Kent's writing is prolixity; half the space he takes would say what he has got to say. For the rest, it cannot be denied that Mr. Dickens had the genius to act his conceptions,—that the spirit of his writing passed freely and harmoniously, which is rare, into his reading of what he wrote. Therefore, any criticism of the last would involve criticism of the first, which is too long. The genius which was full of flaws in taste and culture, the genius which was above all things grotesque, but which was nevertheless so profoundly genius indeed—so copious, so fabulous for fun and energy and fire and invention and humanity—that was the force in literature which has reached, and deserved to reach, the most hearts of all in our experience, perhaps in the experience of all time. And there will be plenty of readers to care for all scraps of record such as this in its regard.

Marjory. By MILLY DEANE. Macmillan.

A FAMILY wraith or banshee, the portent of family deaths, is a threadbare piece of machinery in a novel; a hero killed and heroine bereaved are an unpleasant termination to a novel; a second hero, not less estimable, married to an unworthy wife who will make him miserable, is a more dismal issue still. Yet, in spite of these drawbacks of its constitution, "*Marjory*" is a pleasant single-volume novel above the ordinary class. It is related with a singular freshness of tact and humour, in the passages and characters that admit of humour, a refined enough tenderness in scenes of the opposite cast.

Naturalistic Poetry, selected from Psalms and Hymns of the last three centuries; in four Essays, developing the subject of Nature-Study in connection with Sacred Song. Simpkin and Marshall.

HARD is the portion of those who think they have made a discovery when they have not. Mr. Dircks thinks (and seems to have found a portion of the provincial press, as concerns his former volume, to agree with him) that he has made discoveries and opened epochs in criticism. Nothing can be farther from the fact. His division of the subject-matter of poetry into Nature and Art, including human nature and the mind, under the former division, together with external nature and scenery—that is obviously a futile and confused division. What else but the sentient and the insentient creation has been of necessity the subject-matter of poetry from the very beginning? and what progress in "Nature-Study"—these hyphen forms are odious—what progress or what delicacies can criticism possibly trace in the study of Nature as it may be expressed in poetry, if you take Nature in a sense of that rough comprehensiveness? Mr. Dircks's researches into Sacred Song and Nature-Study consist in taking Sir Roundell Palmer's collection of "*Book of Praise*," and transferring it nearly bodily to his pages—of needs nearly bodily, because nearly every line of needs tells of either the sentient or insentient creation—with insignificant remarks accompanying.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

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THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF ROMANESQUE ARCHITECTURE.¹

THE history of architecture, like any other branch of history, cannot be studied to any profit or with any intelligent results, unless it be looked upon as a continuous whole, each stage of which has its influence on the stages which come after it. In the study of architecture, just as in the study of language or of political history, the first thing to be done is to break down the artificial barriers which stand in the way of a general view of the whole subject. In the controversy which ever and anon starts up afresh as to the value of the study of "ancient" languages, "dead" languages, "classical" languages, the first object of any intelligent defender of Greek and Latin studies will be to get rid of any such distinctions, of any such names, as ancient, dead, or classical. The last name he will cast aside as simply unmeaning; he will leave it to the enjoyment of those whose only notion of scholarship is to spend their lives over the surviving texts of two or three arbitrarily chosen centuries. He will claim for the Greek and Latin tongues their place in a liberal education, not as something ancient, something dead, something altogether cut off from the study of other tongues, but as something which is the opposite to dead, as something which is the opposite to ancient, so far as that word implies anything cut off from or alien to things modern. He will claim their place for Greek and Latin, not as being inherently different from other languages, but as being inher-

(1) This article was written many months back, but its appearance has been delayed by an accident which neither editor nor author could hinder. I mention this, because in the former part of the article there will be found several passages containing the same ideas, and, I think, once or twice the same words, which I have since put forth in my Rede Lecture on the Unity of History before the University of Cambridge. The article is in truth the application of the principles laid down in that lecture to one particular branch of study. But, as it happened, the article was written before the lecture was either written or thought of. The article may in fact be looked on as the germ of the lecture.

ently the same. He will claim their place for them as being two great forms of the common Aryan speech, whose claims may be higher in degree, but which are still essentially the same in kind as those of any others among the kindred dialects. In his eyes Latin, above all, will be, not so much the tongue of the imitative poets of the Augustan age as the Imperial and abiding speech, the enduring tongue of the Church and the Empire, the tongue which has been the immediate parent of several of the foremost tongues of modern Europe, and which has had more or less of influence even on those which were not its own proper offspring. In such a view as this no stages in the history of the Latin tongue will seem clad with so absorbing an interest as those on which the "classical" student looks down with the most sovereign contempt. The days when the Latin tongue most thoroughly discharged its Imperial and Œcumenical functions were those when it was spreading itself over lands where it was not the native speech, when it was becoming the general means of intercommunion between men of different tongues. The stages by which a tongue which had once been the local speech of Latium fitted itself to become the common speech of the world, the stages by which it again split up for common purposes into local dialects, while it lived on alongside of its own children as the tongue of law and literature, are the stages in the history of the Latin tongue on which the student of universal history will be most inclined to dwell. But these are exactly the stages which, in the eyes of the "classical" purist, are simply "Low Latin," the "Iron Age," and what not. In the eyes of the student of universal history, Latin literature went into a *Katabathra* when the Camœnæ wept over the tomb of Nævius. It came out again when Ambrose and Prudentius began once more to throw their native speech into forms of metre which did not bear the stamp of Greek imitation. The hymn of the *Fratres Arvales* at one end, the oath of Strassburg at the other, are of higher historical and philological value than the most successful Augustan reproductions of Sappho and Alkaios.

As it is with the history of language, so it is with the history of architecture. To judge from the popular disputes about Law Courts and the like, people in general group all forms of architecture under two heads. The division which they make is closely analogous to the popular divisions into ancient and modern, dead and living, on other subjects. Architecture is supposed to be divided into two great styles, "Grecian" and "Gothic," and it is thought a very good joke to call the admirers of the two supposed styles respectively Greeks and Goths. It is not very easy to find out what people who talk in this way mean by the words which they use; but it might seem that "Grecian" architecture pretty well answers to ancient history, dead languages, classical literature,

and the like. It might seem that "Gothic" architecture, that is, the architecture of England, Germany, and France, pretty well answers to modern history, living languages, and so forth. The odd thing is that, though the distinction in the two cases is so closely analogous, yet the practical inference which is drawn from the distinction is exactly opposite in the two cases. Nobody argues that Englishmen or Germans ought to talk, not in English or German, but in Greek, Latin, or Italian. People do argue that they ought to build, not in English or German, but in Greek, Latin, or Italian. Perhaps the name Gothic has something to do with the matter. The name is "patient," as theologians say, of a satisfactory meaning, but no name is more likely to lead the half-informed altogether astray. Parliamentary babblers and writers of leading articles most likely fancy that Gothic architecture has something to do with the national Goths. Most likely they further fancy that the national Goths were destroyers of the works of ancient art. It would be vain to tell such people to read Cassiodorus, or to go to Ravenna and see for themselves. If I were as vigorous in the use of anathemas as Mr. Arnold, I should be tempted to say that they must "die in their sins."

But, for my present purpose, I have nothing to do with the practical inferences which have been made from the vulgar classification, with questions as to the style of the Law Courts, or with recent controversies of any kind. I wish to point out that the same times, the same despised and neglected times, which the general historian of Europe looks on as the most important in the history of language, are also, in the same historical way of looking at them, the most important in the history of architecture. Alike in language, in law, in religion, and in art, the function of Rome was to leaven the whole world, and the most truly interesting period of Roman history was that when Rome was beginning to discharge her Imperial and Œcumenical office in all these different ways. That is to say, the form of architecture which has, not indeed the highest æsthetical merit, but certainly the highest historical interest, is neither the purely "classical" nor yet the purely mediæval style, but the style which comes between the two. Less satisfactory as a creation of artistic skill than either the pure Grecian or the pure Gothic, the intermediate form, the Romanesque, connects itself more directly than either with the general history of the world. It is the architectural language of those ages when the new world gradually grew out of the old, the ages which showed Rome as the true centre of the world and its history, the point to which all roads lead and from which all roads set forth. The name *Romanesque*, as applied to architecture, answers to *Romance* as applied to language.¹ And both names are happily

(1) The French *Roman*, as opposed to *Romain*, is still more happily applied to both.

chosen. Yet, in the case of architecture at least, the name may suggest an idea which is partly misleading. It may suggest that Romanesque architecture is a mere corruption of the classical Roman, instead of being on one side a corruption, and on another a development. It would indeed be better if we could find a single name, be it *Roman* or any other, to express the whole period of architecture commonly included under the two names of Roman and Romanesque. Laying "classical" prejudices aside, and looking at the matter from either an historical or a constructive point of view, we shall see that Roman and Romanesque are essentially the same thing. And more than this, we shall see that the Romanesque, the supposed corruption, is in many respects a real development or improvement on the earlier Roman. Or rather, the classical Roman is in truth a transitional and imperfect stage, leading the way to a more perfect form in the supposed corrupt and barbarous Romanesque.¹

The only sound classification of styles of architecture is that which arranges them according to their leading principles of construction. Of such principles, as far as we know at present, there are only three; more accurately speaking, there are only two, one of which again falls into two great sub-divisions. The two great systems of construction are the *Entablature* and the *Arch*, and the arch again may be either *round* or *pointed*. We thus get three distinct forms of construction, the Entablature, the Round Arch, and the Pointed Arch. And each of these principles of construction has been, in its own time and place, the animating principle of a style of architecture. That is to say, there have been times and places in which each of the three has not only been the prevalent form of construction, but has been accompanied by an harmonious and consistent system of decoration. Each of the three constructive principles may be looked on as the expression of an æsthetical principle. In the case of two out of the three this is generally acknowledged. It is universally felt that the architecture of the entablature is the expression of horizontal extension, that the architecture of the pointed arch is the expression of vertical extension. It is generally acknowledged that the perfection of the horizontal idea is to be found in the highest form of the architecture of the entablature, that is, in the architecture of old Greece. It is generally acknowledged that the perfection of the vertical idea is to be found in the highest form of the architecture of the pointed arch, that is in the Gothic architecture of mediæval

(1) I am here saying again a good deal of what I said twenty-three years ago in my "History of Architecture," a book which I suppose is by this time pretty well forgotten. It was written when I was very young, and when I had by no means an adequate knowledge of examples. It was moreover coloured throughout by ways of looking at things of which I have long taken leave. But I believe that I had even then fully grasped the true relations between the study of architecture and the general study of history, and most of the principles and classifications which are there laid down are such as I should maintain still.

Europe. It is not so generally acknowledged that the intermediate form of construction, the round arch, has also its leading æsthetical idea. It is not so generally acknowledged that there have been times and places in which the round arch also has produced a style, not perhaps approaching so nearly to ideal perfection as either of the other styles, but still coming near enough to it to be set alongside the other two, as an independent and equal form of art.

Yet, if we admit the entablature, the round arch, and the pointed arch to be the three chief, and seemingly the three only possible, forms of architectural construction, it seems necessarily to follow that the round-arched construction must have its leading æsthetical idea no less than the other two, and that it must be capable, no less than the other two, of an ideal perfection. Whether it has ever actually reached its perfection or not, whether it has ever come so near to it as the other two have, is a question which is not now to the point. It will not do to say that there is a perfection of the arched style, but that its perfection must be looked for in the architecture of the pointed arch, and that the architecture of the round arch is an imperfect form. The answer is plain; the round arch is constructively as good a form of construction as either the entablature or the pointed arch. As a mode of building, it stands on a perfect level with them. Now, if we admit that all good and honest architecture consists in finding appropriate forms of decoration for good and honest forms of construction, it would seem to follow that every good and honest form of construction must be capable of finding some appropriate form of decoration, and of thereby reaching an ideal perfection. It seems then to follow that the architecture of the round arch has a right to be looked on as an independent form of art on a perfect level with the architecture of the entablature and the architecture of the pointed arch. Of course it does not follow that it has ever been actually carried so near to ideal perfection as either of the other styles. It is enough if we allow that it has, like them, its leading idea, and that it is capable of an ideal perfection, whether it has ever actually reached it or not.

Some of the causes of the general unwillingness to admit the claims of the architecture of the round arch to an equal place alongside of the other two great forms are obvious enough. First of all, I am free to admit that the architecture of the round arch never has, as a matter of fact, been carried so near to perfection as both the other two forms have. There is no round-arched building so absolutely satisfactory as a work of art as either the best Grecian or the best Gothic buildings. In comparing Romanesque and Gothic buildings, a much greater share of the charm of the Romanesque building belongs to its age and its historical associations, a much less share to its actual merit as a work of art. I know not how others may

feel, but to my own mind this is proved by the following test. A modern Gothic building, if it be really as good as an ancient one, is as satisfactory as an ancient one. But a modern Romanesque building is, to my mind at least, simply grotesque. The more closely it reproduces an ancient building, the more grotesque it becomes. This, I think, proves that, in the case of the Gothic building, we do, in the strictest sense, admire a work of art, while a great part of the charm of the Romanesque building is derived from other sources. But, if round-arched architecture has never been actually carried so near to perfection as the other two styles, that fact in no way disproves its abstract capacity of reaching an equal relative perfection. Secondly, though I believe the round-arched style to have a leading idea equally with the other styles, and to have equally with them an appropriate form of decoration, yet neither the leading idea nor the appropriate form of decoration is quite so obvious in the case of the round-arched style as it is in the case of the other two. There is something negative about all the characteristics of round-arched architecture. While the leading idea of the architecture of the entablature is that of horizontal extension, while the leading idea of the architecture of the pointed arch is that of vertical extension, I take the leading idea of the round-arched style to be that of no extension either way, but of simple rest and immobility. The round-arched form again has another peculiarity. No other can so well dispense with ornament. Either a Grecian or a Gothic building would be wholly intolerable, if it were so utterly void of ornament as many Romanesque buildings are which are perfectly satisfactory in their own way. Indeed, we may safely say that, the larger a Romanesque building is, the plainer it may be, perhaps ought to be. A small chapel in that style is commonly much richer than a great minster. What too is the nature of Romanesque ornament, when we get any? It is again something of a negative kind. The Greek mouldings are of a kind which serve to strengthen the horizontal lines supplied by the construction of the building. The Gothic mouldings are of a kind which serve to strengthen the vertical lines supplied by the construction of the building. In Romanesque neither of these forms seems appropriate. A round arch moulded after either the Grecian or the Gothic fashion is never satisfactory. Either the horizontal or the vertical idea is suggested, and each of them is inconsistent with the spirit of a style whose leading idea is pure rest and immobility. Moulding indeed, in the strictest sense of the word, moulding which affects the section, is really out of place in a Romanesque building. The true Romanesque ideal leaves the orders of the arch in their natural square section, and seeks enrichment by ornament on the surface, whether by coloured ornament, as in Italy, or by what we may call *surface-moulding*, as in our own Norman.

At most it attaches a heavy roll—a continuation of the jamb-shaft—to the square section, instead of carving the square section itself away, as in the Gothic system of mouldings. In all this we see the negative character of the style. It has a leading idea; it has an appropriate form of ornament; both are capable of definition; but both are perhaps most easily understood by describing them as something which is neither Grecian nor Gothic. Again, in our Northern Romanesque, though there is a stateliness and majesty above all other styles, there is seldom anything to be called real beauty of detail, such as we find in Grecian on the one side and in Gothic on the other. The truth is that the time when the round-arched style came nearest to perfection in the general design of its buildings was a time when, in northern countries at least, the decorative arts were at a very low ebb. An English sculptured capital of the thirteenth century is, in its way, as beautiful as anything in Greek art. But when a capital of the eleventh or the first half of the twelfth century anywhere north of the Alps attempts sculpture, animal or vegetable, the effect is simply grotesque. We may apply the test which I before gave. A modern reproduction either of a Corinthian or of an Early Gothic capital may be fully as pleasing to the eye as the original. But a modern imitation of an enriched Norman or Lombard capital, with its rude volutes and its strangely disproportioned men and beasts, is not pleasing, but ridiculous. It has not the charm of antiquity and historical association which belongs to the original, and it has nothing to put in its place.

This last difficulty, strongly as it may be felt in most Northern and in some Italian Romanesque, would prove nothing at Pisa or Lucca. But all that I have been saying as to the negative character of Romanesque architecture and as to the lack of beauty in its detail, would of itself go far to account for the unwillingness so commonly felt to see in the architecture of the round arch an independent style ranking alongside of the architecture of the entablature and that of the pointed arch. But I think that we have not yet got to the root of the matter. To admit the round-arched style as an independent form of equal rank with the other two, involves giving up a whole train of notions about ancient and modern, classical, and the like. If we are to admit the claims of the round-arched style as I have put them, we must altogether wipe out the hard and fast line between ancient and modern. We must admit the continuous existence of a style whose earlier examples were the work of "classical" Romans, while its later examples were the work of Barbarians, Goths and the like. It would be hard to make many people believe that a really wider line ought to be drawn between two forms of mediæval work than between one form of mediæval work and one form of classical. It would be harder still to make them believe

that one form of classical architecture ought to be looked on as a mere imperfect transition to a style which was brought nearer to perfection at the hands of mediæval Barbarians. To those who take a wider view of general history there is no difficulty in all this. Sweep away the distinction of "ancient" and "modern"—cease to look on things "classical" as something all by themselves, hedged in from everything belonging to other times and nations—learn to look on history as a whole, and the history of Greece or of Rome simply as a part of that whole—and there will no longer seem anything strange or incongruous in holding that, in architecture, in language, or in anything else, the function of the first century on either side of our æra was simply to pave the way for the eleventh or twelfth century after it. Once grasp the true life and spirit of the long Imperial history, and there will seem nothing wonderful in fixing on the third century, in purely classical eyes a time of decay and degradation, as a time which alike in religion, in law, and in art, stands out as one of the great creative ages of the world.

The essence of good architecture of any kind is that its constructive system should be put boldly forward, that its decorative system should be such as in no way conceals or masks the construction, but makes the constructive features themselves ornamental. Both in Grecian and in Gothic architecture this rule is thoroughly and consistently carried out. In a Grecian building the entablature is the main feature of the construction, and it proclaims itself as such. In a Gothic building the pointed arch is the main feature of the construction, and it proclaims itself as such. In neither case is there any attempt at concealment or disguise of any kind. But how stands the case with classical Roman architecture? Here we have a style in which the main feature of the construction is not made the main feature of the decoration. Here we have a style in which the great constructive features seem as it were ashamed of themselves, where they try to hide themselves behind a mask borrowed from a different system of construction. The architecture of classical Rome is, like the literature of classical Rome, imitative. Italy, the land to which the world practically owes the great discovery of the arched construction, may very likely have had a native architecture, as well as a native literature, in the days of the Kings and the early Consuls. But the architecture of classical Rome was a mere imitation of that of Greece. It was indeed but an imperfect imitation. The Roman architects were not so besotted as to cast away their own great invention of the arch, and to fall back on the less flexible, less diversified, constructive system of the Greek entablature. But, just as they spread a varnish of Greek forms, Greek metres, and what not, over their native Italian literature, so, in like sort, they spread a varnish of Greek decoration over their native Italian construction.

Buildings whose real construction was that of piers and arches were masked with a decorative imitation of the columns and entablature of a Greek portico. But as it was in other things, so it was also in architecture. The true Roman spirit was masked only, and not destroyed, by the fashion of Greek imitation. As that spirit shows itself in the satirists, the historians, and even here and there in the poets themselves, as it stands out more clearly still in the mighty fabric of the Roman Law, so there are classes of Roman building in which the national arched construction stands out, masked but feebly, or not at all, by the varnish of Greek decoration. In an aqueduct or an amphitheatre, Greek features, columns and their entablatures, are either absent altogether or are something so secondary as to have but little share in the general effect. In buildings of this kind, the round arch, the main constructive feature, does really stand out as the feature which gives the building its main architectural character. And, as Mr. Petit remarked long ago, the step from buildings of this kind to some of the plainer forms of the later Romanesque is very slight indeed. Some of the great German churches, such for instance as the three great Rhenish minsters of Mainz, Worms, and Speier, where the interior elevations consist of square piers supporting perfectly unadorned round arches, have surely a great deal in common with a Roman aqueduct. In both we see the round-arched construction standing boldly out in its most undisguised form. And buildings of this kind, whether aqueducts, amphitheatres, or churches, which rely almost wholly on their unadorned constructive elements, may undoubtedly be grand and striking in the highest degree. Still a style of architecture would be narrowly limited in its resources, if it were for ever confined to such elements as these. The massive, unadorned, square pier was suited for many purposes; but there were also many purposes which asked for something more graceful, something which better offered itself for enrichment. There was one feature of the Greek constructive system which the Roman architect could do something more than blindly imitate. There was one feature which he could really adopt, for which he could find a place in his own system as appropriate as that which it had held in the system to which it belonged by birth. The Grecian column was freely employed by the Roman architects, but for a long time, in truth during the whole of the purely classical period, it was used only in a feeble, hesitating, and inconsistent way. Roman architects built porticos and colonnades after purely Grecian models, without bringing in any feature of the national constructive system at all. Or columns and entablatures after the Grecian model were attached as a mere decorative mask to buildings really built according to the national mode of construction. At last, in days which we are taught to look upon as days of decline, in days which are looked upon as

days of degradation both for literature and for art, the great step was taken which was to give Roman architecture an harmonious and consistent form, the step which was to make its chief decorative feature become also the chief feature of its construction. In the Greek system the column had boldly and honestly supported the entablature. In the Roman system of construction, the round arch answered to the entablature. What then was needed to make the column a real feature in the Roman system was to make it discharge in the Roman construction a duty strictly analogous to that which it had discharged in the Greek construction. In the Greek system the entablature had rested on the capitals of the columns ; what was now needed was to make the round arch rest on the capitals of the columns also. This simple change at once gave Roman architecture a form both consistent in construction and graceful in decoration. Next to the introduction of the arch itself, no architectural revolution has been so great and so lasting in its results. The man who first boldly set his arch to rest on the capitals of his columns made a change which led the way to all future developments of arched architecture, round and pointed alike.

The first building, as far as we know, in which this great change was made was the Palace of Diocletian at Spálato. No time, no place, no author, could be more fitting for such a great architectural revolution. The change was not made in the local Rome, but on the other side of the Hadriatic, in a land which the Romans of an earlier time had looked on as a distant and barbarous province. But in those days the local Rome had ceased to be the only Rome. Rome was now wherever the Roman law and the Roman language had spread themselves, wherever men submitted to the rule of the Roman Cæsar. And no corner of the Empire was then more truly Roman than the Dalmatian land which sent forth that long succession of wise and valiant Emperors, Roman in every nobler sense of the word, though the local Rome was neither their birthplace nor their dwelling-place. And it was well that the greatest of them all, the founder of the Empire in its later form, should also be the man at whose bidding the first consistent Roman building rose. The keen eye of Diocletian had at last seen that the Roman Commonwealth was at an end ; he grasped the fact that the Empire was a monarchy, and, grasping the fact, he had not shrunk from putting it prominently forward before the eyes of men. The Illyrian peasant, in the days of his power, had been the first to deck himself with the outward pomp of royalty, when so to do was simply to give an outward expression to what for many generations had been the greatest of practical facts. The same man, in the days of his voluntary retirement, carried out a change in Roman art exactly analogous to the change which he had already carried out in the Roman polity.

Alike in polity and in art, he swept away traditions which had become cumbrous and useless, and let things stand forth as they really were. Alike in recasting the constitution of his Empire and in designing the hall of his palace, Diocletian made the real construction of the fabric stand forth undisguisedly before the eyes of men. Alike in his political and in his architectural creation, he put the crown to the work towards which his predecessors had been feeling their way for three hundred years.

The palace of Spálato I have never seen with my own eyes, but the views of it given by Sir Gardner Wilkinson are quite enough to set its main features clearly before us. The new invention is not indeed consistently carried out throughout the whole building; that would have been too much to look for from any architect of any age or country. But it is applied to the long colonnades of the great hall, and noble ranges they are. A consistent round-arched building has at last been called into being, a building of a less massive and a more ornamental type than the aqueduct, or even than the amphitheatre. As the first consistent arched interior, the hall of Diocletian's palace contains in it the germs of all later architecture; the germs not only of Ravenna and Pisa, but of Caen and Durham; not only of Caen and Durham, but of Westminster and Amiens. As such, there is no more memorable building upon earth. But it is in no way wonderful that the great improvement which it offered was not at once universally accepted. Every architectural developement has to go through a stage of transition, a stage when the new principle and the old are striving for the mastery, and when the two are mingled together in various degrees and proportions. The architect of Spálato showed that columns could be used as the immediate supports of arches; he did not at once persuade the whole world to use columns as the immediate supports of arches. Men had been so long used to look upon the entablature as the right thing to rest upon the capitals of the columns that they could not all at once bring themselves to let the arch come straight down upon the capital itself. It seemed as if something must be done, as if some change must be made, to adapt the capital to its new duties. Something must be thrust in between the capital and the arch; some fragment, as it were, of the entablature, must come between the abacus of the capital and the impost of the arch. Or perhaps the abacus itself must be enlarged into something like a piece of entablature, or the whole capital must be drawn out to an unusual size and height, in order to seem more worthy of its new prominence, and better able to bear the weight that was laid upon it. For it is manifest, and it is one of the great advantages of the arched construction, that the columns, or other supports of a range of arches, may be placed at much greater distances from each other than the columns of a colonnade supporting an entablature. It follows that each column

and its capital assumes in the arched building a greater importance; it has, so to speak, a more distinct separate existence than belongs to the columns of a colonnade. In the later Roman architecture we therefore find all kinds of shifts to avoid that immediate juxtaposition of the arch with capitals of the hitherto accustomed forms on which the architect of Spálato had already ventured. In the basilicas of Ravenna I do not think that there is a single case where the arch comes down immediately upon an Ionic or Corinthian capital. Those wonderful works of Western Emperors, of Gothic Kings, and of Eastern Exarchs, were reared out of the spoils of earlier buildings. Columns and capitals were brought from various quarters; their proportions did not always exactly tally with one another; a column did not always agree with the column which stood next to it, or with the capital which its own shafts supported. But, among all the shifts to which the architects of these churches were driven in order to keep something like order among the columns which were thus strangely brought together, in every case, whatever may be the form of the capital, a member is thrust in between the capital itself and the arch. For such a member there is no real need, either constructive or decorative; it simply shows how men clung to the idea that the proper use of a column and its capital was to support something like the horizontal line of the entablature. The local use of Ravenna preferred the employment of capitals of the received classical shapes with this needless member interposed—a member which wants a name, and to which that of the *stilt* has sometimes been given.¹ At Constantinople on the other hand—I speak here not from personal knowledge, but from the Chevalier Fossati's splendid drawings of Saint Sophia—though the stilt is not unknown, yet the tendency seems rather to have been towards devising new forms of the capital itself. Some of them, with a different proportion, still keep something like the general idea of a classical capital, while others, especially the well-known Byzantine basket-capital, altogether depart from classical models. At Ravenna no difference can be discerned between the works of the Roman Placidia and those of the Gothic Theodoric. The wise barbarian who preserved for the conquered Romans their laws, their language, and their buildings, followed their models also in his own original works. But with the recovery of Italy under Justinian new forms came in. In the church of Saint Vital, begun during the Gothic dominion but not finished till after the conquest by Belisarius, the new Byzantine forms of capital are seen. But the local custom did not wholly die out, and the stilt appears in Saint Vital also, often taking the form

(1) It is worth noticing that something very like the Ravennese *stilt* is to be found in the ancient Egyptian architecture, in the form of a member, the *dé*, interposed between the capital and the entablature. In some forms of Saracenic architecture this stilt becomes a most important feature.

of what we must call a double capital, one being placed over the other. The Byzantine forms, in their later development, are found also among the vast stores of capitals, brought and copied from all possible quarters, which are to be seen in the portico and the galleries of Saint Mark's at Venice. But for true columnar arcades, like those of Ravenna, we must leap over several centuries, till we come to the works of the eleventh and twelfth centuries at Pisa, Lucca, Murano, and Torcello. Here, with the changes of detail which are natural after a space of eight hundred years, we come back to the same state of things which we saw at Spálato. The arch again rests immediately on the capital of the column, and the columns and their capitals are either classical remains used up again, or else they are as nearly imitated from classical models as the art of those ages would allow.

It certainly seems to me that, in these great Italian churches, we have before us a distinct round-arched style, an independent form of architecture worthy to rank side by side either with the architecture of the entablature or with the architecture of the pointed arch. One of the three great forms of construction, a form constructively as good as either of the other two, is here provided with a good and consistent decorative system. It is hard to see what more is wanted. It is hardly possible to conceive any architectural forms more perfect and stately than the arcades of the nave of Pisa. The decorative forms are consistent and elegant; in some indeed of the later buildings of the style, especially at Lucca, they put on an almost extravagant richness of detail, but yet without departing from the purity of the round-arched ideal. But if we admit that the columnar form of the Italian Romanesque is a pure and genuine style, that it is a legitimate decorative carrying out of one of the great types of architectural construction, it follows that the architecture of classical Rome must be looked on as something imperfect and transitional. The Romanesque of Pisa and Lucca is the classical Roman set free from the incongruous elements which clung about it, set free from all traces of the days when Roman architecture was a mere imitation of Grecian form. The one Grecian feature which could be really adapted to the Roman principle of construction has been adopted and naturalized, and it has been proved to be capable of doing as good service in the new system as it did in the old. If here and there traces of another system of decoration may be found hanging about the buildings of this style, they are in positions so unimportant as to be of little consequence in the general effect. They in no way interfere with the claim of the columnar Romanesque to be looked on as a pure and independent style, as the consistent carrying out of an architectural conception which the classical Roman attempted only very imperfectly. Paradoxical then as the position may sound, I think that

I have made out my case, and that the classical Roman is essentially an imperfect style, a mere transition to the more perfect Romanesque.

But the columnar Romanesque of Italy was not the only architectural form in which the round-arched construction clothed itself. Another variety arose which was an even more legitimate development of the Roman manner of building. This was that form of Romanesque which cast aside the use of the column as a main constructive feature, and rested its arches on vast square piers. The column, where it was used at all, was used only as a purely decorative feature, as a mere nook-shaft in the angles of the rectangular piers. This mode of construction also was of Italian birth: we see it in the great Lombard churches of Milan and Pavia, and it spread itself in different forms over all the lands north of the Alps. We see it in its greatest purity in those German buildings of which I have already spoken, where the main arcades exhibit the square pier and the round arch as their one feature. And we find a great number of forms which we may call intermediate between the column and the square pier. We find rectangular piers so surrounded by attached shafts that the columnar element, though purely decorative, is that which has most share in the general effect. And we find piers of cylindrical form, sometimes of distinctly columnar form, which have little enough in common with the graceful monoliths of Ravenna and Lucca. In England, above all, we find those enormously massive round piers which by no straining of language can be called columns, but which are rather to be looked on as masses of wall analogous to the square piers, only taking a cylindrical instead of a rectangular form. And, though the construction of the square pier and that of the column are quite distinct in idea, we constantly find them mingled together in practice, not only in contemporary buildings in the same country, but even actually in the same building.

Now to the purely classical mind it is perhaps harder to admit that the Northern Romanesque is a genuine and perfect style of architecture, one to which the classical Roman was a mere transition, than it is in the case of the columnar Romanesque of Italy. There is a temptation to set aside the Romanesque buildings as not forming any really distinct style of architecture, to look on their earlier forms as the mere expiring traces of Roman art, and to look on their later forms as the mere foreshadowing of the coming Gothic. There is a temptation to do this even in Italy, and north of the Alps the temptation naturally becomes still stronger. In the earlier examples of the Northern Romanesque the work, it cannot be denied, is often of extreme rudeness. And even in the later and more finished forms of the style, such as our own enriched Norman, stately and noble as is the general effect, the mere detail, when it attempts any thing coming strictly under the head of sculpture, is apt to be much less

beautiful than grotesque. But the question is not as to the merit of detail, but as to the consistency of the constructive and decorative systems. The Northern Romanesque, no less than the Southern, carries out boldly, honestly, and consistently, that round-arched construction which the classical Roman timidly strives to mask. It might be an untoward accident that ages which stood very high in the art of strictly architectural design stood very low in the art of merely decorative sculpture. But this does not affect the general principle. The Romanesque style, Northern as well as Southern, the style of Normandy and England no less than the style of Italy, succeeds in carrying out that principle of construction which the classical Roman failed to carry out. I hold then that the works of the early Cæsars are to be looked upon as simply transitional between the pure style of the entablature and the pure style of the round arch; they are simply imperfect attempts at a mode of building of which one type was carried to its highest perfection at Pisa, and another type was carried to its highest perfection at Durham.

Romanesque architecture then is neither a mere corrupt Roman nor yet a mere imperfect Gothic. It is a genuine independent style; it is the highest developement of the construction of the round arch, just as Grecian is the highest developement of the construction of the entablature, and Gothic the highest developement of the construction of the pointed arch. As an architectural conception, it stands on equal terms alongside of the other two. In historic interest, to one who fully grasps the history of civilized man as one long unbroken drama, I do not hesitate to say that the buildings of the Romanesque ages surpass the buildings either of purely classical or of later mediæval times. No buildings of earlier or of later times bear about them the same charm as those which arose at the bidding of Diocletian, of Theodoric, of Justinian, of Charles, and of William. The one city of Ravenna, standing like an isthmus between two worlds, rich in the tombs and temples of the last Italian Emperors and the first Teutonic Kings, might alone supply matter for the study and meditation of a life.

Of both forms of Romanesque, the columnar type and that which employs the massive square or round pier, Italy is alike the parent. But as one type reached its highest perfection in Italy and the other out of Italy, the one by the banks of the Arno and the other by the banks of the Wear, we may fairly speak of them severally as Southern and as Northern Romanesque. This division is purely constructional, without any reference to the dates of particular buildings. As works of art, Spálato and Torcello, eight hundred years apart, must be placed closer together than either of them stands to the great mass of buildings which came between them.

But we must also cast a glance at the history of the Romanesque style as looked at from a more strictly chronological point of view. A long study of the subject in various parts of Europe, in the course of several journeys, some of which were undertaken for the special purpose of studying Romanesque architecture, has, I trust, enabled me pretty well to trace out the history of the style. In that history, as far as Western Europe is concerned, I can discern two main periods of very unequal length. The former drags out its being from the third century to the eleventh, without its being possible to draw any broad line at any intermediate point. The latter takes in the busy time from the middle of the eleventh century to the middle of the twelfth, one of the richest times of architectural development in the whole range of the history of the art. The main distinction between the two is that, during the former period, Italy set the fashion to the whole of Western Europe, while, during the latter period, most of the great countries of Europe, Italy among the others, struck out independent forms of Romanesque art for themselves. The buildings of the former class are comparatively rare, but they are scattered over all the lands from the Orkneys to the Pyrenees and the Alps, and they everywhere bear the most striking likeness to one another, and the most undoubted signs of being imitated from common Italian models. The buildings of the latter class are to be found in abundance everywhere, and they strike the inquirer by their remarkable diversity, a diversity shown not so much in their detail, which is often strikingly alike in countries far apart from one another, as in the general character of their architectural conceptions. The former class, till somebody helps me to a better name, I shall speak of in a body as Primitive Romanesque. The different varieties of the latter class are best called after the countries in which they severally arose or were brought to perfection, Norman, Aquitanian, German, Italian, or any other. In England the two classes are commonly known as "Saxon," or "Anglo-Saxon," and "Norman." The latter name is a thoroughly good one, if only people will not speak of "Norman," "Early English," "Decorated," and "Perpendicular," or of any other less familiar set of names, as four or seven styles or periods on a level with one another. The later Romanesque of England was undoubtedly of Norman invention, and it was brought into England under Norman influence. But the use of the word "Saxon" to express our few and scattered examples of the earlier form of Romanesque is liable to all the objections which always apply to the vague use of that misleading name and also to some further objections special to itself. Besides the absurdity of talking of Saxon buildings or Saxon anything at York or Lincoln, the name further suggests the idea that the Saxon style was something peculiarly English, whereas our surviving Saxon

buildings are simply rude examples of a style common to England with the rest of Western Christendom. The first Christian buildings which were reared in Britain after the English Conquest were said to be built after the Roman fashion,¹ and after the Roman fashion they went on being built till the Normannizing Edward brought over a new style of building from his beloved Normandy.²

Buildings of the Primitive Romanesque style are, as I have already said, rare throughout Europe. In England especially we have no surviving buildings of any great size earlier than the introduction of the Norman form of Romanesque in the eleventh century. We have nothing left but a few small and rude fragments, and a very remarkable class of towers which enables us easily to identify the early Romanesque of England with the contemporary work of other lands. Still we have evidence enough to show that both the square pier and the column were used in England, though the few columns that remain, as at Repton and as responds in a good many chancel and belfry arches, are certainly of wonderful rudeness.³ But though they often affect a good deal of barbaric richness, we find in them no sign of the distinctive features of the Norman style, while many of them do show an uncouth imitation of Roman work. But while in England we have to patch up our case from very small, rude, and mutilated examples, we find scattered here and there over the continent a considerable number of examples of greater size, belonging to various dates up to the middle of the eleventh century. Various buildings showing more or less of the features marking our so-called Saxon style, the pilaster-strips, the baluster-columns, the mid-wall shafts, and the other characteristics of the style, will be found scattered here and there over various parts of Germany, France, Aquitaine, and Burgundy. The general mass of the German examples I put by for the present, as the architecture of Germany has a distinct history of its own. But one German example must be mentioned here as standing at the head of its class. The great gateway of the Abbey of Lorsch—the Lauresheim of the days of Charles and Eginhard—remains almost alone as a work of

(1) On these early churches see Bæda, *Hist. Eccl.* i. 33 (cf. iii. 4), and *Vita S. Benedicti*, § 5. Benedict Biscop brought builders from Gaul to build “juxta Romanorum morem.” The arts of Italy, Gaul, and England were the same.

(2) Will. Malmb. *Gest. Reg.* ii. 28. “In eadem ecclesia die Theophaniæ sepultus est, quam ipse illo compositionis genere primus in Anglia ædificaverat quod nunc pene cuncti sumptuosis æmulantur expensis.”

(3) Sompthing in Sussex, St. Benet's at Cambridge, and Earl Odda's Church at Deerhurst, supply some of the best examples. The Cambridge example is doubtless much earlier than the other two. The use of columns in England in the seventh century is witnessed by Eddius, the biographer of Wilfrith, who speaks (*Vita. Wilf.* 17) of his church at Ripon as “basilica polito lapide a fundamentis in terra usque ad summum ædificata, variis columnis et porticibus suffulta.”

the days, seemingly of the earliest days, of the great King himself. Of the Lorsch gateway the lower story, with its Corinthian half-columns not yet flattened into pilasters, might almost be called Roman rather than Romanesque; but the upper stage, with its flat pilasters, its unclassical capitals, its straight-sided arches, shows that we have reached a class of buildings of which Deerhurst and Earls Barton are members. But Lorsch stands by itself; among ordinary specimens of the Primitive style, the first place is certainly due to a building in quite another region of the Empire, to the church of Romainmoutier in the present canton of Vaud. Here we have a minster of considerable size, with two clearly marked Primitive dates, belonging, if I rightly remember, to the eighth and ninth centuries, and with a little later Romanesque work to contrast with them. The piers of the original building are rude enough, very massive, but with an evident attempt at the columnar form. It is curious to compare them with the later and not very distant church of Grandson, where we feel almost carried back to Lucca in its thoroughly basilican arcades, where Roman columns have been used up again, and fitted with elaborate capitals, seemingly of the twelfth century. Two other churches of Burgundian Switzerland, on a much smaller scale than Romainmoutier, Saint Sulpice in Vaud and Saint Peter in Wallis, are also useful as supplying the contrast between earlier and later Romanesque. The *Basse-Œuvre* at Beauvais, that is the nave of the cathedral of the tenth century, the Temple of Saint John at Poitiers, the church of Saint Aventin in the Pyrenees in the modern department of Haute-Garonne, the crypt under the apse of the Abbey of Pleinpied in Berri, some parts of the Abbey of Brantôme in Perigord, all supply studies of Primitive Romanesque, in different varieties and of different dates. And at the end of our list, putting to shame even Romainmoutier at the beginning, comes the original and still perfect shell, but slightly masked by a recasting of the twelfth century, of the "micele mynster æt Rémys," the mighty Abbey of Saint Remigius, the church hallowed by the Roman Pontiff in the presence alike of the Cæsar of the mainland and of ambassadors from the *Basileus* of the island Empire.¹ The church where a son of Ælfgar was buried, and on whose massive pillars Gyrth looked while they were still in their freshness, has advanced many degrees beyond the work of Benedict Biscop at Jarrow and Monkswearmouth, but it still belongs to the same great class; it shows no sign of the distinctive features of the later local styles; it still belongs to the days when a common form of art, such as it was, prevailed throughout the West.

(1) See Norman Conquest ii. 111, 456, 2nd ed. The consecration was in 1049, at the very end of our period, when the later Romanesque was already coming in. But the work must have been begun many years before.

But it is the towers which give us the best evidence for the unity of the architectural style of all Western Christendom up to the eleventh century. The "Saxon" towers of England, the tall, square, hard, unbuttressed, towers, with the mid-wall shafts of their windows, their rude enrichment of square strips and long-and-short work, are familiar to every student of such matters. Sixteen years ago I was surprised and delighted to come upon a group of towers of essentially the same character in the heart of the Pyrenees, gathering round that striking minster of Saint Aventin of which I have already spoken. In later journeys I came across towers of essentially the same kind in the great Burgundian Abbey of Saint Maurice¹ and in the great Swabian Abbey of Schaffhausen.² So close a likeness in such distant spots could hardly be the result of accident; it could hardly be the result of copying from one another. Earls Barton and Saint Aventin were not likely to seek their models at Schaffhausen, and Schaffhausen was still less likely to seek its models either at Earls Barton or at Saint Aventin. But all roads lead alike to and from Rome, and I felt convinced that the key to the likeness was to be found in all being derived from a common Italian source. The likeness among the various forms of Romanesque architecture answers to the likeness among the various dialects of the Romance speech, and it is to be accounted for in the same way. As I carried my researches further, I found towers of the same type in every part of Germany which I visited, at Dortmund and at Bremen, at Coblenz and at Würzburg. I found the banks of the Main and the Alpine pass from Innsbrück to Trent set thick with them. Once south of the Alps, there was no longer any doubt about the matter. The smaller and ruder examples of Italian towers are identical with those in our own land. There are towers at Verona and at Lincoln which might change places, without either seeming to be in a strange land. If Schaffhausen and Saint Maurice seemed like glorified forms of our own rude "Saxon" towers, the great Saint Zeno seemed like a glorified form of Schaffhausen and Saint Maurice. The matter seems absolutely beyond doubt. Up to the eleventh century, no less than in the seventh, men went on building "juxta Romanorum morem." They followed Roman models, not only by some vague tradition, but by a conscious imitation of the buildings, whether of the Eternal City itself or of the hardly less renowned cities of Lombardy and Tuscany.

The little that I have to say of the buildings of Germany will find its best place at this point. It seems to me that, while in other

(1) The present tower was built, partly out of Roman materials, by King Rudolf of Burgundy in 1014.

(2) The tower and the whole church are of a piece. I feel sure that the date is 1040, but I cannot at the moment lay my hand on any authority.

countries the Primitive or Italian mode of building was actually displaced by new developements of art, in Germany the Primitive style of Romanesque went on, improved but not displaced, through the eleventh and twelfth centuries, till all Romanesque everywhere began to give way to Gothic. The German churches of the twelfth century show us, in a greatly improved form in many features, which in England or Gaul we should unhesitatingly assign to a date not later than the eleventh. The difference, small as it is, between the earlier and the later Romanesque of Germany may well be studied in the churches of Soest—that strange, shrunken-up Westphalian Hanse town—especially in the two great churches of Saint Peter and Saint Patroclus. At the other end of the kingdom, the Great Minster at Zürich of the twelfth century does not differ essentially from the work at Schaffhausen of the eleventh. The work is rather more finished and rather more enriched, and that is all. Here, as at Mainz and Dortmund, and in countless other German churches, the massive square pier prevails, and it seems to me that one of the changes which mark the later German style is that the square pier now became dominant, and drove the column, for the most part, into quite secondary positions. In the two great Romanesque churches of Hildesheim, Saint Michael and Saint Godehard, we find, as in many Italian buildings, the square pier and the column alternating or intermingled. The capitals are of various strange forms, but what is most to be noticed is that they retain the Ravenna stilt, which appears also, perhaps in a less marked form, in the elegant chapel of Bishop Meinwerk at Paderborn.¹ The alternation of the square pier and the column, but without any of the eccentricities of Hildesheim, appears in the church of Saint Burchard at Würzburg, a building of the eleventh century of distinctly Primitive style. But the use of the column by itself seems in Germany to be confined to quite small buildings, such as the thoroughly basilican church of Saint James at Bamberg, or in the two castle chapels one over the other at Nürnberg, utterly contrasted as the two are in the proportions of the columns employed. The massive round piers, columnar or *quasi* columnar, with which we are so familiar in England, seem never to have been used in Germany at any time. With regard to the towers, the belfry-windows of the twelfth century supply a remarkable study of the way in which the Primitive coupled window with mid-wall shafts gradually changed in some cases, during the latter half of the twelfth century, into something more like the ordinary belfry-windows of our Norman, while in other cases the hardly modified Primitive belfry-window went on to the end of the twelfth century, perhaps even into the thirteenth. Here and there we find German buildings late in the twelfth century,

(1) The date is 1003.

or even early in the thirteenth, like the palace at Gelnhausen and some parts of the cathedral at Trier, which are still purely Romanesque, but which rival the richest and lightest buildings of the later Italian Romanesque. But, as a rule, much of the Primitive feeling hangs about German Romanesque down to the time when it finally gave way to Gothic. The towers especially, tall, square, unbuttressed, with their shallow pilasters and arcades, keep on Primitive forms through the whole of the Romanesque period, and even hand it on to many examples of the earlier German Gothic. That wonderful grouping of the many towers of the German churches which goes on through the whole Romanesque age, and which gradually dies out with the development of Gothic, is a purely national feature which has nothing the least like it either in Gaul, in England, or Italy. And the churches themselves, the great minsters even more than the smaller ones, in their comparative plainness, their lack of artistic composition in the main arcades, the general squareness and hardness of detail, the use of the double splay in the windows, all seem to belong to an earlier stage of art than the contemporary buildings of England and France.

In Germany then the Primitive style was not so much displaced as improved, and no hard line can be drawn between the earliest buildings of the country and the latest in which no signs of the coming Gothic have begun to show themselves. In other countries, the latter half of the eleventh century is marked by a distinct change of taste, and in England we find a distinct displacement of one style by another, just as there was a partial displacement of one language by another. The art of Normandy became the fashion, just as the speech of Normandy did. In Aquitaine it is hardly possible to avoid seeing the working of an influence from a more distant quarter, the result of an acquaintance with Eastern forms, Byzantine and Saracenic. In Italy the change took the shape of a falling back upon earlier forms which brings the architecture of the eleventh and twelfth centuries far nearer to classical models than the architecture of the intermediate ages. But everywhere the latter half of the eleventh century is a time of great architectural developments. The age when men's minds were stirred up to and by such events as the struggle between Pope and Cæsar, as the first preaching of the Crusades, as the great advance of the Christians in Spain, as the Norman conquests of England and Sicily, was an age which could hardly fail to leave its mark on art, as well as on every other fruit of man's intellect. It is no slight sign of the times that the mighty temple of Pisa was reared as a trophy of victories won by her gallant citizens over Saracenic enemies in fellowship with Norman allies.

In Italy then the change took the form of a revival. Between the days of Ravenna and the days of Pisa and Torcello, a style

had been worked out in the great churches of Milan and Pavia, in which the massiveness of the square pier seems to have reached its height, and in which fancy ran wild in the strange and grotesque designs of the capitals and other ornaments. Such a style, which seems to have developed its characteristics as early as the ninth century, had much in common with the Northern Romanesque, to which it doubtless suggested ideas. The interior of Saint Ambrose at Milan, so far as it remains untouched by the changes of the twelfth century, looks like a rude foreshadowing of one of our own Norman buildings. It must have been a distinct reaction, a conscious falling back on the more graceful forms of earlier times, which led to the restoration of the basilican type at Lucca and Torcello. The massive and cavernous forms of Saint Ambrose and Saint Michael were left to the nations beyond the Alps, and Italy again fell back on forms essentially the same as those of Spálato, till her national architecture perished in the vain attempt to transplant the Gothic of the North to an unkindly soil.

Beyond the Alps, the national styles which arose at this time differ, as I have already said, far less in their detail than in the general design and composition of their buildings. It is true that as the traveller goes northward, he finds detail growing less and less classical at every step. Aquitaine is more classical than France, France than Normandy, Normandy than England. But these differences are, after all, not very important. They are hardly more striking than the local varieties of style which we find in all times and places; the component parts of an Aquitanian building would often seem quite in their place in England. But the general effect and spirit of an Aquitanian church, with its wide and often aisleless body, its cupolas, its barrel-vaults, its pointed arches introduced when there is not the slightest sign of approaching Gothic, make the buildings of Southern Gaul as unlike as possible in general effect to anything to which we are used in Northern Gaul and in England. Where arcades are used, the rectangular pier, but in a less massive form than those of Germany, is preferred, as in the great abbey of Saint Sernin at Toulouse, a church which, built in the eleventh century, exhibits an earlier form of Aquitanian art, and which in its own class may almost rank with Durham and Pisa.

Meanwhile in Northern Gaul the familiar Norman style was growing up. We can trace its growth in its own country from churches like Bernay and Jumièges, where traces of the Primitive style still linger, to the fully developed Norman of William's own Saint Stephen's, and thence to the more gorgeous forms of Bayeux in the next century. The introduction of this style into England is, as I have already said, a matter of recorded history. It made its first appearance in Edward's church at Westminster, which was rising in

the new style while Odda was building his lowlier minster at Deerhurst in the style of his forefathers. The Norman Conquest confirmed the victory of the new fashion, but the two styles went on side by side almost to the end of the eleventh century. The churches of Bishops and Abbots, the castles of the King and his nobles, were built in the style of the conquerors, while the primitive forms of the vanquished still lingered on in lowly parish churches. Coleswegen at Lincoln built his churches in the ancient style, while the Norman minster and castle were rising above his head.¹ Ealdwine repaired the churches of Benedict Biscop at Jarrow and Monkswearmouth in a style not widely differing from that of their first founder.² And he did so barely twenty years before William of Saint Carilef began to crown the peninsular height of Durham with the noblest work of Northern Romanesque. The existence of two styles of architecture side by side, just like the existence of two languages, of two legal and social systems, is exactly what we should look for in such a state of things. Yet so hard it is for some minds to understand the nature of an argument that the fact has actually been turned the other way. The fact that some "Saxon" buildings are later than the Norman Conquest, as some Norman buildings are earlier, has been used to show that England had no distinct style of architecture before the Norman Conquest. Yet the fact that Coleswegen and Ealdwine built their churches in the elder style, while buildings in the newer style were rising everywhere around them, is a far more distinct proof that there really was a distinct earlier style, and that men were conscious of the difference, than any number of examples actually of earlier date.

By the end of the twelfth century then the new local forms of Romanesque were fully established in most parts of Western Europe. The relations of these styles to the contemporary Saracenic architecture, the stages of the Transition between Romanesque and Gothic, that is, the steps by which the architecture of the round arch gave way to the architecture of the pointed arch, hardly form part of my present subject. My business has been to plead for Romanesque as a true and independent style of architecture, to plead for it as a style of unsurpassed historic interest. I know not what may be the feelings of others, but to my own mind Romanesque is the most historic of all styles. A Romanesque church or castle always seems to carry me nearer than any other building to the men who dwelt or worshipped within its walls. In a grand Gothic building, the purely artistic effect is so perfect, so entrancing, that it is hard to turn our thoughts from the art to the history. Take the two minsters at Rheims. The metropolitan church is one of the noblest triumphs of human skill; for that very reason it is less easy to enter thoroughly

(1) See Norman Conquest, iv. 219.

(2) Ibid., iv. 666.

into its historic interest than it is in the Abbey of Saint Remigius. In the cathedral, the perfect harmony of pillar and arch and vault, the glorious colours of the windows, above all at the happy moment when the rays of the setting sun stream through the great rose, hardly leave us the will to think of the long series of pageants on which the painted forms in those windows have looked down, or even on that great day of all when the Maid stood, with her banner in her hand, beside the King whom she had led thither to his crowning. In the abbey, grand and solemn, yet strange, uncouth, and disproportioned, every stone seems to speak of its historic associations. Pope and Cæsar, Bishop and Abbot, rise up before us almost in their personal presence as they came together on the great day of its hallowing. We go back even to days earlier still, to days before the foundations of the present pile were laid, to the long array of princes and prelates who found their resting-place on that spot, and to the one day in all recorded history when a lawful Emperor received the crown of Augustus within the limits of the Western Kingdom. In the like sort, William and Lanfranc live at Caen, Odo lives at Bayeux, and William of Saint Carilef lives among the mighty arches of Durham, while later founders have reared works so perfect in themselves that we hardly stop to think of those who reared them. In a wide view of history, no time has a higher interest, no time is richer in instruction, than the long ages which pass on, like a stately procession, from the days of the Cæsars of Illyricum to the days of the Cæsars of Hohenstaufen. And alongside of the study of law, and language, and religion through those long and eventful ages, the study of their material works will form no unworthy companion. From the marble campanile of Pisa to the rude tower of Saint Regulus overlooking the Northern Ocean, each building has its tale to tell us; each brings home to us, in a way which earlier and later buildings hardly can bring home to us, the thoughts and deeds of the men who lived and died, who fought and wrote, beneath their shadow.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

THE MORALITY OF MARRIED LIFE.

"Scire tuum nihil est nisi te scire hoc sciat alter."

It is an old saying that nothing makes or mars a man like marriage. And the saying is true, for we are all agreed that marriage draws after it inevitable consequences, and those who marry in haste are left to repent at leisure, because it is thought to be in no one's power to help them. Another proverb tells us that marriages are made in heaven, but this is not in favour with matchmaking mothers, who think they can manage these delicate matters a great deal better than Providence. When a man is about to choose a companion for life, he certainly does well to consider that he is taking a very serious step; and it must be admitted that, if we except our common sailors, who have singularly loose notions on the subject, marriage is regarded by every class of the English people as a thing not to be lightly entered on. The chief reason of this is that marriage still exhibits itself, even to the English Protestant mind, in a quasi-sacramental dress; the next is that the obstacles to divorce are much more formidable in this country than in most others. Subordinate to these is a third reason, operating largely with that section of the community which occupies a middle place between the plutocracy and the masses—I mean the possibility of having to provide for a numerous family. If there is one thing which more than another is thought to be out of the sphere of calculation, it is the number of 'hostages to fortune,' which a man who marries will be called upon to give. As well set about to ascertain by a study of the Registrar-General's returns, whether the first child will be male or female, as try to speculate on that, "L'homme propose, Dieu dispose." "Leave such vaticinations," says Mrs. Grundy, "to the astrologers or the gipsies; you will have as many children as are good for you, neither more nor less."

And yet in spite of all that is implied to the contrary, in the ordinary parlance of the day, there is nothing, if we reflect on it, for which we are more responsible than the reproduction of our own species. All but absolute fatalists must admit that it is open to men and women to abstain from marriage altogether, or to put it off for an indefinite number of years. Opinions may differ on the question whether prolonged celibacy is or is not a good thing, but no one can doubt that the state itself is, at all events with the male sex, the result of free choice. It is a little wonderful therefore to find

thousands of married persons manifestly holding it to be their duty to bring into the world as many children as possible, whilst no one thinks of blaming those who remain single for not furthering the multiplication of mankind. But this is only one inconsistency. The strangest of all is that it seems to be taken for granted that marriage once entered upon, all control over ourselves not only ceases but ought to cease; and that, instead of the conjugal relations being subject to regulative laws, husbands and wives have no standard of morality corresponding to that which is set up for the government of other folk.

The time has arrived when it has become necessary to use plain speech on this matter, and I for one can no longer hesitate to avow my belief that this last view of marriage is not only vicious in principle, but often fraught with the most mischievous consequences. For what does it amount to? First, it involves a break in the education of humanity which is incompatible with the continuity of moral growth, and has no parallel in the processes of development of the physical world. Secondly, as held by the middle and upper middle classes, it means that man is free up to a certain point in his career, free, that is, to choose his own vocation, to work out the best part of himself, to enlarge his experience by travel, to recreate his strength by leisure, to store his mind with varied knowledge; but that when he marries he surrenders this freedom utterly, embarks on an unknown sea, exposes his fair hopes to shipwreck, here and there has to exhaust all his energies in the toil and stress of life—in a word becomes a victim to new circumstances, against which it is vain for him to struggle. Is there one of us who cannot call to mind a dozen instances of this kind amongst our acquaintance? Look at the poor married curates and incumbents, whose large families have passed into a proverb. Twenty-five years ago the man whose hair is now silvering with premature age, had a reputation in his university, was enthusiastic in the cause of science, conspicuous for general culture, promised many brilliant things; since then he has had ten children, for whose education (all he had to give them) he has overtaxed his powers till he has sunk to the level of his own drudgery, and his mind has become the mind of a pedagogue. His friends are at a loss whether to pity or to praise him most. "Excellent fellow," they exclaim, "but he has been sorely weighted in the race of life. To put out so many boys in the world is too much for any man." So is walking thirty miles a day up a hill for ten successive days, or any other similar self-imposed task; and if we do survive the achievement, where is the glory, if it leaves us at the finish but the wreck of our proper selves? We may perhaps have learnt some virtues in the process, such as patience, resignation, the habit of sustained effort; but these we could have made our own equally

well in other paths of life, gladdened by grander glimpses of God's universe as helps to lift our hearts to him. What right has any one of us deliberately to narrow his own intellectual horizon, any more than to cut off his right hand or put out one of his eyes?

If we turn from the husband to the wife the prospect is often still more melancholy, and this from the very fact that it is not considered either by herself or those around her to call for any particular sympathy. I pass by the recurrence of her physical suffering, the months of dreary out-look, uncrowned by any adequate reward when they only result in adding a fresh term to a series already too long. I pass by the heedless risking of the matured and more valuable life for one whose approach was no signal for joy, and whose chance of foothold now that he has come is openly acknowledged, by those who love him best, to be too faint for speculation. The unnecessary multiplication of children causes greater disasters than these, although not so patent to the superficial observer. It tends to arrest the education of the married woman at its most critical stage, and, by absorbing her whole attention, renders her incapable of fulfilling duties for which she might be otherwise fit, or might easily fit herself. Society, it is true, does not require a wife to be much more than the head-domestic of her establishment, and if her nursery is full it commonly permits her head to be empty. Where this is the case, the germ of the mischief may be dormant for a time, but the day inevitably comes when it springs into life, and the children have forced upon them the painful consciousness that they have outgrown at least one of their parents. Who shall say whether the maternal influence has not in that awakening received its death-blow? "A foolish son," says Solomon, "is a heaviness to his mother." It is equally true that a foolish mother is lightly esteemed by her son.

It cannot but be that both sexes should suffer when either transgresses the due limits which it is in the power of each to observe; but the deterioration which the woman undergoes in the process is far greater than that of the man. Everybody admits that this is true of the single state, but it is not less true of the married, and indeed has a wider application there; for whereas the enlarged sense of responsibility which an increasing family creates may act on the father as a spur to greater exertion, the concentration of the mother's whole being on the details of the domestic drama grows and must grow with each new birth, until at last her daily life becomes one theatre of trivialities, the curtain of which is never allowed to drop. Nor usually would she have it otherwise. Sufficient for her if the teething is not abnormally troublesome, or the pleasing variation of the measles and whooping-cough does not recur too frequently. Life for her has only two practical sides, maternity and the management of her household. The higher edu-

cation of women, she remarks, may be a capital theme for learned spinsters to descant upon, but, she adds with a complacent sneer, these advanced females will soon sober down when they have had half-a-dozen babies. Inquire her views on any of the topics of the day, her mind is either a blank, or, if intelligent, she catches up the last expression of her husband's opinion upon them, sometimes echoing his very words; ask her if she keeps up any of those interests which had so great a charm for her girlhood, she tells you she has never had a moment to spare since her marriage; will she play you that air of Beethoven which still, at the end of six years, lingers in your memory? she never touches the piano now.

Persons of this description earn among their admirers the title of motherly women, and any depreciation of them would be unjust if it were the plain duty of one generation to sacrifice itself to the next, or if the advantages to be gained by this sacrifice were such as to make it a legitimate one. But the first alternative is refuted by logic, and the second by experience. To suffer for the sake of posterity may, in individual cases, be self-devotion of the highest order; but to inculcate this as a general duty would be to promulgate the revolting doctrine that the scheme of creation is one of progressive misery. The popular belief that fortune favours large families is mainly due to the fact that when the members of them do passably well people at once begin to comment on it. The same amount of success with smaller numbers would attract no attention, or would be attributed to special opportunities. If the children are not to sink in the social scale below the position of their parents, they must, when numerous, bear a large amount of strain of mind or body, or both; and given a perfectly healthy frame, this may do them no permanent harm. But the cases are few in which the frame is perfectly healthy, and then the hot-bed system of education, let parents ignore it as they may, is little short of ruinous. Can anything be more baleful to boys of ten or twelve years of age than to compel them to endure competitive examinations in all sorts of subjects with which it is impossible that they can have any real acquaintance? Yet this is what is required in nearly all our public schools before a boy can enter there, and every year scores of mere children are turned away overwhelmed with surprise at the exceeding bitterness of their first rebuff in life. It is strange that a boy should have to be crammed before he is taught, but this is now the recognised plan, and as complete an organization exists for the one purpose as for the other. No wonder that the double process of manufacture is found to injure the raw material, and that whilst prigs and pedants are turned out by the gross, thick with honours in more senses than one, the rest are treated as of no account, or else cast aside as failures, like Beau Brummel's crumpled cravats.

Moreover, in forecasting the fate of large families, there is one evil star which is no rare phenomenon in their horoscope. Account must be taken of the proportion of dullards that are born into the world—that is to say, of those who, being without natural gifts, find themselves outstripped by their more nimble-witted rivals, and who are left behind in despair, not so much at the defeat itself as at the contempt with which it is regarded by the on-lookers. There can, of course, be no race unless some one is beaten, and the advocates of universal competition are therefore bound to require that weakness and strength shall be ranged side by side at starting, if only by way of doing justice to their own pet theory. This is all very well so long as both weak and strong are ‘placed’ somewhere at last; but we see every day that the weak not only go to the wall, but are cruelly squeezed when they get there. Who is to blame for this? The crowd that squeezes, or those that get the crowd together? And are we to acquit the originators of the fatal pressure, because they have acted unthinkingly or with that ignorant fanaticism that mistakes the indulgence of man’s inclinations for the furtherance of God’s purposes?

But the lot of the boys is an enviable one compared with that of the girls, who being the more feeble, are unfortunately also the more plentiful. Granted that education in their case may be procured at a much cheaper rate; but when cheapness and inferiority go hand in hand the purchaser gains little by his bargain. There never was probably a greater delusion in the world than the ordinary young ladies’ school; and the flimsy accomplishments learnt there, so far from accomplishing anything, are apt to evaporate after marriage as quickly as a blown soap-bubble. Nor can attendance later on at a few scientific lectures, even when the lady-student condescends to take notes, supply radical defects of intellectual constitution, due partly to imperfect training and partly to the mental tight-lacing of catechismal formularies which impedes the circulation of new ideas. But let this pass for the moment as beside my present point. Improve the education of girls as you will, all cannot be made self-dependent, and, as things at present stand in England, a considerable number of them cannot possibly become wives. A more unhappy condition than that of a middle-aged spinster, cast adrift with no interest and no definite occupation, it is difficult to imagine. The institutions of the country—such as hospitals and sisterhoods—can only provide work for a few. Others must seek their homes among strangers, where their presence is only tolerated for the sake of their purses, or become exotics in the establishments known as general boarding-houses, where the selfishness and eccentricity of the inmates are observed to increase directly with the time during which they have been ‘planted out.’

Such are some of the miseries which flow from the excess of population in that section of the community which enjoys qualified independence, and goes by the name of the middle class. But this is a small portion of the English people, and it is not until we apply the argument to the masses which underlie the whole fabric of society that we realise its supreme importance. It would not be difficult to show that to initiate limitation of numbers amongst those who support themselves by manual labour would be to introduce the germ of nearly every social reform, and that without such limitation social reform can effect scarcely any permanent good. Take the case of the agricultural labourer, as the one which for the moment engrosses the largest share of public attention. What is the ultimate value of a rise in wages, whether extorted by means of an actual strike or wisely conceded before a strike has become practicable, if there is to be no limit to the family wants which the few extra shillings a week are destined to supply? Where is the room for sanitary legislation when cottages are overstocked with human life, and neither doctor nor clergyman thinks of telling the parents that in their utter recklessness of multiplication they are wronging both themselves and their offspring? To reply, as is sometimes plausibly done by the optimist, that if there are seven or eight children in the cottage, three are certain to be bread winners, is only to reveal unconsciously the most malignant feature of the disease. To escape starvation hundreds of boys and girls have had to spend in stone-picking and crow-clapping hours which, if rightly used, might have served—who knows?—to colour their entire after-lives, now so uniformly grey and dull. Education Acts may interpose with the strong hand and expel from rural districts the absolute nihilism of ignorance, but even now it is thought too much to insist that the system of oscillation between field-toil and the three R's should be replaced by a continuous cultivation of intelligence during the whole period of childhood.

Some few years ago the propriety of newspaper readers was greatly shocked at learning for the first time some of the domestic economies practised by the farm-operatives in one of our home counties. That children of both sexes, fast growing up into men and women, should have but one sleeping apartment between them, or, as proved to be sometimes the case, should share that of the parents, was of course looked upon as intolerable. And it is fair to say that there is no landowner in the kingdom at all alive to the duties inseparable from property who does not now take care that every new cottage he builds should have at least three bedrooms. But even where this accommodation is provided, there is often great difficulty in securing the end in view, and if the third bedroom is given up to the lodger for the sake of the few pence he brings, the

mischievous sought to be remedied is only heightened by the arrangement. It is impossible to gauge the harm that may be done to any young girl, however naturally pure, by allowing her to become familiar with the coarser forms of life which it is part of the work of civilisation to throw into the background, and it may be doubted whether respectability could ever hold its own but for the conventionalities with which it is fenced about. The maiden's best safeguard consists in her ignorance, which is here only another word for innocence, and when the rude scenes of her early days have done away with this, the risk which she runs when she goes into the world is intensified tenfold. The evil here glanced at will never be successfully grappled with until the cottager is taught that if it is his landlord's duty to afford him sufficient room for his family, it is no less his own to adjust his family to the room.

If what has been said is true of the country, it is *a fortiori* true of the town. There, however, the social problem is further complicated by the general conflict now raging between labour and capital. The disastrous result of over-population in our great centres of industry as far exceeds the inconveniences which arise from a plethora elsewhere, as the intelligence of a skilled mechanic does that of the hedger and ditcher. Yet can it be doubted by the best friend of the artisans that if they were less numerous than they are, the rise and fall of the labour market would be within their own power? Why is it that in spite of the great increase in the price of animal food during the last twenty years, the advantages secured by the trade and the efforts of trade-unions, wages in England have not, on the average, made an advance of five per cent., and that during the same period in France and Italy, with a much smaller advance in provisions, they have increased forty per cent.? Why, but for the circumstance that the births in England have been relatively far more numerous than in Italy and France? Temporary scarcity there may be from cattle disease and like causes, but money must each year become cheaper at the butcher's as there are more mouths to be fed. Already production is admitted to be at an extraordinary high pressure, and although, of course, we cannot say that the researches of science may not carry the pressure higher, still the last proposal on the part of the capitalist to work our machinery on the double-shift or relay-system,¹ indicates that we have now reached the point when time must be economized by encroaching on the hours of the night, instead of, as hitherto, accelerating speed during the day. Beyond this we cannot go, and, things remaining as at present, it is difficult to see what is to be the next step towards reconciling the antagonistic forces. Although machinery may never stand still, it

(1) See Mr. Thomas Brassey's "Work and Wages," (1872), already noticed in this Review.

cannot do more than twenty-four hours' work in the twenty-four hours. The fact is that, look which way we will, there are unmistakable signs that the resources of the nation are being tried to the utmost, and it is clear that this is due to an excess of numbers. It must not be forgotten that the increase of our population already amounts to 200,000 a year, and that there are at this moment in London alone more than 160,000 paupers, without reckoning the habitual thieves and those who occupy the vast border-land between poverty and crime. Whilst multiplication goes on, the competition for land must be ever becoming more active, and, as Mr. Fawcett has shown in the *Essays* which bear his name, the margin of cultivation must gradually descend until at last every acre of ground which it will repay the farmer to rent will have been brought under tillage. Does any one realise what the thorough unloveliness of the face of England will be when this climax is arrived at? Imagine Windsor Park or Yardley Chase meted out into allotment grounds, and their glorious timber laid low to make room for turnips or mangold wurzel! Already the cry of commons and spaces for the people has been raised in the neighbourhood of our dense cities, and Epping Forest has in consequence got into the Court of Chancery. Not an autumn passes but the expropriation of some sequestered spot in one or other of our most picturesque counties calls forth the protest of some indignant pedestrian with an eye for the beautiful, who resents the exclusiveness of the landowner's notice-board to which, as one of the multitude, he is forced to defer. The toiling millions will ere long be deprived, in this and other ways, of all opportunity of making acquaintance at first hand with the grander scenes of nature, and will have to guess them from miniature specimens, to which they bear about the same relation as the ocean does to an aquarium.

But without being extravagant we may, nay must, go further. If there were no counteracting causes, sooner or later the time would come when this little island would be overstocked to such a degree that the great bulk of the inhabitants would be unable to procure the bare necessities of life; and ultimately this would be the case not only in England, but in all other countries of the globe. However unpalatable the truth, it is useless to disguise the fact that the sources of food are limited; whereas, but for war and disease (which many people openly treat as special interferences in man's favour), the augmentation of human beings would be unlimited. "Emigration," some one interposes; but emigration is only effectual so far as it aids equal distribution, and is, therefore, but a temporary method of dealing with the difficulty, which will have to be disposed of at no distant date on a more gigantic scale. And it has been well remarked that, before we rely on emigration, we must make up our minds as to the sort of persons of whom we wish to get rid. If the

most active and intelligent of our workers are to be continually drafting themselves off to better their condition in America and the Colonies, like bees in search of a new hive, it will soon be left to the old country to be served by the feeblest and most degenerate of the drones; and if the most helpless and indigent are to be shipped from our shores at the expense of Government, we shall not only be doing no slight injury to our neighbours, but holding out a positive premium to improvidence and incapacity. We have tried something of this last kind before, and we ought to be wiser now. The history of the English Poor Law is a series of attempts to repair the rotten parts of our social system by a species of tinkering which only added to the rottenness. In the last century we overloaded the statute-book with well-intentioned measures, which, by sapping the independence of the labouring classes, stimulated the very poverty they were designed to repress. The Act of 1834 dealt with the subject on a sounder basis by applying the workhouse test, and making pauperism a hard profession; but it has so far failed that the recipient of parochial relief is sometimes better off than the ratepayer who helps to support him. Many persons, in sheer despair, are now disposed to abolish out-door relief altogether, and leave it to be provided, if at all, by the casual ministration of voluntary charity. On the other hand, a good deal of philanthropy is occupied with putting down all private alms-giving, and has organized associations for the purpose. Between the two, the destitute mendicant, who is not prepared to go before an investigation committee, is likely to come badly off. I am not prepared to say that he deserves anything else, for in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred his destitution is his own fault, and the law is inexorable that men must reap as they have sown. But it would be deplorable that English civilization should only be able to deal with its poor by letting them die in the streets, or in their own miserable homes; and no wonder, therefore, that in the present calm of the political atmosphere the problem of harmonizing the conditions of living with life is rapidly becoming the foremost question of the hour.

If there is no remedy for the distress and discontent which meet us at every turn but the form of prudential check first insisted on by Malthus exactly seventy years ago, in his famous Essay on Population, we had best yield to our fate with as much resignation as we can muster. For Malthus offered man only two alternatives between which he held it a plain duty for him to choose, either total abjuration of marriage or its postponement, however long, until means of subsistence should have been secured sufficiently ample to render future penury impossible. Lofty precepts such as these, for lofty they assuredly were, were at once condemned as betraying lamentable defects of heart or head; some denouncing them as the pro-

fane utterances of the sceptic, others as the ravings of the doctri-naire. Both judgments were undeserved : the one because experience teaches us that Providence suffers us, if we will, to ruin both ourselves and those about us, so far as this life is concerned ; the other because vast numbers of men make it no secret that they remain bachelors simply because they cannot afford to marry. There are, however, objections to Malthus's remedy which are fatal to its general adoption, and these, as I conceive, are as follow :—First, it seeks to deprive us, at the very crisis when we are least amenable to reason, of nearly all that cheers and ennobles life without offering any moral equivalent or any which we are capable of realising as such. Secondly, it fails to furnish any standard of competence to which we can refer with security, since it prescribes no ascertainable limit to the number of the family, and therefore none to the pecuniary wants of the marrying parties. The first objection lies so much on the surface as not to call for any explanation, and all that Malthus had to say on the other head may be summed up in his own words—

“ With regard to the expression of later marriages, it should always be recollected that it refers to no particular age, but is entirely comparative. The marriages in England are later than in France, the natural consequence of that prudence and respectability generated by a better government ; and can we doubt that good has been the result ? The marriages in this country now are later than they were before the revolution, and I feel firmly persuaded that the increased healthiness observed of late years could not have taken place without this accompanying circumstance. Two or three years in the average age of marriage,—by lengthening each generation, and tending in a small degree both to diminish the prolificness of marriages, and the number of born living to be married,—may make a considerable difference in the rate of increase, and be adequate to allow for a considerably diminished mortality. *But I would on no account talk of any limits whatever.* The only plain and intelligible measure with regard to marriage is the having a fair prospect of being able to maintain a family.”¹

And he subjoins, in a note—

“ The lowest prospect with which a man can be justified in marrying seems to be the power, when in health, of earning such wages as at the average price of corn will maintain the average number of living children to a marriage.”

These passages suffice to show the shortcomings of Malthus's teaching, and its powerlessness to grapple with the evils he strove to remove. It is not addressed to the middle classes at all ; and, although philosophic minds accept the reasoning as conclusive, the burden of the practice is laid exclusively on the shoulders of those who are least capable of following the argument. A social crusade so conducted, is certain to achieve little or nothing. By a strange and unnatural inversion, it sends the weak and helpless to the battle, and leaves the stronger forces idle at home. The poor have many

(1) Seventh edition (1872), published by Reeves and Turner, London, pp. 498—9. The italics are the present writer's.

special virtues, but it is too much to expect that in this particular they should have a complete monopoly of wisdom and self-sacrifice. To tell a labouring man who has the chance of a cottage, that he is not, on prudential grounds, to think of marrying until he has mastered the law of averages, and that even then he is running a considerable risk, is little else than solemn mockery, and he is entitled to retort that he does not care to be more prudent than his betters. To him a wife is infinitely more necessary than to those of ampler means; for, the public-house apart, all his material comforts must be looked for in his own home, whilst his richer neighbours may satisfy all their wants abroad. It is one thing to have a club-kitchen, and another to have a kitchen for your club. If indeed we could all become perfect beings, the rule of life deduced by Malthus from the unalterable law of population, would be both practicable and safe; as it is, it has a direct tendency to promote the cardinal vice of cities—that of unchastity. The number of women in England who ply the loathsome trade of prostitution, is already large enough to people a county, and, as our great thoroughfares show at nightfall, is certainly not diminishing. Their chief supporters justify themselves by the very plea which Malthus uses to enforce the duty of continence, namely, that they are not well enough off to maintain a wife and family. If they could be sure that they could limit the number of their children, so as to make it commensurate with their income, not only would the plea be generally groundless, but I believe it would not be urged, and the so-called Social Evil would be stormed in its strongest fortress. The vice itself would become more immoral, because more without excuse, and its greater immorality would, as in the case of other offences, help to make it more rare. The world at large is only tolerant in matters relating to the sexes where the frailty of human nature makes it necessary that it should be.

Those who have followed me so far, will hardly need that I should add more by way of explaining my meaning; and I rejoice to think that there are not a few who are familiar with the moral lesson deducible from these remarks, and whose daily practice it has long since served to shape. It is, however, one thing to entertain a private opinion, which, although we ourselves make it a rule of life, we never impart to others, and another thing to tabulate our ideas on the subject, and publish them to the outside world because we believe that they ought to be more generally held. No great social reform was ever brought about that did not spring from small beginnings. Even those laws of health which appear now most obvious, were once nothing more than the registered experiences of a few individuals. Temperance in eating and drinking only becomes a settled habit when we have thoroughly convinced ourselves of its wisdom, either by

watching our own sensations, or by imagining the sensations of those whom we have seen suffer from its opposite. As between the different classes of society, the higher morality must always filter down from the educated to the uneducated. To hope that the importance of the limitation of numbers will be equally appreciated by the philosopher in his study, and the untutored rustic in his cottage, would be preposterous. It would be equally absurd to look for regulative control after marriage amongst the lower classes of the English people, when it is a thing comparatively unknown, and, even where it exists, is almost wholly unrecognised among the higher classes. When a rich man with ten thousand a year thinks himself at liberty to be the father of twelve children, his workman who earns thirty shillings a week cannot be expected to restrict himself to two or three.

Many will probably think the practical conclusion to which I point, wilder than anything that Malthus ever dreamt, whilst others will regard it with dislike or pious horror on moral or religious grounds. To the former I would say, it is premature to predict that any untried experiment will fail until you have shown that the conditions of its success are at variance either with established facts or with ascertained laws. In the case before us, the facts do not belie the conclusion, for, I repeat, there already exists a school of moderation, based on the convictions here stated, which boasts several disciples. I believe there would be vastly more, if the force of public opinion were brought to bear upon the question. Of ascertained laws which are fatal to its success, there is absolutely not a trace, except it be the law of our own inclination, which, if in earnest, we can mould as we choose, each strengthening each in the task. At present, however, no one thinks of lifting a finger to assist his neighbour in the matter, and as long as such perfect indifference prevails, and an impenetrable veil of mystery is drawn over the whole subject, every man's secret will perish with him, and the advance of the human race in this all-important department of knowledge will, for want of the power of transmission, be no more rapid than that of the brutes. To those again who raise objections which appear to them to have their root in morality, as distinct from revealed religion, I answer:—It would be entertaining if it were not melancholy to observe the way in which, both in writing and speaking, men are perpetually admitting the material inconveniences due to an excess of population, whilst they give the go-by to the obvious solution that the numbers of children born after marriage ought to be limited in the manner I have endeavoured to indicate. Test the principle involved thus. At present the country is suffering from the abnormally high price of meat. The foot and mouth disease among cattle and the threatened recur-

rence of the more terrible rinderpest, which scourged us so grievously five years ago, are creating wide-spread consternation amongst our breeders of stock; whilst the unsatisfactory condition of the potato crop and the rise in the price of coals are likely to make the poor man's coming winter a more desperate season than usual. A farmer who did not use every means in his power to protect his flocks and herds against the incursions of an epidemic, or to save the roots on which they live from being destroyed by blight, would be looked upon as a madman, or worse; not because charity demands that flocks and herds should be cared for, but because stern necessity requires them for food. Suppose that the rinderpest were to set in with such violence as to carry off in a few weeks one-half of the animals whose flesh we eat, it is clear that the residue would only suffice to maintain half the present population; and that, owing to the dearness which always waits on scarcity, the fraction so maintained would be the richer half. Would not every moralist declare it to be the duty of the lucky possessors of beef and mutton to restore, as far as possible, the equilibrium of demand and supply by abstaining from bringing fresh consumers into the world? This may be an extreme case, but if the duty exists in one state of circumstances it may obviously exist, although dormant, under any circumstances whatever. The particular conjuncture which calls for the exercise of this duty, and the precise limits which it prescribes, it is for each one of us to determine for himself.

There is, indeed a set of feminine thinkers—moralisers rather than moralists—who pretend to an intimate acquaintance with the dispensations of Providence, and, as Mr. Matthew Arnold pithily puts it, speak as familiarly of the Deity 'as if he were the man in the next street.' The language which they hold is something of this sort. 'You who seek to control the destinies of mankind by arranging so carefully the affair of your family, how do you know you will ever succeed in rearing the two or three children that in your shallow wisdom you have prescribed to yourself as your appropriate number? If it should please the divine author of their existence to carry them off at one fell swoop, or by what you call accident, your pride of human knowledge would have a proper fall, and you would be forced to bow your head in silence before the heavenly visitation. Bereft in your old age of the solace you had reckoned on, you would then be given up to the anguish of remorse, and would weep not only for those you had lost, but for those whom you might have gained. Your sin would then truly have found you out.' 'My dear madam,' I reply, 'do you not perceive that this line of reasoning has a double edge? While you remind me of my ignorance you really give me credit for more knowledge than I can lay claim to. I, do not know how to detect the occurrence of

these special interferences which you dangle before my eyes like a bugbear. I do not know whether my children will be alive ten years hence, be they few or be they many. I do know that if they are very numerous I shall probably follow one or more of them to their graves, and if you suppose that I shall sorrow less then because the lost ones can be more easily spared, you establish the very opposite of your own position, by implying that the instinct of parental affection is apt to become fainter, like light, by diffusion over a larger area. It is my duty to foster my parental instinct, which is surely as direct and precious a gift to me as the children which are its object. I refuse to be influenced by any such selfish considerations as those you seem to suggest. If there are two paths before me I shall choose the one that appears most in keeping with my entire being and with the general good. I cannot tell even whether I shall or not outlive my own wife, but as I hold that monogamy is the purest and best form of marriage I am not going to turn Mormon by way of meeting the contingency.'

It is equally futile to attempt, as some do, to cut short the discussion by quoting the old injunction, "Increase and multiply, and replenish the earth," for the cogency of the command has long been exhausted in its fulfilment. "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them," says the Psalmist, and he adds as a reason, "they shall speak with the enemies in the gate." It would be difficult to show that such a text gives any encouragement to large families at the present day, and it is certain that no poor clerk or curate ever harps on this string of consolation when he surveys the numerous olive-branches round about his table. But, however apposite the biblical extract may seem, the time is past when the language of a remote age, addressed to a wholly different race, can be detached from its historical surroundings and cited as a rule of modern life. To do this is to extinguish the spirit of the ancient records for the sake of the letter which killeth. There is no war however bloody, no intolerance however cruel and persistent, which may not thus be justified by authority, with the aid of a little dexterous manipulation. Neither can we accept the voice of the English Church on this matter without considerable reserve. In her Prayer-book she enumerates three final causes "for which matrimony is ordained." First, the procreation of children; secondly, as a remedy against sin; thirdly, mutual society and comfort in prosperity and adversity; and the order in which the causes are mentioned appears to be intended to indicate their relative strength. If the Church is right, the barrenness of a marriage ought to be a stronger argument for divorce than any other that can be adduced, for the ordinance itself must be shaken to its base when its principal purpose has failed.

The chief end of marriage, be it said in all thankfulness, is a great deal higher than this. It is a marvellous instrument of education. It develops the sense of moral responsibility, and, therefore, the mainspring of right action, more completely than any other determinant of our lives. It imparts strength to the weaker nature and softness and moral beauty to the stronger, blessing at once both him that takes and her that gives. The sweet companionship of well-matched minds, whose most potent bond of union lies in the very fact of their difference, is in itself almost a Religion, for it quickens the spiritual instincts, and enlarges the social sympathies. To refuse marriage to men altogether, or to require them to postpone it indefinitely after the maturity of their judgment has justified their choice, is to inflict an injury on the whole community by encouraging special forms of evil, perhaps even calling them into existence. Many a woman whose daily life is now dedicated to her dress, or her household, or who has become so entangled in the narrow meshes of acquaintanceship—which she dignifies by the name of society—as not to have an idea beyond, might have escaped all this bondage if imagined necessity had not doomed her to spinsterhood. Many a man into whose soul has stolen the slow poison of moral and intellectual cynicism, might have retained his early freshness if the example of some friend had not taught him to remain single rather than succumb to the yoke of marriage, with its heavy, because uncertain, burdens. Meantime, better perhaps not to pry too closely into the consolations which he allows himself, or the mode in which he seeks to reconcile what is with what might have been. If, as the phrase runs, the woman is the victim of the man, the man is as much the victim of the prevailing ideas respecting marriage which have raised unbridled license to the level of positive law.

Marriage, followed by the birth of children, stands upon a higher platform than marriage which is wholly unfruitful. Children serve to impart a new impulse to all that is noble in the character of both parents, diverting old feelings into new channels of love. Provided their number is so limited, as that they engage the affections without distracting them, and stimulate the mind without overtaxing it, the result is immeasurably good. Let this boundary line be overstepped and all is thrown into confusion. That which might have been a source of additional strength becomes a very fountain of weakness, and the blessing is, at least to the eye of the impartial bystander, turned into a curse. I do not say that the curse is not, in the parent's case, occasionally turned back again into a blessing; but it is the blessing which springs from resignation, and not that which springs from hope. The hermit in his wilderness did better than this. If he filled up his cup of misery for himself

he never offered it to others to drink, and at the close of his days he could reflect that he had laid no load on any one else's back. He did not add to the cares of the next generation by an unthinking and needless augmentation of its ranks. He left behind him no representatives for whom society was bound to provide, because, for lack of opportunity or power of push, they were incapable of providing for themselves. He made no contribution to the happiness of the human family, but he certainly did nothing to diminish it.

One word more and I have done. The object of this paper would be greatly misunderstood if it were thought that I intended to propose any panacea for the many ills of the times. My aim is much more simple—namely, to point out that the conditions of our existence are far more elastic than is commonly believed. I hold that this elasticity consists in the limitation of the number of the family by obedience to natural laws, which all may discover and verify if they will, and that such limitation is as much the duty of married persons as the observance of chastity is the duty of those that are unmarried. One of the main wants of the day is, as I conceive, the formation of a sound public opinion on this subject. Once started, it would gather force rapidly, and at last effect a social revolution of the highest importance, a revolution of which the course would not be traced in blood or riot, but in man's moral, intellectual, and material growth. The change cannot take its rise in that quarter where it would yield the most beneficial results—amongst the lowest strata of the English people. It must begin, in the first instance, with those above them, and, indeed, with the most educated of these. Let men co-operate to this end, and the opinions here expressed will soon ripen into a creed, which will be the watch-word of no sect or party, will fetter no freedom of thought, but be accepted as God's later teaching to his creatures, and a symbol of common devotion to the welfare of Humanity.

MONTAGUE COOKSON.

KANT REFUTED BY DINT OF MUSCLE.

THE author tells us that, "he has composed this work in German, because he thought it right to meet the philosopher of Königsberg in his own waters." Correlating this avowal with his name, I am led to infer that Mr. Montgomery is of British origin, and, in the first instance, of British speech. Here at once is an externality that is interesting, and all the more interesting when we find that the German offered us is a German which absolutely revels, so to speak, in its own mastery over its own self. This mastery, in effect, is perhaps excessive—"o'erleaps itself and falls," not seldom, I fear, "on the other." There is, as we know, what De Quincey calls "passionate prose"—a prose, that is, that greatly flings about, as giants might mountains, all those words that are known in a language to have an out-of-the-way sound in them from rare or exclusively poetical and literary use, and possess, consequently—if not in themselves, at least by mere vague suggestion—a strange and telling pictorial force. De Quincey was a master in this craft, and not by any means without measure in his very madness; but as much cannot be said for that whole host of writers whose cue it seems at present to make language, whether English or French or German, only to convulse itself, and foam at the mouth, and grin and gibber. Nor can it well be otherwise with these, for they have no concern with reflection; they are anxious about pictures only, sensations; they write to the imagination, or, rather, to the nerves. The air hurtles with them, as with innumerable missiles; and their reader, like some poor planet overtaken by meteors, feels pelted and peppered till he knows not where to turn. In good truth, no other mystery than this seems worth the following by our current writers now-a-days, and it is really what their current readers want. Blow breast, fill cheeks, speak images, turn the commonest things to monsters. That is the art of these latterday Claudians, that is the art which is alone applauded now.

So far as pelting words and never-ending clauses are concerned, this description is not inapplicable to Mr. Montgomery. His German is good, but it is riotously good, and he flings in it only what is heaviest. Perhaps it is the very foreignness of the language tempts to this, and he would write better, simpler, in English; where the more familiar epithets would prove less irresistible, nor seduce always

(1) DIE KANT'SCHE ERKENNTNISSLEHRE WIDERLEGT VOM STANDPUNKT DER EMPIRIE. Ein vorbereitender Beitrag zur Begründung einer physiologischen Naturauf-fassung von Edmund Montgomery. München, Theodor Ackermann, 1871.

into another and another clause. As it is, he certainly throws about German as an Ajax Furens oxen ; and his book, as a catalogue of the *knorrige*, the *körnige*, the racy, the pithy, might prove useful to Germans themselves. Grausam, grässlich, unerhört, ungeheuer, heillos, schwelgen, berauschen, Larifari, Wirrwarr, jähen Explosionen, Störungen und Konvulsionen—such words are as common in the pages of Mr. Montgomery as raisins in a plum-cake. He is ever in extremes ; we are either admitted into “fullest life,” or condemned to “the inexorable breath of death,” and blown as “Staub in alle Winde.” He promises to come gladly our “Horuspiciren zu Hülfe,” and grants us glances into the “entrails” of a “verpönten Monstrum ;” he talks of “Trödel,” he likes the word “piffig,” and he calls his enemies “eine Clique herrschsüchtiger Schwindler, geldgieriger Schlemmer und fanatischer Zeloten welche den lächerlich frechen Plan—!”

As regards his main business of “refutation,” Mr. Montgomery is not without a considerable amount of confidence—youthful confidence, shall we say—in himself. He speaks quite *treuherzig*, quite open-heartedly, of his “attack” on his “great antagonist,” explaining it to this effect :—

“May it be pardoned the impetuous ardour of a novice, that he has shown himself so presumptuous as at once to challenge into duel the most powerful of adversaries ? But the earnestness and the thorough solidity with which this extraordinarily deep-thoughted, profound inquirer represents his object, have failed not to exercise on me also a mighty influence. And as attack was once for all inevitable, it was only natural that, at the very first onset, I should directly throw myself against him and no other.”

But without further explanation, let us pass at once to see Mr. Montgomery at work in this. What I mean by Mr. Montgomery at work is, what is involved, in the first place, in the summary he extends to us of the “Kritik of Pure Reason.” This is well done. It may be that much has been accomplished of late in this matter—even in England—but Mr. Montgomery very certainly shows himself a most competent student of Kant. That this should be the order of his procedure, too, is exceedingly well-pitched—that before refuting, namely, he should show what it is he is minded to refute. This is an equitable proceeding, and clears the issues as well for the refuter himself as for the audience he courts. Here, then, after some time, Mr. Montgomery is to be found very praiseworthily at work. I know not, after all, however, that I can do more than indicate this. Considerations of space render it impossible to import into these pages Mr. Montgomery’s statement bodily as it stands. I must content myself with my own summary of the main moments in the “Kritik of Pure Reason,” implying thereby that that of Mr. Montgomery is, in my opinion, not, on the whole, in disagreement therewith.

The philosophy of Kant, like every genuine philosophy, is in

strict historical connection with that which immediately precedes it. It is an extension on and of the ideas of Leibnitz, Locke, and Hume.

Leibnitz opined that there were *a priori* ideas, Locke having asserted, *in effect*, that all ideas were *a posteriori*. Hume sought to make *overt* what was only *in effect* in Locke by attaching himself to certain cardinal ideas and demonstrating that no authority lay in them that was not *a posteriori*. This was particularly the case with the notion of causality. He assumed to prove that neither before nor after experience could we detect any *tie* that *necessarily* bound any effect to any cause. Or he found causes and effects, as he seemed to say, connected only by the ordinary association of the customary experience of the facts of the individual case. This gave Kant pause.

Further, Hume indirectly admitted, and, by a strange oversight, never sought to question, that of the two interests which were all that could engage human inquiry—*relations of ideas*, that is, and *matters of fact*—the former was (or were) undoubtedly of an *a priori* nature and independent of experience.

Here was matter that might import a whole new sphere into the *pause* of Kant.

Kant, that is, saw that the human mind felt the proposition, *Every change has its cause*, to be *necessarily* and *universally* true, and that to that necessity and universality no association of custom could amount. Whatever we know from having experienced it, we know *is*, but not that it *must be*. If there be a *must*, then, in any matter of knowledge, that *must* is in excess of the *is*—is in excess of experience. But there is a *must* in the proposition of causality—*Every change must have a cause*, and it must have a source elsewhere than in experience. The proposition of causality falls together, then, with that whole region named *relations of ideas*, and the industry of Hume, if to assert consciously with Locke the existence of what is *a posteriori* only, has been to assert, unconsciously with Leibnitz, the existence of what is *a priori*—and not in *relations of ideas* only, but in *matters of fact* as well. There is, undoubtedly, then, says Kant, an *a priori* in human knowledge, and my business is to discover its source, its limits, and its general nature. This, theoretically, is the whole aim of the “*Kritik of Pure Reason* ;” and the other two *Kritiken* only complete this inquiry by extending it to the remaining *Practical* and *Æsthetic* regions.

Now, theoretically, or as regards our knowledge, where can this *a priori* lie? Plainly not in what we owe to sense as it is *materially* affected. All that is *materially* known by the five senses—colours, sounds, odours, savours, &c., is only *a posteriori* known. Through these five senses it comes—to these five senses we owe it—and, so coming, so received, we know that it *is*, but not that it *must be*. The

a priori element, therefore, that is evidenced by the *must* of certain facts—Every change *must* have a cause, Every triangle *must* have three angles equal to two right angles—cannot be due to the *matter* of the senses, but only to something in their own native function, or in that of the cognitive faculties. Let us inquire, then, into the function of *all* our cognitive faculties in search of this *a priori* element.

Another light may be thrown into the general object thus:—Most mental acts are judgments. We say all bodies are extended, some bodies are heavy, all changes have causes, &c. Now such judgments are not all alike. Some are analytic, the predicate being already implied in the subject of which it is asserted, as All bodies are extended; and some are synthetic, the predicate not being already implicit in its subject, but being added to it from elsewhere, as Some bodies are heavy, All changes have causes. A little reflection will make this plain to every one. Body, really in the very conception of it, involves extension, but it does not involve heaviness; and the main endeavour of Hume was to show that the notion of the effect did not lie, was not implied, in the notion of the cause. Now, we see how we get at analytic judgments: we simply explicate what is already implicated in the notion of the subject. Body implies extension. But body does not imply weight—how did we get at that? The answer is, by experience. We have tried bodies for the fact, and we have found it, in certain cases, so. When we add heaviness to body, then we lean on experience. Is this so, with Every change *must* have a cause? No; the predicate added to the subject there is not obtained from analysis, and it is not obtained even from experience. We certainly do obtain from experience the fact that every effect *has* a cause, just as we obtain from experience the fact that certain bodies are heavy; but we do not learn from experience that every effect *must* have a cause, any more than we learn from experience that every or any body *must* be heavy; and yet, although we do not see or say that every or any body *must* be heavy, we do both see and say that every change *must* have a cause. How is this? This synthesis is not, and cannot be, of a *posteriori* origin; how, then, is it of a *a priori* origin? That is, how can we *a priori* add predicates to subjects, or *How are synthetic judgments a priori possible?*

We see that this is just another way of putting our one object in inquiring into the *a priori* elements of our cognitive faculties.

To this inquiry itself, then, let us now proceed.

But to inquire into our cognitive faculties we must know them. What are they? They are given us by Logic, and we may receive them from Logic with perfect confidence; for Logic is *an a priori science*. That is, Logic wholly eliminates all consideration of the *matter* of our knowledge—whatever we get from elsewhere—and

confines itself only to the *form* of our knowledge, or to what, in working up the matter of our knowledge, we owe only to ourselves and the intellectual faculties of ourselves. That is not only the position of logic, but logic has held good this position, neither advancing nor retiring, ever since Aristotle, or for more than two thousand years. In general, then, in any inquiry into the *a priori* we may assume logic as already *a priori*; and here, for our present purposes, we may accept from it the list it gives of our cognitive faculties. Now these are Apprehension, Judgment, and Reason.

Apprehension, as the very name implies, is the faculty that simply apprehends or receives—what? Why, necessarily the constituents of knowledge; and these are, in the language of Locke, either *ideas of sensation*, or *ideas of reflection*, while, in the language of Hume, they are *impressions* or *ideas*. Whether in Locke or Hume, this duality of general elements indicates a corresponding duality of general sources—the duality, that is, of Sense and Understanding; of sense, which is the receptive faculty; and of understanding, which is the spontaneous faculty. Of sense, whose character is *affection*; and of understanding, whose character is *function*. The logical faculty of apprehension, then, has plainly a double reference, one to sense and one to understanding. Understanding, it is true, has a wider reach than apprehension merely, and extends, as a general name, to the faculties of judgment and reason as well; for these faculties are also spontaneous, and rest on function. Of these in their place, but now of apprehension in its double reference; bearing in mind that what we want in either reference is only the *a priori* element, and that this element is at once distinguished by its character of necessity and universality.

As regards sense, its characteristic action, the contribution of the sensational *material*—smells, tastes, colours, &c.—is, because of its evident *a posteriori* nature (as already said), at once excluded. But what of sensational or perceptive *form*? Space and time are not material, for example, like all the other products of sense; they are only formal. That is, they are not sensations of the special senses, as sounds, colours, and feels are; and they have not objects, as all these have. Neither time nor space, specially and as such, addresses itself to any one organ—as savours, odours, and colours do; and we do not refer either time or space to individual objects, as we might this white colour or that loud cry. Time and space, then, if at all given by sense, are not *materially* given through organs. They can only be regarded as forms, pre-conditions, *receptacula* for all the individual material sensations that are due to the various organs. But if forms, they are plainly not logical forms; they are perceptive forms: they are not forms *thought*; they are forms *perceived*. They are *after* all, *perceptions*—that is, not *notions*. A

notion, mammal say, has its parts under it, and is preceded by them; but a perception—this sheet of paper—has its parts, so to speak, together and simultaneous with its own self, or they are in it. Time and space, then, are of this latter and perceptual nature, at the same time that in sensational elements they are so utterly and absolutely different from all other perceptions. For, let it be said at last, they possess what no other contribution of sense does, the *a priori* character; they are necessary and universal. All other contributions of sense can be thought away: *they* cannot; and there is no contribution of sense in which they are not implied, and with which they are not given. This general implication from the first with and in all that is due to sense, at the same time that they are not matters derived through any sense, does, indeed, as it were, brand them *a priori*. In short, they are neither inductively nor deductively acquired; they are necessary and universal, at the same time that they are *not* notions, *but* perceptions.

Space and time, then, are *a priori* conditions of sense, implied in the very constitution of our apprehensive faculty, as it were optical discs, spectra that project themselves ever on stimulus of special sense, for reception of the contributions of special sense. With this provision, then, it is evident that, so far as what concerns understanding in apprehension can relate itself to what concerns sense in general, there is a perfect possibility of *a priori* notions. The process is more particularly this:—All contributions of sense are passed on into the imagination, which henceforward is the keeper of them for whatever further intellectual purpose. Even these *a priori* sense-forms, then, space and time, will be in the keeping of imagination. The function of imagination is in general *reproductive*, whether for mere memory or for poetic transformation. But there is no reason why we should not conceive this function *productive* as well—so far, that is, as the faculty itself may happen to possess an *a priori* matter. Now, such matter it does possess in the pure perceptions, space and time; and this matter being, as matter, a manifold, a plurality, a complex of parts or particulars, may be figured as productively at command of imagination—at least *in potentia*; for there is no occasion that the *a priori* scheme we are suggesting should ever be applied or brought in use till *after* and *with* the stimulus of special sense. But productively to control these materials—even to have and to hold them—demands unity, synthesis; and this is only possible through self-consciousness. That a complex be brought into the punctuality of this “I,” or of this “I think,” every least constituent of it must be united the one to the other, and to the “me” at once. Pure apperception is the essential pre-supposition of all synthesis; and, while there can be no analysis without previous synthesis, synthesis is itself the condition of all knowledge. Here

now, then, we have pure perceptions as an *a priori* matter, productive imagination as a power of movement, and the transcendental apperception as a source of unity: we have not as yet any means of giving variety to this unity: for this we must resort to the next logical faculty—Judgment.

Judgment is regarded as a faculty of comparison. Even so its function can be seen to be the bringing of a plurality variously to unity. The various judgments, in fact, are but the various functions of self-consciousness, transcendental apperception; and what they are we learn at once from logic—logic which we have seen to be itself now completely *a priori*. They are in four general classes, respectively named Quantity, Quality, Relation, and Modality; and with three sub-classes under each. Under quantity, the sub-classes are respectively named universal, particular, and singular. Under quality—affirmative, negative, and infinite. Under relation—categorical, hypothetical, and disjunctive. Under modality—problematic, assertoric, and apodictic. In ordinary logical use the judgments variously so named are of analytical application; but it is evident that their function being the production of unity, such also will their action be on any *a priori* perceptive plurality, which productive imagination may bring to them under self-consciousness (in this function they are called categories).

This, then, is the *a priori* scheme that awaits the matter of *special sense*; and the disposition of this matter, according to that scheme, forms the context of our daily experience. How, then, it is that we *may* judge synthetically and yet *a priori* is now clear. *For* experience, *before* experience, there are conditions of experience inherent in the mind; and these, being universally binding on *all* experience, supply to experience the element of necessity which is the quest of metaphysic.

The scheme indicated is particularised in further detail by Kant to evolution of what he calls the ground-propositions; and these are named by him in connection with the four classes of judgments, or resultant syntheses (categories), axioms of pure perception, anticipations of empirical perception, analogies of experience, and postulates of empirical thought generally. In illustration of these it will suffice to take the second analogy of experience, or the causal series.

The import of this is that change in time is *objectified* by means of that function of judgment which bears on the relation of antecedent and consequent—objectified into cause and effect. Here, for example, is a cold stone which, the sun rising, becomes warm. So far we have only two unconnected phenomena, and a subjective judgment. When in regard to these phenomena, however, it is seen that the one is always first and the other second, *and that we cannot invert this order*, the *a priori* machinery ready for the case, acts, and converts the sub-

jective judgment of a before and after into the objective judgment of cause and effect.

So far the analysis of Apprehension and Judgment. We come now to Reason. But first a word here on what Kant calls an appendix relating to the "Amphiboly of the notions of reflection." The purport of this is to show that we must have a "transcendental reflection" to refer all objects of consideration to their "transcendental *topik*." That is, in judging we must consider the *place* of what is judged. That place may be one of sense, and it may be one of understanding, and these places are not to be confounded. To judge two drops of water as in understanding would be to find them identical; but in sense, different. This itself is of importance, and the gain further is a remarkably satisfactory critique of the main factors of the philosophy of Leibnitz by reference to the notions of Identity and Diversity, Agreement and Contradiction, Inner and Outer, Form and Matter, and the consequent suggestion to Hegel of some of the best portions of the "Logik."

On Apprehension and Judgment follows, then, the final logical faculty, Reason. And the question in its case will be, as in the case of its two preceding co-faculties, is there here also, as in those others, an *a priori* synthesis, due to its own inherent function, and constituting a source of universal and necessary conditions for experience? An answer to this question will depend on the function of reason. What is it? It is the subsumption of the condition of a *possible judgment* under the condition of a universal rule, and it stops not till this rule is—ultimate. That is, it demands the ultimate *principle*, which evidently, as all under or short of it has been only relative and conditioned, will be the absolute and the unconditioned itself. But the general form of the act of reason is the syllogism, and of that general there are three particular forms: these are, namely, the categorical, the hypothetical, and the disjunctive syllogism.

Now, the ultimate general quest of the first of these refers to the subject, that of the second to the object, and that of the third to the final unity that is the unity of these and of all. This will be plain when we consider that inherence is the import of the categorical, dependence that of the hypothetical, and concurrence that of the disjunctive syllogism. Or, that the threefold quest is respectively: 1, the unconditioned unity of all subjective conditions, in correspondence with the categorical syllogism, which affirms the relation of predicate and subject (inherence); 2, the unconditioned unity of all objective conditions, in correspondence with the hypothetical syllogism, which affirms the relation of antecedent and consequent (dependence); and, 3, the unconditioned unity of the constituents of a system, in correspondence with the disjunctive syllogism, which affirms the relation of the subordinate members to a subsuming whole (concurrence).

The result in these three cases is the inference respectively of the psychological, the cosmological, and the theological, *idea*, or of the subject as what is understood by soul, of the object as the totality of things, and of the supreme condition of the possibility of all—God. As judgment (in its categories) gives unity to the plurality of sense (in its perceptive forms), so reason gives final unity (in its ideas) to the plurality of judgment, and so to the all of experience. The ideas, then, as expressions of necessary *a priori* functions that condition experience, are transcendental, but if, and so far as, they are considered referable to objects that can never be perceptively given in experience—such use of them is transcendent. In all cases, however, they constitute an express and admirable provision for transition and support to the practical sphere. It will be unnecessary here to follow these more closely into their details. This, however, is the great frame of the “*Kritik of Pure Reason* ;” and, perhaps, I shall be pardoned for any little modification introduced in its deduction, as in what concerns apprehension, for example. Of course Kant’s great work is not to be supposed as herein *represented*. The rich details, the rich corollaries, are all wanting. Indeed, it is quite possible that all these great beams signalised may be rejected, and yet that the “*Kritik of Pure Reason*,” in the wonderful knowledge, the wonderful thought, the wonderful distinctions of its every sentence, shall remain as valuable as ever : valuable for ever it certainly will remain. Our business now, then, is to see how Mr. Montgomery meets this system, and how he proposes to refute and annihilate it beneath the feet of empiricism.

But, first, let us see how this system stands now in relation to philosophy in general—that is, in relation to philosophy as Hegel has left philosophy ; for, since Hegel, there has been no advance of philosophy anywhere. The question of *quid melioris* since Kant were indeed interesting to answer. It is impossible to undertake a full answer in this place, but indication of an answer is still possible, and especially in relation to the great beams of Kant’s system, which I have just described. It is to be borne in mind, too, that a difficulty present is that, for the answer concerned, we have not much that is direct or specific in Hegel, and that we have in general to throw ourselves on his spirit.

The general result of Kant’s *theoretical* inquiry is, that we know only phenomena, never noumena, or things in themselves. There is inference to an object, there is inference to a subject, there is inference to a comprehending absolute principle ; but in none of these respects do we noumenally know. The object is for ever concealed by the very affections of sense that alone reveal it. Nor is the subject different. The “*I*” or “*I think*” that, in one reference, may be supposed to stand for it, is but a logical unity that, as empty of matter, is no object of knowledge whatever ; while, in another

reference, the empirical ego, of love and hate, desire and aversion, &c., as given only through inner sense, whose general form is time, is an object only of phenomenal knowledge; that is, it is known, not as it is, but as it appears. Our own affections, the matter of knowledge, are disposed into a coherent context of experience on our own subjective forms of knowledge. The externality that excites the affections, the internality that extends the subjective forms, the absolute principle in which all is to coalesce—each of the three is utterly unknown. Kant's practical and æsthetic inquiries are supposed indeed to provide compensation for much of this, and even to explain why this is so; still, theoretically, we can claim no more.

Here, then, after all, we have much the same result as Hume's; and that was a swarm of ideas that had no connection save in relation to an unknown logical subject. Can Kant's view of either unknown object, or unknown subject, or unknown absolute, be said to add to this? The only difference is that Kant has somewhat arranged and classified the "swarm." Well, now, how shall we say that Hegel comes to this?

In general he makes objective what in Kant was subjective. Kant's world is a subjective swarm (of ideas) between an unknown object and an unknown subject, and under an unknown absolute—as it were a known phenomenal a , and a wholly unknown and unknowable noumenal x, y, z . Hegel converts a into an objective universe with x, y, z , as known constituents of it. Ever since Locke and up to Hegel, what is called philosophy has been only a subjective inquiry. Inquiry, that is, moved wholly in the cognitive faculty till Hegel pointed out the futility of such procedure, and advanced to look at the world itself. No doubt, optics are necessary (as Ueberweg objects), though we all know what light is, and, similarly, a science of cognition is necessary, though we all already cognise. But Hegel has nothing to say against a science of cognition: he only shows that if we are to test thought we can only do so *thinkingly* or *by thought*; and, consequently, that if thought is once for all defective, it can never trust its own inquiry into its own self. This is what Hegel means when, in reference to the inquiring into thinking before trusting ourselves to thinking (which inquiring as said can only be done by thinking), he recommends us just to set about thinking itself. There is no difficulty in knowing what we have to think; it is there without and here within. The very tone, so to speak, of Hegel's inquiry, then, is at once objective and not subjective. He will not shut the world into the cognitive faculty of the individual subject. "I," this individual subject, have such and such *a posteriori* affections, and such and such *a priori* forms and functions: these weave together into the web which is all I know, and this web, consequently, is merely a phenomenal we know not what! No; we must not take it so, but thus: this world, there as it is, and here as it is, is the *objective* result

of *objective* reason, and Hegel will demonstrate it as such. He acknowledges Kant's fundamental principle, *necessity*; but he vindicates it for thought as thought, and smiles at the conception of the mere fact of a *a priori* construction accounting for it. In other words, necessary synthetic judgments, independent of special sense, exist for him also; but he knows that, to build up an *a priori* scheme in the faculties themselves in explanation of these judgments, is futile and idle, and that they belong only to the evolution of thought as thought. Time and space are to him also universals, the universals of every sensuous fact whatever; *but they are objective*; they are not subjective spectra of each individual. So, with thought as thought before him, he will not, in ancient logic, like Kant, begin with the *petition* of a fundament: that to him were much the same as to begin with experience itself: he, for his part, will begin simply with thought. "Categories," there doubtless are to him, too; but they are not those meagre twelve only, suspended at the four ends of the cross-beams of school-logic: they depend upon, and they are, the system of thought itself, the *idea*; and the *idea* is thought's own necessary evolution. Lastly, what *Kant* calls the *ideas*, and which evaporate in his hands into the elusory images of subjective dream—these are to Hegel the fundamental facts: he knows nothing more certain, more pervading, more vital than the unity of the ego, the unity of the world, the unity—or the unity in tri-unity—of the absolute. In short, Hegel's philosophy is this:—He will not cheat himself of God's universe by any craze of the pedantry that deludes itself into the extrication of pre-suppositions out of its own feelings. He approaches the world as a knowable system of inter-dependences, and this system he would explain out of its own self, by means, that is, of principles, or a principle, immanent in it—so to speak, even *empirically* present in it. Once embarked in the quest of explanation, too, he sees what explanation imperatively demands. A principle, namely, that is *one*, that is at once *material* and *formal*, and whose form, *evolved*, is adequate to the *matter* of the *whole*. This principle he finds; and the first result of it in itself is an infinite internal co-articulated system, which, as internal (but *objectively* internal), and though infinite, is boundlessly intussusceptible and one. For next result, again, this *infinitely intussuscepted one*, in obedience to the native rhythm of its own principle, becomes *externalised*, and as *externalised* (that is by the very idea of *externality*) is an *infinitely disseverant many*. Lastly, the final result is that this principle gathers itself up and back from externality, rises from stage to stage of nature, as exhibited in science, till, returned into its own self as spirit, it develops itself from epoch to epoch of history as expressed in philosophy, and issues as absolute spirit which, though product and the last in theory, is producer and the first in practice. The realisation of this scheme may be all too imperfect and incom-

plete, even as everything human else is: but it certainly contains what is wanted; or full perception of the *needs* that explanation implies very manifestly underlies it. This too in its regard is plain, that it cannot be reproached with rejecting empirical fact and empirical science, or with being a mere cobweb of the brain, a mere creature of *a priori* construction.

From this sketch it will be evident that Philosophy, as at present constituted, rejects, in almost every one of its lineaments, the theoretical scheme of Kant. To Kant an external object is sensation of our own, so and so manipulated by intellection of our own; but for this sensation he postulates an unknown cause. Now, on his own principles, it is only the application of a category to an actual subjective sequence, and one actually subjectively necessary, that results in an example of cause and effect. That is, for this result there must, on his own showing, be *both* antecedent and consequent *given*. But in sensation (as such) there is given only itself, only the term that occupies the place of the consequent in a relation of cause and effect; the antecedent is not at all given. Here, then, for the application of his own rule, Kant's own preconditions fail. He can himself assign no warrant, therefore, for the ascription of sensation to what he calls the unknown transcendental object; unless, indeed, we throw ourselves on the simple fact of *change* in sensation. This object, moreover, is now asserted to be *known* by Philosophy: let our sensations be as they may, we really do perceive external and independent things, and an external independent universe. Time and space, again, are not functional projections of the individual subject, but actual objectively-existent facts. Lastly, there is no subjective provision of categories and ideas in the Kantian manner of an *a priori* scheme in the individual: these categories and ideas are objective constituents of thought. In particular, I may add, that the very key of Kant's position (causality) is the special failure. In every case of such relation, he acknowledges that the *sensuous* facts have a *necessary* nexus (subjectively) *before* the category (objectively) is called into play at all: this latter, then, is really a piece of machinery in excess of need. Hegel does not specially express all these things so; but we may hold them to belong to his general spirit. Now, in the event of the correctness of all this, theoretical transcendentalism has already perished; and Mr. Montgomery challenges a shade.

Mr. Montgomery's task in this connection, or as regards refutation, may be expressed in the following propositions, on which I shall make the necessary remarks as they present themselves:—

1. Leibnitz ruled that *intellectual* materials are the conditions of truth: that sense-knowledge is a *confused* knowledge—that the mathematical method is the method to be aimed at—that there are innate ideas—that notions are what is *allerrealst*—and that from them

truth is to be deduced *logically* by application of the principle of contradiction. Accordingly, Mr. Montgomery, as the sole *point d'appui* of truth is to him sense, is utterly opposed to the teaching of Leibnitz. I remark, however, that, applying a catholic criterion, Leibnitz cannot be regarded as *utterly* wrong. The world has not only a sensuous element but a logical one; and if even *things* are to be the standard, thought enters into them not less than sensation, and must be pronounced the higher element. Leibnitz's very principle of a "sufficient reason," rejected though it seems to be by Mr. Montgomery, must be held to function still. Mr. Montgomery expresses this principle correctly thus:—"That if a fact or a proposition be true, there must be a sufficient reason why it is so and not otherwise;" and Mr. Huxley but gives voice to the universal instinct, when he says, in his essay on Protoplasm, that "we believe" the qualities of water to result "in some way or other" from those of its constituent oxygen and hydrogen.

2. Locke destroyed the hypothesis of innate ideas, and proved that sensation is the source, at least, of the secondary qualities, though he inconsequently left standing a remainder of "abstract ideas;" he also signalled the capital and "all-spiritualising" truth, that we know not things in themselves, not noumena, but only phenomena: a truth, of which I only remark in passing that, not yet—at least, as it is understood—so thoroughly established, it is, perhaps, the very source of the fundamental error of the whole sensational school, which takes it only one-sidedly.

3. Berkeley ruled that sensations prescribe all qualities, primary as well as secondary, that the world is not only phenomenal but subjective, and that the notions of reflection being but remembered ideas of sensation, abstract notions are only names; and this, his description of Berkeley's belief, is equally a description of Mr. Montgomery's own.

In deprecation here there is room for a considerable amount of observation. In the first place, as regards abstract ideas, it is quite certain that we possess a power of abstraction and generalisation, that there are such things as resultant abstract and general ideas, that Berkeley's relative doctrine never proved satisfactory to catholic thought, and that it manifested itself in the end as unsatisfactory *to his own*; for it was expressly withdrawn from the third edition of the *Alciphron*, and it does not appear in the *Siris*. In the second place, I cannot see, from Berkeley's own usage of it, that the term notion meant to him only a remembered idea. He applies it to mental operations, and I rather think the sensational theory of notions as only remembered ideas, as only *copies of impressions*, to use the language of Hume, never made part of his consciousness. In the third place, though on his theory all was subjective, Berkeley cannot be said to have refuted the distinction between primary and

secondary qualities by any undeniable argument; and he seems in the *Siris* to have returned to it. His special argument, namely, is that primary and secondary qualities are not found disunited, and that where the latter are the former must be; but this, evidently, is inadequate. In the last place, is Berkeley's doctrine of idealism really proved, or is it but a word-trick? Is knowledge of an object by a subject anywhere possible—but within the subject? and must this knowledge that alone *withdraws*, alone *create*, an utterly impassable wall between them? We do know the object within, and we *can* only know the object within—that is, by signs within; nevertheless these signs are such, and our powers of inference are such, that we do know, that we do perceive, an actual outer independent universe. Mr. Montgomery is right here, however, in holding Berkeley's idealism to be simply sensationalism. Altogether Mr. Montgomery seems to me but imperfectly informed in regard to Berkeley, and very much to overrate his place. Berkeley was "the good Bishop," he was the *ingenious* Bishop, he was the *accomplished* Bishop, he was even, if you will, despite a certain miscellaneousness, the *learned* Bishop; but, however excellent, however charming otherwise as a writer, he is very far from being a primate among philosophers. He was a man apt to be struck by sudden single one-sided views, and to follow them impetuously while the heat lasted; but he was incapable of thinking out a philosophical *whole*. Then his doctrines in themselves? With the exception of those on vision, can any of them be said to be valuable? His few words on *notions*, on *primary qualities*, on *abstract ideas*, of what authority or weight are they? We admire his reading in the *Siris*, but no scientific importance can be attributed to that confused and even crude paper. Then—apart from his accomplished and benevolent intelligence in the *Querist* and elsewhere—is the single syllogism that alone constituted his remaining and main industry to be conceived a success? *Without is sensation, but sensation is within, therefore without is within!* That is but a cry; and that cry is pretty well the whole of Berkeley—ought it to be held enough to know that cry to constitute a philosopher? I have omitted reference, indeed, to Berkeley's theological element; but Mr. Montgomery himself intimates approval of that omission at the hands of Hume, and surely it has not much to recommend it in itself. In answer to the question, where does the rain come from? it is hardly satisfactory to *say*, just from a great *Gosse* (spout) beyond the clouds; and, in answer to the question, where do the ideas come from?—and Berkeley's ideas are the external universe of things—it is, duly considered, not much more satisfactory to *say*, from a spirit beyond the world who breathes them from moment to moment into our spirits. This will explain why this word *Gosse* is used by Hegel, in reference to Berkeley's *deus ex machina*. Berkeley really *was*, then, something of the *Schwärmer*,

which Mr. Montgomery reproaches Kant for having found him; he was seldom without a bee in his bonnet; he was always more or less of the enthusiast, the eccentric, the whimsist; and it has an odd effect to hear Mr. Montgomery telling Kant that he ought to have known what a master he had before him in Berkeley, and made himself familiar with his so substantial, deep, and nature-true doctrines.

4. David Hume accepted the whole teaching of Berkeley, with the exception only, as said, of the theological element; and added to it this, that the only tie connecting our ideas is but the expectation in the future of the natural conjunctions we have found in the past.

I have inserted *natural* conjunctions here, for two reasons. The first that Hume himself (especially in the Treatise of Human Nature), even when employed in destroying the "necessary connection" of the causal relation, is really dominated by the latent presupposition of "a constant natural conjunction." Hume's whole relative industry, in fact, was, by *overt denial* of "necessary connection," to *overbear* his own *latent presupposition* of "a constant natural conjunction." Possibly, indeed, the presupposition was not latent, but perfectly patent to Hume; and he was merely consciously maintaining that, for the usual natural presupposition as regards causality, no reason could be alleged, but only custom.

My second reason for the word *natural*, as above, is that Mr. Montgomery supposes Hume not to dispute the necessity of the causal *nexus*, but to *explain* it by an "intuitive," "instinctive," "automatic" expectation, in consequence of a previous "organic" conjunction in sense. Mr. Montgomery, in short, understands Hume to ascribe the necessary connection to nature, or, what to Mr. Montgomery is the same thing, to deny it of thought, and assert it of sense. "No," he says, "happily the necessary connection of the sensuous manifold has not been left to a function of our pitifully poor, dull, bungling thought, liable as it is to uncountable errors; nature has provided more securely for our safety;" that is, as regards the causal relation, "the irresistible necessity that arises involuntarily in us," is a suggestion of nature, through organic process of sense.

That understanding of Mr. Montgomery does not agree, evidently, with the common one here in regard to Hume. Mr. Montgomery is certainly right in assuming that Hume was aware of necessity somewhere, that he was aware of nature somewhere; but still he (Hume) had no object but to shock and shake the assumed necessity of nature, by arguing that nothing could be shown for it but a *customary* transition in the *imagination* of the mind. Though falling into a mistake in this latter respect, it is pleasant to see Mr. Montgomery constitute an exception to his usual sensational brethren here; they, the simple, faithful disciples that they are, take their master literally, see nothing

of the twinkle in his eye, stolidly deny the necessary connection, and as stolidly support (what is to them by no means the same thing) *invariable* succession of antecedent and consequent. Mr. Montgomery holds by the necessity, then; but he relegates it to sense. In short, Mr. Montgomery's theory of causality, is what has been called *indissoluble association*. Extension is indissolubly associated with colour, the determinations of touch with the determinations of sight, the cause with its effect, the sign with its meaning; and the indissolubleness of the association itself is due to the mysterious organic power of sense. The "cementing," he says, takes place "only in sense;" and "the more directly the actual impressions in sense fall on each other, the more intimately, the more indissolubly, they are connected together in it." Extension and colour are "contemporaneous impressions;" and the association is more complete with them, than between impressions present (say of sight), and impressions remembered (as of touch), but *capable* of "contemporaneous realisations." The latter association, again, is more powerful than that of a perceived antecedent with a remembered consequent, for realisation here is always successive and never contemporaneous. Lastly, the association is much looser in the case of signs, as of a portrait, say.

From these examples we see that, in his theory here, Mr. Montgomery, after all, only sensualises what is ordinarily known as the association of ideas, and that in placing causality in it (sensualised though it be), he as much precludes an explanation of necessity as, in custom, Hume. Neither differs from the other, in fact, so far as both refer to association: the only difference is, that association is to Hume mental, while to Mr. Montgomery it depends somehow on a "process in sense itself," on "an intuitively acting natural power, organized in the sense of the subject." Still, as he adopts all that is of a sensational tendency in the teaching of Locke and Berkeley, so Mr. Montgomery conceives himself also to adopt, and as such, Hume's doctrine of causality. He tells us that "at the time it was advanced it was a potent innovation, however far from strange it may seem to us now." This is a *naïve* testimony to the state of his belief on the part of Mr. Montgomery. Nevertheless, after all, is it so certain that there is in Hume's doctrine little to surprise now? For my part, I have to confess that for a considerable time past I have been inclined to suspect that Hume has only treated us in his *Satz* of causality as Charles II. treated the *savans* in his *Satz* of the fish. As it was not found true, once the trial was thought of being made, that the dead fish and the live fish differed in weight, so, similarly, it may not be found true that we can affirm nothing about the *rationale* in the sequence of causality, whether *a priori* or *a posteriori*. Of course it is quite true that absolutely *a priori* nothing whatever can be said of anything whatever. Present anything whatever to a perfectly new-born mind, and it must, perforce, remain dumb; it cannot have a single

observation to advance. But such extreme case apart, it does seem to me that it is by no means necessary for us to remain dumb, whether after, or even before, recognition of a sequence of causality ; it does seem to me that we have much to say of *rationale* both before and after many such sequences, and that Hume, like Charles II., has carried off our confidence here by a *coup de main*, the mere boldness of which has hitherto suppressed doubt. A certain experience is undoubtedly involved, but I can tell *a priori* that a pound weight will weigh down a half-pound one, and *a posteriori*, I am at no loss to explain the reason of the effect. Strap and Roderick Random, when visited from above while thundering at the door of the M.P. in the early morning, were at no loss as regards the cause of their wet clothes. Water does not extinguish a torch, nor a stick break a stalk of wheat, without a reason that can be given. We know in these cases that we have not before us mere antecedents and consequents simply together ; we know that they are connected—necessarily connected—and we know the reason of the connection. In short, Sir John Herschel's dictum here is the right one : " Whatever attempts may have been made," he says, " by metaphysical writers to reason away the connection of cause and effect, and fritter it down into the unsatisfactory relation of habitual sequence, it is certain that the conception of some more real and intimate connection is quite as strongly impressed upon the human mind as that of the existence of an external world." Even so ; still it is not pretended that the *rationale* of this connection is in every case known. Known, however, in a great variety of cases it certainly is, and the whole progress of empirical science is just to give the lie to the dictum of Hume—a dictum, by-the-bye, which he only sceptically *maintained*, and neither *proved* nor *believed*. In a word, *all change must have a cause* is the universal of reason here, and the necessity of that universal is the necessity also of every particular. Or to take it closer, there is no possibility of explaining the *difference* of cause and effect but by demonstrating their *identity*—a demonstration often possible, and always rightly assumed possible. It may be pertinently asked, indeed, whence in this world the *difference* then ? and the question is, perhaps, capable of an answer, but not here.

It is with causality, then, as with a great many of these other questions. An innocent acquiescence is yielded to mere assertion. Often, indeed, in a manner still more innocent we allow ourselves not to know a thing, and just for that very quality that is its evidence, and its nature, and its very self. Our very knowledge of an external world, for example, just because it is *knowledge*, is made our ignorance. *Quality*, again, which is the very *raison d'être* of *substance*, is held up, not as that, not as the reason to affirm, but as the reason to deny it. Then *motive*, which proves free-will, which just is free-will, shall be held to be the express constituent that neutralises and renders it

impossible. Similarly, Mr. Montgomery asserts, from Hume, that we cannot get from experience what is beyond experience—that is, we cannot get to the universal because of the particulars; whereas the truth is, that just because of the particulars is it that we do get to the universal. People will not come much speed in philosophy till they can see in the stroke the counterstroke.

5. Kant assumed to demonstrate that pure reason, or that the cognitive faculties—apprehension, judgment, and reason—of themselves, and in priority to all experience, prescribe an *a priori* scheme, both constitutive and regulative, which may be supposed to possess some such application to the various particular facts of experience as, in a language, grammar may to the various particular words of the dictionary.

6. Mr. Montgomery's own proposition is, that sensation prescribes all knowledge, that sensation and memory unite it, and that all else is but embodied fiction of figurative abstraction.

As the latter of these two propositions is what is supposed to destroy and replace the former, both are taken together. Mr. Montgomery will probably acknowledge the correctness of both, though the phraseology of the one differs slightly from his own, and though it is not quite certain that he has yet, with full consciousness, adopted the last clause of the other. It is not quite certain, that is, whether Mr. Montgomery postulates an external world beforehand, which acts so-and-so on us, and leads to such-and-such body of belief, or whether he postulates sensation only, and with it alone blows out a bubble of the imagination that is a figurative embodiment of it (the world). This last position I *assume* to exist, but *assume* only; for the writers who seem to hold it, if quite clear as regards the relative theory to themselves, are by no means clear in the same respect to their reader—at least to me, for one. Perhaps they simply take pleasure in the perplexity they foresee, when they talk of the results of their machinery as already being there and around their machinery, at the same time that they slyly know these results to be still shut into their machinery, and never to have escaped from it. They talk of the sweep of a muscle in space, for example, when they only mean the sweep of space in a muscle. For it appears to me that to them muscular sensation must present itself as a ratchet wheel, that receives in its own centre the feelings of its own movements, and accordingly in that centre bodies out its own mere subjective dream as the objective realisation of these feelings. It would really be a kindness on the part of sensationalists if they themselves would say as much; for while some of them actually do postulate an external world beforehand which sensation only *learns*, others, *who speak in general precisely the same language as these*, seem to drop, so strangely every now and then, into mere holes and corners, such broken hints and furtive tokens as would point to belief in the actual *creation* of the world at

the hands of sensation. If any of these gentlemen actually entertain this belief, I really cannot imagine why they should be unable to express it. There is no reason why the whole theory might not be perfectly directly, perfectly unmistakably, evolved.

This, then, is so with Mr. Montgomery also: if he believes in the object as but the subject's emblemising dream on hint of sensation, he has not been careful, as at least it seems to me, to express himself with the necessary explicitness. He, for one, I am sure, however, has no disinclination to be explicit, and now that it is pointed out to him, we may confidently expect before long solution at his hands. And such solution will be very welcome, for so obscure hitherto have the relative statements been, that I fancy the majority of readers now only for the first time hear of a theory that holds the subject merely pictorially to dream the object, as thereto pricked by sensation.

But let the state of Mr. Montgomery's belief be what it may, what he calls "*die Muskelthätigkeit*," muscular action, is certainly the centre of his thought: let its ultimate sweep be what it may, it is certainly by muscle that he would destroy Kant. No wonder, then, that he is resolved to make what concerns time and space as "pure perceptions," the element and the hinge of the whole Kantian doctrine. He, for his part, *knows* that these "perceptions" are but *muscular actions*, and consequently feels sure *d'avance* that, that demonstrated, the whole vast chaotic abortion topples. Here, in one extract, is the germ of Mr. Montgomery's entire thought:—

"The Kantian cognitive theory offers, on every one of its transcendental stations, points of attack, onwards from which the whole, part by part, may be destroyed. But the true key to the entire system of this transcendental idealism lies in the pure 'perception.' . . . There needs, then, only the refutation of this *one* fundamental position, and the whole laborious fabric sinks helplessly together. . . . We have shown that infinite time, and infinite space, are in truth not perceptions but only abstractions. . . . that a veritable *a posteriori* element, an empirical material, a sensation, underlies every true perception of space and time. . . . that this empirical material consists in feelings called into consciousness by muscular action. . . . Certain muscular actions, then, successively experienced, and reproduced in memory, as a collective unity, are the material from which the objects of mathematics are constructed. The so-called mathematical synthesis, therefore, is no *a priori* operation, nor its products *a priori* cognitions, but, like every other empirical synthesis, it is a concatenation of sensations, and its products, like all other materials of knowledge, are objects of experience."

Obviously, then, for the construction of a universe, Mr. Montgomery has but few wants. With sensations of special sense and muscle, all is accomplished; for, with Mr. Montgomery, that these materials are combined and reproduced—organically—by mere process of nature—in the same organ in which they arise, follows of course. There is nothing to Mr. Montgomery but the one natural power of organic sense; that is to him at once sensation, memory, and consciousness, for we are expressly told that memory is but an

organic secretion, and that consciousness also is an organic operation of—is, in fact, just an abstract name for sensation.

As regards Kant, it will probably suffice here to say that, as is evident from the single quotation, Mr. Montgomery has not met Kant's problem, but simply—where he has not quite neglected it—gone round it. To Kant's argument knowledge of sense only tells us what *is*, not what *must be*, there is not a word of reply in Mr. Montgomery. Of course, *he* is quite satisfied that whatever is brought about by *force of muscle* must be necessary; but his satisfaction is not necessarily anybody else's, and Kant's reply would be enough for Kant himself, and a great many others:—muscular sensation, like all other sensation, tells only what *is*, not what *must be*. Kant, moreover, acknowledged the advantage—on its own field—of all that physiology in the case of Locke, and had all before *him* that Mr. Montgomery brings before *us*—except, indeed, the “Muskelthätigkeit.” But as to that, can there be any doubt that Kant's answer would have been as above? We have muscular movement always *in potentia* certainly; but no muscular movement can tell us more than that it *is*, never that it *must be*. Muscular movement is not intellectual evidence. Let it even, with the other senses, teach us, *ay create*, the external world, it must remain all the same for ever sensuous. Will Mr. Montgomery pretend that, even granting a triangle to be wholly made by muscular movement (which, of course, is untenable), it is the having made it enables us to see that its three angles are equal to two right angles? He may say, indeed, that the proof is mediated by muscular movement. But even granting that, it was only an intellectual perception that led to the proof, and it could not be otherwise, though muscular movement accompanied every step of the process (as will be more evident when we consider the true nature of space). But even at present as much as this should be plain. Thousands of men shall draw thousands of triangles, even outwardly, and never arrive at any such knowledge,—surely not without a sufficiency of muscular movement. Nay, thousands of men shall actually measure thousands of triangles thousands of times, and though they arrive at the *fact*, shall not, with all their expenditure of muscle, arrive at the *insight*. “Intuitive organic act of nature”—that may be enough to explain the *evidence* to Mr. Montgomery, but to whom else? That it is *intuitive* is just what requires to be explained; and, while muscle cannot create but must presuppose space, intuition is impossible without space.

Whatever be the nature of pure perception, then, it cannot be maintained that Mr. Montgomery has *created* it by muscle, for muscle is powerless to reply to Kant's problem of apodictic evidence. But if Kant's main inquiry as to how synthetic propositions *a priori* are possible, has failed of an answer from Mr. Montgomery, it will be impossible to deny Mr. Montgomery's unsuccess in his entire

enterprise. It will be desirable, nevertheless, to see that this is actually so in the other parts of the scheme as well as in perception. And first of apodictic validity in matters of fact: failing to account for such validity in intuition, or in Hume's *relation of ideas*, has Mr. Montgomery been more successful in *matters of fact*? Not a whit; Mr. Montgomery only brings forward here association through organic process of sense, an answer that differs from the answer of Hume—which answer it was that led to Kant's whole enterprise—only by an additional coating of sense, and consequently by an additional coating of delinquency. It is surely not so that Hume's drawbacks are to be repaired.

Mr. Montgomery's main efforts are confessedly directed against these Kantian elements which have just been seen, and, after Mr. Montgomery's failure in these, we shall not be unprepared for his failure in the others also. Accordingly he is particularly unfortunate in the consideration that follows next—the synthesis of understanding through imagination and under the categories. As for the categories he deigns them scarcely any attention, and yet the categories are by far the most important portion of the transcendental machinery, and they still stand. *In fact, it is quite certain that there can be no perception till the understanding has added a notion.* Mr. Montgomery's "organic" association, which, as usual, is all he has to bring forward here, is inapplicable as a substitute. There are few things in Kant more convincing than the synthetic function of apperception, and we fail to see it supplanted by the very sensation that postulates it, even though called "organic," "spontaneous power of nature," &c., by Mr. Montgomery. Even in "productive imagination," where Mr. Montgomery finds himself again high in heart across muscle, Mr. Montgomery is anything but a conqueror. The function of this faculty to Kant is the keepership of the manifold of pure perception, whose particulars it is supposed to hold in synthesis, with power to move among them. Now it is precisely in this power to move that Mr. Montgomery sees his opportunity. "What! power to move without muscle?" he cries; "oh no, that is impossible. You must mount muscle for that; you cannot move a peg even in pure perception, even in imagination, but through the aid of muscle." Well, this *may* be so; perhaps when we follow objects in imagination we really are following them with muscle—with the "muscles of our eyes" say; but what of dreams? Are we to suppose that this wonderful "*Muskelthätigkeit*" persists even in our sleep? Of course it is easy to say Yes, but it is quite as easy and a great deal more reasonable to say No; and thus it must stand. That is, so far as we yet see, we must hold imagination to be quite capable of motion—without a muscle.

There remain for mention now only the Ideas, and these also Mr. Montgomery refers to sense—simply assertorically. "To pro-

cure them," he says, "an appropriate origin in actuality, we have only to descend deep into sense, to the point, namely, where the sensations separate with natural necessity into objective and subjective groups." As one sees, this style of explanation has little mystery about it; once with *natural necessity* to back us, we can see *objective* and *subjective* groups fall right and left at a word of our mouths. Mr. Montgomery is particularly irate at these ideas of Kant; he suspects him of "ogling," through these "mere fictions," "Theology"—that infamous drab, Theology—and his virtuous gorge rises into his mouth. His horror is unaffected. "An hypothetical zero exalted into the absolute All! How dared he, else so faithful, so duty-true, hang the giant-burden of morality on this rottenest of cobwebs? In rags with the web of lies, in pieces with the rotten lines from which humanity convulsed and agonised, still dangles between heaven and earth! In direct contact, in inmost union with her, the universal genitrix, may a nature-grown, home-adoring generation, a robust, all-active people ripen upwards into the higher world-development!" We must all have our Fetishes it seems; it is wonderful with what bundles of old rags a young man will content himself! But Mr. Montgomery does poor Kant justice in one respect where he has hitherto received only denunciations. He points out that the Ideas—God, the Soul, Free-will—were to Kant the prime interests, and that, all through the "entire field of speculative negation" of the Alleszermalmender, he had no object but to "preserve" them for his "grand practical ends."

Much, then, of Kant's machinery must fall—has fallen; but, *so far*, we have not seen a single spar fall to the axe of Mr. Montgomery.

Mr. Montgomery himself naturally thinks differently. To him it is even superfluously self-evident that muscle is adequate to space and time, is adequate also to the apodictic, mathematical or other. As for the apodictic, that muscle *makes* it—this is his theory, and we have already seen its inadequacy. The *making* of a triangle, I think we must now be all convinced, even if muscles do make it, has nothing whatever to do with the intellectual *evidence* involved in its analysed relations. These are utterly beyond the muscles—blind hewers of wood and drawers of water—that mechanically perform the construction. Let them even *measure* it, and they are as far off as ever from the truth concerned.

Nor are Mr. Montgomery's muscles one whit more satisfactory as regards—let us, to leave out time, only say—space. Mr. Montgomery, in this reference, holds that we only know particular spaces, and that what is called space is an abstraction, in the same way that, if we assumed for all particular stones, for all particular triangles, for all particular pleasures, respectively, a universal stone, a universal triangle, and a universal pleasure, these too would be abstractions. The very naming of such a doctrine is to any *reflec-*

tion its own refutation. These universal stones, triangles, and pleasures, are indeed abstract notions, products of generalisation, but space is not a *notion* but a *perception*, and Kant has at least proved *that*. Stone itself, triangle itself, pleasure itself: these are *seen* to be intellectual products of the sensuous individuals, which are *logically under* each. The former are never for a moment supposed to be necessarily and sensuously existent pre-conditions of the latter. But particular spaces are *in* space; and, without *it*, *they* cannot be. A logical whole, and the parts of a logical whole, are transcendently different from a perceptive whole, and the parts of a perceptive whole. We can conceive, and we do conceive, a single object called space quite as readily as we either can or do conceive particular spaces; and, so conceiving, we see these particular spaces to be constituent parts of the one sole space, all at once and together with it. But we neither can nor do conceive a single object called pleasure, or a single object called stone, or a single object called triangle, the parts of which are, respectively, particular pleasures, particular stones, particular triangles, constitutive of it, all at once and together with it. In short, the relation of whole and parts *conceptively* and *perceptively* are absolutely disparate; and it is even comical to hear Mr. Montgomery reproaching Kant with not having thought of pleasure for pleasures, stone for stones, and triangle for triangles, as he thought of space for spaces. Mr. Montgomery has well thrashed Leibnitz for his confusion of logic and perception; how can he possibly think his own back safe? Of course he intrenches himself still in his hypothesis of muscle; he says to himself all particular spaces are but particular muscular movements, and space generally is but muscular movement generally—that is, *in potentia*, and hence the abstraction. This is expressing his own theory in the strongest manner possible, and, so expressed, it has certainly a face of plausibility. But then—is it true? I, for one, with the best reference I can make both to common sense and reflection, say it is *not* true; muscles neither make particular space nor general space; both are *perceptions*. That is, they are not subjective phantasies on subjective sensations, but actual outward facts seen. And here we come to the point. The only true doctrine is Reid's—there is sensation, but there is also perception; the former is but a sign whereby the latter (with help of intellectual inference—which, on the whole, Reid did not add) cognises an actual outer independent universe. This is the doctrine of common sense, of the best thinkers of the sensational school, and also of Hegel; it is wonderful how many—Sir W. Hamilton among them—have very much failed completely to understand the thoroughly honest, vigorous, acute, well-read, well-reflecting Reid here. Of course this cognition is a process. Assume me *here*, the subject, and *it*, the object, the world, *there*, and it is most interesting and important to learn all that Helmholtz, and a hundred

others, can tell us as to how we effect a junction. Nor does it alter this in a single iota to know that *philosophy*, as *philosophy*, must follow with its explanation that takes subject and object into one. That is the truth of the case. There is no difficulty as to knowing what we have to philosophise. It is the organic all of reason, as in the formed world around us, and after science has said its say, and psychology has said its say, philosophy, accepting both, adds only the crowning unity. But what—in the way of explanation—has this sensational empiricism, advocated by Mr. Montgomery, to offer? It comes at last to the identically same formed world of daily experience and scientific generalisation that is the single problem, and, offering not one single word of explanation for it, it tells us that unknown sensations—unknown, that is, whence, or how, or why—in an unknown retaining phantasy prick this phantasy into the objective dream, the world. Are we to call this chaos philosophy? How shall we ever find reason, explanation, in such mere unintelligible apparitions of sensation, in such mere unsubstantial spectral result of chance and phantasy? What, in the name of purpose, does this sensational empiricism do? Even if it succeed in what it wants to do, it but brings forward the same mysterious world to philosophise, and for this it does not offer us a single step. And has it succeeded? Look at your father and your mother, your sisters and your brothers, your wife and your children; look up, and around you, and before you, as you sit with them all at dinner, and ask yourself, is it like all this to say, There are only sensations in a centre, which centre only emblemises said sensations into muscles, and organs, and human beings, and this whole formed world? If your sensations make these organs—as they must, unless they are there merely to *signify* an external world which we *come* to know—what is all that prattle about organs, and the weight you put upon them, and upon empiricism? The end of the story is, that sensation is *not* perception, and you will never account for it *by* sensation.

After all that has been accomplished in Germany, it is very singular to see a man of the native intellectual force of Mr. Montgomery, and who knows what has been so accomplished, do such very shallow views the honour of making them speak German! He has obviously not even listened to the lamented Ueberweg, and the sober, intelligent school of the New Empiricism. He is evidently, however, young yet, and he is generously aflame for science, with which he confounds for the moment such an abortion as this sensationalism. Hear him.

“Thanks to such ever deeper-reaching, wider-grasping, free thought and inquiry, we are now at the threshold of a new time, rich in hope; a time to which all others are only as childish preludes. For the all-potent spirit of nature has now completely raised into conscious activity, an overwhelming, heretofore never dreamed, mightiness of power.”

“We will confess that, despite the riper epoch, the time was when, for a little while, even we, with a contented love of truth, roamed in those seductive

hypothetical fields. There is a time in life when, in the enthusiastic exuberance of youth, the eager phantasy, yet unbridled, soars, in its intoxication, over the universe of things. From its exaltation, it darts illuminating lightnings of thought into the darkly brooding world, and receives from it in return an image fashioned in light, homogeneous with the colouring of the thought. This many-coloured countergift grasped with trembling awe as highest treasure, the simple heart makes haste then, in childlike eagerness, to lay it up in its inmost sanctuary, and dedicate to it in devout faith the cultus of sacred truth. Democritus, and Plato, and Spinoza, and Leibnitz, and other nameless world-theories, have thus, in their turn, functioned as idols with us."

But into him "the infinite flood from Nature's heart" streams at last; the shallow "Larifari" of "the drivelling host of *a priori* grubbers" becomes apparent to him. He despises the empty "Gedankenschemen" of childish "krankhaften Menschenphantasie," the "schwülen überschwänglichen Hirngespinnste" of the "armen, befangenen Wortklauber," and exclaims of these last: "Verstockte, undankbare Thoren! while they borrow every breath, every pulse-beat, every stir of life, from the lavish prodigality of constant, all-giving Nature, they assume in her regard a proud contemptuous mien; they turn their backs on her, and perpetrate endless obeisances to the wholly infatuated, crippled, utterly impotent intuitions of their own intensely proper limitation."

Nearly the whole of Mr. Montgomery's first thirty pages are taken up with similar ecstatic adorations of the empiricists, and equally ecstatic denunciations of the philosophers. Mr. Montgomery is certainly not seen to advantage in either adoration or denunciation, but both will serve to show his youthful heat. Strange that such heat should seek to make friends with the most pedantic, wooden, cold-handed prose that was perhaps ever either lived or written. He will see better yet, however; he will get enough of this and turn from it. He will see what reaction to this Kant was, and what necessity for this reaction there both was and is. He will come to know that physiology cannot do precisely what is wanted, and that his present recourse to what he calls "the veritable act of living nature," is a recourse also to an *unrationalised nature*, which is the negation of philosophy, the negation of thought. He will come to see that he must abandon the cognitive faculty in the subject, and apply himself to the cognitive function on the object, which no physiology can explain. Lastly, he will come to see that we are sense *and* thought, and that he destroys the very possibility of the latter in making the former all; that philosophers, as philosophers, are men open and emancipated, the friends of science, the friends of law, the friends of intellectual activity and worth everywhere, and that it is really the sensationalists he admires, who, shut up in the mysticism of an unexplained and unintelligible chaos of sense, throw all into the unknown, and dwell in a dogmatism, an obscurantism, and an intolerance peculiar to themselves and painful for others to witness.

JAMES HUTCHISON STIRLING.

ROUSSEAU AND THERESA LE VASSEUR.¹

"You others," I cried, "can you thus speak of nothing without at once calling out, 'This is mad, and that wise; this good, and that bad!' What does all this come to? Have you examined the secret motives of an action? Can you nicely distinguish the grounds on which it was done, and those on which it ought to have been done? If you knew all this, you would be less headlong in your judgments." "You will agree with me," replied Albert, "that there are certain actions which are always criminal, whatever be the motives."—WERTHER.

MEN like Rousseau, who are most heedless in letting their delight perish, are as often as not most loth to bury what they have slain, or even to perceive that life has gone out of it. The sight of simple hearts trying to coax back a little warm breath of former days into a present that is stiff and cold with indifference is touching enough, but there is a certain grossness around the circumstances in which Rousseau now and too often found himself which makes us watch his embarrassment with some composure. One cannot easily think of him as a simple heart, and we feel perhaps as much relief as he, when he resolves, after making all due efforts to thrust out the intruder, and bring Madame de Warens over from theories which had become too practical to be interesting, to leave Charmettes and accept a tutorship at Lyons. His new patron was a De Mably, brother of the abbé of the same name, of whom we shall see more by-and-by, and of the still more notable Condillac. The future author of the most influential treatise on education that has ever been written, was not successful in the practical and far more arduous side of that master art.² We have seen how little training he had ever given himself in the cardinal virtue of collectedness and self-control, and we know this to be the indispensable quality of all who have to shape young minds for a humane life. So long as all went well, he was an angel, but when things went wrong he is willing to confess that he was a devil: when his two pupils could not understand him, he became frantic, and when they showed wilfulness or any other part of the disagreeable materials out of which, along with the rest, human excellence has to be ingeniously and painfully manufactured, he was ready to kill them, and this, as he justly admits, was not the way to render them either well learned or sage.³ The moral education of the teacher him-

(1) For the previous chapter see the REVIEW for September.

(2) In theory he was even now curiously prudent and almost sagacious; witness the *Projet pour l'Education*, etc., submitted to M. de Mably, and printed in the volume of his Works entitled *Mélanges*, pp. 106—36. In the matter of Latin, it may be worth noting that Rousseau, rashly or otherwise, condemns the practice of writing it, as a vexatious superfluity (p. 132).

(3) *Conf.*, vi. 466.

self was hardly complete, for he describes how he used to steal his employer's wine, and the exquisite draughts which he enjoyed in the secrecy of his own room, with a piece of cake in one hand and some dear romance in the other.¹ We should forgive greedy pilferings of this kind more easily, if Rousseau had forgotten them more speedily. These are surely offences for which the best expiation is oblivion in a throng of worthier memories.

It is easy to understand how often Rousseau's mind turned from the deadly drudgery of his present employment to the beatitude of former days. "What rendered my present condition insupportable was the recollection of my beloved Charmettes, of my garden, my trees, my fountain, my orchard, and above all of her for whom I felt myself born, and who gave life to it all. As I thought of her, of our pleasures, our guileless days, I was seized by a tightness in my heart, a stopping of my breath, which robbed me of all courage."² For years to come this was a kind of far-off accompaniment, thrumming melodiously in his ears under all the discords of a miserable life. He made another effort to quicken the dead; throwing up his office with his usual promptitude in escaping from the irksome, after a residence of something like a year at Lyons (April, 1740—spring of 1741), he made his way back to the old haunts. The first half-hour with Madame de Warens persuaded him that happiness here was really at an end. After a stay of a few months, his desolation again overcame him; it was agreed that he should go to Paris to make his fortune by a new method of musical notation which he had invented; and after a short stay at Lyons, he found himself for the second time in the famous city which in the eighteenth century had become for the moment the centre of the universe.³

It was not yet, however, destined to be a centre for him. His plan of musical notation was examined by a learned committee of the Academy, no member of whom was instructed in the musical art. Rousseau, dumb, inarticulate, and unready as usual, was amazed at the ease with which his critics by the free use of sounding phrases demolished arguments and objections which he perceived that they did not all understand. His experience on this occasion suggested to him the most just reflection, how even without breadth of intelligence, the profound knowledge of any one thing is preferable in forming a judgment about it, to all possible enlightenment conferred by the cultivation of the sciences, without study of the special matter in question. It astonished him that all these learned men, who knew so many things, should be so ignorant that a man should only pretend to be a judge in his own craft.⁴ Rameau, however, who did know the art of music, instantly disclosed the weakness of the new system,

(1) *Conf.*, vi. 470.(2) *Ibid.*, vi. 471.(3) *Ibid.*, vi. 472—5, vii. 8.(4) *Ibid.*, vii. 18, 19.

of which we may say briefly that its distinguishing mark was the substitution of numerals for the ordinary signs. "Your signs," said Rameau, "are good in determining values simply and clearly, in representing the pauses distinctly, and always showing the simple in the compound; but they are bad inasmuch as they require a mental operation that is inconsistent with perfect rapidity of execution, while the position of our notes depicts itself to the eye without the need of sustained operation of mind. If two notes, one very high, the other very low, are joined by a series of intermediary notes, I see at the first glance the advance from one to the other by conjoint steps; but to make sure of this series on your system, I must necessarily spell out all your figures one after another; the whole can count for nothing at all."¹ The objection seemed to Rousseau unanswerable, and he acquiesced in it instantly. For all that, he published a defence of his own condemned plan, and it is not very encouraging to Rousseau's admirers to know that his first printed piece was an eloquent and ingenious recommendation of something which he must have ceased to think worth recommending.

His musical path to glory and riches thus blocked up, he surrendered himself, not to despair, but to complete idleness and peace of mind. He had a few coins left, and these prevented him from thinking of a future. He was presented to one or two great ladies, and with the blundering gallantry habitual to him, he wrote a letter to one of the greatest of them, declaring his passion for her. Madame Dupin was the daughter of one, and the wife of another, of the richest men in France, and the attentions of a man whose acquaintance Madame Beuzenval began by inviting him to dine in the servants' hall, were not pleasing to her.² She forgave the impertinence eventually, and her step-son, M. Francueil, was Rousseau's patron for some years.³ On the whole, however, in spite of his own account of

(1) *Conf.*, vii. 18, 19. Rousseau's *Projet concernant de nouveaux Signes pour la Musique* was read before the Academy of Sciences, August 22, 1742. The following year he wrote his *Dissertation sur la Musique Moderne* (see also *Corr.* i. 84—8), which is an elaborate exposition and argumentative vindication of his system, followed by examples. Here is a specimen of the scoring of a song:—

Re || Volez, plaisirs, volez : Amour, prête-leur les charmes,
 3 || d. 3, 4 3, 2 3 | 4 ' , 3 | 2 3 2, 1 2 3, ; 2
 répare les alarmes qui nous ont troublés.
 1, 21, 7. 6 | 5, 4, 3 | 6, 5, 1 | 7. c. †

This would obviously be as troublesome to familiarise one's self with as the existing system is, while it must involve perpetual and renewed trouble to eye and mind on every occasion of using it.

(2) Musset-Pathay (ii. 72) quotes the passage from Lord Chesterfield's Letters, where the writer suggests Madame Dupin as a proper person with whom his son might in a regular and business-like manner open the elevating game of gallant intrigue.

(3) M. Dupin de Francueil, it may be worth noting, is a link in the genealogical chain between two famous personages. In 1777, the year before Rousseau's death, he married (in the chapel of the French embassy in London) Aurora de Saxe, a natural daughter of the Marshal, himself the natural son of August the Strong, King of Poland.

his social ineptitude, there cannot have been anything so repulsive in his manners as this account would lead us to think.

There is no grave anachronism in introducing here the impression which he made on two fine ladies not many years after this. "He pays compliments, yet he is not polite, or at least he is without the air of politeness. He seems to be ignorant of the usages of society, but it is easily seen that he is infinitely intelligent. He has a brown complexion, while eyes that overflow with fire give animation to his expression. When he has spoken and you look at him, he appears comely; but when you try to recall him, his image is always extremely plain. They say he has bad health and endures agony which he most carefully conceals, from some motive of vanity; it is this, I fancy, which gives him from time to time an air of sullenness."¹ The other lady, who saw him at the same time, speaks of "the poor devil of an author, who's as poor as Job for you, but with wit and vanity enough for four. . . They say his history is as queer as his person, and that is saying a good deal. . . Madame Maupeou and I tried to guess what it was. 'In spite of his face,' said she (for it is certain he is uncommonly plain), 'his eyes tell that love plays a great part in his romance.' 'No,' said I, 'his nose tells me that it is vanity.' 'Well, then, 'tis both one and the other.'"²

One of his patronesses took some trouble to procure him the post of secretary to the French ambassador at Venice, and in the spring of 1743 our much-wandering man started once more in quest of meat and raiment in the famous city of the Adriatic. This was one of those steps of which there are not a few in a man's life, that seem at the moment to rank foremost in the short line of decisive acts, and then are presently seen not to have been decisive at all, but mere interruptions conducting nowhither. In truth the critical moments with us are mostly as points in slumber; even if the ancient oracles of the gods were to regain their speech once more on the earth, men would usually go to consult them on days when the answer would have least significance, and could guide them least far. That one of the most heedless vagrants in Europe, and as it happened one of the men of most extraordinary genius also, should have got a footing in the train of the ambassador of a great government, would naturally seem to him and others as chance's one critical stroke in his life. In reality it was nothing. The Count of Montaigu, his master, was one of the worst characters with whom Rousseau could for his own profit have been brought into contact. In his professional quality he was not far from imbecile. The folly and weakness of the government at Versailles during the reign of

From this union was born Maurice Dupin, and Maurice Dupin was the father of Madame George Sand. M. Francueil died in 1787.

(1) *Mémoires de Madame d'Epinay*, vol. i. ch. iv. p. 176. (M. Boiteau's edition, 1865.)

(2) *Ibid.*, 178—9.

Lewis XV., and its indifference to competence in every department except perhaps partially in the fisc, was fairly illustrated in its absurd representative at Venice. The secretary, whose renown has preserved his master's name, has recorded more amply than enough the grounds of quarrel between them. Rousseau is for once eager to assert his own efficiency,¹ and declares that he rendered many important services, for which he was repaid with ingratitude and persecution. One would be glad to know what the Count of Montaignu's version of matters was, for in truth Rousseau's conduct in previous posts makes us wonder how it was that he who had hitherto always been unfaithful over few things, suddenly touched perfection when he became lord over many.

There is other testimony, however, to the ambassador's morbid quality, of which, after that general imbecility which was too common a thing among men in office to be remarkable, avarice was the most striking trait. For instance, careful observation had persuaded him that three shoes are equivalent to two pairs, because there is always one of a pair which is more worn than its fellow; and hence he habitually ordered his shoes in threes.² It was natural enough that such a master and such a secretary should quarrel over perquisites; for that slightly cringing quality which we have noticed on one or two occasions in Rousseau's hungry youthful time, had been hardened out of him by circumstance or the strengthening of inborn fibre; and he would neither dine in a servant's hall because a fine lady forgot what was due to a musician, nor share his fees with a great ambassador who forgot what was due to himself. These sordid disputes are of no interest now to anybody, and we need only say that after a period of eighteen months passed in uncongenial company, Rousseau parted from his count in extreme dudgeon, and the diplomatic career which he had promised to himself came to the same close as various other careers had already done.

He returned to Paris towards the end of 1744, burning with indignation at the unjust treatment he believed himself to have suffered, and laying memorial after memorial before the minister at home. He assures us that it was the justice and the futility of his complaints, that left in his soul the germ of exasperation against preposterous civil institutions, "in which the true common weal and real justice are always sacrificed to some seeming order or other, which is in fact destructive of all order, and only adds the sanction of public authority to the oppression of the weak and the iniquity of the strong."³

One or two pictures connected with the Venetian episode remain

(1) *Conf.*, vii. 46, 51, 52, &c.

(2) Bernardin de St. Pierre, *Œuv.*, xii. 55 seqq.

(3) *Conf.*, vii. 92.

in the memory of the reader of the *Confessions*, and among them perhaps with most people is that of the quarantine at Genoa on his voyage to his new post. The travellers had the choice of remaining on board the felucca, or passing the time in an unfurnished lazaretto. Rousseau, as we may suppose, found the want of space and air in the boat the most intolerable of evils, and preferred to go alone to the lazaretto, which had neither window-sashes, nor tables, nor chairs, nor bed, nor even a truss of straw to lie down upon. He was locked up, and had the whole barrack to himself. "I manufactured," he says, "a good bed out of my coats and shirts, sheets out of towels which I stitched together, a pillow of my old cloak rolled up. I made myself a seat of one trunk placed flat, and a table of the other. I got out some paper and my writing desk, and arranged some dozen books I had, by way of library. In short, I made myself so comfortable, that, with the exception of curtains and windows, I was nearly as well off in this absolutely naked lazaretto as in my lodgings in Paris. My meals were served with much pomp; two grenadiers, with bayonets at their musket-ends, escorted them; the staircase was my dining-room, the landing did for table and the lower step for a seat, and when my dinner was served, they rung a little bell as they withdrew, to warn me to seat myself at table. Between my meals, when I was neither writing nor reading nor busy with my furnishing, I went for a walk in the Protestant graveyard, or mounted into a lantern which looked out on to the port, and whence I could see the ships sailing in and out. I passed a fortnight in this way, and I could have spent the whole three weeks of the quarantine without feeling an instant's weariness."¹

These are the occasions when we catch glimpses of the true Rousseau; but his residence in Venice was on the whole one of his few really social periods. He made friends, and kept them, and there was even a certain gaiety in his life. He used to tell people their fortunes in a way that an earlier century would have counted unholy.² He rarely sought pleasure in those of her haunts for which the Queen of the Adriatic had a guilty renown, but he has left one singular anecdote, showing the degree to which profound sensibility is capable of doing the moralist's work in a man, and how a stroke of sympathetic imagination may keep one from sin more effectually than an ethical precept.³ It is pleasanter to think of him as working at the formation of that musical taste which ten years afterwards led him to amaze the Parisians by proving that French melody was a hollow idea, born of national self-delusion, and absolutely without reality to correspond. A Venetian experiment, whose evidence in the special controversy is less weighty perhaps

(1) *Conf.*, vii. 38—9.

(2) *Lettres de la Montagne*, iii. 266.

(3) *Conf.*, vii. 75—84. Also a second example. 84—6.

than Rousseau supposed, was among the facts which persuaded him that Italian is the language of music. An Armenian, who had never heard any music, was invited to listen first of all to a French monologue, and then to an air of Galuppi's. Rousseau observed in the Armenian more surprise than pleasure during the performance of the French piece; but the first notes of the Italian were no sooner struck, than his eyes and whole expression softened; he was enchanted, and surrendered his whole soul to the ravishing impressions of the music, nor could he ever again be induced to listen to the performance of any French air.¹

More important than this was the circumstance that the sight of the defects of the government of the Venetian Republic first drew his mind to political speculation, and suggested to him the composition of a book that was to be called *Institutions Politiques*.² The work, as thus designed and named, was never written, but the idea of it, after many years of meditation, ripened first in the *Discourse on Inequality*, and then in the *Social Contract*.

If Rousseau's departure for Venice was a wholly insignificant element in his life, his return from it was almost immediately followed by an event which counted for nothing at the moment, which his friends by-and-by came to regard as the fatal and irretrievable disaster of his life, but which he persistently described as the only real consolation that heaven permitted him to taste in his misery, and the only one that enabled him to bear his many sore burdens.³

He took up his quarters at a small and dirty hotel not far from the Luxembourg, where he had alighted on the occasion of his second arrival in Paris.⁴ Here was a kitchen-maid, some two-and-twenty years old, who used to sit at table with her mistress and the guests of the house. The company was rough, being mainly composed of Irish and Gascon abbés and other people, to whom graces of mien and refinement of speech had come neither by nature nor cultivation. The hostess herself pitched the conversation in merry Rabelaisian key, and the apparent modesty of her serving-woman gave a zest to her own license. Rousseau was moved with pity for a maid defenceless against a ribald storm, and from pity he advanced to

(1) *Lettre sur la Musique Française* (1753), p. 186.

(2) *Conf.*, ix. 232.

(3) *Conf.*, vii. 97.

(4) Hôtel St. Quentin, rue des Cordiers. There is some doubt whether he first saw her in 1743 or 1745. The account in Bk. vii. of the *Confessions* is for the latter date (see also *Corr.*, ii. 207), but in the well-known letter to her in 1769 (*Corr.*, vi. 79), he speaks of the twenty-six years of their union. Their so-called marriage took place in 1768, and writing in that year he speaks of the five-and-twenty years of their attachment (*Corr.*, v. 323), and in the *Confessions* (ix. 249) he fixes their marriage at the same date; also in the letter to Saint-Germain (vi. 152). Musset-Pathay, though giving 1745 in one place (i. 45), and 1743 in another (ii. 198), has with less than his usual care paid no attention to the discrepancy.

some warmer sentiment, which I am uncertain how to name, and he and Theresa Le Vasseur took each other for better or worse, in a way informal but most effective. This was the beginning of a union which lasted for the length of a generation and more, down to the day of Rousseau's most tragical ending.¹ She thought she saw in him a worthy soul; and he was convinced he saw in her a girl of sensibility, simple and free from trick, and neither of the two, he says, was deceived in respect of the other. Her intellectual quality was unique. She could never be taught to read with any approach to success. She could never follow the order of the twelve months of the year, nor master a single arithmetical figure, nor count a sum of money, nor reckon the price of a thing. A month's instruction was not enough to give knowledge of the hours of the day on the dial-plate. The words she used were often the direct opposites of the words she meant to use.²

The marriage choice of others is the inscrutable puzzle of those who have no eye for the fact that such choice is the great match of cajolery between purpose and invisible hazard, with the blessedness of many lives for stake, as intention happens to cheat accident or to be cheated by it. When the match is once over, deep criticism of a game of chance is time wasted. The crude talk in which the unwise deliver their judgments upon the conditions of success in the relations between men and women, has flowed with unprofitable copiousness as to this not very inviting case. People construct an imaginary Rousseau out of his writings, and then fetter their elevated, susceptible, sensitive, and humane creation to the unfortunate woman who could never be taught that April is the month after March, or that twice four and a half are nine. Now we have already seen enough of Rousseau to know for how infinitely little he counted the gift of a quick wit, and what small store he set either on literary varnish or on capacity for receiving it. He was touched not by attainment in people with whom he had to do, but by moral fibre or his imaginary impression of their moral fibre. Instead of analysing a character, bringing its several elements into the balance, computing the more or less of this faculty or that, he loved to feel its influence as a whole, indivisible, impalpable, playing without sound or agitation around him, like soft light and warmth and the fostering air. The deepest ignorance, the dullest incapacity, the cloudiest faculties of apprehension, were nothing to him in man or woman, provided he could only be sensible of that indescribable emanation from voice and eye and movement, that silent effusion of serenity around spoken words, which nature has given to some tranquillising spirits, and which would have left him free in an even life of indolent meditation and unfretted sense.

(1) *Conf.*, vii. 97—100.

(2) *Ibid.*, vii. 101. See a letter of hers in *Rousseau, ses Amis et ses Ennemis*, ii. 450.

A woman of high, eager, stimulating kind, would have been a more fatal mate for him, than the most stupid woman that ever rivalled the stupidity of man. Stimulation in any form always meant distress to Rousseau, and the moist warmth of the Savoy valleys was not dearer to him, than the subtle inhalations of softened and close enveloping companionship, in which the one needful thing is not intellectual equality, but easy, smooth, constant contact of feeling about the thousand small matters that make up the existence of a day. This is not the highest ideal of union that one's mind can conceive from the point of view of intense productive energy, but Rousseau was not concerned with the conditions of productive energy. He only sought to live, to be himself, and he knew better than any critics can know for him, what kind of nature was the best supplement for his own. "By the side of people we love," he says very truly, "sentiment nourishes the intelligence as well as the heart, and we have little occasion to seek ideas elsewhere. I lived with my Theresa as pleasantly as with the finest genius in the universe."¹

When we blame or pity Rousseau for taking an ignoble woman to be the sharer of his life, we have yet to remember that a good deal both of literary attainment and social faculty is compatible with qualities, if indeed, it does not demand them, which would have made a woman insufferable to him. Theresa Le Vasseur would probably have been happier if she had married a stout stable-boy, as indeed she did some thirty years hence by way of gathering up the fragments that were left; but in short there is little reason to think that Rousseau would have been much happier than he was with any other mate. There was no social disparity between the two. She was a person accustomed to hardship and coarseness, and so was he, and he always systematically preferred the honest coarseness of the plain people from whom he was sprung, and among whom he had lived, to the more hateful coarseness of heart which so often lurks under fine manners and a complete knowledge of the order of the months in the year and the arithmetical table. Rousseau had been a serving man, and there was no deterioration in his going with a serving woman.² However this may be, it is certain that for the first dozen years or so of his partnership, and many others as well as he are said to have found in this term a limit to the conditions of the original contract, Rousseau had perfect and entire contentment in the Theresa whom all his friends pronounced as mean, false, greedy, jealous, degrading, as she was avowedly brutish in understanding.

(1) *Conf.*, vii. 102.

(2) M. St. Marc Girardin, in one of his admirable papers on Rousseau, speaks of him as "a bourgeois unclassed by an alliance with a tavern servant" (*Rev. des Deux Mondes*, Nov., 1852, p. 759); but surely Rousseau had unclassed himself long before, in the houses of Madame Vercellis, Count Gouvion, and even Madame de Warens, and by his repudiation, from the time when he ran away from Geneva, of nearly every bourgeois virtue and bourgeois prejudice.

Granting that she was all these things, how much of the responsibility for his acts has been thus shifted from the shoulders of Rousseau himself, whose connection with her was from beginning to end entirely voluntary? If he attached himself deliberately to an unworthy object by a bond which he was indisputedly free to break any day if he had chosen, were not the effects of such a union as much due to his own character which sought, formed, and perpetuated it, as to the character of Theresa Le Vasseur? "Nothing," as he himself said in a passage, to which he appends a vindication of Theresa, "shows the true leanings and inclinations of a man better than the sort of attachments which he forms."¹

"I needed," he says, "in the place of the ambition which had gone out of my life, a vivid sentiment that should fill my whole heart,"² and in the supposed simplicity and docility of her disposition he found the humble joy that was the only thing he sought. It is a natural blunder in a literate and well-mannered society to charge a mistake against a man who infringes its conventions in this particular way. Rousseau knew what he was about, as well as politer persons; he was at least as happy with his kitchen wench as Addison with his countess, or Voltaire with his marchioness, and he would not have been what he was, nor played the part he did play in the eighteenth century, if he had felt anything derogatory or unseemly in a kitchen wench. The selection was probably not very deliberate, but, as it happened, Theresa served as a standing illustration of two of his most marked traits, a contempt for mere literary culture, and a yet deeper contempt for social accomplishments and social position. In time he found out the disadvantages of living in solitude with a companion who did not know how to think, and whose stock of ideas was so slight that the only common ground of talk between them was gossip and quodlibets. But her lack of sprightliness, beauty, grace, refinement, and that gentle initiative by which women may make even a sombre life so various, went for nothing with him. What his friends missed in her he did not seek and would not have valued; and what he found in her, they were naturally unable to appreciate, for they never were in the mood for detecting it. "I have not seen much of happy men," he wrote when near his end, "perhaps nothing; but I have many a time seen contented hearts, and of all the objects that have struck me, I believe it is this which has always given most contentment to myself."³ This moderate conception of felicity, which was always so characteristic with him, as an even, durable, and rather low-toned state of the feelings, accounts for his acquiescence in a companion whom men with more elation in their ideal would assuredly have found hostile even to the most modest contentment.

(1) *Conf.*, vii. 11. Also foot-note.

(2) *Ibid.*, vii. 100. See also ix. 248.

(3) *Réveries*, ix. 309.

"The heart of my Theresa," he wrote long after the first tenderness had changed into riper emotion on his side, and, alas, into indifference on hers, "was that of an angel; our attachment waxed stronger with our intimacy, and we felt more and more each day that we were made for one another. If our pleasures could be described, their simplicity would make you laugh; our excursions together out of town, in which I would munificently expend eight or ten halfpence in some rural tavern; our modest suppers at my window, seated in front of one another on two small chairs placed on a trunk that filled up the breadth of the embrasure. Here the window did duty for a table, we breathed the fresh air, we could see the neighbourhood, the people passing by, and though on the fourth story could look down into the street as we ate. Who shall describe, who shall feel the charms of those meals, consisting of a coarse quartern loaf, some cherries, a tiny morsel of cheese, and a pint of wine which we drank between us? Ah, what delicious seasoning there is in friendship, confidence, intimacy, gentleness of soul! We used sometimes to remain thus until midnight, without once thinking of the time."¹

Men and women are often more fairly judged by the way in which they bear the burden of their own deeds, the fashion in which they carry themselves in their entanglements, than by the prime act which laid the burden on their lives and made the entanglement fast knotted. The deeper part of us shows in the manner of accepting consequences. On the whole, Rousseau's relations with this woman present him in a better light than those with any other person whatever. If he became with all the rest of the world suspicious, angry, jealous, profoundly diseased in a word, with her he was habitually trustful, affectionate, careful, most long-suffering. It sometimes even occurs to us that his constancy to Theresa was only another side of the morbid perversity of his relations with all other people. People of a certain kind not seldom make the most serious and vital sacrifices for bare love of singularity, and a man like Rousseau was not unlikely to feel an eccentric pleasure in proving that he could find merit in a woman who to everybody else was desperate. One who is on bad terms with the rest of his fellows may contrive to save his self-respect and confirm his conviction that they are all in the wrong, by preserving attachment to some one to whom general opinion is hostile, the private argument being that if he is capable of this degree of virtue and friendship in an unfavourable case, how much more could he have practised it with others, if they would only have allowed him. Whether this kind of apology was present to his mind or not, Rousseau could always refer those who charged him with black caprice to his steady kindness towards Theresa Le Vasseur. Her family were among the most odious of human beings, greedy,

(1) *Conf.*, viii. 142—3.

idle, and ill-humoured,¹ while her mother had every fault that a woman could have in Rousseau's eyes, including that worst fault of setting herself up for a fine wit; yet he bore with them all for years, and did not break with Madame Le Vasseur until she had poisoned the mind of her daughter, and done her best by rapacity and lying to render him contemptible to all his friends.

In the course of years Theresa herself gave him unmistakable signs of a change in her affections. "I began to feel," he says, at a date of sixteen or seventeen years from our present point, "that she was no longer for me what she had been in our happy years, and I felt it all the more clearly as I was still the same towards her."² This was in 1762, and her estrangement grew deeper and her indifference more open, until at length seven years afterwards we find that she had proposed a separation from him. What the exact reasons for this gradual change may have been we do not know, nor have we any right, in ignorance of the whole facts, to say that they were not adequate and just. The repudiation of her children, against which the glowing egoism of maternity always rebelled, remained a cruel dart in her bosom as long as she lived. We may suppose that there was that about household life with Rousseau, which might have bred disgusts even in one as little fastidious as Theresa was. Among other things which must have been hard to endure, we know that in composing his works he was often weeks together without speaking a word to his wife.³ He has told us with his appalling frankness that of that physical passion which sometimes draws men with a mysterious force, very puzzling to those who look on humanity as an abstraction without a body, he never felt a spark in her case.⁴ Whatever the causes may have been, from indifference she passed to something like aversion, and in the one place where a word of complaint is wrung from him, he describes her as rending and piercing his heart at a moment when his other miseries were at their height. His patience at any rate was inexhaustible; now old, worn by painful bodily infirmities, racked by diseased suspicion and the most dreadful and tormenting of the minor forms of madness, nearly friendless, and altogether hopeless, he yet kept unabated the old tenderness of a quarter of a century before, and expressed it in words of such gentleness, gravity, and self-respecting strength, as may touch even those whom his books leave unmoved. "For the six-and-twenty years, dearest, that our union has lasted, I have never sought my happiness other than in yours, and have never ceased to try to make you happy; and you saw by what I did lately,⁵ that your honour and happi-

(1) *Conf.*, vii. 115; ix. 251.

(2) *Ibid.*, xii. 187—8.

(3) Bernardin de St. Pierre, *Œuv.*, xii. 103. See *Conf.*, xii. 188, and *Corr.*, v. 324.

(4) *Conf.*, ix. 249.

(5) Referring, no doubt, to the ceremony which he called their marriage, and which had taken place in 1768.

ness were one as dear to me as the other. I see with pain that success does not answer my solicitude, and that my kindness is not as sweet to you to receive, as it is sweet to me to show. I know that the sentiments of honour and uprightness with which you were born will never change in you; but as for those of tenderness and attachment which were once reciprocal between us, I feel that they now only exist on my side. Not only, my dearest of all friends, have you ceased to find pleasure in my company, but you have to tax yourself severely to remain a few minutes with me out of complaisance. You are at your ease with all the world but me. . . I do not speak to you of many other things. We must take our friends with their faults, and I ought to pass over yours, as you pass over mine. If you were happy with me, I could be content, but I see clearly that you are not, and this is what makes my heart sore. If I could do better for your happiness, I would do it and hold my peace; but that is not possible. I have left nothing undone that I thought could contribute to your felicity. . . At this moment, while I am writing to you, overwhelmed with distress and misery, I have no more true or lively desire than to finish my days in closest union with you. . . You know my lot,—it is such as one could not even dare to describe, for no one could believe it. I never had, my dearest, other than one single solace, but that the sweetest; it was to pour out all my heart in yours; when I talked of my miseries to you, they were soothed; and when you had pitied me, I needed pity no more. My every resource, my whole confidence, is in you and in you only; my soul cannot exist without sympathy, and cannot find sympathy except with you. It is certain that if you fail me and I am forced to live alone, I am as a dead man. But I should die a thousand times more cruelly still, if we continued to live together in misunderstanding, and if confidence and friendship were to go out between us. . . It would be a hundred times better to cease to see each other; still to live, and sometimes to regret one another. Whatever sacrifice may be necessary on my part to make you happy, be so at any cost, and I shall be content. . . We have faults to weep over and to expiate, but no crimes; let us not blot out by the imprudence of our closing days the sweetness and purity of those we have passed together.”¹ Think ill as we may of Rousseau’s theories, and meanly as we may of some parts of his conduct, yet to those who can feel the pulsing of a human life apart from a man’s formulas, and can be content to leave to sure circumstance the tragic retaliation for evil behaviour, this letter is like one of the great master’s symphonies, whose theme falls in soft strokes of melting pity on the heart. In truth, alas, the union of this now diverse pair had been stained by crimes shortly after its beginning, and in the

(1) *Corr.*, vi. 79—86. Dated August 12, 1769.

estrangement of father and mother in their late years we may perhaps hear the rustle and spy the pale forms of the avenging spectres of their lost children.

At the time when the connection with Theresa le Vasseur was formed, Rousseau did not know how to get bread. He composed the musical diversion of the *Muses Galantes*, which Rameau rightly or wrongly pronounced a plagiarism, and at the request of Richelieu he made some minor re-adaptations in Voltaire's *Princesse de Navarre*,¹ which Rameau had set to music — that "farce of the fair" to which the author of *Zaire* owed his seat in the Academy. But neither task brought him money, and he fell back on a sort of secretaryship, with perhaps a little of the valet in it, to Madame Dupin and her son-in-law, M. de Francueil, for which he received the too moderate income of nine hundred francs. On one occasion, he returned to his room expecting with eager impatience the arrival of a remittance, the proceeds of some small property which came to him by the death of his father.² He found the letter, and was opening it with trembling hands, when he was suddenly smitten with shame at his want of self-control; he placed it unopened on the chimney-piece, undressed, slept better than usual, and when he awoke had forgotten all about the letter until it caught his eye. He was delighted to find that it contained his money, but "I can swear," he adds, "that my liveliest delight was in having conquered myself." An occasion for self-conquest on a more considerable scale was at hand. In these tight straits, he received the grievous news that Theresa was with child. He made up his mind cheerfully what to do; the mother acquiesced after sore persuasion and with bitter tears; and the new-born child was dropped into oblivion in the box of the asylum for foundlings.³ Next year the same easy expedient was again resorted to, with the same heedlessness on the part of the father, the same pain and reluctance on the part of the mother.⁴ Five children in all were thus put away,⁵ and with such entire absence of any precaution with a view to their identification in happier times, that not even a note was kept of the day of their birth.⁶

People have made a great variety of remarks upon this transaction, from the economist who turns it into an illustration of the evil results of hospitals for foundlings in encouraging improvident unions, down to the theologian who sees in it new proof of the

(1) Composed in 1745. The *Fêtes de Ramire* was represented at Versailles at the very end of this year.

(2) Some time in 1746—7.—*Conf.*, vii. 113—14.

(3) Probably in the winter of 1746—7.—*Corr.*, ii. 207.

(4) *Conf.*, vii. 120—4.

(5) *Ibid.*, viii. 148.

(6) *Corr.*, June 12, 1761, to the Maréchale de Luxembourg, ii. 208.

inborn depravity of the human heart and the fall of man. Some persons of a Pyrrhonic turn have almost denied the fact, and without any good reason have turned Rousseau's confession of it into a hallucination. Others have admitted and vindicated it, one of them courageously taking up the ground that Rousseau had good reason to believe that the children were not his own, and therefore was fully warranted in sending the poor creatures kinless into the universe.¹ Perhaps it is not too transcendental a thing to hope that civilisation may one day reach a point when a plea like this shall count for an aggravation rather than a palliative; when a higher conception of the duties of humanity, familiarised by the practice of adoption as well as by the spread of both rational and compassionate considerations as to the blameless little ones, shall have expelled what is surely as some red and naked beast's emotion of fatherhood. What may be an excellent reason for repudiating a woman, can never be a reason for abandoning a child, except with those whom reckless egoism has made willing to think it a light thing to fling away from us the moulding of new lives and the ensuring of salutary nurture for growing souls.

We are, however, dispensed from entering into these questions of the greater morals by the very plain account which the chief actor has given us, almost in spite of himself. His crime, like most others, was the result of heedlessness, of the overriding of duty by the short, dim-eyed selfishness of the moment. He had been accustomed to frequent a tavern, where the talk turned mostly upon topics which men with much self-respect put as far from them as men with little self-respect will allow them to do. "I formed my fashion of thinking, from what I perceived to reign among people who were at bottom extremely worthy folk, and I said to myself, Since it is the usage of the country, as one lives here, one may as well follow it. So I made up my mind to it cheerfully, and without the least scruple."² By-and-by he proceeded to cover this nude and intelligible explanation with finer phrases, about preferring that his children should be trained up as workmen and peasants rather than as adventurers and fortune-hunters, and about his supposing that in sending them to the hospital for foundlings he was enrolling himself a citizen in Plato's Republic.³ This is hardly more than the talk of one become famous defending the acts of his obscurity on the high principles which fame requires. People do not turn citizens of Plato's Republic "cheerfully and without the least scruple," and if a man frequents

(1) George Sand,—in an eloquent piece entitled *A Propos des Charmettes* (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, November 15, 1863), in which she expresses her own obligation to Jean Jacques. In 1761 Rousseau expressly declares that he had never hitherto had the least reason to suspect Theresa's fidelity.—*Corr.*, ii. 209.

(2) *Conf.*, vii. 123.

(3) *Conf.*, viii. 145—51.

company where the dispatch of inconvenient children to the foundling was an accepted point of common practice, it is superfluous to drag Plato and his Republic into the matter. Another turn again was given to his motives when his mind had become clouded by suspicious mania, and writing a year or two before his death he had assured himself that his determining reason was the fear of a destiny for his children a thousand times worse than the hard life of foundlings, namely being spoiled by their mother, being turned into monsters by her family, and finally being taught to hate and betray their father by his plotting enemies.¹ This is obviously a mixture in his mind of the motives which led to the abandonment of the children and justified the act to himself at the time, with the circumstances that afterwards reconciled him to what he had done; for now he neither had any enemies plotting against him, nor did he suppose that he had, and as for his wife's family, he showed himself quite capable, when the time came, of dealing resolutely and shortly with their importunities in his own case, and might therefore well have trusted his power to deal with them in the case of his children. He was more right when in 1770, in his important letter to M. de St. Germain, he admitted that example, necessity, the honour of her who was dear to him, all united to make him entrust his children to the establishment provided for that purpose, and kept him from fulfilling the first and holiest of natural duties. "In this, far from excusing, I accuse myself; and when my reason tells me that I did what I ought to have done in my situation, I believe that less than my heart which bitterly belies it."² This coincides with the first undisguised account given in the Confessions, which has been already quoted, and it has not that flawed ring of cant and fine words which sounds through nearly all his other references to this great stain upon his life, excepting one, and this is the only further document with which we need concern ourselves. In that,³ which was written while the unholy work was actually being done, he states very distinctly that the motives were those which are more or less closely connected with most unholy works, motives of money—the great instrument and measure of our personal convenience, the quantitative test of our self-control in placing personal convenience behind duty to other people. "If my misery and my misfortunes rob me of the power of fulfilling a duty so dear, that is a calamity to pity me for, rather than a crime to reproach me with. I owe them subsistence, and I procured a better or at least a surer subsistence for them than I could myself have provided; this condition is above all others."

(1) *Réveries*, ix. 313. The same reason is given, *Conf.*, ix. 252; also in Letter to Madame B., January 17, 1770 (*Corr.*, vi. 117).

(2) *Corr.*, vi. 152—3. Feb. 27, 1770.

(3) Letter to Madame de Francueil, April 20, 1751.—*Corr.*, i. 151.

Next comes the consideration of their mother, whose honour must be kept. "You know my situation; I gained my bread from day to day painfully enough; how then should I feed a family as well? And if I were compelled to fall back on the profession of author, how would domestic cares and the confusion of children leave me peace of mind enough in my garret to earn a living? Writings which hunger dictates are hardly of any use, and such a resource is speedily exhausted. Then I should have to resort to patronage, to intrigue, to tricks—in short to surrender myself to all the infamies for which I am penetrated with such just horror. Support myself, my children, and their mother on the blood of wretches! No, madam, it were better for them to be orphans than to have a scoundrel for their father. . . . Why have I not married, you will ask? Madam, ask it of your unjust laws. It was not fitting for me to contract an eternal engagement; and it will never be proved to me that my duty binds me to it. What is certain is that I have never done it, and that I never mean to do it. But we ought not to have children when we cannot support them. Pardon me, madam; nature means us to have offspring, since the earth produces sustenance enough for all; but it is the rich, it is your class, which robs mine of the bread of my children. . . . I know that foundlings are not delicately nurtured; so much the better for them, they become more robust; they have nothing superfluous given to them, but they have everything that is necessary; they do not make gentlemen of them, but peasants or artisans. . . . They would not know how to dance, or ride on horseback, but they would have strong unwearied legs. I would neither make authors of them, nor clerks; I would not practise them in handling the pen, but the plough, the file, and the plane, instruments for leading a healthy laborious innocent life. . . . I deprived myself of the delight of seeing them, and I have never tasted the sweetness of a father's embrace. Alas, as I have already told you, I see in this only a claim on your pity, and I deliver them from misery at my own expense."¹ We may see here that Rousseau's sophistical eloquence, if it misled others, was at least as powerful in misleading himself, and it may be noted that this letter, with its talk of the children of the rich taking bread out of the mouths of the children of the poor, contains the first of those socialistic sentences by which the writer in after times gained so renowned a name. It is at any rate clear from this that the real motive of the abandonment of the children was wholly material. He could not afford to maintain them, and he did not wish to have his comfort disturbed by their presence. There is assuredly no word to be said by any one with firm reason and unsophisticated conscience in extenuation of the crime. We have only to remember that a great

(1) *Corr.*, i. 151—5.

many other persons in that lax time, when the structure of the family was undermined alike in practice and speculation, were guilty of the same crime; that Rousseau, better than they, did not erect his own criminality into a social theory, but was tolerably soon overtaken by a remorse which drove him both to confess his misdeed, and to confess that it was inexpiable; and that the atrocity of the offence owes half the blackness with which it has always been invested by wholesome opinion, to the fact that the offender was by-and-by the author of the most powerful book by which parental duty has been commended in its full loveliness and nobility. And at any rate, let Rousseau be a little free from excessive reproach from clergymen, sentimentalists, and others, who do their worst to uphold the common and rather bestial opinion in favour of reckless propagation, and who, if they do not advocate the despatch of children to public institutions, still encourage a selfish incontinence, which ultimately falls in burdens on others than the offenders, and which turns the family into a scene of squalor and brutishness, producing a kind of parental influence that is far more disastrous and demoralising than the absence of it in public institutions can possibly be. If the propagation of children without regard to their maintenance be either a virtue or a necessity, and if afterwards the only alternatives are their maintenance in an asylum on the one hand, and their maintenance in the degradation of a poverty-stricken home on the other, we should not hesitate to give people who act as Rousseau acted, all that credit for self-denial and high moral courage which he so audaciously claimed for himself. It really seems to be no more criminal to produce children with the deliberate intention of abandoning them to public charity, as Rousseau did, than it is to produce them in deliberate reliance on the besotted maxim that he who sends mouths will send meat, or any other of the spurious saws which make providence do duty for self-control, and add to the gratification of physical appetite the grotesque luxury of religious unction.

In 1761 the Maréchale de Luxembourg made efforts to discover Rousseau's children, but without success. They were gone beyond hope of identification, and the author of *Emile* and his sons and daughters lived together in this world, not knowing one another. Rousseau with singular honesty did not conceal his satisfaction at the fruitlessness of the charitable endeavours to restore them to him. "The success of your search," he wrote, "could not give me pure and undisturbed pleasure; it is too late, too late. . . In my present condition, this search interested me more for another person [Theresa] than myself; and considering the too easily yielding character of the person in question, it is possible that what she had found already formed for good or for evil, might turn out a sorry boon to

her.”¹ In the *Confessions* he betrays a rather less amiable consideration lying at the bottom of his indifference. “If they had presented any child to me as mine, the doubt whether it was really mine, or whether they had substituted some other for it, would have locked up my heart, and I should never have the true sentiment of nature in all its charm; that sentiment needs, at least during infancy, to be supported by habit. Long absence from a child still strange to one, weakens and at last annihilates the feelings of father and mother; and you will never love one that has been put out to nurse, like one nourished under your own eyes.”² We may doubt, in spite of one or two charming and graceful passages, whether Rousseau was of a nature to have any feeling for the pathos of infancy, the bright blank eye, the eager unpurposed straining of the hand, the many turns and changes in the murmurings that yet can say nothing. He was both too self-centred and too passionate for warm ease and fulness of life in all things, to be truly sympathetic with a condition whose feebleness and immaturity touch us with half-painful hope.

Charitable people who are greatly concerned with the destiny in the next world of those who have done ill deeds in this, will perhaps not be sorry to conclude a thoroughly disagreeable subject in the mild words of one of the transgressor’s most enthusiastic and reverent friends:—“His Emile is the expiation, and Jean Jacques will enter into the abiding place of virtue equally with Vincent de Paul, because the indulgent father of weak mortals has opened two doors into it, the one to repentance, the other to blamelessness.”³

Rousseau speaks in the *Confessions* of having married Theresa five-and-twenty years after the beginning of their acquaintance,⁴ but we hardly have to understand that any ceremony took place, which anybody but himself could recognise as constituting a marriage. What happened appears to have been this. Seated at table with Theresa and two guests, one of them the mayor of the place, he declared that she was his wife. “This good and seemly engagement was contracted,” he says, “in all the simplicity but also in all the truth of nature, in the presence of two men of worth and honour. . . . During the short and simple act, I saw the honest pair melted in tears.”⁵ He had at this time whimsically assumed the name of Renou, and he wrote to a friend that of course he had married in this name, for he adds with a characteristic insertion of an irrelevant bit of magniloquence, “It is not names that are married; no, it is persons.”

(1) Aug. 10, 1761. *Corr.*, ii. 220. The Maréchale de Luxembourg’s note on the subject, to which this is a reply, is given in *Rousseau, ses Amis et ses Ennemis*, i. 444.

(2) *Conf.*, xi. 249.

(3) Bernardin de St. Pierre, vii. 39.

(4) *Conf.*, ix. 249. See above, p. 449.

(5) To Lalliaud, Aug. 31, 1768. *Corr.*, v. 324. See also d’Escherny, quoted in *usset-Pathay*, i. 169—70.

"Even if in this simple and holy ceremony, names entered as a constituent part, the one I bear would have sufficed, since I recognise no other. If it were a question of property to be assured, then it would be another thing, but you know very well that is not our case."¹ Of course this may have been a marriage according to the truth of nature, and Rousseau was as free to choose his own rites as more sacramental performers, but it is clear from his own words about property that there was no pretence of a marriage in law. He and Theresa were on profoundly uncomfortable terms about this time,² and Rousseau is not the only person by many thousands who has deceived himself into thinking that some form of words between man and woman must magically transform the substance of their characters and lives, and conjure up new relations of peace and steadfastness.

We have, however, been outstripping slow-footed destiny, and have now to return to the time when Theresa did not drink brandy, nor run after stable boys, nor fill Rousseau's soul with bitterness and suspicion, until he put an end to his days, but sat contentedly with him of an evening taking a stoic's meal in the window of their garret on the fourth floor, seasoning it with "confidence, intimacy, gentleness of soul," and that general comfort of sensation which, as we know to our cost, is by no means an invariable condition either of duty done externally or of spiritual growth within. It is perhaps hard for us to feel that we are in the presence of a great religious reactionist, there is so little sign of the higher graces of the soul, there are so many signs of the lowering clogs of the flesh. But the spirit of a man moves in mysterious ways, and expands like the plants of the field with strange and silent stirrings. It is one of the chief tests of worthiness and freedom from vulgarity of soul in us to be able to have faith that this expansion is a reality, and not only that, but the most important of all realities. We do not rightly seize the type of Socrates if we can never forget that he was the husband of Xanthippe, nor David's if we can only think of him as the murderer of Uriah, nor Peter's if we can simply remember that he denied his master. Our vision is only blindness, if we can never bring ourselves to see the possibilities of deep mystic aspiration behind the vile outer life of a man, or to believe that this coarse Rousseau scantily supping with his coarse mate, might yet have many glimpses of the great wide horizons that are haunted by figures rather divine than human.

EDITOR.

(1) To Du Peyrou, Sept. 26, 1768. *Corr.*, v. 360.

(2) To Mdle. Le Vasseur, July 25, 1768. *Corr.*, v. 116—9.

THE BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM.

FOR the first time since the flats between Shoreditch and the Lea were overrun with their miles of dwellings, and peopled with their myriads of inhabitants, the sign of a collective or liberal existence has arisen among that monotonous and depressed community. It is an area of leagues, and little except labour keeping itself sullenly alive, itself and the petty trade which deals it food and clothing, at the pitch where to live means by too easy a change to perish. There was already, indeed, the Victoria Park, and it was made the most of, for exercise and green space; and there was Columbia Market for the distribution of commodities, though that has not been made so much of at present. Still, the new Branch Museum of the Science and Art Department at Bethnal Green is the first proportionable building ever raised in those parts for purposes of public rendezvous, circulation, and entertainment. It stands towards one extremity of a great open space set apart as a gift for the poor in the reign of James I., where trees of fair growth and a few substantial houses of the picturesque Dutch period already gave an air of some little cheerfulness and well-being. Hither have been transported the old glass and iron materials from South Kensington, and, with new red brick walls and adjustments, have been converted into a very seemly as well as serviceable edifice. We have the Arts and Sciences let in beneath the cornice along the outside of the lateral walls, in oblong metopes of a fair design in black and yellow mosaic; we have a fountain structure of blue, yellow, and pink porcelain, not the happiest effort of modern ceramic ambition, glittering within the entrance-gates; and about the doors are unwonted sights of gentlemen in livery, of horses prancing in silver mounted harness, as well as the brisk and scarcely less unwonted coming and going of a humbler folk full of curiosity.

By a strange hyperbole of contrast, one rich man has poured out for show, in the heart of a world like this, the concentrated arts and luxuries of worlds how opposite! The excellent and thoroughgoing public spirit of Sir Richard Wallace, still more than the noise of royal opening processions, has given to the first year of the new museum just the prominence to attract the most of public regard. It is something, possibly, that the famous Hertford collections should have lured the West End, by its dilettante instincts, on a voyage of discovery beyond its ancient Thule of the Great Eastern Railway terminus. It is much more, certainly, that the show should have drawn, as on the afternoons and evenings of the free days it does

draw, crowds of the neighbouring populace, men, women, and children, to throng the turnstiles, to stroll and sit, to gaze, wonder, and get refreshed with the vague satisfaction and vague intelligence, were they no more, that must spring from this new participation in things of an aspect newly pleasurable and bright. "What do you say, then," perhaps the grimmer enemy of prejudice strikes in, "to the Sunday closing nuisance? What do you say to a Populace turned away from the barriers in the interests of the Fourth Commandment and the gin-shops, and Privilege whirling up with its powdered footmen from Hyde Park to be let in beneath their very eyes? A precious sight that!" Well, the spectacle of those June Sundays may not have been the most edifying; but it has not been permitted to continue. Religion and morals, as Britain understands those august words, continue indeed to demand that the labouring masses should be shut out from the show on the day which (to speak the language of the world) is the only one when they could possibly enjoy it at leisure. But religion and morals no longer demand, nor have Mr. Baines and his deputation insisted, that the labouring man without the barriers should be further admonished by the sight of the idle man within them. In truth, though Mr. Baines and his deputation be never so influential a fact, and though an advanced minister of the Crown cherish never so diffidently his feeling in favour of launching science and art into competition with ardent spirits on the seventh day, yet it can hardly be but that the new museum should in time do something to shake our Sunday closing prejudice. The Sunday closing of such an institution, in such a quarter, is a mockery such as in time cannot but make uncomfortable a society even the least averse to mockeries.

It is not, however, as champions of a reasonable and fruitful seventh day that the Bethnal Green Museum touches us at this moment. We go there not to moralise as enemies of prejudice, but to study as lovers of art; and the exhibition, as an exhibition merely, is of such first-rate, such extraordinary interest, that the study of it will take us all our time. The arts and luxuries of all Europe for the past four hundred years: and among the rest, especially those of the age and the society of which the art has been of all on earth the most luxurious and the luxury of all on earth the most artistic; those, I mean, especially of France, and most especially still of the enjoying France of the last century, the brilliant, the debauched, the doomed.

In saying the past four hundred years, we have indicated of the collection that it begins no sooner than at the full climax of the Renaissance. It contains no example of those earlier arts, so touching with constraint, so sweet with emotion and sincerity, which, though they may not appeal absolutely the most of all to our admira-

tion, do nevertheless, since we have been able to feel freely and instructedly about these things, appeal the most of all to our love. What our grandfathers used to call the Gothick schools of Italy, Germany, and the Netherlands, are alike unrepresented. The Italian, the divine school of the earth that she was, whether in her Gothic or her Grecian period, or at the delightful confines of the two, is not very numerously represented at all; and yet among her not very numerous examples there are one or two inestimable. There is the first sketch of Titian for his celebrated Europa picture in Madrid—blue sky and ravishing blue sea, swimming bull rose-garlanded, scared princess clinging to his back (shall we say sprawling upon it?) with her drapery nowhere, rosy flitting Loves, crimson trailing scarves and ribbons. It is one of the rare instances of an authentic first sketch; for such things are generally, like the little Danaë that hangs close by, not sketches before but studies after the picture. And there is all Venice at her best, in the mythology to which the name of Giorgione is given, and which indeed has a high quality such as might seem to associate it with this master, or with Titian when the two worked in one spirit, as soon as with any minor dependent of the school. A glow, a harmony, an enchantment of solemn flame and amber; a golden landscape, with a chain of lakes opening past dark blue promontories into the sea, with country roofs and half-embowered buildings sunk amid the verdure of its nearer hollow, with one tree cutting the space nearer still, and flinging rich brown foliage against the sky, and on the grass in front a woman with the mythic baby. The woman, girl rather, sits sideways, draped in wonderful scarlet upon an under-garment of more wonderful white, which shows delicately at the throat and sleeves; her action drags the scarlet folds from right to left across her body; about her knees they fall and cross perplexedly, and uncover the simple bare feet and ankles transparent with rosy colour. Nowhere is riper and firmer painting, more luscious and more masculine at once. The naked Cupid is of flesh-painting a very triumph and masterpiece. He is such that among the multitudinous procession of those fair Italian marvels of devout or mythic babyhood, that may be gambolling before your mind's eye, you may well remember this one for his lovely action, his roses, his curves, his modellings, his splendid lights and shadows, his strong little green wings, his playful rebellion against the restraining injunction of his mother, who, if this is indeed she, is in a serious and relenting mood. In every point, for grave refinement and completeness as well as for passionate harmony, the piece is exquisite. Neither does it seem retouched, though the dark part to the left of the figures has suffered some injury or mildew.

That, I say, is Venice. Florence and the Florentine Renaissance

have one perfect example, in the shape of Andrea del Sarto's well-known upright composition of the Virgin with Christ and three cherubs. This proceeds from the King of Holland's collection, and is a true original of the picture so common in copies. Of all Andrea del Sarto's easel pictures, it is one that has in it most of poetry and inspiration. The figure of the vigorous Christ-child with the extended arm, though its flanks are modelled and its anatomy displayed with profound academic skill, is much more besides academic. The sweetness of the bowed profile of the Virgin is not a sweetness of routine. In the three wistful boys' heads that range and peer behind and under one another out of the shadow, there is not only the noblest Tuscan beauty, there is a mystical passion and a tenderness that grow upon you as you look. And with how delicate a stroke is put in the little distant vision of St. Francis and the angel! It is not the "low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand" this time; it is one of the fortunate moments. Then we find two fair examples of the subtle and intellectual Milanese religious work of the cycle of Lionardo, one of them set down to Lionardo himself, but both of them in effect *repliche*, or good copies, after known compositions of Luini. Angelo Bronzino, whose learned and rather brazen masterpiece in the academic and allegoric vein we have in the National Gallery, and who in portrait has all the energy and dignity which had not yet deserted his age—Angelo Bronzino has here a lady of the time, with eyes of sedate regard beneath her high Italian forehead, and lips of an expression singularly honourable and candid. She stands in the close cage of her heavy embroidered gown—black and brown patterns on a ground of silver—and folds her fine hands gently and gravely over her wrists. The background is a cool blue, and carries along the top the following morality: FALLAX GRATIA EST ET VANA PULCHRITUDO. After that a vulgar turbaned sibyl of Domenichino, lost in a flamboyant carven frame of the most unheard-of and dissolute proportions. After that, the decadence in which old-fashioned collectors delighted, a pair of sleepy and simpering Sassoferratos, an Albano, a Carlo Dolci of the usual clayey colour and cold feminine affectation, but with some effective painting in the chair back and accessories; and two or three more. And then a long gap to Canaletto and Guardi.

Canaletto and Guardi do not really belong to the Italian succession at all; for their landscape—the Venetian perspectives, the precise architecture, the mathematically rippling lagoon or canal, the steel-coloured unromantic daylight, the mercantile or carnival population in eighteenth-century hoops, eighteenth-century tie-wigs and cocked hats—this constitutes a speciality apart from tradition, and carrying the stamp of a spirit rather Dutch than Italian. Here are seventeen samples of Canaletto and ten of Guardi, no less. Our modern

sentiment towards Venice, our passion for her sunlight and her romance, have made us unjust towards these unimpassioned yet not really undelightful representations of her. A conventional colour and ripple on the water, a conventional and moderate range of tones for the sky and atmosphere, a prosaic mind; discount so much, and confess what rare topographical painstaking, what intelligent composition, what strong accuracy of architectural drawing and delicate gradation of architectural colour—almost the mastery of a Berckheyden in such things, or of an inimitable Vanderheyden himself. Above all, what a skilful and firm-handed way of grouping, proportioning, and promenading the little figures that move about that marble and watery world, and throng the piazza, the quay, the balcony, the palace-stair. Canaletto's picture of the "Piazzetta in Carnival Time," (283) will show you just such an amazing perspective, such an amazing command of multitude, and precision among its individual constituents, in the quiet-coloured holiday mob assembled about the tumblers and show people. Canaletto has the more of Dutch precision and apathy; Guardi the more of Italian and amiable sunniness.

The school of Spain is that which it comes natural to place next the school of Italy; and Spain is here in strength, in the person of her two most famous masters. Murillo is here with ten pictures, Velasquez with eight—the Murillos all of his poorest kind, all large sacred or saintly compositions in his black manner, and of his sentiment which you care the least to look at. Of Velasquez the examples are good, and include several portraits which we have seen in the Burlington House exhibitions of the last winter or two. You go from one to the other, wondering at the problem of a genius which had the poetry of the brush in so superlative a degree, without having had the poetry of the mind in any degree that you can acknowledge. When his subjects are sordid on the one hand, or stilted and buckram on the other, he does not beautify them with his imagination, or by thinking nobly or intensely about them; he gives them a high magic and nobility merely by the ineffable way in which he sees and sets down the tone and natural mysteries of their colours, positions, and relations in space. There is the little princess in stiff silver brocade, with her white-feathered hat by her side, and that wonderful gold tassel hanging in the air; the lady with the black mantle and grey glove; the Infante Baltazar in two or three ages and attitudes; an Olivarez, looking heroic while his charger rears woodenly under him, with gleaming points upon the dark-blue steel of his armour, with gold lights here and there, a purple scarf flying straight, a subject country lying beyond, and a fired city going up in smoke, to a sky in which smokily coloured cloud-wreaths float upon a bed of the profoundest blue. Lastly, a

landscape sketch of great interest, showing the same scene as the great "Boar Hunt" of the National Gallery—a sunken ring amid a valley, of which the enclosing heights heave their tufted shoulders out of such soft-coloured shadow into such grey-gleaming light, with so singular an imaginative effect. Most of the figures occurring in the larger version are to seek in this smaller one.

If you want poetry of the mind and poetry of the brush together, go, I should say, to the Dutchman whose work is hung towards the other end of the same north wall. Some lovers of divine Italy and the sun get partial, and incline to look down upon the genius and arts of other nations. Such will anon deny that there is poetry in Rembrandt, or light in the lantern which he kindles with its one ray in the midst of bituminous darkness. But the general consciousness does not go with these. The general instinct sees in Rembrandt an extraordinary poet, and finds in the spirit with which he looked on squalor, deformity, and foul favour, something infinitely sympathetic and humane. With that rushlight ray he seems to strike out a modern and tragic beauty, as well as grim compassionate meanings for all hearts to understand. Sir Richard Wallace has several fine Rembrandts, and one not to be surpassed. I mean the young man's head (No. 103). The ground is a pitchy brown, out of which the head and shoulders stand in the favourite mysterious irradiation. The head wears a cap of a wonderful lamplit red; the upper part of the face is shaded in the favourite way by that and by loose curls of hair. The face itself is a powerful and haunting one, with a sensitive irregular mouth telling of experience and compassion, with the eyes ominous and indecipherable in their shadow. One may exhaust superlatives, and not tell how masterly the solid modelling of these features, done with all the power of Rembrandt's touch but not with its later extravagance and audacious clotting, how luminous this flesh in the light, how tender in the half dark, how real and breathing everywhere; what positive and vivid splendour, though all the colour is brown and low, in the gleams of gold upon a curl here and there, and in the relief of the cheek where gleams upon it the shadow of a curl. Contrast this nocturnal phase of the Dutch genius, and the appeal which it makes to the imagination, with the daylight phase which you find in the jovial portrait by Frank Hals (236), Rembrandt's senior by twenty-two years. The painter of the burgesses of Haarlem, rare out of his own country, could hardly be represented better than by this burly cavalier, in the fine slashed coat and slouched hat, with his apple cheeks puckered tight with fun, and the whimsical understanding which you see, and which makes you laugh in his face, between the upturned wisp of moustache and the merry unscrupulous eye. The Rembrandt we have spoken of seems to disconcert all the others, or at least only to leave us

eyes for such a second feat as the red sleeve of the turbaned lord in the large picture of the "Unjust Servant," just above, or the gold and white about the throat of the black boy on the screen. Even Rembrandt, one would have thought, going about to paint a negro page, would have relieved his head against some ground of light. No: he chooses to lay black upon black, and bring out the round visage and woolly poll by no contrast of colour against their ground, only by the quality of their textures and of the lights they take. Several of the other Rembrandts seem second-rate or doubtful, especially the flat-capped and frog-faced portrait of himself. But there is one little landscape which he has seen in a dream, and which he means shall haunt our own. A red-cloaked cavalier stands in shadow on high ground in the right-hand corner, and looks down over a country which is at most half of this world; land and sky are brown, black, lurid, ominous; ominously the roads wind beside leaden waters towards dusky cities; here plods a solemn wain; yonder rolls a chariot on some perfidious mission; the hollows hold peaceful ranges of corn stooks, but the heights look bare, burnt, and dreadful beneath gathering gloom; one pants for the thunder to burst and scatter the mysterious oppression.

But we have gone over from Madrid to Amsterdam; from the baffled lords to the successful rebels; from the master painter of decrepit Spanish religion and chivalry to the master painter and poet of sturdy Dutch burgherdom and the grovelling Dutch rabble. And now, there is not Rembrandt only to engage us, but the Dutch and Flemish schools almost in their integrity. Where to begin? There are a few examples of a generation when the first waves of the Renaissance had gone over Northern Europe, but before Flemish art had developed itself fully into its heroic and aristocratic phase with Rubens and Vandyck, or Dutch art into its popular and dramatic phase with Rembrandt, its parlour or taproom phase with Mieris or Jan Steen, its pastoral phase with Paul Potter and his like. There are examples of cosmopolitan and travelling Netherlanders of the Renaissance like Porbus the elder and younger, like Antonio Mor. Mor's portrait of the Earl of Leicester is good. But of the two pictures given to Porbus, one is nearly as fascinating as anything in the collection. It is an allegory on an ancient tale, "The Power of Love," in the freshest and most fantastic spirit of the Renaissance. A parti-coloured marble table, one round slab on a thick columnar leg, is spread in the foreground of a delightful and romantic landscape; where thin trees open down into glades, and little figures of travellers ride hither and thither, and then the country undulates away widely, with windmills and woods and farm-houses, towards a region of inlets and promontories such as Dürer and the Venetians had already imagined and loved in

common. The colour of all this is fanciful, only a little whitey-brown and thin. About and behind the table is grouped a semicircle, men and women, with love busy among them. A little of primitive harshness rests upon their design and outline, though at bottom it is animated by a really notable amount of energy and science: abundance of primitive simplicity renders the group humorous to our fancies. Bearded warriors and counsellors sit or loll among women in quaint and rich garments disarrayed for pastime; here two are quite taken up with one another; here a man is embarrassed between the choice of loves; here Sapiens in a grey beard, and Modestia in a close-fitting gown with a bunch of flowers in her hand, sit more discreetly toying indeed, but themselves not unmelted by the malicious influence. Sly Cupid stands next us at one end of the semicircle, and watches the working of his omnipotence; a jester, with fool's bells and bauble, lies and moralises to himself at the other end. And not only Sapiens and Modestia, but several others of the company, have their names embroidered somewhere on their clothes—sleeve, waistband, or shoulder. It is Pasithea and Affectio that recline one on either side of a nameless man; it is Aglaia who beckons another to her charms; it is Daphnis and Euphrosyne that make merry on the right—an odd ramble of the painter's fancy among nymphs, shepherds, personifications, mythology and allegory at random. In all the heads alike, there is a singular fineness and firmness of design; the limbs are disposed and drawn admirably; the rich and various fantasy of the dresses is rendered with surprising power. You recognise you know not what new compound of honest Flemish simplicity with Italian romance and style, with French gallantry and sprightliness, and you carry away the impression of a new and pleasant acquaintance in art.¹

(1) The name and work of Porbus (or Purbis) are rather obscure. There was a Francis Porbus the elder, and a Francis Porbus the younger, whose persons the old biographers used to confuse. The catalogue of the present collection (which is admirably drawn up on the whole) ascribes both portrait and allegory to one Porbus, and makes the dates of his birth and death 1540—1580. Those are the dates taken by the old biographies from Van Mander, in reference to Francis Porbus the elder. But these dates are exploded by that painter's portrait of himself in the Uffizj, which shows him to have been born in 1542 and still living in 1591. The portrait of Ambrose Dudley being the work of the father, is it clear that the allegory of the "Power of Love" would not be the work of the son? The researches of M. Baschet at Mantua prove the younger Porbus to have lived 1571—1622, and to have entered the service of Vincenzo di Gonzaga, Marquess of Mantua and husband to Eleonora de' Medici, when he was thirty. For those patrons he painted pictures of gallantry, and a series of portraits of beautiful women; and by them he was brought to France, where Marie de' Medici, sister to Eleonora and Queen of France, made much of him; and where he was by-and-by employed with Philip of Champagne to paint some ceremonial pictures in the Hôtel de Ville, in honour of Louis XIII.'s coronation. Philip of Champagne's portion of the commission is one of the treasures of the Lacaze room in the Louvre: those of the younger Porbus are lost. I do not know the church pictures at Bruges and Mechlin, which are the only known subject-pictures of Porbus the elder, nor his best portraits,

The heroic and courtly leaders of Flemish painting in the seventeenth century are both of them here in force: Rubens with his noble "Rainbow" landscape of last year's Burlington House Exhibition, a couple of valuable little first sketches for the famous Henri Quatre series, two turbulent sketches more, one warlike and the other voluptuous, and two or three of his inferior religious compositions, besides the portrait of Helena Forman; Vandyck with one of the very noblest and most masculine of all his portraits, that of Philip le Roy and his great hound, with its pendant, Philip le Roy's wife; and a few others not so important.

And for the Dutch school of the seventeenth century, there is no end to it. Gerard Douw himself, the father of the enamelled and minute treatment of familiar subjects, the famous inventor of the poulterer's window, is alone poorly exemplified in two little monastic subjects. His contemporaries and successors are almost as strong as in the renowned Peel collection. These marvellous miniature technicians, the creeping soul behind the craftsman's hand, broke into two paths, what I call the parlour path and the taproom path; the elder Mieris, Metsu, Terburg, and Gaspar Netscher, counting as the foremost painters of the parlour, Jan Steen, the Ostades, and Teniers (to class him roughly among the Dutchmen), the foremost painters of the tap-room—all of them alike absolute masters of the tones, colours, textures, and vulgar physiognomies which they saw. Of these, Mieris and Jan Steen, who used to get happily drunk together, may count as the two typical leaders. I think there may be a piece or two of the elder and stronger Mieris, Franz, here attributed to the younger, Willem, who imitated his father's manner first, and by-and-by went off into the Italianised mythologies, of which this Hertford collection possesses several. How quaint a world it is, that of these Dutch burgesses and their wives, their parlours and parlour furniture; with some of the dignity of their quondam Spanish masters passed into their stolid ways and bearing, with comforts from all quarters asserting the commercial nation, the old masters of the seas—heavy carpets and rare china from the East, furs from Archangel, pictures of a famed Italian hand, or it may be just bought from some friend and townsman, fine stamped leather glimmering in the shadow, rich curtains, quaintly carved chairs, tobacco of the best and pipes of the longest for the solace of the master, the harpsichord or Spanish trick of the guitar for the mistress, the beloved native beer in long glasses for both. The

which are at Vienna. Besides portraits, he was distinguished in his own day only for trees and animals. But this allegory is the work of a master, whoever he was; and seems to fall in well enough with the spirit of the younger Porbus's career. See *Gaz. des Beaux-Arts*, Oct., Nov., 1868; and Michiel's *Hist. de la Peint. Flam.*, vol. vi and viii.

illustrations of this world are too plenty and too choice for us to stop at them, longer than to point out the two masterpieces of Metsu, the "Sportsman Asleep," where a wag hangs up a barn-door fowl to have it supposed the prey of a fellow in big boots, who has laid by his fowling-piece and sunk overcome with sleep and beer on the tavern bench; and the "Looking over a Letter," where a sentimental lady writes at her table, and a husband, comically ferocious with jealousy, leans stealthily, hat in hand, over her shoulder, to see what it is about. Metsu is the finest and richest enameller of all the school, as it presents itself here; though Jan Steen, quitting for the nonce his usual vein, runs him close with the picture of a "Music Lesson"—the usual sentimental music lesson, where the teacher with his hat on (not the usual slouched hat this time), and his significant looks, has something more than music to teach to the lady with her amber or white or scarlet satin, her trimmings of fur or swansdown, her high blank forehead and dull features and little flaxen curls, her stout languid ways. Look, too, at the very daylight, look at the perfect perspective, in the brilliant pair of De Hooghes, and look at Netscher's sincere and living little ugly "Lace Maker." The architectural Dutchmen, the landscape-painting Dutchmen, are also here, more than you can count—Vanderheyden the inimitable; Vanderneer with some of his cunning moonlights and skating-matches; Potter with his cows, the amiable ruminant; Hobbemas and Ruysdaels of the best——

But the riches of the collection embarrass us, and we are too long in coming to those French portions of it, which for the ordinary English amateur are its newest and most instructive element, and are also (in spite of all the rest) its preponderating as to place and number. First among this element there is a precious little example of François Clouet, called "Janet," the court painter of some of the last of the Valois—a portrait of an ancestral Marquess of Hertford, joining to something like Holbein's powerful insight all his even finish and a sparkle of dainty gallantry that was not his. Philip of Champagne, who may just as well be counted a French as a Flemish artist, has a portrait and two religious pictures. In the last he paints just like a Simon Vouet or other French contemporary learning straight from the Italian decadence; and (excepting one fair Poussin, a "Dance of the Seasons") he serves alone to carry us over the Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. period—the pompous and Italianizing period of French high art. On a screen down-stairs, however, you may find what is probably the engraver Drevet's drawing after the famous portrait of Louis XIV. by Rigaud in the Louvre, and that is in portraiture a typical example of the pompous manner of the reign towards its close. There is also a family group of the Great King and his descendants by Rigaud's friendly rival, the learned Largillière.

Le Moine is the artist who, with La Fosse and the younger De Troy, represents the transition of 1700 and thereabouts, from the strutting art of Le Brun to the playful and abandoned art of the Regency and Louis XV. Le Moine was the master of Boucher, and figures, in his fit and flaccid elegance, with a nude mythology of Andromeda and a nude allegory of Truth: see how Time heaves Truth aloft over a well, and Falsehood tumbles discomfited underfoot, just as if it were a Rape of the Sabines and not a moral allegory.

Then the Regency, and the sparkling ideals of Watteau. Here is a real master, an originator, who in a time of dearth launched into art as spontaneous and in its way as brilliant a sort of ideal as ever was launched into it at any time. Eleven of the finest Watteaus all at once—such a sight is without parallel. Paris, eager after the least shred from his hand, may envy it us in vain. It is not an ideal with depth or passion in it, this of the verdurous garden alleys, the silvan arches, silvan ruins, the stony blandness of the garden statues, the glades and terraces, shadow and gloom; the jaunty cavaliers in careless trim, silken caps and cloaks and hose; the sprightly dames and damsels in sacques of trailing and shimmering satin; the little balls and puffs of satin that are children (*petites pomponnées* in contemporary phrase), the idle sportsmen, the careless wooer and the lightly won; the promenade, the dance, the swing, the brisk gesture, the dainty grace, the light whisper, tune and song; the perpetual twangling of fiddle and guitar, Gilles and Pierrot advancing with mime and serenade; life all picnic, passion all play, and love all comedy. It has nothing of intensity or the higher beauty in it, but it is genuine and bright; it is at once national and individual in the utmost degree. This consumptive and melancholy builder's son of Valenciennes struck out the first purely-native expression of the lighter French genius in art. His draughtsmanship is astonishing; and this kind of draughtsmanship, rendering slight gestures and shifting social graces with an exactness at once the finest and the airiest, was a new thing in art. It was a French draughtsmanship, and recurs afterwards whenever the art of that nation is most national and spontaneous. His shifting and playful colour, full of transition and subtleties, is an invention too, shimmering from white to lilac, from rose to primrose, from amber to violet; and in his more careful work is laid on with the hand of a real painter. His pair of large pictures here are not of that kind; but notice No. 434; notice the delicate tone of the distance and the trees, and how exquisitely the group is composed and adjusted at its trivial pastime—the woman playing with the dog at one side, the man anxious to whisk a fly off the breast of another woman, the pair opposite in buff and red, the pensive little profile with the delicate ear and neck sitting farther back in the half shadow; and then a touch of sadness, such as Watteau lets

through at times, in the pale averted face in talk with a man behind, in such complete shadow that it takes some looking for. In No. 452, again—where the jovial Gilles of the comedy swaggers at his violin, and is evidently made to live his part—how plaintive is the worn face of a pale woman of the troop, who sits in white satin, with a white silk lapdog perking its ears in her lap, and a little boy's face, as tender and touching as may be, peeping up sideways from her knees. Lancret, the imitator of Watteau, and Pater, the pupil to whom Watteau showed such a touching kindness in his last illness, dilute and discredit the invention of the master. The two have differences of style, if it were worth analysing them, as it is not; and each has here a quantity of canvases—trivial festivals, gaieties, gallantries, of people carelessly drawn and dispersed in amorous groups and troupes among the plains and groves of a land of opera pastoral.

After the Lancrets and the Paters, Nattier's quiet portrait of the Queen Maria Leczinska, and Boucher's showy portrait of Madame de Pompadour the more than queen (in which Boucher puts forth his best skill, and renders magically the glimmer of ribbons and laces, bows—*fontanges*, *pompons*, I know not what—over violet skirts); a half-score of the same Boucher's nymph-and-shepherd decorations, with the tapestry tints, the rose lights and blue shadows, the pouting amorousness, the applauded facility and affected fascination; these must carry us summarily through the luxurious period of Louis XV. proper. The most brilliant and sincere portrait painter of that age, and one of the most brilliant and sincere who has ever existed, the pastellist Latour, is not here. Neither is the age's honest, humble, and exquisite master of still-life and domestic interior, Chardin; nor its dexterous and popular master of sunsets and shipwrecks, sea-coasts and sea-coast population, Joseph Vernet. Indeed, in this collection of the French school, from beginning to end, one would say that there were singular gaps, and caprices of selection and exclusion. If we had time to turn to the cases of miniatures,¹ still more if we had time to look at the furniture, the wonderful carving, the wonderful marquetry and metal-work

(1) The miniatures alone deserve almost a volume, covering the ground which they do from Cromwell to Napoleon. Paris would envy us this collection of the Parisianised Swede, Hall, the most famous of all eighteenth-century miniature painters, almost as much as it would envy us the collection of Watteau. The refined coquetry, the subtle expressiveness, the delicate tinting and toning, the rare individuality of these miniatures of Hall, their total freedom from that sense of the microscopic and the pedantic which is the bane of miniature, should be noted as they deserve. But is the catalogue sure of itself in assigning to Hall a miniature which seems to me to be in quite a different manner—that most lovely oval of the two Gunnings? The sweet and simple sylph figures, moving forward with that linked and airy grace, have something of pure Grecian rhythm and loveliness about them, and the work is an adorable one; but neither in touch nor sentiment does it at all resemble the ordinary Hall. Neither does the catalogue seek to assign to Hall its variant, only a little less adorable, on the opposite side of the screen; though both are almost certainly by the same hand.

then only we should get an impression of the real preponderance which this age and its luxury has in the general show. It was an age when artists, and the craftsmen subordinate and nearest to artists, were in numbers and social standing as they have never been since; when the Pompadour fashion and Pompadour patronage had set them alongside the men of letters and of philosophy at the head of Parisian and the world's society.

Between the periods known characteristically as that of Louis XV. and that of Louis XVI. there is a gulf. Coquetry and sprightliness are the characteristic and social fashion of the one; the characteristic and fashion of the other, in society as in literature and art, are summed up in the one word, sentiment. Sentiment, simplicity: Richardson here, Rousseau there; nature, fine feeling, candour, tears, raptures, sensibility, abandonment; drop your gallant airs and nimble graces, silence your epigram, be tender and soft, not shallow and gay; pluck off your *pompons*, your *fontanges*, dress yourself in simple white frock and *fichu à l'Anglaise*, away with powder and patch, let your glances melt and swim, not glitter and stab. That is the change of mind reflected by the artists most in vogue in the days just before the Revolution. Honoré Fragoniard, a dexterous hand and light wit, does not give way much to it; he, with Beaudouin and others, touches in his flimsy love scene, spreads his opera landscape, strikes off his dainty portrait, does anything and everything that comes into his giddy head. Sometimes his work is amazingly pretty and subtle in that shallow way, as in the girl carving her name, which is one of five various examples of him in this collection. But Greuze is the high priest of sentiment in art—unlucky sentiment! and here is Greuze in terrible profusion—twenty-two of his cleverly smeared, ill drawn, corrupt and hollow portraits or personifications or domestic dramas, all ogle and languish and evil exaggeration and insinuation. He took in his contemporaries with his absurd, would-be morality and vicious innocence, and still takes in some of the simpler sort. The more the pity; for he is worthless with the last worthlessness of insincerity as well as incompetence. Look, and pass; or rather pass, without looking, to the half-dozen sweet and pure examples of the real simplicity, the candid English guise worn by candid English maids and matrons, and painted by the prince of English painters. Of these exquisite Sir Joshuas, these lovely ladies and children in their cream-coloured gowns or quilted petticoats of rose satin, we have seen several at the late winter shows. We have seen Mrs. Hoare and her crowing baby, the mother lovingly mumbling at the little one's thumb; Nelly O'Brien with the shaded face under her broad hat, the wonderful lights and shadows changing over her blue gauze skirt and rose petticoat. But we have not

seen these two fair sisters of the Conway family, one of whom, the Countess of Leinster, is the most high and gracious creature, with her pure brow and pensive eyes, the gentle hand folded against the leaning face, the lips resting in peaceful meditation, the fair and bright young colour. Here, too, is the shy strawberry girl with her pottle; here the little Miss Bowles and her dog, with loving fun in her beaded eyes and dimpled mouth. And here are two fine Gainsboroughs and a Romney. After these, there is little to illustrate the English school, except the unprecedented collection of the oil-colour and water-colour painting, both, of the Bonington whom France exalts, and England by comparison ignores. Bonington can here be studied both as a sketcher of historical romance in the spirit of Walter Scott, and as a landscape painter in the naturalist spirit of his English contemporaries at the beginning of this century, and in both capacities as a colourist of signal brilliancy and individuality. His residence in France, and the impulse given to the revolution of French art by his spirit of colour, together with his spirit of romance in history, and of nature in landscape, give him really his place rather in the annals of French painting than of our own.

I have said the revolution of French art, but I should rather have said its counter revolution. For we have passed over the antiquating and heroic movement, the classic and austere rules which were imposed upon French art by David at the hour of the political revolution, which extinguished a Greuze and a Fragonard alike, and which David's stubborn will and the talent of his disciples maintained for forty years. That movement is only represented here in one small example, where for classic and austere you must read simply stilted and jejune, "the Divorce of Josephine" by Schopin. There is a head of Murat and a little mounted Napoleon also by Gros, a master of the school, who at moments seemed ready to emancipate himself from it. Then an oil sketch and a couple of water-colour drawings by Géricault, the formidable animal painter, the Byronic genius, who first really broke the ice, and then died young. Delacroix in 1822 with his "Dante and Virgil in Hell," Géricault in 1824 with his "Raft of the Medusa," made against the official tradition a first and mighty demonstration in the direction of freedom, unfettered range of subject and treatment. At the same time the aforesaid Bonington was showing how the spirit of chivalrous and historical literature could be illustrated in an unconventional art, full of colour and of those attractions of the palette and of painting which had been banished by David and his "masters in G"—Gros, Guérin, Girodet, Gérard. After a few years the cause of freedom, of the romantics, was won; and Gros, who had wavered once and then gone back to

the classic canon with a more rigid attachment than ever—Gros took it like Cato; walked, as if out of one of his own or David's canvases, to the bank of Seine, and laid himself on his back among the bulrushes until he was drowned. One of the most distinguished champions of the young romantic school was Decamps, and of Decamps there are in this collection no less than thirty-five specimens. The faded but still brilliant and spirited water-colour of the Arab boys turning out from school, dancing and shouting in the sand while the schoolmaster glares after them from the shadow of the door, was exhibited in 1827. The "Patrol in the Streets of Smyrna" was in the famous salon of 1831, a year of exhilaration and triumph, when political absolutism had just been thrown off and all innovating spirits were full of hope and animation. This picture, its furiously trotting pony beneath his stolid official rider, its furiously running and striding Ethiopian and Turkish soldiers, has glowing and imaginative colour, but looks to us like a caricature. It is curious how delighted and tickled Heinrich Heine was with it; he writes pages to defend it from its adverse critics, and goes into humorous ecstasies over Hadji-Bey, potentate *des absoluten Bastinadenthms*, which I wish I had space to quote further. The meaning of the romantic movement and its watchwords was that each artist should be at liberty to range all history and all geography for his subject, and treat that subject in any way that commended itself to his personal temperament, with due regard had to the claims of the neglected material and pictorial part of the painter's art. Decamps had the especial distinction of enriching French art with Oriental subjects; he went to Turkey, and added the East to the geographical resources of French painting. Among his spirited and vividly coloured romances of Eastern life and landscape, I should be disposed to select a little "Miraculous Draught of Fishes," which presents the subject in a new and poetical way; a hot morning mist above the lake and its barren coasts; a couple of mounted spearmen in the foreground; a crowd at the water's edge, helping and wondering; one boat with the sacred figure standing near its bow, another half seen in the mist farther off. Decamps though half an amateur, never misses an effective and monumental disposition of his figures, a rich and impressive warmth of colour, only with unpleasant opacity in the sky. Marilhat and Eugène Frouentin are two distinguished followers in the same field, and Marilhat may be found here. Of a still more famous romantic than Decamps, of Delacroix, the acknowledged genius of the movement, there is only the "Marino Faliero," a work of impressive colour and fantastic distribution, a little common in its historic and grotesque ideals, like so much work both French and English of that period; and scarcely sufficient that one should say of it, *Ex pede Herculem*.

Of Ingres, the master of the camp opposed to that of Delacroix, there is nothing; for the capriciousness of choice which I have already noted seems to last down into our own day. Of neutral and intermediate artists, such as Delaroche and Robert, there are many. Delaroche is a heavy and indeterminate talent now nearly exploded in his own country. Ary Scheffer, several of whose most important works are here, is an insipid and insubstantial one with his earthy colour and secondhand asceticism, whose posthumous credit is still less. Horace Vernet, once the most popular of all French painters, will always hold a certain position, in spite of his intolerable colour and monotonous facility, for the spirit of his draughtsmanship and for the appeal which he makes to patriotism and the military spirit. There is too much of him here—thirty-nine pieces, most of them inspired by the wars of Napoleon, nine by the conquest of Algiers. Following these names, we come to the individual and tentative development of modern French painting with its brilliant activity and adroitness, its feverish confusion of aims; to Meissonnier, who is partly a Watteau and partly a Teniers; Gérôme; Couture; the landscape painters Rousseau and Corot.

Indeed there is much more than can be told of in any moderate compass. Already the reader's head has begun to swim, and already we have passed over much. We have passed over altogether the subsidiary arts of Italy, the Robbia, the cases of majolica, the lusted ware, the bronzes, the statuettes. We have passed over the Limoges enamel; we have not glanced at the statuary of the French seventeenth century, scarcely at the Boule and marquetry and ormolu of France, the Gouthière clocks, the brilliant brass work and inlay. Just now, in running over the French painters, we passed over a personage so important as Prud'hon, who kept his independence—the independence, the elegance and colour of a French Correggio—during the stress of the Empire and of David. It is but a perfunctory account that we have got, but we must go back for excuse to the plea with which we started, that here are four whole centuries of art and luxury, unrolled for us in the heart of penurious Bethnal Green. The children of Bethnal Green life tumble in the gutter outside; inside, the satin children of Watteau tumble in much the same attitudes upon sward that fancy has spread more soft than sleep. The place is full of contrasts, living and dead, ideal and actual; full, for such as have leisure to indulge them, of dreams and lessons, wondering heartaches and longings in humanity's behalf, wrestlings with past, present, and future.

For ourselves, if we bid a truce to discursiveness, and stick ever so closely to the art and its immediate study and history, we have seen how the show promises work enough and pleasure enough to make us thankful that it is to last at least into next summer.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

THE EUSTACE DIAMONDS.

CHAPTER LXI.

LIZZIE'S GREAT FRIEND.

THE Saturday morning came at last for which Lord Fawn had made his appointment with Lizzie, and a very important day it was in Hertford Street,—chiefly on account of his lordship's visit, but also in respect to other events which crowded themselves into the day. In the telling of our tale, we have gone a little in advance of this, as it was not till the subsequent Monday that Lady Linlithgow read in the newspaper and told Lucy how a man had been arrested on account of the robbery. Early on the Saturday morning Sir Griffin Tewett was in Hertford Street, and, as Lizzie afterwards understood, there was a terrible scene between both him and Lucinda and him and Mrs. Carbuncle. She saw nothing of it herself, but Mrs. Carbuncle brought her the tidings. For the last few days Mrs. Carbuncle had been very affectionate in her manner to Lizzie, thereby showing a great change; for during nearly the whole of February the lady who in fact owned the house, had hardly been courteous to her remunerative guest, expressing more than once a hint that the arrangement which had brought them together had better come to an end. "You see, Lady Eustace," Mrs. Carbuncle had once said, "the trouble about these robberies is almost too much for me." Lizzie, who was ill at the time, and still trembling with constant fear on account of the lost diamonds, had taken advantage of her sick condition, and declined to argue the question of her removal. Now she was supposed to be convalescent, but Mrs. Carbuncle had returned to her former ways of affection. No doubt there was cause for this,—cause that was patent to Lizzie herself. Lady Glencora Palliser had called,—which thing alone was felt by Lizzie to alter her position altogether. And then, though her diamonds were gone, and though the thieves who had stolen them were undoubtedly aware of her secret as to the first robbery, though she had herself told that secret to Lord George, whom she had not seen since she had done so,—in spite of all these causes for trouble, she had of late gradually found herself to be emerging from the state of despondency into which she had fallen while the diamonds were in her own custody. She knew that she was regaining her ascendancy; and therefore, when Mrs. Carbuncle came to tell her of the grievous things which had been said downstairs between Sir Griffin and his mistress, and to consult her as to the future, Lizzie was not surprised. "I suppose the meaning of it is that the match must be off," said Lizzie.

"Oh dear no;—pray don't say anything so horrid after all that I have gone through. Don't suggest anything of that kind to Lucinda."

"But surely after what you've told me now, he'll never come here again."

"Oh yes, he will. There's no danger about his coming back. It's only a sort of a way he has."

"A very disagreeable way," said Lizzie.

"No doubt, Lady Eustace. But then you know you can't have it all sweet. There must be some things disagreeable. As far as I can learn, the property will be all right after a few years,—and it is absolutely indispensable that Lucinda should do something. She has accepted him, and she must go on with it."

"She seems to me to be very unhappy, Mrs. Carbuncle."

"That was always her way. She was never gay and cheery like other girls. I have never known her once to be what you would call happy."

"She likes hunting."

"Yes,—because she can gallop away out of herself. I have done all I can for her, and she must go on with the marriage now. As for going back, it is out of the question. The truth is, we couldn't afford it."

"Then you must keep him in a better humour."

"I am not so much afraid about him; but, dear Lady Eustace, we want you to help us a little."

"How can I help you?"

"You can, certainly. Could you lend me two hundred and fifty pounds, just for six weeks?" Lizzie's face fell and her eyes became very serious in their aspect. Two hundred and fifty pounds! "You know you would have ample security. You need not give Lucinda her present till I've paid you, and that will be forty-five pounds."

"Thirty-five," said Lizzie with angry decision.

"I thought we agreed upon forty-five when we settled about the servants' liveries;—and then you can let the man at the stables know that I am to pay for the carriage and horses. You wouldn't be out of the money hardly above a week or so, and it might be the salvation of Lucinda just at present."

"Why don't you ask Lord George?"

"Ask Lord George! He hasn't got it. It's much more likely that he should ask me. I don't know what's come to Lord George this last month past. I did believe that you and he were to come together. I think these two robberies have upset him altogether. But, dear Lizzie;—you can let me have it, can't you?"

Lizzie did not at all like the idea of lending money, and by no means appreciated the security now offered to her. It might be very

well for her to tell the man at the stables that Mrs. Carbuncle would pay him her bill, but how would it be with her, if Mrs. Carbuncle did not pay the bill? And as for her present to Lucinda,—which was to have been a present, and regarded by the future Lady Tewett as a voluntary offering of good-will and affection,—she was altogether averse to having it disposed of in this fashion. And yet she did not like to make an enemy of Mrs. Carbuncle. “I never was so poor in my life before,—not since I was married,” said Lizzie.

“You can’t be poor, dear Lady Eustace.”

“They took my money out of my desk, you know,—ever so much.”

“Forty-three pounds,” said Mrs. Carbuncle, who was, of course, well instructed in all the details of the robbery.

“And I don’t suppose you can guess what the autumn cost me at Portray. The bills are only coming in now, and really they sometimes so frighten me that I don’t know what I shall do. Indeed, I haven’t got the money to spare.”

“You’ll have every penny of it back in six weeks,” said Mrs. Carbuncle, upon whose face a glow of anger was settling down. She quite intended to make herself very disagreeable to her “dear Lady Eustace” or her “dear Lizzie” if she did not get what she wanted; and she knew very well how to do it. It must be owned that Lizzie was afraid of the woman. It was almost impossible for her not to be afraid of the people with whom she lived. There were so many things against her;—so many sources of fear! “I am quite sure you won’t refuse me such a trifling favour as this,” said Mrs. Carbuncle, with the glow of anger reddening more and more upon her brow.

“I don’t think I have so much at the bankers,” said Lizzie.

“They’ll let you overdraw,—just as much as you please. If the cheque comes back that will be my look out.” Lizzie had tried that game before, and knew that the bankers would allow her to overdraw. “Come, be a good friend and do it at once,” said Mrs. Carbuncle.

“Perhaps I can manage a hundred and fifty,” said Lizzie, trembling. Mrs. Carbuncle fought hard for the greater sum; but at last consented to take the less, and the cheque was written.

“This, of course, won’t interfere with Lucinda’s present,” said Mrs. Carbuncle,—“as we can make all this right by the horse and carriage account.” To this proposition, however, Lady Eustace made no answer.

Soon after lunch, at which meal Miss Roanoke did not show herself, Lady Glencora Palliser was announced, and sat for about ten minutes in the drawing-room. She had come, she said, especially to give the Duke of Omnium’s compliments to Lady Eustace, and to express a wish on the part of the duke that the lost diamonds

might be recovered. "I doubt," said Lady Glencora, "whether there is any one in England except professed jewellers who knows so much about diamonds as his grace."

"Or who has so many," said Mrs. Carbuncle, smiling graciously.

"I don't know about that. I suppose there are family diamonds, though I have never seen them. But he sympathises with you completely, Lady Eustace. I suppose there is hardly hope now of recovering them." Lizzie smiled and shook her head. "Isn't it odd that they never should have discovered the thieves? I'm told they haven't at all given it up,—only, unfortunately, they'll never get back the necklace." She sat there for about a quarter of an hour, and then, as she took her leave, she whispered a few words to Lizzie. "He is to come and see you;—isn't he?" Lizzie assented with a smile, but without a word. "I hope it will be all right," said Lady Glencora, and then she went.

Lizzie liked this friendship from Lady Glencora amazingly. Perhaps, after all, nothing more would ever be known about the diamonds, and they would simply be remembered as having added a peculiar and not injurious mystery to her life. Lord George knew,—but then she trusted that a benevolent, true-hearted Corsair, such as was Lord George, would never tell the story against her. The thieves knew,—but surely they, if not detected, would never tell. And if the story were told by thieves, or even by a Corsair, at any rate half the world would not believe it. What she had feared,—had feared till the dread had nearly overcome her,—was public exposure at the hands of the police. If she could escape that, the world might still be bright before her. And the interest taken in her by such persons as the Duke of Omnium and Lady Glencora, was evidence not only that she had escaped it hitherto, but also that she was in a fair way to escape it altogether. Three weeks ago she would have given up half her income to have been able to steal out of London without leaving a trace behind her. Three weeks ago Mrs. Carbuncle was treating her with discourtesy, and she was left alone nearly the whole day in her sick-bedroom. Things were going better with her now. She was recovering her position. Mr. Camperdown, who had been the first to attack her, was, so to say, "nowhere." He had acknowledged himself beaten. Lord Fawn, whose treatment to her had been so great an injury, was coming to see her that very day. Her cousin Frank, though he had never offered to marry her, was more affectionate to her than ever. Mrs. Carbuncle had been at her feet that morning borrowing money. And Lady Glencora Palliser,—the very leading star of fashion,—had called upon her twice! Why should she succumb? She had an income of four thousand pounds a year, and she thought that she could remember that her aunt, Lady Linlithgow, had but seven

hundred pounds. Lady Fawn with all her daughters had not near so much as she had. And she was beautiful, too, and young, and perfectly free to do what she pleased. No doubt the last eighteen months of her life had been made wretched by those horrid diamonds;—but they were gone, and she had fair reason to hope that the very knowledge of them was gone also.

In this condition, would it be expedient for her to accept Lord Fawn when he came? She could not, of course, be sure that any renewed offer would be the result of his visit;—but she thought it probable that with care she might bring him to that. Why should he come to her if he himself had no such intention? Her mind was quite made up on this point,—that he should be made to renew his offer; but whether she would renew her acceptance was quite another question. She had sworn to her cousin Frank that she would never do so, and she had sworn also that she would be revenged on this wretched lord. Now would be her opportunity of accomplishing her revenge, and of proving to Frank that she had been in earnest. And she positively disliked the man. That, probably, did not go for much, but it went for something, even with Lizzie Eustace. Her cousin she did like,—and Lord George. She hardly knew which was her real love;—though, no doubt, she gave the preference greatly to her cousin, because she could trust him. And then Lord Fawn was very poor. The other two men were poor also; but their poverty was not so objectionable in Lizzie's eyes as were the respectable, close-fisted economies of Lord Fawn. Lord Fawn, no doubt, had an assured income and a real peerage, and could make her a peeress. As she thought of it all, she acknowledged that there was a great deal to be said on each side, and that the necessity of making up her mind then and there was a heavy burthen upon her.

Exactly at the hour named Lord Fawn came, and Lizzie was, of course, found alone. That had been carefully provided. He was shown up, and she received him very gracefully. She was sitting, and she rose from her chair, and put out her hand for him to take. She spoke no word of greeting, but looked at him with a pleasant smile, and stood for a few seconds with her hand in his. He was awkward, and much embarrassed, and she certainly had no intention of lessening his embarrassment. "I hope you are better than you have been," he said at last.

"I am getting better, Lord Fawn. Will you not sit down?" He then seated himself, placing his hat beside him on the floor, but at the moment could not find words to speak. "I have been very ill."

"I have been so sorry to hear it."

"There has been much to make me ill,—has there not?"

"About the robbery, you mean?"

"About many things. The robbery has been by no means the

worst, though, no doubt, it frightened me much. There were two robberies, Lord Fawn."

"Yes,—I know that."

"And it was very terrible. And then, I had been threatened with a lawsuit. You have heard that, too?"

"Yes,—I had heard it."

"I believe they have given that up now. I understand from my cousin, Mr. Greystock, who has been my truest friend in all my troubles, that the stupid people have found out at last that they had not a leg to stand on. I daresay you have heard that, Lord Fawn?"

Lord Fawn certainly had heard, in a doubtful way, the gist of Mr. Dove's opinion, namely, that the necklace could not be claimed from the holder of it as an heirloom attached to the Eustace family. But he had heard at the same time that Mr. Camperdown was as confident as ever that he could recover the property by claiming it after another fashion. Whether or no that claim had been altogether abandoned, or had been allowed to fall into abeyance because of the absence of the diamonds, he did not know, nor did any one know, —Mr. Camperdown himself having come to no decision on the subject. But Lord Fawn had been aware that his sister had of late shifted the ground of her inveterate enmity to Lizzie Eustace, making use of the scene which Mr. Gowran had witnessed, in lieu of the lady's rapacity in regard to the necklace. It might therefore be assumed, Lord Fawn thought and feared, that his strong ground in regard to the necklace had been cut from under his feet. But still, it did not behove him to confess that the cause which he had always alleged as the ground for his retreat from the engagement was no cause at all. It might go hard with him should an attempt be made to force him to name another cause. He knew that he would lack the courage to tell the lady that he had heard from his sister that one Andy Gowran had witnessed a terrible scene down among the rocks at Portray. So he sat silent, and made no answer to Lizzie's first assertion respecting the diamonds.

But the necklace was her strong point, and she did not intend that he should escape the subject. "If I remember right, Lord Fawn, you yourself saw that wretched old attorney once or twice on the subject?"

"I did see Mr. Camperdown, certainly. He is my own family lawyer."

"You were kind enough to interest yourself about the diamonds,—were you not?" She asked him this as a question, and then waited for a reply. "Was it not so?"

"Yes, Lady Eustace; it was so."

"They were of great value, and it was natural," continued Lizzie. "Of course you interested yourself. Mr. Camperdown was full of

awful threats against me;—was he not? I don't know what he was not going to do. He stopped me in the street as I was driving to the station in my own carriage, when the diamonds were with me;—which was a very strong measure, I think. And he wrote me ever so many,—oh, such horrid letters. And he went about telling everybody that it was an heirloom;—didn't he? You know all that, Lord Fawn?"

"I know that he wanted to recover them."

"And did he tell you that he went to a real lawyer,—somebody who really knew about it, Mr. Turbot, or Turtle, or some such name as that, and the real lawyer told him that he was all wrong, and that the necklace couldn't be an heirloom at all, because it belonged to me, and that he had better drop his lawsuit altogether? Did you hear that?"

"No;—I did not hear that."

"Ah, Lord Fawn, you dropped your inquiries just at the wrong place. No doubt you had too many things to do in Parliament and the Government to go on with them; but if you had gone on, you would have learned that Mr. Camperdown had just to give it up,—because he had been wrong from beginning to end." Lizzie's words fell from her with extreme rapidity, and she had become almost out of breath from the effects of her own energy.

Lord Fawn felt strongly the necessity of clinging to the diamonds as his one great and sufficient justification. "I thought," said he, "that Mr. Camperdown had abandoned his action for the present because the jewels had been stolen."

"Not a bit of it," said Lizzie, rising suddenly to her legs. "Who says so? Who dares to say so? Whoever says so is,—is a storyteller. I understand all about that. The action could go on just the same, and I could be made to pay for the necklace out of my own income if it hadn't been my own. I am sure, Lord Fawn, such a clever man as you, and one who has always been in the Government and in Parliament, can see that. And will anybody believe that such an enemy as Mr. Camperdown has been to me, persecuting me in every possible way, telling lies about me to everybody,—who tried to prevent my dear, darling husband from marrying me,—that he wouldn't go on with it if he could?"

"Mr. Camperdown is a very respectable man, Lady Eustace."

"Respectable! Talk to me of respectable after all that he has made me suffer! As you were so fond of making inquiries, Lord Fawn, you ought to have gone on with them. You never would believe what my cousin said."

"Your cousin always behaved very badly to me."

"My cousin, who is a brother rather than a cousin, has known how to protect me from the injuries done to me,—or, rather, has

known how to take my part when I have been injured. My lord, as you have been unwilling to believe him, why have you not gone to that gentleman who, as I say, is a real lawyer? I don't know, my lord, that it need have concerned you at all, but as you began, you surely should have gone on with it. Don't you think so?" She was still standing up, and, small as was her stature, was almost menacing the unfortunate Under-Secretary of State, who was still seated in his chair. "My lord," continued Lizzie, "I have had great wrong done me."

"Do you mean by me?"

"Yes, by you. Who else has done it?"

"I do not think that I have done wrong to any one. I was obliged to say that I could not recognise those diamonds as the property of my wife."

"But what right had you to say so? I had the diamonds when you asked me to be your wife."

"I did not know it."

"Nor did you know that I had this little ring upon my finger. Is it fit that you, or that any man should turn round upon a lady and say to her that your word is to be broken, and that she is to be exposed before all her friends, because you have taken a fancy to dislike her ring or her brooch? I say, Lord Fawn, it was no business of yours, even after you were engaged to me. What jewels I might have, or not have, was no concern of yours till after I had become your wife. Go and ask all the world if it is not so? You say that my cousin affronts you because he takes my part,—like a brother. Ask any one else. Ask any lady you may know. Let us name some one to decide between us which of us has been wrong. Lady Glencora Palliser is a friend of yours, and her husband is in the Government. Shall we name her? It is true, indeed, that her uncle, the Duke of Omnium, the grandest and greatest of English noblemen, is specially interested on my behalf." This was very fine in Lizzie. The Duke of Omnium she had never seen; but his name had been mentioned to her by Lady Glencora, and she was quick to use it.

"I can admit of no reference to any one," said Lord Fawn.

"And I then,—what am I to do? I am to be thrown over simply because your lordship—chooses to throw me over. Your lordship will admit no reference to any one! Your lordship makes inquiries as long as an attorney tells you stories against me, but drops them at once when the attorney is made to understand that he is wrong. Tell me this, sir. Can you justify yourself,—in your own heart?"

Unfortunately for Lord Fawn, he was not sure that he could justify himself. The diamonds were gone, and the action was laid

aside, and the general opinion which had prevailed a month or two since, that Lizzie had been disreputably concerned in stealing her own necklace, seemed to have been laid aside. Lady Glencora and the duke went for almost as much with Lord Fawn as they did with Lizzie. No doubt the misbehaviour down among the rocks was left to him; but he had that only on the evidence of Andy Gowran,—and even Andy Gowran's evidence he had declined to receive otherwise than second-hand. Lizzie, too, was prepared with an answer to this charge,—an answer which she had already made more than once, though the charge was not positively brought against her, and which consisted in an assertion that Frank Greystock was her brother rather than her cousin. Such brotherhood was not altogether satisfactory to Lord Fawn, when he came once more to regard Lizzie Eustace as his possible future wife; but still the assertion was an answer, and one that he could not altogether reject.

It certainly was the case that he had again begun to think what would be the result of a marriage with Lady Eustace. He must sever himself altogether from Mrs. Hittaway, and must relax the closeness of his relations with Fawn Court. He would have a wife respecting whom he himself had spread evil tidings, and the man whom he most hated in the world would be his wife's favourite cousin, or, so to say,—brother. He would, after a fashion, be connected with Mrs. Carbuncle, Lord George de Bruce Carruthers, and Sir Griffin Tewett, all of whom he regarded as thoroughly disreputable. And, moreover, at his own country house at Portray, as in such case it would be, his own bailiff or steward would be the man who had seen,—what he had seen. These were great objections; but how was he to avoid marrying her? He was engaged to her. How, at any rate, was he to escape from the renewal of his engagement at this moment? He had more than once positively stated that he was deterred from marrying her, only by her possession of the diamonds. The diamonds were now gone.

Lizzie was still standing, waiting for an answer to her question,—Can you justify yourself in your own heart? Having paused for some seconds, she repeated her question in a stronger and more personal form. "Had I been your sister, Lord Fawn, and had another man behaved to me as you have now done, would you say that he had behaved well, and that she had no ground for complaint? Can you bring yourself to answer that question honestly?"

"I hope I shall answer no question dishonestly."

"Answer it then. No; you cannot answer it, because you would condemn yourself. Now, Lord Fawn, what do you mean to do?"

"I had thought, Lady Eustace, that any regard which you might ever have entertained for me——"

"Well ;—what had you thought of my regard ?"

"That it had been dissipated."

"Have I told you so ? Has any one come to you from me with such a message ?"

"Have you not received attentions from any one else ?"

"Attentions !— what attentions ? I have received plenty of attentions,—most flattering attentions. I was honoured even this morning by a most gratifying attention on the part of his grace the Duke of Omnium."

"I did not mean that."

"What do you mean, then ? I am not going to marry the Duke of Omnium because of his attention,—nor any one else. If you mean, sir, after the other inquiries you have done me the honour to make, to throw it in my face now, that I have—have in any way rendered myself unworthy of the position of your wife because people have been civil and kind to me in my sorrow, you are a greater dastard than I took you to be. Tell me at once, sir, whom you mean."

It is hardly too much to say that the man quailed before her. And it certainly is not too much to say that, had Lizzie Eustace been trained as an actress, she would have become a favourite with the town. When there came to her any fair scope for acting, she was perfect. In the ordinary scenes of ordinary life, such as befell her during her visit to Fawn Court, she could not acquit herself well. There was no reality about her, and the want of it was strangely plain to most unobservant eyes. But give her a part to play that required exaggerated strong action, and she hardly ever failed. Even in that terrible moment, when, on her return from the theatre, she thought that the police had discovered her secret about the diamonds, though she nearly sank through fear, she still carried on her acting in the presence of Lucinda Roanoke ; and when she had found herself constrained to tell the truth to Lord George Carruthers, the power to personify a poor weak, injured creature was not wanting to her. The reader will not think that her position in society at the present moment was very well established,—will feel, probably, that she must still have known herself to be on the brink of social ruin. But she had now fully worked herself up to the necessities of the occasion, and was as able to play her part as any actress that ever walked the boards. She had called him a dastard, and now stood looking him in the face. "I didn't mean anybody in particular," said Lord Fawn.

"Then what right can you have to ask me whether I have received attentions ? Had it not been for the affectionate attention of my cousin, Mr. Greystock, I should have died beneath the load of sorrow you have heaped upon me !" This she said quite boldly, and yet

the man she named was he of whom Andy Gowran told his horrid story, and whose love-making to Lizzie had, in Mrs. Hittaway's opinion, been sufficient to atone for any falling off in strength in the matter of the diamonds.

"A rumour reached me," said Lord Fawn, plucking up his courage, "that you were engaged to marry your cousin."

"Then rumour lied, my lord. And he or she who repeated the rumour to you, lied also. And any he or she who repeats it again will go on with the lie." Lord Fawn's brow became very black. The word "lie," itself, was offensive to him,—offensive, even though it might not be applied directly to himself; but he still quailed, and was unable to express his indignation,—as he had done to poor Lucy Morris, his mother's governess. "And now let me ask, Lord Fawn, on what ground you and I stand together. When my friend, Lady Glencora, asked me, only this morning, whether my engagement with you was still an existing fact, and brought me the kindest possible message on the same subject from her uncle, the duke, I hardly knew what answer to make to her." It was not surprising that Lizzie in her difficulties should use her new friend, but perhaps she over-did the friendship a little. "I told her that we were engaged, but that your lordship's conduct to me had been so strange, that I hardly knew how to speak of you among my friends."

"I thought I explained myself to your cousin."

"My cousin certainly did not understand your explanation."

Lord Fawn was certain that Greystock had understood it well; and Greystock had in return insulted him,—because the engagement was broken off. But it is impossible to argue on facts with a woman who has been ill-used. "After all that has passed, perhaps we had better part," said Lord Fawn.

"Then I shall put the matter into the hands of the Duke of Omnium," said Lizzie boldly. "I will not have my whole life ruined, my good name blasted——"

"I have not said a word to injure your good name."

"On what plea, then, have you dared to take upon yourself to put an end to an engagement which was made at your own pressing request,—which was, of course, made at your own request. On what ground do you justify such conduct? You are a Liberal, Lord Fawn; and everybody regards the Duke of Omnium as the head of the liberal nobility in England. He is my friend, and I shall put the matter into his hands." It was, probably, from her cousin Frank that Lizzie had learned that Lord Fawn was more afraid of the leaders of his own party than of any other tribunal upon earth,—or, perhaps, elsewhere.

Lord Fawn felt the absurdity of the threat, and yet it had effect

upon him. He knew that the Duke of Omnium was a worn-out old debauchee, with one foot in the grave, who was looked after by two or three women who were only anxious that he should not disgrace himself by some absurdity before he died. Nevertheless, the Duke of Omnium, or the duke's name, was a power in the nation. Lady Glencora was certainly very powerful, and Lady Glencora's husband was Chancellor of the Exchequer. He did not suppose that the Duke cared in the least whether Lizzie Eustace was or was not married;—but Lady Glencora had certainly interested herself about Lizzie, and might make London almost too hot to hold him if she chose to go about everywhere saying that he ought to marry the lady. And in addition to all this prospective grief, there was the trouble of the present moment. He was in Lizzie's own room,—fool that he had been to come there,—and he must get out as best he could. "Lady Eustace," he said, "I am most anxious not to behave badly in this matter."

"But you are behaving badly,—very badly."

"With your leave I will tell you what I would suggest. I will submit to you in writing my opinion on this matter;"—Lord Fawn had been all his life submitting his opinion in writing, and thought that he was rather a good hand at the work. "I will then endeavour to explain to you the reasons which make me think that it will be better for us both that our engagement should be at an end. If, after reading it, you shall disagree with me, and still insist on the right which I gave you when I asked you to become my wife,—I will then perform the promise which I certainly made." To this most foolish proposal on his part, Lizzie, of course, acquiesced. She acquiesced, and bade him farewell with her sweetest smile. It was now manifest to her that she could have her husband,—or her revenge, just as she might prefer.

This had been a day of triumph to her, and she was talking of it in the evening triumphantly to Mrs. Carbuncle, when she was told that a policeman wanted to see her down-stairs! Oh, those wretched police! Again all the blood rushed to her head, and nearly killed her. She descended slowly; and was then informed by a man, not dressed, like Bunfit, in plain clothes, but with all the paraphernalia of a policeman's uniform, that her late servant, Patience Crabstick, had given herself up as Queen's evidence, and was now in custody in Scotland Yard. It had been thought right that she should be so far informed; but the man was able to tell her nothing further.

CHAPTER LXII.

"YOU KNOW WHERE MY HEART IS."

ON the Sunday following Frank, as usual, was in Hertford Street. He had become almost a favourite with Mrs. Carbuncle; and had so far ingratiated himself even with Lucinda Roanoke that, according to Lizzie's report, he might, if so inclined, rob Sir Griffin of his prize without much difficulty. On this occasion he was unhappy and in low spirits; and when questioned on the subject made no secret of the fact that he was harassed for money. "The truth is I have overdrawn my bankers by five hundred pounds, and they have, as they say, ventured to remind me of it. I wish they were not venturesome quite so often; for they reminded me of the same fact about a fortnight ago."

"What do you do with your money, Mr. Greystock?" asked Mrs. Carbuncle, laughing.

"Muddle it away, paying my bills with it,—according to the very, very old story. The fact is, I live in that detestable no-man's land, between respectability and insolvency, which has none of the pleasure of either. I am fair game for every creditor, as I am supposed to pay my way,—and yet I never can pay my way."

"Just like my poor dear father," said Lizzie.

"Not exactly, Lizzie. He managed much better, and never paid anybody. If I could only land on terra-firma,—one side or the other,—I shouldn't much care which. As it is, I have all the recklessness, but none of the carelessness of the hopelessly insolvent man. And it is so hard with us. Attorneys owe us large sums of money, and we can't dun them very well. I have a lot of money due to me from rich men, who don't pay me simply because they don't think that it matters. I talk to them grandly, and look big, as though money was the last thing I thought of, when I am longing to touch my hat and ask them as a great favour to settle my little bill." All this time Lizzie was full of matter which she must impart to her cousin, and could impart to him only in privacy.

It was absolutely necessary that she should tell him what she had heard of Patience Crabstick. In her heart of hearts she wished that Patience Crabstick had gone off safely with her plunder to the Antipodes. She had no wish to get back what had been lost, either in the matter of the diamonds or of the smaller things taken. She had sincerely wished that the police might fail in all their endeavours, and that the thieves might enjoy perfect security with their booty. She did not even begrudge Mr. Benjamin the diamonds,—or Lord George, if in truth Lord George had been the last thief. The

robbery had enabled her to get the better of Mr. Camperdown, and apparently of Lord Fawn; and had freed her from the custody of property which she had learned to hate. It had been a very good robbery. But now these wretched police had found Patience Crabstick, and would disturb her again!

Of course she must tell her cousin. He must hear the news, and it would be better that he should hear it from her than from others. This was Sunday, and she thought he would be sure to know the truth on the following Monday. In this she was right; for on the Monday old Lady Linlithgow saw it stated in the newspapers that an arrest had been made. "I have something to tell you," she said, as soon as she had succeeded in finding herself alone with him.

"Anything about the diamonds?"

"Well, no; not exactly about the diamonds;—though perhaps it is. But first, Frank, I want to say something else to you."

"Not about the diamonds?"

"Oh no;—not at all. It is this. You must let me lend you that five hundred pounds you want."

"Indeed you shall do no such thing. I should not have mentioned it to you if I had not thought that you were one of the insolvent yourself. You were in debt yourself when we last talked about money."

"So I am;—and that horrid woman, Mrs. Carbuncle, has made me lend her one hundred and fifty pounds. But it is so different with you, Frank."

"Yes;—my needs are greater than hers."

"What is she to me?—while you are everything! Things can't be so bad with me but what I can raise five hundred pounds. After all, I am not really in debt, for a person of my income; but if I were, still my first duty would be to help you if you want help."

"Be generous first, and just afterwards. That's it;—isn't it, Lizzie? But indeed under no circumstances could I take a penny of your money. There are some persons from whom a man can borrow, and some from whom he cannot. You are clearly one of those from whom I cannot borrow."

"Why not?"

"Ah,—one can't explain these things. It simply is so. Mrs. Carbuncle was quite the natural person to borrow your money, and it seems that she has complied with nature. Some Jew, who wants thirty per cent., is the natural person for me. All these things are arranged, and it is of no use disturbing the arrangements and getting out of course. I shall pull through. And now let me know your own news."

"The police have taken Patience."

"They have,—have they? Then at last we shall know all about the diamonds." This was gall to poor Lizzie. "Where did they get her?"

"Ah!—I don't know that."

"And who told you?"

"A policeman came here last night and said so. She is going to turn against the thieves, and tell all that she knows. Nasty mean creature."

"Thieves are nasty mean creatures generally. We shall get it all out now,—as to what happened at Carlisle and what happened here. Do you know that everybody believes, up to this moment, that your dear friend Lord George de Bruce sold the diamonds to Mr. Benjamin, the jeweller?"

Lizzie could only shrug her shoulders. She herself, among many doubts, was upon the whole disposed to think as everybody thought. She did believe,—as far as she believed anything in the matter, that the Corsair had determined to become possessed of the prize from the moment that he saw it in Scotland, that the Corsair arranged the robbery in Carlisle, and that again he arranged the robbery in the London house as soon as he learned from Lizzie where the diamonds were placed. To her mind this had been the most ready solution of the mystery, and when she found that other people almost regarded him as the thief, her doubts became a belief. And she did not in the least despise or dislike him or condemn him for what he had done. Were he to come to her and confess it all, telling his story in such a manner as to make her seem to be safe for the future, she would congratulate him and accept him at once as her own dear, expected Corsair. But, if so, he should not have bungled the thing. He should have managed his subordinates better than to have one of them turn evidence against him. He should have been able to get rid of a poor weak female like Patience Crabstick. Why had he not sent her to New York, or—or,—or anywhere? If Lizzie were to hear that Lord George had taken Patience out to sea in a yacht,—somewhere among the bright islands of which she thought so much,—and dropped the girl overboard, tied up in a bag, she would regard it as a proper Corsair arrangement. Now she was angry with Lord George, because her trouble was coming back upon her. Frank had suggested that Lord George was the robber in chief, and Lizzie merely shrugged her shoulders. "We shall know all about it now," said he triumphantly.

"I don't know that I want to know any more about it. I have been so tortured about these wretched diamonds, that I never wish to hear them mentioned again. I don't care who has got them. My enemies used to think that I loved them so well that I could not bear to part with them. I hated them always, and never

took any pleasure in them. I used to think that I would throw them into the sea, and when they were gone I was glad of it."

"Thieves ought to be discovered, Lizzie,—for the good of the community."

"I don't care for the community. What has the community ever done for me? And now I have something else to tell you. Ever so many people came yesterday as well as that wretched policeman. Dear Lady Glencora was here again."

"They'll make a Radical of you among them, Lizzie."

"I don't care a bit about that. I'd just as soon be a Radical as a stupid old Conservative. Lady Glencora has been most kind, and she brought me the dearest message from the Duke of Omnium. The duke had heard how ill I had been treated."

"The duke is dotting."

"It is so easy to say that when a man is old. I don't think you know him, Frank."

"Not in the least;—nor do I wish."

"It is something to have the sympathy of men high placed in the world. And as to Lady Glencora, I do love her dearly. She just comes up to my beau-ideal of what a woman should be,—disinterested, full of spirit, affectionate, with a dash of romance about her."

"A great dash of romance, I fancy."

"And a determination to be something in the world. Lady Glencora Palliser is something."

"She is awfully rich, Lizzie."

"I suppose so. At any rate, that is no disgrace. And then, Frank, somebody else came."

"Lord Fawn was to have come."

"He did come."

"And how did it go between you?"

"Ah,—that will be so difficult to explain. I wish you had been behind the curtain to hear it all. It is so necessary that you should know, and yet it is so hard to tell. I spoke up to him, and was quite high-spirited."

"I daresay you were."

"I told him out, bravely, of all the wrong he had done me. I did not sit and whimper, I can assure you. Then he talked about you,—of your attentions."

Frank Greystock, of course, remembered the scene among the rocks, and Mr. Gowran's wagging head and watchful eyes. At the time he had felt certain that some use would be made of Andy's vigilance, though he had not traced the connection between the man and Mrs. Hittaway. If Lord Fawn had heard of the little scene, there might, doubtless, be cause for him to talk of "attentions." "What did it matter to him?" asked Frank. "He is an

insolent ass,—as I have told him once, and shall have to tell him again.”

“I think it did matter, Frank.”

“I don’t see it a bit. He had resigned his rights,—whatever they were.”

“But I had not accepted his resignation,—as they say in the newspapers ;—nor have I now.”

“You would still marry him ?”

“I don’t say that, Frank. This is an important business, and let us go through it steadily. I would certainly like to have him again at my feet. Whether I would deign to lift him up again is another thing. Is not that natural, after what he has done to me ?”

“Woman’s nature.”

“And I am a woman. Yes, Frank. I would have him again at my disposal,—and he is so. He is to write me a long letter ;—so like a Government-man, isn’t it ? And he has told me already what he is to put into the letter. They always do, you know. He is to say that he’ll marry me if I choose.”

“He has promised to say that ?”

“When he said that he would come, I made up my mind that he should not go out of the house till he had promised that. He couldn’t get out of it. What had I done ?” Frank thought of the scene among the rocks. He did not, of course, allude to it, but Lizzie was not so reticent. “As to what that old rogue saw down in Scotland, I don’t care a bit about it, Frank. He has been up in London, and telling them all, no doubt. Nasty, dirty eaves-dropper ! But what does it come to ? Psha ! When he mentioned your name I silenced him at once. What could I have done, unless I had had some friend ? At any rate, he is to ask me again in writing,—and then what shall I say ?”

“You must consult your own heart.”

“No, Frank ;—I need not do that. Why do you say so ?”

“I know not what else to say.”

“A woman can marry without consulting her heart. Women do so every day. This man is a lord, and has a position. No doubt I despise him thoroughly,—utterly. I don’t hate him, because he is not worth being hated.”

“And yet you would marry him ?”

“I have not said so. I will tell you this truth, though, perhaps, you will say it is not feminine. I would fain marry some one. To be as I have been for the last two years is not a happy condition.”

“I would not marry a man I despised.”

“Nor would I,—willingly. He is honest and respectable ; and in spite of all that has come and gone would, I think, behave well to a woman when she was once his wife. Of course, I would prefer

to marry a man that I could love. But if that is impossible, Frank——"

"I thought that you had determined that you would have nothing to do with this lord."

"I thought so too. Frank, you have known all that I have thought, and all that I have wished. You talk to me of marrying where my heart has been given. Is it possible that I should do so?"

"How am I to say?"

"Come, Frank, be true with me. I am forcing myself to speak truth to you. I think that between you and me, at any rate, there should be no words spoken that are not true. Frank, you know where my heart is." As she said this, she stood over him, and laid her hand upon his shoulder. "Will you answer me one question?"

"If I can, I will."

"Are you engaged to marry Lucy Morris?"

"I am."

"And you intend to marry her?" To this question he made no immediate answer. "We are old enough now, Frank, to know that something more than what you call heart is wanted to make us happy when we marry. I will say nothing hard of Lucy, though she be my rival."

"You can say nothing hard of her. She is perfect."

"We will let that pass, though it is hardly kind of you, just at the present moment. Let her be perfect. Can you marry this perfection without a sixpence,—you that are in debt, and who never could save a sixpence in your life? Would it be for her good,—or for yours? You have done a foolish thing, sir, and you know that you must get out of it."

"I know nothing of the kind."

"You cannot marry Lucy Morris. That is the truth. My present need makes me bold. Frank, shall I be your wife? Such a marriage will not be without love, at any rate, on one side,—though there be utter indifference on the other!"

"You know I am not indifferent to you," said he, with wicked weakness.

"Now, at any rate," she continued, "you must understand what must be my answer to Lord Fawn. It is you that must answer Lord Fawn. If my heart is to be broken, I may as well break it under his roof as another."

"I have no roof to offer you," he said.

"But I have one for you," she said, throwing her arm round his neck. He bore her embrace for a minute, returning it with the pressure of his arm; and then, escaping from it, seized his hat and left her standing in the room.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE CORSAIR IS AFRAID.

ON the following morning,—Monday morning,—there appeared in one of the daily newspapers the paragraph of which Lady Linlithgow had spoken to Lucy Morris. “We are given to understand,”—newspapers are very frequently given to understand,—“that a man well known to the London police as an accomplished housebreaker, has been arrested in reference to the robbery which was effected on the 30th of January last at Lady Eustace’s house in Hertford Street. No doubt the same person was concerned in the robbery of her ladyship’s jewels at Carlisle on the night of the 8th of January. The mystery which has so long enveloped these two affairs, and which has been so discreditable to the metropolitan police, will now probably be cleared up.” There was not a word about Patience Crabstick in this; and, as Lizzie observed, the news brought by the policeman on Saturday night referred only to Patience, and said nothing of the arrest of any burglar. The ladies in Hertford Street scanned the sentence with the greatest care, and Mrs. Carbuncle was very angry because the house was said to be Lizzie’s house. “It wasn’t my doing,” said Lizzie.

“The policeman came to you about it.”

“I didn’t say a word to the man,—and I didn’t want him to come.”

“I hope it will be all found out now,” said Lucinda.

“I wish it were all clean forgotten,” said Lizzie.

“It ought to be found out,” said Mrs. Carbuncle. “But the police should be more careful in what they say. I suppose we shall all have to go before the magistrates again.”

Poor Lizzie felt that fresh trouble was certainly coming upon her. She had learned now that the crime for which she might be prosecuted and punished was that of perjury,—that even if everything was known, she could not be accused of stealing, and that if she could only get out of the way till the wrath of the magistrate and policemen should have evaporated, she might, possibly, escape altogether. At any rate, they could not take her income away from her. But how could she get out of the way, and how could she endure to be cross-examined, and looked at, and inquired into, by all those who would be concerned in the matter? She thought that, if only she could have arranged her matrimonial affairs before the bad day came upon her she could have endured it better. If she might be allowed to see Lord George, she could ask for advice,—could ask for advice, not as she was always forced to do from her

cousin, on a false statement of facts, but with everything known and declared.

On that very day Lord George came to Hertford Street. He had been there more than once, perhaps half a dozen times, since the robbery; but on all these occasions Lizzie had been in bed, and he had declined to visit her in her chamber. In fact, even Lord George had become somewhat afraid of her since he had been told the true story as to the necklace at Carlisle. That story he had heard from herself, and he had also heard from Mr. Benjamin some other little details as to her former life. Mr. Benjamin, whose very close attention had been drawn to the Eustace diamonds, had told Lord George how he had valued them at her ladyship's request, and had caused an iron case to be made for them, and how her ladyship had, on one occasion, endeavoured to sell the necklace to him. Mr. Benjamin, who certainly was intimate with Lord George, was very fond of talking about the diamonds, and had once suggested to his lordship that, were they to become his lordship's by marriage, he, Benjamin, might be willing to treat with his lordship. In regard to treating with her ladyship,—Mr. Benjamin acknowledged that he thought it would be too hazardous. Then came the robbery of the box, and Lord George was all astray. Mr. Benjamin was for a while equally astray, but neither friend believed in the other friend's innocence. That Lord George should suspect Mr. Benjamin was quite natural. Mr. Benjamin hardly knew what to think;—hardly gave Lord George credit for the necessary courage, skill, and energy. But at last, as he began to put two and two together, he divined the truth, and was enabled to set the docile Patience on the watch over her mistress's belongings. So it had been with Mr. Benjamin, who at last was able to satisfy Mr. Smiler and Mr. Cann that he had been no party to their cruel disappointment at Carlisle. How Lord George had learned the truth has been told;—the truth as to Lizzie's hiding the necklace under her pillow and bringing it up to London in her desk. But of the facts of the second robbery he knew nothing up to this morning. He almost suspected that Lizzie had herself again been at work,—and he was afraid of her. He had promised her that he would take care of her,—had, perhaps, said enough to make her believe that some day he would marry her. He hardly remembered what he had said;—but he was afraid of her. She was so wonderfully clever that, if he did not take care, she would get him into some mess from which he would be unable to extricate himself.

He had never whispered her secret to any one; and had still been at a loss about the second robbery, when he too saw the paragraph in the newspaper. He went direct to Scotland Yard and made inquiry there. His name had been so often used in the affair, that

such inquiry from him was justified. "Well, my lord; yes; we have found out something," said Bunfit. "Mr. Benjamin is off, you know."

"Benjamin off?"

"Cut the painter, my lord, and started. But what's the good, now we has the wires?"

"And who were the thieves?"

"Ah, my lord, that's telling. Perhaps I don't know. Perhaps I do. Perhaps two or three of us knows. You'll hear all in good time, my lord." Mr. Bunfit wished to appear communicative because he knew but little himself. Gager, in the meanest possible manner, had kept the matter very close; but the fact that Mr. Benjamin had started suddenly on foreign travel had become known to Mr. Bunfit.

Lord George had been very careful, asking no question about the necklace;—no question which would have shown that he knew that the necklace had been in Hertford Street when the robbery took place there; but it seemed to him now that the police must be aware that it was so. The arrest had been made because of the robbery in Hertford Street, and because of that arrest Mr. Benjamin had taken his departure. Mr. Benjamin was too big a man to have concerned himself deeply in the smaller matters which had then been stolen.

From Scotland Yard Lord George went direct to Hertford Street. He was in want of money, in want of a settled home, in want of a future income, and altogether unsatisfied with his present mode of life. Lizzie Eustace, no doubt, would take him,—unless she had told her secret to some other lover. To have his wife, immediately on her marriage, or even before it, arraigned for perjury, would not be pleasant. There was very much in the whole affair of which he would not be proud as he led his bride to the altar;—but a man does not expect to get four thousand pounds a year for nothing. Lord George, at any rate, did not conceive himself to be in a position to do so. Had there not been something crooked about Lizzie, —a screw loose, as people say,—she would never have been within his reach. There are men who always ride lame horses, and yet see as much of the hunting as others. Lord George, when he had begun to think that, after the tale which he had forced her to tell him, she had caused the diamonds to be stolen by her own maid out of her own desk, became almost afraid of her. But now, as he looked at the matter again and again, he believed that the second robbery had been genuine. He did not quite make up his mind, but he went to Hertford Street resolved to see her.

He asked for her, and was shown at once into her own sitting-room. "So you have come at last," she said.

"Yes;—I've come at last. It would not have done for me to

come up to you when you were in bed. Those women down-stairs would have talked about it everywhere."

"I suppose they would," said Lizzie almost piteously.

"It wouldn't have been at all wise after all that has been said. People would have been sure to suspect that I had got the things out of your desk."

"Oh no;—not that."

"I wasn't going to run the risk, my dear." His manner to her was anything but civil, anything but complimentary. If this was his Corsair humour, she was not sure that a Corsair might be agreeable to her. "And now tell me what you know about this second robbery."

"I know nothing, Lord George."

"Oh yes, you do. You know something. You know, at any rate, that the diamonds were there."

"Yes;—I know that."

"And that they were taken?"

"Of course they were taken."

"You are sure of that?" There was something in his manner absolutely insolent to her. Frank was affectionate, and even Lord Fawn treated her with deference. "Because, you know, you have been very clever. To tell you the truth, I did not think at first that they had been really stolen. It might, you know, have been a little game to get them out of your own hands,—between you and your maid."

"I don't know what you take me for, Lord George."

"I take you for a lady who, for a long time, got the better of the police and the magistrates, and who managed to shift all the trouble off your own shoulders on to those of other people. You have heard that they have taken one of the thieves?"

"And they have got the girl."

"Have they? I didn't know that. That scoundrel, Benjamin, has levanted too."

"Levanted!" said Lizzie, raising both her hands.

"Not an hour too soon, my lady. And now what do you mean to do?"

"What ought I to do?"

"Of course the whole truth will come out."

"Must it come out?"

"Not a doubt of that. How can it be helped?"

"You won't tell. You promised that you would not."

"Psha;—promised! If they put me in a witness-box of course I must tell. When you come to this kind of work, promises don't go for much. I don't know that they ever do. What is a broken promise?"

"It's a story," said Lizzie, in innocent amazement.

"And what was it you told when you were upon your oath at Carlisle; and again when the magistrate came here?"

"Oh, Lord George;—how unkind you are to me!"

"Patience Crabstick will tell it all, without any help from me. Don't you see that the whole thing must be known? She'll say where the diamonds were found;—and how did they come there, if you didn't put them there? As for telling, there'll be telling enough. You've only two things to do."

"What are they, Lord George?"

"Go off, like Mr. Benjamin; or else make a clean breast of it. Send for John Eustace and tell him the whole. For his brother's sake he'll make the best of it. It will all be published, and then, perhaps, there will be an end of it."

"I couldn't do that, Lord George!" said Lizzie, bursting into tears.

"You ask me, and I can only tell you what I think. That you should be able to keep the history of the diamonds a secret, does not seem to me to be upon the cards. No doubt people who are rich, and are connected with rich people, and have great friends,—who are what the world call swells,—have great advantages over their inferiors when they get into trouble. You are the widow of a baronet, and you have an uncle a bishop, and another a dean, and a countess for an aunt. You have a brother-in-law and a first-cousin in Parliament, and your father was an admiral. The other day you were engaged to marry a peer."

"Oh yes," said Lizzie, "and Lady Glencora Palliser is my particular friend."

"She is; is she? So much the better. Lady Glencora, no doubt, is a very swell among swells."

"The Duke of Omnium would do anything for me," said Lizzie with enthusiasm.

"If you were nobody, you would, of course, be indicted for perjury, and would go to prison. As it is, if you will tell all your story to one of your swell friends, I think it very likely that you may be pulled through. I should say that Mr. Eustace, or your cousin Greystock, would be the best."

"Why couldn't you do it? You know it all. I told you because,—because,—because I thought you would be the kindest to me."

"You told me, my dear, because you thought it would not matter much with me, and I appreciate the compliment. I can do nothing for you. I am not near enough to those who wear wigs."

Lizzie did not above half understand him,—did not at all understand him when he spoke of those who wore wigs, and was quite

dark to his irony about her great friends;—but she did perceive that he was in earnest in recommending her to confess. She thought about it for a moment in silence, and the more she thought the more she felt that she could not do it. Had he not suggested a second alternative,—that she should go off, like Mr. Benjamin? It might be possible that she should go off, and yet be not quite like Mr. Benjamin. In that case ought she not to go under the protection of her Corsair? Would not that be the proper way of going? “Might I not go abroad,—just for a time?” she asked.

“And so let it blow over?”

“Just so, you know.”

“It is possible that you might,” he said. “Not that it would blow over altogether. Everybody would know it. It is too late now to stop the police, and if you meant to be off, you should be off at once;—to-day or to-morrow.”

“Oh dear!”

“Indeed, there’s no saying whether they will let you go. You could start now, this moment;—and if you were at Dover could get over to France. But when once it is known that you had the necklace all that time in your own desk, any magistrate, I imagine, could stop you. You’d better have some lawyer you can trust;—not that blackguard Mopus.”

Lord George had certainly brought her no comfort. When he told her that she might go at once if she chose, she remembered, with a pang of agony, that she had already overdrawn her account at the bankers. She was the actual possessor of an income of four thousand pounds a year, and now, in her terrible strait, she could not stir because she had not money with which to travel. Had all things been well with her, she could, no doubt, have gone to her bankers and have arranged this little difficulty. But as it was, she could not move, because her purse was empty.

Lord George sat looking at her, and thinking whether he would make the plunge and ask her to be his wife,—with all her impediments and drawbacks about her. He had been careful to reduce her to such a condition of despair, that she would, undoubtedly, have accepted him, so that she might have some one to lean upon in her trouble;—but, as he looked at her, he doubted. She was such a mass of deceit that he was afraid of her. She might say that she would marry him, and then, when the storm was over, refuse to keep her word. She might be in debt,—almost to any amount. She might be already married, for anything that he knew. He did know that she was subject to all manner of penalties for what she had done. He looked at her, and told himself that she was very pretty. But, in spite of her beauty, his judgment went against her. He did not dare to share his, even his boat with so dangerous a

fellow-passenger. "That's my advice," he said, getting up from his chair.

"Are you going?"

"Well;—yes; I don't know what else I can do for you."

"You are so unkind!" He shrugged his shoulders, just touched her hand, and left the room without saying another word to her.

CHAPTER LXIV.

LIZZIE'S LAST SCHEME.

LIZZIE, when she was left alone, was very angry with the Corsair,—in truth, more sincerely angry than she had ever been with any of her lovers, or, perhaps, with any human being. Sincere, true, burning wrath was not the fault to which she was most exposed. She could snap and snarl, and hate, and say severe things; she could quarrel, and fight, and be malicious;—but to be full of real wrath was uncommon with her. Now she was angry. She had been civil, more than civil, to Lord George. She had opened her house to him, and her heart. She had told him her great secret. She had implored his protection. She had thrown herself into his arms. And now he had rejected her. That he should have been rough to her was only in accordance with the poetical attributes which she had attributed to him. But his roughness should have been streaked with tenderness. He should not have left her roughly. In the whole interview he had not said a loving word to her. He had given her advice,—which might be good or bad,—but he had given it as to one whom he despised. He had spoken to her throughout the interview exactly as he might have spoken to Sir Griffin Tewett. She could not analyse her feelings thoroughly, but she felt, that because of what had passed between them, by reason of his knowledge of her secret, he had robbed her of all that observance which was due to her as a woman and a lady. She had been roughly used before,—by people of inferior rank, who had seen through her ways. Andrew Gowran had insulted her. Patience Crabstick had argued with her. Benjamin, the employer of thieves, had been familiar with her. But hitherto, in what she was pleased to call her own set, she had always been treated with that courtesy which ladies seldom fail to receive. She understood it all. She knew how much of mere word-service there often is in such complimentary usage. But, nevertheless, it implies respect, and an acknowledgment of the position of her who is so respected. Lord George had treated her as one schoolboy treats another.

And he had not spoken to her one word of love. Love will excuse roughness. Spoken love will palliate even spoken roughness. Had he once called her his own Lizzie, he might have scolded her as he pleased,—might have abused her to the top of his bent. But as there had been nothing of the manner of a gentleman to a lady, so also had there been nothing of the lover to his mistress. That dream was over. Lord George was no longer a Corsair, but a brute.

But what should she do? Even a brute may speak truth. She was to have gone to a theatre that evening with Mrs. Carbuncle, but she stayed at home thinking over her position. She heard nothing throughout the day from the police; and she made up her mind, that, unless she were stopped by the police, she would go to Scotland on the day but one following. She thought that she was sure that she would do so; but, of course, she must be guided by events as they occurred. She wrote, however, to Miss Macnulty saying that she would come, and she told Mrs. Carbuncle of her proposed journey as that lady was leaving the house for the theatre. On the following morning, however, news came which again made her journey doubtful. There was another paragraph in the newspaper about the robbery, acknowledging the former paragraph to have been in some respect erroneous. The "accomplished housebreaker" had not been arrested. A confederate of the "accomplished housebreaker" was in the hands of the police, and the police were on the track of the "accomplished housebreaker" himself. Then there was a line or two alluding in a very mysterious way to the disappearance of a certain jeweller. Taking it altogether, Lizzie thought that there was ground for hope,—and that, at any rate, there would be delay. She would, perhaps, put off going to Scotland for yet a day or two. Was it not necessary that she should wait for Lord Fawn's answer; and would it not be incumbent on her cousin Frank to send her some account of himself after the abrupt manner in which he had left her?

If in real truth she should be driven to tell her story to any one,—and she began to think that she was so driven,—she would tell it to him. She believed more in his regard for her than that of any other human being. She thought that he would, in truth, have been devoted to her, had he not become entangled with that wretched little governess. And she thought that if he could see his way out of that scrape, he would marry her even yet,—would marry her, and be good to her, so that her dream of a poetical phase of life should not be altogether dissolved. After all, the diamonds were her own. She had not stolen them. When perplexed in the extreme by magistrates and policemen, with nobody near her whom she trusted to give her advice,—for Lizzie now of course declared to herself that she had never for a moment trusted the Corsair,—she had fallen

into an error, and said what was not true. As she practised it before the glass, she thought that she could tell her story in a becoming manner, with becoming tears, to Frank Greystock. And, were it not for Lucy Morris, she thought that he would take her with all her faults and all her burthens.

As for Lord Fawn, she knew well enough that, let him write what he would, and renew his engagement in what most formal manner might be possible, he would be off again when he learned the facts as to that night at Carlisle. She had brought him to succumb, because he could no longer justify his treatment of her by reference to the diamonds. But when once all the world should know that she had twice perjured herself, his justification would be complete,—and his escape would be certain. She would use his letter simply to achieve that revenge which she had promised herself. Her effort,—her last final effort must be made to secure the hand and heart of her cousin Frank. “Ah, ’tis his heart I want!” she said to herself.

She must settle something before she went to Scotland,—if there was anything that could be settled. If she could only get a promise from Frank before all her treachery had been exposed, he probably would remain true to his promise. He would not desert her as Lord Fawn had done. Then, after much thinking of it, she resolved upon a scheme, which, of all her schemes, was the wickedest. Whatever it might cost her, she would create a separation between Frank Greystock and Lucy Morris. Having determined upon this, she wrote to Lucy, asking her to call in Hertford Street at a certain hour.

“DEAR LUCY,

“I particularly want to see you,—on business. Pray come to me at twelve to-morrow. I will send the carriage for you, and it will take you back again. Pray do this. We used to love one another, and I am sure I love you still.

“Your affectionate old friend,

“LIZZIE.”

As a matter of course Lucy went to her. Lizzie, before the interview, studied the part she was to play with all possible care,—even to the words which she was to use. The greeting was at first kindly, for Lucy had almost forgotten the bribe that had been offered to her, and had quite forgiven it. Lizzie Eustace never could be dear to her; but,—so Lucy had thought during her happiness,—this former friend of hers was the cousin of the man who was to be her husband, and was dear to him. Of course she had forgiven the offence. “And now, dear, I want to ask you a question,” Lizzie said; “or rather, perhaps, not a question. I can do it better than

that. I think that my cousin Frank once talked of,—of making you his wife." Lucy answered not a word, but she trembled in every limb, and the colour came to her face. "Was it not so, dear?"

"What if it was? I don't know why you should ask me any question like that, about myself."

"Is he not my cousin?"

"Yes,—he is your cousin. Why don't you ask him? You see him every day, I suppose?"

"Nearly every day."

"Why do you send for me, then?"

"It is so hard to tell you, Lucy. I have sent to you in good faith, and in love. I could have gone to you,—only for the old vulture, who would not have let us had a word in peace. I do see him—constantly. And I love him dearly."

"That is nothing to me," said Lucy. Anybody hearing them, and not knowing them, would have said that Lucy's manner was harsh in the extreme.

"He has told me everything." Lizzie, when she said this, paused, looking at her victim. "He has told me things which he could not mention to you. It was only yesterday,—the day before yesterday,—that he was speaking to me of his debts. I offered to place all that I have at his disposal, so as to free him, but he would not take my money."

"Of course he would not."

"Not my money alone. Then he told me that he was engaged to you. He had never told me before, but yet I knew it. It all came out then. Lucy, though he is engaged to you, it is me that he loves."

"I don't believe it," said Lucy.

"You can't make me angry, Lucy, because my heart bleeds for you."

"Nonsense! trash! I don't want your heart to bleed. I don't believe you've got a heart. You've got money; I know that."

"And he has got none. If I did not love him, why should I wish to give him all that I have? Is not that disinterested?"

"No. You are always thinking of yourself. You couldn't be disinterested."

"And of whom are you thinking? Are you doing the best for him,—a man in his position, without money, ambitious, sure to succeed if want of money does not stop him,—in wishing him to marry a girl with nothing? Cannot I do more for him than you can?"

"I could work for him on my knees, I love him so truly!"

"Would that do him any service? He cannot marry you. Does

he ever see you? Does he write to you as though you were to be his wife? Do you not know that it is all over?—that it must be over? It is impossible that he should marry you. But if you will give him back his word, he shall be my husband, and shall have all that I possess. Now, let us see who loves him best?"

"I do!" said Lucy.

"How will you show it?"

"There is no need that I should show it. He knows it. The only one in the world to whom I wish it to be known, knows it already well enough. Did you send for me for this?"

"Yes;—for this."

"It is for him to tell me the tidings;—not for you. You are nothing to me;—nothing. And what you say to me now is all for yourself,—not for him. But it is true that he does not see me. It is true that he does not write to me. You may tell him from me,—for I cannot write to him myself,—that he may do whatever is best for him. But if you tell him that I do not love him better than all the world, you will lie to him. And if you say that he loves you better than he does me, that also will be a lie. I know his heart."

"But, Lucy——"

"I will hear no more. He can do as he pleases. If money be more to him than love and honesty, let him marry you. I shall never trouble him; he may be sure of that. As for you, Lizzie, I hope that we may never meet again."

She would not get into the Eustace-Carbuncle carriage, which was waiting for her at the door, but walked back to Bruton Street. She did not doubt but that it was all over with her now. That Lizzie Eustace was an inveterate liar, she knew well; but she did believe that the liar had on this occasion been speaking truth. Lady Fawn was not a liar, and Lady Fawn had told her the same. And, had she wanted more evidence, did not her lover's conduct give it? "It is because I am poor," she said to herself,—“for I know well that he loves me!"

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

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THE CLERICAL PARTY IN BELGIUM.

FAR-SIGHTED men in Belgium are beginning to feel some inward disquiet as to the future of their country. Not many days ago, one of the authors of the Belgian constitution said to me:—"We thought that to found liberty, it was enough to proclaim it, to guarantee it, and separate church from state. With pain I see that we were mistaken. The church, trusting for support to the rural districts, is bent on imposing its power absolutely. The large towns, which have been won over to modern ideas, will not give way without a struggle. We are drifting to civil war, as in France. We are already in a revolutionary situation. The future before my eyes is big with storms." The recent elections have brought out the danger more clearly. Those for the Chamber have strengthened the clerical majority, thanks to the votes of the peasants. The communal elections, on the contrary, have given the power to the Liberals in all the large towns. The antagonism between the towns and the country thus displays itself more and more.

Mr. Disraeli lately, in the presence of King Leopold II., congratulated Belgium on the forty years of liberty and prosperity that she has enjoyed, under the auspices of two enlightened sovereigns devoted to a constitutional system. The panegyric was deserved, but will it long continue so, and is there not some ground for fearing lest Belgium in her turn may fall into that condition of discomfort, into those periodical crises which afflict other catholic countries, and which sometimes even make us despair of their future? In any case, the circumstances which are to be observed here may be instructive for other nations. Already in Italy and Germany, when it is desired to establish by example the danger of religious corporations, they cite the religious corporations of Belgium. England likewise may profit by this study, considering the numerous points of resemblance existing between Belgium and Ireland. In both countries the soil is

made valuable by a large class of small cultivators entirely subjected to a clergy which lays claim to complete supremacy, and the question of public instruction is the principal object of party contention, because it is upon the direction given to instruction that the tendencies of future generations all hang. What does the catholic party seek? Of what means can it dispose, for reaching its aims? What dangers would its supremacy present? How may we escape it? What organization may properly be given to public instruction, so as to make it answer the wants of the people without becoming an engine of war in the hands of the clergy and of ultramontaniam? These are capital questions which concern Belgium and Ireland in the same degree.

The Belgian constitution proclaimed all the liberties consecrated by the laws and traditions of England. Freedom of conscience and opinion, freedom of instruction and of the press, freedom of association and of public meeting, have all been practised without any of the restrictions which in other countries, and notably in France, have too often made of all this liberty a mere mendacious phrase. The citizen, then, here enjoys the same rights as on the other side of the Channel. The constitution likewise decided the separation of the church from the state, as is now the relation in Ireland; only, by a contradiction to be explained by the necessities of the moment, the state bound itself to pay the ministers of religion, though without in any degree interfering in their appointment. The pope appoints the bishops directly, while the bishops appoint the incumbents and curates. Whoever they may be, the state is bound to pay them. If Rome chooses priests whose special mission is to undermine the constitution and the liberties which the constitution guarantees, that makes no difference; the nation has to support them, and to find them the means for fulfilling this anti-national office.

On the free ground furnished by the constitution of 1830, two parties dispute for power, the Liberal party, and the Catholic or Clerical party. On questions of finance, of the army, of commercial reform, men of both parties are not of the same opinion. The exact point which divides the two parties is this:—Ought we to countenance, or to resist, the influence of the clergy, especially in education?

The clerical party calls itself also the conservative party. It is so, in the sense of having with it the elements which connect themselves ordinarily with the past—the nobles, the peasants, and the priests. But it may be said, as its opponents contend, that it is a revolutionary party, because in its ecclesiastical leaders, it is hostile to existing liberties, and thus is on its way to revolution. The only programme and *raison d'être* of the liberal party is resistance to the encroachments of the clergy.

The catholic party is still composed at the present day of the

elements enumerated at the time of the Brabant revolution by the Governor of the Austrian Low Countries in a dispatch to the Emperor Leopold:—"The aristocracy, the priests, the monks, the populace, and the bulk of the nation, which is neither democratic nor aristocratic, but which is inflamed by the fanatical and insinuatory teaching of the priests."

History explains the power of the catholic party. It claims to be the true national party, and it is so in fact in this sense, that it has exercised for centuries a preponderating influence over the people, and that it is intimately bound up with its historic traditions. It was the axe and the stake of the Spaniards which made an ultramontane country of Belgium. In the sixteenth century the Flanders were, with Italy, the most enlightened and opulent country in Europe. Not only the towns, but even the villages had their local dramatic societies. These societies welcomed the ideas of the Reformation, and but for the persecutions of Philip II., the country was gained over to Protestantism. Spain conscientiously executed her work of repression. The most energetic spirits perished or went into exile. While Holland, profiting by this reinforcement, places herself at the head of the renewal of the sciences, in Belgium all intellectual life appears to go out. Plunged into a complete torpor, the nation remained alien to that awakening of intelligence which marked the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The clergy reigned supreme, while the Jesuits formed the minds of the youth. A fact or two will be enough to give some idea of the system. A writ of February 12, 1739, pronounced penalty of death and confiscation of goods "against all who should dare to compose, call, or distribute any books or writings impugning any point of our holy religion." In 1761 the very pious and very catholic empress, Maria Theresa, was obliged to publish a decree to prevent the carrying into execution of the Index declared against the works of Bossuet, which they wished everywhere to commit to the flames. A learned canonist, professor at the university of Louvaine, an ascetic, a saint, Van Espen, was forced to flee into Holland to escape the Jesuits, because he had defended certain Gallican principles. Since the end of the last century, Belgium has made two revolutions, but both times at the voice of the clergy, and to drive from the throne two sovereigns, Joseph II. and William I., who wished alike to favour the diffusion of light and to introduce freedom of conscience. In 1815 King William gave the Belgians a constitution which was without doubt the most liberal of any on the Continent. The bishops, who had already demanded at the Congress of Vienna the restoration of the tithe and the prohibition of the public exercises of his faith to a Protestant sovereign, published a "doctrinal judgment," condemning the new constitution, and their influence was so great that the

Notables assembled at Brussels rejected it by 798 votes against 527. What the bishops objected to in the constitution was that it consecrated freedom of worship, freedom of the press, the equal admissibility of Protestants to the offices and the sovereign jurisdiction of the state. To understand rightly the spirit of this episcopate, one should hear their own words:—"To swear to uphold freedom of religious opinions and the concession of equal protection to all faiths, what is this but to swear to uphold and protect error equally with the truth, to favour the progress of anti-catholic doctrines, and so to contribute towards the extinction of the light of the true faith in these fair regions There are, besides, other articles which a true child of the church can never bind himself to observe; such is the 227th, which sanctions the freedom of the press To swear to observe a law which assumes the catholic church to be subjected to the laws of the state, is to run the risk of co-operating in the enslavement of the catholic church. It is in reality, according to the expression of our holy father, the pope, to subject the spiritual power to the caprices of the temporal."

For a long time the confessors refused absolution to all functionaries who had taken the oath to the constitution. The clergy remained hostile to the Protestant king, and when William wished to oblige students in theology to pass through the philosophical college of Louvain, they resolved to overturn his throne, and they succeeded. The revolution of 1830 was a great mistake, exactly as the separation of England from Ireland would be a great mistake. The erection of the kingdom of the Low Countries, realising the aim once pursued by the dukes of Burgundy, had been the best work of the Congress of Vienna. The northern provinces, of Germanic blood, formed an obstacle to conquest on the side of France; the provinces of the south, of Latin speech, opposed themselves to conquest on the side of Germany. Belgium brought into the union her agriculture, her industry, iron and coal; Holland her colonies, her ships, her commerce. A state of between nine and ten millions of inhabitants with a budget of 400 millions was as strong as Prussia in 1815, and was in a perfectly good condition for self-defence. At the present moment Holland is looking with disquiet on the side of the east and Belgium on the side of the south, and there is no complete security for either of the two. The friends of freedom in Belgium, if they could have had support from the Protestants of Holland, might have offered triumphant resistance to ultramontaniam. Isolated as they are, one may fear that they will end by succumbing. In fomenting the revolution of 1830 the Belgian clergy, then, committed a crime against the security of Europe.

Towards that time a part of the clergy, and precisely the most active and intelligent part, allowed the breath of modern ideas to

reach them. Lamennais, Lacordaire, Montalembert, preached the alliance of Catholicism with freedom. They were followed by many Belgian priests. Among those who sat in the congress of 1830 many pronounced for a republic. It is thanks to this movement, that the catholics came to an understanding with the liberals to inscribe in the Belgian constitution all liberties, even those which had been condemned by the "doctrinal judgment" of the bishops in 1815. It was under the empire of the same ideas that the clergy in Ireland lent a hand to the organization of the mixed schools which they now seek to annihilate.

But before long the papacy, faithful guardian of the traditions of the church, lifted up her infallible voice to condemn the sacrilegious innovations of Lamennais, and consequently the Belgian constitution which had stamped them with its adoption. This constitution, as M. Veuillot has energetically said, was struck dead in its cradle by the thunderbolts of the Vatican. Gregory XVI., in his famous Encyclical of 1832, pours his anathema upon freedom of conscience, "one of the most pestilent of errors," and on the freedom of the press, "very disastrous, very detestable, and never to be sufficiently execrated, that mortal plague, never to be extirpated until the guilty elements of evil perish utterly in flames." Pius IX. has always spoken in the same tone. In 1861, in his allocution of the 18th March, he condemns "modern civilization, whence come so many deplorable ills, so many detestable opinions; which even countenances faiths that are not catholic, and which does not repel unbelievers from public employments, and which opens the catholic schools to their children." In all the concordats made with purely catholic states Pius IX. has always stipulated the complete proscription of Protestants,¹ and, in fine, in the Syllabus he has traced the programme of ultramontane absolutism.

The very definitive attitude taken by the papacy has placed the Belgian catholics in a thoroughly false position, which, especially since the proclamation of infallibility, has become untenable. They stand between the Encyclical and the Syllabus on one side, and the Belgian constitution on the other. As M. Veuillot has said, there can no longer be such a thing as liberal catholicism; "he who is catholic is not liberal, and he who is liberal is not catholic." Consequently, there have been formed two groups within the bosom of the catholic party. One attempts to escape from the harshness of the papal decisions by distinctions, by equivocations, or by silence,

(1) In this the holy father has only conformed to the dogmas of the church of which he is head. Bossuet, who was no ultramontane, spoke in just the same way: "The prince ought to use his authority to destroy false religions in his realm. Those who wish the prince to show no rigour in the matter of religion, because religion ought to be free, are in impious error."

and continues to protest its attachments to the constitution and to freedom. Its organ is the *Journal de Bruxelles*, and its principal adherents are the survivors of 1830 and the statesmen. It is governmental; it is this which furnished the members of the Malon ministry at present in power. It is prudent, and, being unwilling to provoke violent resistance, it opposes the exigences of the clergy. The clergy tolerates them, because unable so far to dispense with their services.

The second group is purely ultramontane. It has for leaders the bishops, for idea the Syllabus, for scientific organ the university of Louvain. It is this which disposes of the real forces of the party; for through the clergy it moves the electors. In each of the principal towns it has a journal which is upheld and inspired by the bishops; at Ghent the *Bien Public*, at Liège the *Gazette*, at Bruges the *Patrie*, at Antwerp the *Journal d'Anvers*. It will end by ridding itself of the nuance of the political catholics, because it alone holds a logical situation, and because it takes care to form all the youth of the country in its doctrines. The ultramontane party in Belgium has one merit which cannot be disputed, that of frankness. It attempts no concealment of the end at which it aims. This end is no other than that which the papacy has pursued ever since the middle age,—universal sovereignty, supreme domination. A professor at Louvain has recently formulated this ideal in a work entitled *Les libertés populaires*,¹ and it is inculcated in the minds of youth in every Jesuit college.

At first it seems strange that the papacy, which has not been strong enough to defend its temporal sovereignty at Rome, should come to rule supreme in a free state like Belgium. And yet that may come to pass quite simply and without violence, merely by taking advantage of existing institutions. The clergy, succeeding in sending a genuine clerical majority to the Chambers, makes itself master of all the powers, and the pope becomes the true sovereign. The electors obey the priests, the priests obey the bishops, and the bishops obey the pope; hence the pope is king; more of a king than Leopold II., for he disposes of the parliament which enacts the laws and votes the taxes.

The final object of the catholics is, and must be, the restoration

(1) "What God prescribes," says M. Perin, "and what he forbids—that constitutes duty and the necessary foundation of all laws. The infallibility of the power established by God to promulgate and interpret his law, provides the essential guarantees of all social liberty, while the fallibility of human powers exposes men to all kinds of bondage. However small the part taken by a man, in virtue of a right which should be peculiar to him, in determining the principles which form the spiritual order, the authority of these principles will be diminished." That is, when man wishes to govern himself freely, he falls into all kinds of bondage. Order can only reign when it is established by the infallibility of the vicar of God: The pope, then, ought to be sovereign.

of the régime which the Vatican declares to be the only legitimate régime; in other words, that which once existed in Spain, at Naples, and at Rome itself. But they will advance gradually and prudently. To go surely, they will first aim at getting into their hands all education; then at multiplying convents, which will guide the feeling of the country districts. Already the institutions for secondary and superior instruction belonging to the clergy number twice as many pupils as those of the state. Now that the catholic party is in power, it will give every vacant chair to a professor devoted to ultramontane ideas. In this way, institutions which the liberals created for the purpose of propagating the modern spirit, and to counteract the Jesuits, will serve on the contrary to prepare the way for the definitive triumph of ultramontanism. To supply primary instruction, the parishes have set up schools, but the law of 1842, conferring the inspection upon the priests and the nominees of the bishops, has had the effect of subjecting these parish schools to the clergy. The daughters of the well-to-do class are nearly all brought up in convents, while those of the humbler classes go to the Sisters of Mercy, or else to the parish schools directed by the priest. Thus the clergy already has in its hands the instruction of the aristocracy, of the common people, of the girls, and of a large part of the bourgeoisie. As soon as they have renewed, according to their own wishes, the teaching staff of the schools and universities of the state, they will be masters of the whole education of the country. Now, he who has the education, has the future.

The convents, being another instrument of ecclesiastical domination, multiply with unexampled rapidity. They are invading town and the country alike. In the large cities, at Namur, Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges, Liège, they occupy whole quarters. They erect magnificent buildings, but they invest the bulk of their wealth in shares and bonds, so as escape notice. In 1846 they counted 779 convents and 11,968 religious—that is to say, as many as at the end of the eighteenth century, when Joseph II. thought it urgent to reduce their number. The last census, that of 1866, showed 1,314 convents, with 18,162 religious. Within twenty years their number had nearly doubled, and since 1866 the rate of increase has not slackened. It is calculated that there must be two convents for every three parishes; and it will not be long before each parish has a convent of its own.

The laws, opposing the constitution of congregations into bodies corporate, do, it is true, place a certain obstacle in the way of their multiplication, and especially of their accumulation of wealth. But the laws are evaded,¹ though not without both difficulty and risk. One of

(1) Here are some of the ingenious subtleties by which the bodies under vows evade the laws of mortmain. The members of the corporation sign a deed of partnership by

the first measures required by the bishops from the ministers and the Chambers, as soon as they no longer have too violent opposition to fear, or as soon as they have crushed it, will be a law giving the convents a sure footing, and which shall thus favour their increase of power and number. This is what the catholic ministry already tried to do in 1859. On that occasion the explosion of the opposition was lively enough, and the dissatisfaction of the large towns unmistakeable enough, to compel the withdrawal of the bill, but the pure ultramontane party will no longer tolerate such manifestations. It will employ armed power to repress them, as it wished to do last November. It will sweep the citizens aside by grapeshot, and profiting by the terror inspired by a bloody massacre of this sort, it will stamp out the last elements of resistance.

The means of action which the clergy has at its disposal are of nearly invincible power in a country which has preserved belief. There is first the pulpit, transformed into a tribune of political propagandism. From this the clergyman fulminates incessant attacks on the men of the liberal party and their principles: he depicts them as worthless because without faith, without morality, ready to shut up or burn the churches, and to massacre the clergy, as did their predecessors, the monsters of the French revolution. As the elections approach, none but political sermons are preached. If a tavern or a café in a village ventures to receive a journal not approved of by the clergy, it is marked as a bad house and loses both customers and character. The effect of this interdict is terrible; not a soul in the village dare resist the anathema.¹ The apprehension of being denounced from the pulpit fills everybody with dread, and breeds a readiness to absolute submission. The confessional is an agency of still greater power. By threatening

which they profess to hold their property in common, with the stipulation that the share of the partner dying first shall pass to the survivors. A civil company of unlimited duration is thus constituted, and when the number of the associates is reduced to two or three, these take care to take in new ones, so that the perpetual mortmain is kept up. To protect themselves against the claims of the natural heirs, the community makes each member execute a will, by which he bequeathes all that may remain to him to this or that member of the congregation, who has in turn to make a will in the same sense. A last guarantee is taken against the heirs who might have a claim to a *légitime*, such as a father or mother: this consists in deeds of sale, with the name of the purchasers and the date left blank, to be formally inserted after death if necessary. The deeds of partnership, the will, and the sale, thus form an effective arsenal of defensive weapons. It is in this way that the convents subsist.

(1) Here is a fact, which I cite as an instance. In a village in the environs of Ypres, a few liberals met once a week in a tavern to read a newspaper which one of them received privately. The priest got news of this, and at the appointed hour he went and strolled to and fro in front of the tavern, reading his breviary. Not one of the liberals ventured to present himself. The confessional is further employed for other ends. Not long ago in a village near Vieilsalm, the curé wanted a calf for a dinner which he was about to give. The farmer with whom he was bargaining not consenting to part with it at the price offered, he refused him absolution.

to refuse absolution, the priest holds the faithful completely in his power, and there is nothing which he may not require. He refuses it to-day to those who continue to subscribe to liberal newspapers, although such journals make it a rule never to touch on religious questions. At Liège some ladies of high position lately founded a superior institution for young ladies. They applied to the bishop, that a priest might be allowed to give religious instruction. As the establishment would compete with the convents, the bishop declined to consent, and absolution is refused to the lady foundresses, as well as to all who send their children to the school. It is in the confessional that they obtain from mothers of families that their sons shall be sent to the Jesuit colleges and the university of Louvain. It is by the sacrament of repentance that the clergy procure those numerous legacies, which come in for the endowment of their congregations, and contribute to the foundation of new convents. At Ypres in Flanders they have introduced the system of confessional tickets, which is very effective, and which they will no doubt try very hard to make general. It consists in this. At the time of the Easter confession, which is compulsory, the confessor delivers to the penitents a ticket testifying that they have conformed to the prescriptions of the church. Then a delegate of the clergy goes from house to house to collect and verify these tickets, so as to make sure that each person has his own. Any who should happen to be out of rule would be singled out for animadversion, and if they carry on any business or trade would lose their customers and connection. Those who wish to have a ticket without going to confession, buy one from some individual who goes twice to confess at two different churches.

The clergy also begin to use the confessional as a means of obtaining decisions conformable to their own interests from the judges. If the magistrate shrinks from deciding in the sense desired by the church, absolution is refused to him. He then finds himself placed between his duties as an organ of the law and his obligations as a catholic. By this means, ingeniously used, the clergy will have the judiciary at their disposal.¹ They may equally aspire to make themselves masters of the executive through the confessional. In fact, if the sovereign is a devoted son of the church, he can only submit himself to its decisions. The Jesuit confessor dictating to

(1) A recent case made a considerable stir. A magistrate, M. Iweins, had decided in favour of the town of Ypres against a church fabric, which claimed the property of a certain Lamotte endowment. Last Easter the vicar of the parish writes to the magistrate, that if he does not withdraw his decision and make honourable avowal of his fault, absolution will be refused to him. The same communication had been made to the sheriff of the town. The magistrate proceeded to lay a complaint before the minister of justice, who advised the bishops to hush up the affair, and this was done. The example is instructive. Suppose the magistrates to be good catholics, then it is the clergy who give the judicial decisions.

Louis XIV. the revocation of the edict of Nantes is a perpetual example to follow. It is because King Leopold II. does not blandly obey the clergy, that the journals of the episcopate treat him with so little deference. The constitutional régime which has been developed in protestant countries evidently suits them only: in a catholic country confession spoils all its machinery, for it destroys the independence of electors, of representatives, of functionaries, and of the sovereign.

Another means of influence which the clergy do not neglect, consists in personal visits at times when the elections are approaching. The priest goes to see his parishioners, and imposes on them as a duty, under menace of spiritual penalties, to vote for the episcopal candidates. He addresses himself specially to the wife and the daughters; he speaks of refusal of the sacrament and of eternal damnation in case of disobedience, and the women, filled with pious alarms, use all their power to procure from the husband a vote that shall be pleasing to God and his ministers. It is impossible to form an idea of the importunities to which the rural electors are subjected. The bishops publish mandates directing the elections, and the priests are now beginning to follow their example.¹

The clergy are not content with resorting to the means of influence furnished by their ministry. They are no longer afraid of using propagandist instruments which at first they left to their adversaries. The catholic party has now everywhere electoral clubs, political associations, which hold meetings, launch addresses, prepare for the elections. On the day of voting, the catholic electors of the villages arrive in compact flocks, with the priest and his curate at their head, who take care not to leave them for a moment so as to keep them safe from all contact with unbelievers. In each locality they set up clerical associations for musical practice, playing at bowls, skittles, archery. Here the members are supplied with beer and tobacco at a lower price. They are now organizing conventual workshops to which they hope to attract the artisans. The aristocracy and the great landowners, belonging for the most part to the catholic party, drag after them a multitude of farmers who depend on them. The interference of the priests in marriages also gives them an ascendancy over many families. If a young man wishes to marry a rich heiress, he has only to get himself recommended by the director of conscience. The latter says to the mother that the young man has a good character, is religious, and is cut out for family life, and such testimony coming from so high authority exerts influence that is decisive.

(1) Here is a recent instance, quoted by a Flanders journal: "On a souvent signalé l'intervention des prêtres dans les élections, par le confessionnal par la chaire, par les visites aux électeurs. Voici mieux: M. Van Eycke, curé de Mouscron, adresse à tous ses paroissiens électeurs une lettre imprimée pour les engager à voter contre les libéraux."

It would take a volume to describe all the means of influence that the clergy set to work. The fact is that they have made themselves masters of the country. In the election of the 11th of June last, out of 19 arrondissements which had to elect deputies, 9 only fought for the liberals. In the 10 others the liberal party abstained. When the clergy have once won an electoral college, the pressure which they exercise is so strong that candidates are no longer to be found. This is the case nearly throughout Flanders. At present, in all the Flemish part of the country, comprising something like half the total population, there are no more than two liberal representatives, and they only keep their places by virtue of their personal popularity.

How happens it that the liberal party has thus lost ground in a free country, and what means can be used to resist ultramontaniam? A grave problem, involving the future of catholic countries. The weakness of the liberal party comes from the fact of its having to confront a situation full of contradictions. Catholicism, having by the mouth of its infallible chief, condemned liberty and modern civilization, a good and sincere catholic can no longer defend these liberties. What can be done by one who would fain save them at all cost? Separate himself from the church? But neither people nor family could live without faith. So the liberal is forced to surrender his wife, his children, and the schools to the priests, whose influence he tries as hard as he can to combat. On one side he attacks him without cessation, and on the other he invites him, appeals to him, and has daily recourse to his ministration. This contradiction is the deeply-seated cause of the weakness of the liberal party.

To make a way out from this desperate position, an association has been formed with the name of *La libre Pensée*, the members of which undertake to celebrate births, marriages, and burials, without the intervention of the clergy. This society counts a certain number of adherents, but it is not likely to extend, for not many people will go so far as to renounce publicly all positive religion. The only course would be to pass over to the reformed catholicism of Dollinger and Père Hyacinthe, or else to protestantism. Since the church proclaims as a dogma that she and modern civilization exclude one another, the plain conclusion for those who do not wish to sacrifice liberty is to quit the church that condemns it. But the time of great religious movements seems gone. The unconscious scepticism of our epoch has so enervated men's souls that they have not enough energy left to abandon a creed in which they have ceased to believe.

Not along ago it used to be supposed that the political influence of religion was about to disappear. Facts now clearly prove this to

have been a mistake. The action of religion on the fortunes of nations is immense and decisive. The constitution of the state ends by modelling itself after that of the church ; or, if not, then the state remains a prey to periodical troubles. Protestantism resting on free inquiry and individual interpretation, the constitutional and representative régime is the political form that best suits the reformed nations. Catholicism realising the ideal of an absolutist organization, absolutism is the natural constitution of catholic nations : this is what Bossuet maintained, and he was right. The French revolution, and the men who have adopted its principles, like the Belgian legislators of 1830, thought they found a solution in separating the church from the state. Let the church, they said, govern itself in its own way within its own domain. The state will constitute itself on the base of modern principles within an independent sphere which it will make respected. The attempt has failed, because the clergy will not accept the separation of the church from the state. They mean to rule the state. It is necessary therefore either to submit or fight. The offered truce has been refused. But to fight against the influence of the church, it is necessary to attack its creed. This is what the philosophers of the eighteenth century did. That was the peculiar task of Voltaireanism. By spreading Voltairean ideas, you manage to hold ultramontaniam in check. Hitherto, that has succeeded in France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal. Only this success has cost dear, for in spreading scepticism you have weakened the moral spring, and so prepared that confused and morbid state from which catholic states have so much trouble in emerging. When we reflect on recent events and on the present situation of the Continent, we are driven to the conviction that the solution propounded by the French revolution has not succeeded. If the country preserves its faith like Belgium and Ireland, it will fall into the hands of the clergy. If it forsakes its faith, it will fall into anarchy, like Spain and Mexico. To-day the majority of the assembly in France is clerical, but let there come a radical majority, and religious struggles will unchain themselves afresh.

Could the Belgian liberals during the time they have been in power, have taken certain measures of defence against ultramontaniam, like Germany and Switzerland ? The attitude taken by Prince Bismarck deserves the most serious examination. He must believe the peril great indeed, to expose himself to the numerous difficulties which will come upon him from this attack of the ultramontanes. The catholic bishops will not capitulate like Napoleon III. and his marshals. The hostility of the clergy will keep up the discontent of Alsace. The opposition of the Rhine provinces will grow, and even in 1844, at the time of the great battle on the occasion of mixed marriages, the Prussian government could not overcome

the resistance of the archbishop of Cologne. Still Prince Bismarck has behind him first a protestant majority, next he has to lean upon the German national sentiment, as well as German science—both of them equally rebellious against the domination of a few ignorant and stubborn Italian priests. But in Belgium whom could the ministry count upon to take energetic measures, when it could not even procure a revival of the law of 1842 on primary instruction which gave the uncontrolled inspection to the clergy? The Jesuits ought to have been proscribed, it is said. Good, but how drive them out, if they happened to be the stronger? Suppose Ireland governed by a separate parliament. On whom could an Irish ministry lean, to resist the exactions of the church? The single reproach that the friends of liberty could make against the various liberal ministries that have followed one another in Belgium, is that they have not done all that was necessary to spread instruction through all classes of the population. They ought to have decreed compulsory instruction, multiplied schools, strengthened the university teaching, spent millions like the United States to create an intellectual movement of such a kind as would have resisted priestly influence. They ought to have tried as hard as they could for a mixed school withdrawn from clerical inspection, as in Ireland.

The organization of university education has also left much to desire. In Belgium the state has two universities, one at Liège, the other at Ghent, which were established in favour of a certain opinion, and which count professors of all shades. Taking advantage of the complete liberty of instruction, liberalism has founded a university at Brussels, while the bishops have set up another at Louvain. The rivalry of these four institutions ought to have produced an intellectual life and activity of a kind most profitable to the progress of knowledge. That happy result has not been attained, because they adopted a detestable system of examination for conferring degrees. Diplomas are granted by mixed juries composed in equal proportions of professors of one state university and one free university. The candidates are questioned by their professors under the control of the professors from a rival university. Hence it results, to begin with, that the students content themselves with learning their note-books off by heart; next, that the professors thus controlled by their colleagues, have to conform to a uniform programme, and thus by degrees routine stifles initiative and the genuine spirit of research.

If we admit that to exercise certain functions, such as those of a doctor or lawyer, it is necessary to exact diplomas of capacity, it is the state itself or the bodies representing it, who ought to make sure that the appointed conditions have been complied with. That is a measure of police or protection; now only the public authorities have the task or the right to guarantee the life or the property of the

citizens. I can understand that as in America they should abolish compulsory diplomas and leave all careers free. I cannot agree that a private association should have the right to confer *degrees carrying with them the privilege of exercising certain functions*. The best system is that followed in Germany. There faculties of the universities grant scientific diplomas, but where the practice of law or medicine is concerned, a state examination is required, and it is the government which appoints the examining board. This is a right that the state cannot abdicate.

Finally, the example of Belgium proves that in a catholic and religious country, the clergy succeeds at the end of longer or shorter time in controlling the elections, and consequently the government also. This is what would infallibly happen in Ireland, if it were left to itself. In France too the number of convents increases; in the rural districts, as M. Ch. Dollfus tells us, and as the recent pilgrimages prove, superstition waxes thicker, but Voltairean scepticism will stand in the way of the clergy arriving so rapidly at the power they seek. Italy to-day finds herself in the situation of Belgium in 1830. The national sentiment is so powerful that it holds ultramontanism in check. One part of the inferior clergy is national. The part which is not so finds itself intimidated by the recent energetic measures, and would not venture to use the means of influence which the priests employ in Belgium. Opinion would not tolerate it. But if the Jesuits and the catholic party succeed in possessing themselves of education, Italy at the end of two or three generations will again fall back under the domination of papal supremacy. In countries where the government is in the hands of protestants as in England and Prussia, nothing ought to be done, beyond the limit of equity and law, that can possibly favour the purposes of ultramontane ideas, and on the contrary everything ought to be done to place obstacles in their way. Those energetic measures to which the Prussian government has had recourse, proves that it believes itself grappling with a most redoubtable foe. And in truth ultramontane catholicism—and since the promulgation of the decree of infallibility there is no other—is bent on making itself master, in order to cut up by the very roots the liberties which the church condemns. I do not know whether Belgium can ever escape from its grip, but if she has to succumb, at least let her foundering serve for warning to other nations, as the wrecked fragments of a ship that has struck on a rock mark for the navigator the peril he has to avoid.

EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

ON THE SUPPOSED NECESSITY OF CERTAIN METAPHYSICAL PROBLEMS.

The questions which the mind sets itself to solve are determined from time to time by the mental habit, as a whole; and there are no special questions which the mind is naturally forced to consider, or which it is unable to ignore.

IN the awful portal of Metaphysics, *vestibulum ante ipsum*, it is said there sits and will for ever sit an immovable Sphinx, eternally propounding to all who would enter a problem, which all must attempt, but which none may solve. The answers ever vary; yet all are wrong. Those who, weary of a monotonous ænigma, would pass on without attempting a solution, are warned that the answer is one which, if never found, is bound to be for ever sought. They are told there is a special question—perhaps three or four questions—which the mind, of its own nature, is compelled to ask, however little expectation it may have of obtaining an answer. There are, it is said, certain ultimate problems in metaphysics, such as these—whence the origin of things, of what sort is the personal government of the universe, the incorporeal personality of the human animal, its prolongation after death; in other words, the creation, God, the soul, and a future state—these and some similar problems, though ever shifting their solutions, are eternally destined to be asked. They have been discussed, it is true, by various portions of the human race during long epochs of history, not only without anything like agreement, but with the most amazing discord. A portion of the population of Europe is still discussing them in this year 1872; and yet perhaps there has never been a period in which the chaos of thought on this subject has been more profound. To those who apply the tests which suffice for daily life there is not one fixed point, not a scrap of common ground amongst the disputants. The followers of various sects, and they can scarcely be counted, all differ among themselves; and even the authorities in each sect differ among each other. Within the Church of England, for instance, conceptions of God as different as those of Dean Mansel and Mr. Maurice carry on internecine war. The sects of metaphysical philosophers are as little agreed in their answers. And Hegelians and Hamiltonians reproduce the same metaphysico-theological phantasmagoria. There is this great difference between this branch of mental activity and that immediately concerned with material, social, or logical progress. The discussion never advances. Nothing is ever established as a fixed foundation, on which all can proceed to

build. Every thinker starts *de novo*. He does not even accept another man's bricks, wherewith to make his walls: nor does he raise them on another's ground-plan. He must make his own bricks, with or without straw, precisely as he chooses; design his edifice according to his personal fancy; and for a site he has the wide world to choose from, and even the air. It seems in truth to be the note of a really superior metaphysician in this field that he should begin with a *tabula rasa*, and then evolve his definitions, his postulates, his axioms, his method, his language, for himself; and perhaps after many centuries, there never was a moment when conscientious theologians and metaphysicians were so little inclined as they are now to accept these essential instruments from one another, or from anybody.

Nothing can be in more direct contrast with the course taken by Science. The knowledge slowly won by man over nature and her laws is progressive. The torch is really carried on from age to age, lighting as it passes. In astronomy, physics, physiology, inquiries lead to solutions which are universally accepted; masses of subjects pass from the sphere of problems and enter into that of laws; and in turn they form the basis from which fresh problems are sought and solved. Problems which yield no fruit are abandoned. The trained mind acquires a sense of tact which directs it to the subjects which are most likely to yield fruit, and of which its successors are most likely to be in need. There is no single instance of this filiation of truth in the whole theological department of metaphysics. There is here no torch handed on. We see only rockets which whiz into the sky, crackle, and go out, and all is as dark as it was before, till a fresh rocket lights the gloom, dazzles us, and drops.

The direct study of man's moral, social, and intellectual nature, it is true, can show far less of solid and common ground, and far less transmission of results, than does physical science. But that is, unfortunately, only because it is less scientific in its method. Still at the worst, there are large groups of discoveries in mental, moral, and social science, which are for every practical purpose common axioms, data for fresh inquiry. For an example, let us take Mr. Mill's two works on Logic and Political Economy. A good many of his doctrines, both in mental and social science, may fairly be said to be *adhuc sub judice*, but a very large proportion of them are collected from previous thinkers, and are in ordinary use as common ground. There are, again, groups of notions as to the general course of human development and historical progress which are also the common material of social science in every school. The progress here is far less accentuated than it is in physical science; but there is real progress. There is a transmission of results, and large common data. No one, for instance, would be listened to who said that the

human race as a whole was standing still, or was going back; whereas, on the subject of Creation, for instance, any conceivable proposition would find hearers; and none would surprise any one. There is not a single axiom on the topic which can guide, or need trammel any one. The assertor is as free as air; and so of course is his successor.

Whence this striking difference between theologico-metaphysical and positive scientific labours? In science, if a problem, after centuries of study, yields no solid ground, it is silently abandoned as an unprofitable mine. No scientific inquirer dreams of starting *de novo*, and where he gets no answers, he ceases to put questions. There are, however, certain religious or metaphysical problems where the inquirer contentedly accepts the part of Sisyphus. He toils with his stone up the hill, heaving it over every obstacle, and perfectly conscious that it is destined to roll down when it reaches the top. His greatness appears to consist in the philosophy with which he accepts the inevitable result of his labours. He works alone, accepting no help, transmitting no result. He has fellow-toilers, but no fellow-workmen. Those around him are Tantali and Danaïds, grasping the impalpable, shaping the formless. *Quisque suos patimur manes*. But we do not work in concert. This is not what we call thought and action in the living world, where labour is really associated, and appears to be attended with results.

There is, however, a thought which excludes despair, even in those inquirers who are most conscious of failure of permanent success. We are continually assured that these ultimate mysteries differ in kind from the problems of science. In science, it seems that we are under no necessity to pursue any inquiry in which we reach no hard bottom. If we see no reasonable prospect of an answer, we are not forced to put the question. We are not in science set to certain problems as to a Rhadamanthine task. Whereas, they say the human mind is so constituted that, in metaphysics, whether it finds a solution or not, it is still impelled to busy itself with these particular problems. We often hear that it is a part of our mental system; that we are not free agents in the matter. We are said to have implanted in us an everlasting query, or a half-dozen of everlasting queries; we experience a sublime curiosity on two or three topics—a divine longing to solve a group of sacred riddles. This hope springs, they say, immortal in the human breast, insatiable, if unsatisfied. These alone of all others, they say, cry aloud in every human being that has not a diseased mind or a depraved nature. It may be, they argue, that no particular answer brings satisfaction, but can you exclude the craving to ask? It is often summed up in the words of the vulgarest of all the strong minds—"It is all very well, gentlemen, but who made all those

stars?" Thus failure teaches no lesson, and breeds no despair. For if each solution is destroyed, the problem is indestructible. Indeed, a distinct proposal has been made to make the Unknowable the basis or perhaps the apex of Philosophy, the object and sustenance of the religious sentiment. All altars are to be destroyed save that which is raised "to the Unknown God."

The result is that scientific thought and social activity are alike clogged by a vague, debilitating dream. When it is put into distinct words, which it seldom is, it amounts to this. The mind of man, they say, innately craves an answer to these questions—Of what sort is the Being that has created this universe?—of what kind shall be the future of the Soul after death? These, they urge, are the paramount questions which men never can ignore. No philosophy, no system of life, is worthy an hour's attention, unless it start with these the primary perennial problems of the human soul.

To this I venture to oppose the following propositions:—

1. These questions are not innate in the mind. On the contrary, they are artificial, and result from peculiar habits of mind; and, in fact, they cannot be traced in some of the most remarkable groups and races of mankind.

2. These particular questions do not differ in kind from many theologico-metaphysical questions which have been often agitated.

3. Many of such long-forgotten questions have appeared to various groups of mankind of transcendent importance, and have occupied in their minds a larger space than do any such problems in ours.

4. But all of these questions, once of primary interest, have disappeared silently under a changed current in general philosophy.

5. The mind, however, will continue to be agitated by a succession of useless problems, even after they have been recognised as insoluble, until its activity is permanently inspired by an overpowering social emotion.

In spite, therefore, of the hypotheses of so many metaphysicians, and the dogmas of so many theologians, I am fain to believe that these particular questions are not indigenous in the human mind. I make bold to say that the natural mind is as well able to ignore them as it is to ignore other questions. I certainly deny that any particular answer is innate, and I doubt if the questions are more innate than the answers. I incline to think the human mind was not sent into the world with an irrepressible mania for putting half-a-dozen particular riddles, of asking a set of questions which never get answered. I believe the mind to have an immense curiosity after an infinite number of problems. What these problems may be from time to time depends upon the natural and acquired bent of the mind. I can conceive no radical difference in kind between the problems mentioned in the outset and many other problems which

could be suggested. The particular questions which the mind puts for solution are not instinctive, but artificial. That is to say, they depend on the general diathesis of each mind, which depends partly on its special quality and cultivation, and partly on the social influences around it. The paramount importance of any given problem is determined for each mind by the mental habit as a whole. Where we see a particular problem occupying this paramount importance in any given age or race, it only proves the prevalence of some particular habit of mind. What I deny is that the history of the human race shows any particular problem uniformly holding the dominant place. And certainly I would say this of the particular problems now under discussion. I can draw no solid distinction between them and many other objects of mental curiosity. For instance, the origin of the Universe or the creation of this Planet are still prominent subjects of speculation. I should say this is a consequence of the prevalence of certain forms of thought, the development of which it is easy to trace. I cannot see that either problem is (philosophically) a more pressing one than the problem as to the nature of Protoplasm, or if there be any Protoplasm. If meditation could supply us, *à priori*, with a sufficient knowledge of the nature and laws of Protoplasm—that is to say, of the ultimate elements of all life—it would be impossible to overestimate the importance of such knowledge. It would certainly be associated with every thought, act, and feeling of our natures. It would throw a new light over every one of these spheres of life. If the problem is not to all persons one of absorbing interest, it is, perhaps, because the few who expect any sort of solution do not look for it to meditation *à priori*. But I can easily conceive a world—nor need we travel for it as far as Laputa—in which the one primary problem, the one question that never could be shut out, was the existence of a protoplasm, and its primary laws.

Let me a little protect my position by a few disclaimers. I would not say one word in disparagement of the philosophical quality of Curiosity. I am rather defending it against those who would narrow it to a few eternal problems, and stale its infinite variety by condemning it to so monotonous a task. I do not say Curiosity is not a most excellent thing; I say its forms are not four or five, but myriads. Then, again, there are many who on philosophical, or on religious grounds, are satisfied that the problems are solved. To those who find these solutions complete, final and permanent, I have, of course, not a word to say. I have not now a word to say as to any supposed solution; nor do I say that the problems are insoluble in the abstract. Nor do I say one word against the unsuspected benefits which may ensue in the mere course of seeking. Those who feel they have found, those who desire to seek, are all my good friends. All that I

desire is to claim the liberty not to feel forced to ask questions of which we have hitherto heard no solution ; and to be able to do this without the reproach of violating our inmost natures, or committing any other of the darker metaphysical sins.

I have said that history does not show the human race to be eternally occupied with these particular problems, or indeed any particular problem or group of problems. There have been vast ages and mighty races, which they have troubled as little as they trouble horses or dogs. It is usual entirely to put aside the testimony of all the uncivilized or semi-civilized races. And thus countless myriads of intelligent human beings, as completely our ancestors, as entirely links in the chain of progress, as our own parents, are abstracted from the inquiry into the innate qualities of the human mind. Certain half-barbarous tribes have certainly had ideas which may fairly stand as the germs of those now in review. But very large groups of these tribes cannot be said, without violent straining, to have had on such subjects as the creation of the universe, or the soul of man, a spark either of opinion or of curiosity. They are as innocent of any answer to the problem as of the problem itself. I will not enter on the discussion whether or not they have religious ideas. I should be the last to deny they had. I will not say they have no conceptions of Divine Beings, or spiritual relations. I limit myself strictly to the statement that their religious ideas and their spiritual problems are certainly not ours, or anything remotely like them. They do not concern themselves with the creation of the universe or the distinction of soul and body, for the excellent reason that their minds are unable to grasp these ideas. They often show a very high intelligence, and are in practical things progressive enough. But in things spiritual, the problems which profoundly impress them, are how to cheat some kind of devil, or how to avoid some form of taboo. Taboo, in fact, weighs upon their souls precisely as the Judgment weighs upon some Christians. It is the one question which never can be shut out. All this, and at the lowest computation it is the experience of about nine-tenths of the human beings who have probably lived on this planet, it is usual to exclude from the discussion. But why so ? They are complete, intelligent human beings, who undoubtedly progress under favourable conditions. In an inquiry what are the eternal characteristics of the human mind, we ought not to exclude them as being uncivilized. The most barbarous tribes exhibit powers of reasoning, of contrivance, of abstraction, in a word, all the powers really instinctive in the mind, though it may be in a low form. If you say that these ultimate mysteries only assume their importance with mental cultivation, that is precisely what I am urging. I say they only come into prominence with mental training of a certain kind. If they are instinctive

tendencies of the mind, how can we explain their absence in great groups of uncultivated minds? If you say they have other mysteries of their own, I do not deny it. The human mind has an ample curiosity. Only their mysteries are utterly different from ours, and are no proof that these mysteries are eternal and instinctive. They prove the contrary.

But to leave the ruder tribes, it is certain that over enormous periods of time, and in races of remarkable intelligence, the questions under immediate discussion have excited no kind of attention. Other races and ages have had their grand problems, but they have had nothing to do with the creation of the world or the destiny of the soul. The Chinese, from their numbers, their antiquity as a race, and the persistence of their civilization, form one of the most striking branches of the human family. They show a high intelligence, a profound interest in moral questions, and they have one of the noblest and most ancient of religions. Yet it is certain that the Creation of the Universe, Divine Government of the World, God or Gods, future life, are ideas unknown to them. They have no opinion on these subjects, and they never inquire into them. They worship the sky, the visible vault of Heaven, but they never assume that it made the Earth. They are deeply interested in the Earth and all that is thereon. But they never seek to know, nor do they pretend to know, how it came about. As to the future life of the soul, they have as little curiosity. They have never answered the question, and they never propose it. They are, however, intensely interested in the dead as dead men. They know nothing about incorporeal personality, though they cherish a religious veneration for the corporeal personalities of their own ancestors.

Let us turn to Hindoos, at various times. These have an intense speculative activity, and in many things are curiously assimilated with the European mind. At times they have undoubtedly thrown up problems bearing some remote resemblance to those in question. They have, in fact, eagerly pursued theologico-metaphysical problems. But Buddhism is the metaphysical product of the Hindoo intellect. During many centuries it held absolute sway over myriads of different races, and after twenty-four centuries it still retains much of its mighty empire. It can boast of great speculative intellects, a sublime morality, and a devotional spirit of a unique kind. Yet it is certain that to the Buddhist, Creation, if intelligible at all, was at most a disorder or a muddle; future life was a horrible dread; the continuance of existence the principle of evil, and the soul the ever-present curse. The pure Buddhist, one of the noblest of all the religious natures, not only did not dread the extinction of his personality, but he thirsted after it and prayed for it with ecstasy. Annihilation is his heaven; God, as the creator and the sustainer of

things, is his fiend and his adversary. His Sphinx puts a very different problem from that of Christian philosophers,—not how was it all made, but how shall it all end? He, in his pilgrim's progress, borne down by his burden, might be heard crying out, in tones as pathetic as Christian's, "Who shall deliver me from the wrath that is? how can I enter into the world which is not?"

I venture to think that this instance is crucial. Here we have one of the high religious types, with a mind of singular subtlety, and a conscience of strange tenderness, to whom the great problem is not Creation, but Destruction; who never asks for the origin of things, but meditates only on their end; to whom every power which has to do with matter is the principle of evil, whose one hope is eternal Death. After this how can we continue to argue that the soul cannot contemplate annihilation, nor the mind conceive it; that the conscience never rests till it feels in contact with its Maker? The Buddhist philosopher, who was a metaphysician *pur sang*, no doubt had his own metaphysical problems. But his problems were other than, or rather contrary to, ours. And when we are assured that no system can satisfy the human intellect unless it reveal to us the Creator of the world and the future life of the soul, we may answer that Buddhism, to which Christianity and Mahometanism are neophytes, eliminated both ideas, while remaining the religion of myriads.

The same thing might be said of the Greek and Roman nations. They are of course our close cousins in race, and our immediate ancestors in thought. Much of our philosophy is in cast of thought, as in language, simply Greek. And hence the germs of our metaphysical problems may easily be traced back to Greek sources. But with all these deductions, how little can we say that the practical intelligent Greek and Roman, the heroes of Plutarch, for instance, and the men of their time, were seriously occupied with the questions now before us, in any sense indeed in which we understand them. At times both Greeks and Romans thought about Gods; but these were simply the personifications and emanations of various things themselves; certainly not the beings who created them. Some Greek philosophers busied themselves early about the principle of things; but by that they mean the primitive form of things, not the Creator of that primitive form. They had also a kind of worship of ghosts, distinctly different from the Chinese worship of the dead. But except when under the influence of those special philosophical or religious systems that we are now discussing, which, of course, are found in Plato or Lucretius, the practical Greek or Roman never showed the smallest vital interest either in the problem of the origin of things, or of his own living personality after death.

It would be very easy, but it is quite unnecessary, to follow out

this argument into numerous illustrations. It would soon appear not only that large portions of the human race have been permanently indifferent to questions which we are now told ever present themselves to every human mind, but that the races and the ages in which these questions have held a foremost place form a very decided minority of the whole. Races and epochs under different philosophical influences have been occupied with totally different sets of problems. These were often metaphysical problems, appropriate to their mental state. But they were not ours; and they show that societies and philosophies are perfectly possible which make no account of the so-called instinctive questions. The questions which to us seem instinctive could not even be rendered intelligible to them. Those which to them seemed the eternal interests of the human soul are to us puerile or horrible. And we need both study and imagination to conceive the logical processes which suggested to them hypotheses so strange, and problems so grotesque.

Let us now turn to the converse. We often hear it said that such questions as those under discussion have for every human being an importance so overwhelming that they must always remain apart, while human nature is unchanged. Now, there is no evidence whatever that these problems at all differ in importance from a vast number which have been silently abandoned. Nor is there any reason to think that the mind has any difficulty in abandoning the search of what it is deeply concerned to know, so soon as it has abandoned the hope of attaining that knowledge. It is a really gratuitous supposition that these particular questions at all surpass in importance many which have been asked with profound earnestness in many ages. The problem of the freedom or necessity of the will was once one of the cardinal questions of thought. If that question could have been solved, if the doctrine of Necessity could have secured its logical victories, it is impossible to overrate the enormous importance that its solution must have had on human life. If Kismet were a fact, and not merely a logical fallacy, human nature would take a different turn. It seems difficult to say that any problem as to the origin of the Universe, or the superhuman government of it apart from its laws, is to a man a problem more important than whether or not he has a free moral nature. The problem of Free Will or Necessity is still unsolved. Neither alternative has gained a permanent hold. Here, then, is a problem of transcendent interest to the conscience still unsolved, which is now abandoned by tacit consent, and has passed into the limbo of so many departed questions, where the ghosts of Nominalism and Realism gibber at each other, and the air is heavy with the sighs of those who passed their lives in searching into the origin of Evil.

Here, again, is another problem to a moral conscience of transcen-

dent interest—from whence comes moral evil? It is quite as important to the human soul as the origin of the world, or the other questions at issue. Indeed, in a moral sense, it includes and must determine all the rest. There was an epoch in philosophy when this tremendous question was earnestly attacked. Manichæism in all its forms was a real answer. But Manichæism is out of credit; and yet no other answer has taken its place. No one in philosophy now discusses the origin of evil, yet no one pretends that the problem is solved. It is but another instance of a transcendent moral problem, about which we have accepted no solution, but into which we are weary of inquiring.

The mere fact that a certain knowledge, if we could get it, would be to us of infinite value, is not sufficient reason for our continuing to seek after we have lost all hope of finding it. How many kinds of inquiry of vital moment to man have been silently abandoned in despair? In various ages and epochs the hope of forming an individual horoscope has held the minds of generations spellbound. It has been thought at times that some means might be hit on of foretelling the events of life, at least, the great turning-moments of it, or its final term. Powerful minds and ingenious generations have clung to this hope. Now, the knowledge, if it could be obtained, would be of vital importance. There is nothing actually impossible, in the hope of some approximative forecast of the duration of life. It concerns each of us wonderfully, as they once said, to get such knowledge, if we can. Yet the inquiry has utterly died out, not by being formally proved impossible, so much as because nothing ever came of it. And all its transcendent importance has not, in an altered philosophy, sufficed to give it any longer a hold on our thoughts.

So, too, with the direct influence on human life of the Stars and other objects, and all those strange necromantic inquiries which have absorbed so much intellectual force. Now, it has never been proved, and it never can be proved, that the stars or the dead have no influence on human life, or that the flight of birds or the croaking of a raven is absolutely unconnected with our destinies. The contrary has never been proved; but ages have debated in vain what the influence is, and by what signs we may know it. If we ever could get to know it, it would be a matter to us of transcendent interest. In other ages it was the ever-present problem of generations. After every failure, they hoped against hope. They would be stopped not even by the melting away of all their results. The question, they said, was one of such overpowering interest, the knowledge, if it could be had, was so precious, that fail as it might to find, the mind must ever seek. And generations of learned pedants lived and died in seeking.

Again, it is said there is an innate consciousness in man that his

soul is eternal. Man can never cease, they say, to feel interest in his destiny after death, and cannot conceive his personality to end with death. As we have just seen, this is quite untrue to fact. An interest in the life after death is peculiar to certain races and ages. But why is not life before birth just as interesting? How do we manage to dwell on our post-mundane destiny, and never give a thought to our pre-mundane? Yet if soul is conscious of being this immortal entity, it is, or it should be, as hard for it to realize beginning as end—birth as death. The ante-natal condition of the soul ought to be a question as interesting as its post-mortuary. It has never been proved that it has no ante-natal existence. How can we shut out this momentous inquiry? An ingenious fabulist lately described a race whose whole spiritual anxieties were centred on the life before, not the life after, that on earth. And there is nothing in the theory inconsistent with human nature. As a matter of fact, vast races have paid at least as much attention to the one life as the other. Transmigration indeed is at least a consistent handling of the problem of incorporeal personality, for past life is at least as important to an indestructible entity as its future life.

The illustrations might be extended indefinitely. At one time the paramount problem of spiritual thought is the past life of the Soul, at another its future life, at another its annihilation. The spiritual problems vary indefinitely with each philosophy, each habit of mind, each cast of character. What have become of the tremendous problems, on which life and thought appeared to depend to the pious generations of Aquinas and Ockham, Duns Scotus and Abailard? Mighty intellects and devout souls fought with passion over questions which we cannot state without a smile. The primæval element, the harmony of the spheres, the providence of the sky, the bounty of the sun, absolute extinction, eternal life, the freedom of the will, the absolute existence of ideas, the locomotive powers of angels, their independence of physical limits, the creative powers of the devil, witchcraft, devilcraft, necromancy, and astrology, with fifty other problems, have in turn enthralled particular ages. The same process holds good for all. Perpetual failure and ever-varied answers in time discredit the problems; they meet with no conclusive answers, and at length they cease to be asked. Nor does the plea of their transcendent importance, if we knew them, preserve any of them as objects of interest long after the conviction has set in that we are not on the road to know them.

Those, therefore, to whom this conviction has arrived, and I again repeat that I have been speaking of no others, may put aside these problems with the same sense of relief with which they have rejected the answers. The mind has an infinite curiosity to solve a vast variety of problems; but there is no spell which binds it to one more

than to another. Nor, fortunately, is it condemned to the Tartarean fate of pursuing any task, where it is not conscious of fruits, or of asking any question where it has definitely despaired of arriving at a permanent answer.

In short, it is the function of a complete philosophy, and one of its highest functions, to determine what inquiries are based on solid grounds and may lead to fruitful results. It is the part of the logic of the sciences as a whole, and its tests are numerous and complex, to condemn problems as insoluble, and to stamp inquiries as frivolous. Each branch of science from within its own sphere has eliminated a succession of idle puzzles, and has limited its field to the real and the prolific. The philosopher's stone, the elixir of life, the *primum mobile*, were once the vital problems of ardent minds, and in turn have passed into a jest or a by-word. When science definitely pronounced that these mighty *summa bona* of knowledge were ideas alien to science, and wholly outside of it, they became slowly but surely the toys of the pedant. And the plea of the transcendent value of the answers, if the problems were solved, was met only with a smile. It was as if a child were to plead that it would be so delightful to take a trip to the moon. Perhaps it might; but as far as science yet sees, the problem of lunar excursions is not within its sphere, and from within its present sphere is distinctly insoluble. The plea is now put forward again. Philosophy each day reiterates anew that all questions of original creation, of personal will in physical law, of incorporeal spirits, are questions wholly alien to its sphere; nay, so far as its resources go, wholly insoluble by it, and indeed unintelligible to it. And the plea of transcendent interest, the plea that the questions are so vital that they cannot be put aside, is as puerile as the plea for an elixir of life, in the midst of a sound physiology.

But whilst philosophy puts by with a smile these childish appeals to search into the insoluble, and resolves to select its problems for itself, there is a phase of the matter which it would do well to acknowledge. The tenacity with which these insoluble mysteries cling to and cumber the intellectual soil, the passionate yearning of the untaught many after them, the vague hankering of so many minds around these barren wastes, teaches at least this, that a negative logic is in practice not sufficient. The cold sentence of "impassable" or "insoluble" may be graven on portals, round which myriads of pilgrims have crowded, as if they opened into a promised land; but it is written in a language they but half understand, and they still hang round the entrance they may never pass. In a word, in spite of logic and in defiance of science, metaphysical mysteries will continue to live until this vague yearning is absorbed in a great and strenuous emotion. The only true cure for irrational musing over ancient ænigmas is a solid faith in a real religion. There will

always be minds debilitated by hopeless questionings, until a passionate devotion of the soul to a real and active power becomes the atmosphere of general life. A religion of action, a religion of social duty, devotion to an intelligible and sensible Head, a real sense of incorporation with a living and controlling force, the deliberate effort to serve an immortal Humanity—this and this alone can absorb the musings and the cravings of the spiritual man. The self-reliance of the isolated self is in man so slight, the craving after religious communion is in reality so strong, that logic and science alone cannot save the soul from superstition or despair. Rather than be without a theory which can bind the individual close to a moral Providence, which can make his life triumphant over death, man will cling round a theory which he knows to be a formula, or even a falsehood. And lives will continue to be wasted in listless yearning around the Unreal or the Unknowable, until they have been transfigured into a world of social activity under the impulse of devotion to a Supreme Power, as humanly real as it is demonstrably known.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

FOURIER.

“Travail agréable et plaisir utile ;
Voilà en deux mots la vie sociétaire.”
J. LECHEVALIER.

I.

FRANÇOIS-MARIE-CHARLES FOURIER was born at Besançon, in 1772.¹ He was an only son, but had three sisters older than himself. His father was a woollen-draper, who was moderately successful in business, and attained to the rank of President of the Tribunal of Commerce in his native town. He died when his son was five years of age, and left property to the amount of £8,000. His widow was a daughter of M. Muguet, who was at that time the leading merchant in Besançon. He purchased titles of nobility, and died worth two millions of francs. Charles was a precocious child, of a strongly marked character. When five years old he was deeply impressed by being reproved for telling the truth, whereby some secret of his father's business had been inconveniently disclosed. He had no disposition to quarrel, but he stoutly maintained his own position, and was at all times ready to take the part of a weaker boy. It was accidentally discovered that he had regularly shared his luncheon with a poor cripple, whose misfortune had excited his pity. His mind was early affected by the gloomy teaching of the Catholic curé, who depicted the future destiny of man in colours as dark as those of a Calvinistic divine. He was very diligent in his studies, and obtained, when eleven years old, the two first prizes in his class for French composition and Latin verse. He was particularly attached to the study of geography, and spent much of his pocket-money in buying maps and globes; but music and flowers were the objects of his passionate love. His ear was correct, and without special instruction he became an excellent musician. He converted a portion of his bedroom into a flower-garden, and delighted in cultivating different species of the same flower. He had a taste for mechanics, and the idea of the steam-engine is said to have occurred to him when he was nineteen. He wished to join the Royal Engineers, but his rank excluded him from that service, and he reluctantly found himself apprenticed to the cloth trade in

(1) “*Cœuvres Complètes de Charles Fourier.*” 6 vols. Paris, 1868. “*Manuscrits de Charles Fourier.*” 4 vols. Paris, 1851—8. “*Fourier—Sa Vie et sa Théorie.*” Par Charles Pellarin. 5th Ed. Paris, 1872.

Lyons. As a youth he was very intelligent, and his desire to see the world was gratified by being appointed traveller to the firm. In this capacity he visited many districts of France, Germany, and Holland. At his father's death his mother carried on the business with indifferent success at Besançon; and when he came of age his patrimony was reduced to forty or fifty thousand francs. This sum he invested in colonial produce, from which he expected to derive a good profit. Unhappily, however, Lyons was immediately after besieged by the Convention troops. He saw his bales of cotton taken to make barricades; and his sugar and rice to feed the insurgents. He himself was obliged to take part in the defence, and narrowly escaped with his life in one of the sorties. At length the city was captured, and Fourier was thrown into prison. For weeks he expected at any moment to be led forth to execution. He beguiled his captivity by playing on the violin and guitar, till at last he managed to escape, by his address in telling lies—a fact to which he afterwards frequently reverted with delight. His life was saved, but his fortune was wholly lost. He was compelled to enter the army, and served for two years as a chasseur. Military service was not distasteful to him. He delighted, even when an old man, in following a regiment through the streets, his eye fixed upon their glittering accoutrements, and his ear enchanted by the thrilling strains of their martial music. He early studied the scientific branches of war, and contributed some suggestions during his campaign, and at subsequent periods of his life, which were favourably received. He was finally discharged on account of ill-health, and returned to a merchant's office at Lyons. He retained his studious habits, both in the camp and in the counting-house. He applied himself diligently to natural history—to physics, and even to anatomy—becoming entirely absorbed by each new pursuit. He abandoned, with some disdain, the moral and political sciences and theology, when he found that they were based upon conjecture and not upon fact. He never had any taste for languages, and studied none with the exception of Latin. While the recollection of his early punishment for veracity and the success of his deceit at Lyons was still fresh upon his mind, he was called upon to witness an occurrence at Marseilles which profoundly affected his mind. It appears that there had been an extreme scarcity of food, and that rice, among other commodities, had risen to famine prices. Many poor people had died of starvation. Yet the merchants, either anticipating a further rise, or fearing to lower their actual profits, had permitted a large quantity of rice to rot, and Fourier was present when it was cast into the sea. The reflections excited by this wanton destruction were further stimulated when Fourier found an apple selling in Paris for ten sous, while at Besançon eight might be

purchased for one sou. His biographers delight to dwell upon this latter incident, and to point out how an apple led to the discovery of the law of social harmony, as it had previously suggested the law of gravitation. However this may be, Fourier's active mind was now diverted to the study of the great social problems, and to the discovery of a remedy for the many evils by which we are oppressed. So early as 1797, he was enabled to urge some of his views upon the government through the intervention of M. Briot, of Besançon, a member of the council of five hundred; but it was not till 1799 that he dated the discovery of the universal laws of attraction; and a portion of his theory remained incomplete for several years afterwards. In order to gain more leisure for study and thought he quitted the merchant's office and set up for himself as a *courtier-marron*, or broker without legal patent. Although the profits in this business were very small, they sufficed to keep him from starvation. He had not yet achieved anything of importance in literature. His earliest effort was at the age of eight or nine, when he characteristically composed a poem to a pastrycook, whose death he deplored. In 1803, however, he contributed a short article to the *Bulletin de Lyon*. In it he suggested the establishment of perpetual peace by the creation of a universal empire, co-extensive not only with Europe but with the entire globe. Strange to say, he did not maintain that France was necessarily destined to the position of universal conqueror. Indeed, he apprehended that Russia might be the successful nation. He pointed out that there were, in reality, only four military powers then existing in Europe—France, Russia, Austria, and Prussia. It would be easy to extinguish the last by a combination between any two of the former—Russia and France would, as a matter of course, divide Austria between them—and then would ensue the final contest for supremacy between Russia and France. No other nation in the world could dispute with the conqueror the unification of the globe, by its complete subjection to one sceptre. As for England, an army could be readily sent to take possession of India; and by stopping all ports to English ships, and burning any town that received English goods, we could speedily be exterminated. The attention of Bonaparte, the first consul, was drawn to this attractive scheme, and he caused inquiries to be made respecting its author. No benefit, however, resulted to Fourier. He was left to mature, in poverty and solitude, his great theory of passionate attraction. In 1808 he published, anonymously, the "*Théorie des Quatre Mouvements*." It did not pretend to be a complete exposition of the new social science. It was intended rather as a tentative work, put forth to sound public opinion—to call attention to the gross anomalies and injustices of the existing order of society—and to guard against the risk to which all great discoverers are exposed, of

seeing their ideas appropriated, without acknowledgment by other writers.

His object was to display the identity of the laws that govern the four great departments—society, animal life, organic life, and the material universe. These are what he styles the four movements. Newton has, indeed, the credit of having explained the last; but the three most complex have fallen to the task of Fourier, whose fame cannot therefore fail to eclipse that of his predecessor. In approaching his great subject he was careful to act upon two principles—*Le doute absolu*, and *l'écart absolu*; that is to say, he was resolved to accept no received opinion till it had been severely tested, and also to avoid following in the routes that have led preceding speculators to such barren results. It was under these conditions that he was at length rewarded by the brilliant conception that the unity of the laws of nature, which regulate the four movements, is complete; and that guided by analogy we may well suppose that the mechanism of society, no less than that of the heavenly bodies, is submitted to the law of gravitation; or, to put the same statement in a clearer light, as the material universe is upheld in perpetual harmony by the action of the laws of attraction and repulsion, so will society be restored to its normal condition when the laws of attraction and repulsion proceeding from the passions of the human soul are permitted to act with unrestrained freedom. In the universe, no metaphysician or moralist can preach effectively to the planets to resist the attraction to which they are subject, otherwise we might witness in space the confusion which we behold on earth. That the same harmony may be restored to society, it is only necessary to submit ourselves to the law of nature, and to discard the artificial restraints imposed upon the passions by the teaching of philosophers. The more he considered the result to which he had been guided by analogy, the more convinced he became of its truth. He proceeded to apply, in imagination, this theory of passionate attraction to the various operations of society; and according as he worked it out in detail, there gradually arose the vast and complex scheme for the reorganization of all existing institutions, which is so frequently mentioned and so seldom understood. When he found that his theory satisfactorily explained the most complex phenomena, and furnished a solution for the most difficult problems of society, he concluded that he had discovered a true theory; and he claimed the merit of having placed social science upon a level with mathematics, in regard to "certainty." He perceived, also, that he had acquired the most valuable faculty of true science—the faculty of prevision. In virtue of this power he was able to predict, with unfailling accuracy, the entire future destiny of mankind. He was even able to supply information respecting the past where history

He ascertained that man is destined to inhabit this planet for eighty thousand years. Of these, only seven thousand have as yet elapsed. In the beginning sixteen species were created, nine in the Old World and seven in America. They appeared between the 30th and 35th degrees of latitude, and enjoyed perfect happiness for a space of three hundred years. The race was far more vigorous then than it is now, and one hundred and twenty-eight years was the usual term of life. Absolute peace prevailed, and the passions, which were far stronger than at present, were freely indulged. Poverty had no existence, for population was thin, and nature was in all the luxuriance of youth. But equality of fortune and rank was unknown, for such "philosophical chimeras" are quite incompatible with happiness. Primeval man was remarkable for strength and beauty; and no ornaments of gold or silver or precious stones were used to lend additional charm to the women. In truth, men were led for a brief period by natural causes to adopt the institutions to which, under the guidance of Fourier, we are speedily to revert. No philosophers had as yet arisen to vilify the passions by which the equilibrium of society can be alone maintained; and their free indulgence, favoured by external circumstances, produced a state of happiness and prosperity, whose memory has been preserved to us in the fabulous records of many creeds. It was at length dissolved by the operation of two causes. Ferocious animals created to north and south of man's dwelling-place began at length to press upon him, and he was compelled to direct his ingenuity to the invention of defensive weapons. Simultaneously with the appearance of these formidable enemies another arose from within. The population had increased with astonishing rapidity, and poverty resulted. This disaster was the direct cause of family life and monogamous marriages, whereby, instead of one harmonious humanity, separate and selfish tribes came into existence. These contended fiercely one with the other for food. Wars followed, and the weapons invented for defence against noxious animals were now applied to the destruction of human beings. Those who were old enough to remember the joyous times when there was peace and plenty and unrestrained love, agreed to obliterate all memory of them, that future generations, oppressed by war and poverty and marriage, might not be driven to despair by the record of the happiness they had lost. Hence have arisen the strange and perverted legends of paradise with which our children are still amused. From primeval happiness to savagery, the descent was rapid; but then mankind began to recover, till, by slow advances, it has reached its present condition. *The gradual improvement in the position of women is the determining cause of each upward movement.* Savagery was succeeded by patriarchal government; but this would, in its simple form, lead

only to barbarism. The patriarch became a tyrant and satrap, like Abraham. But when several free families began to unite under one head, as among the Tartars, then women obtained more privileges and civil rights, and civilization resulted. But the present state of society is only one of many transitional forms; and it, too, will speedily pass away. It was not the first, and assuredly we have no ground to suppose that it will be the last.

Happiness, according to Fourier, is the supreme test of virtue, and its attainment the sole object of life. Nor can there be any difficulty in defining wherein it consists. It consists, he adds, in the possession of a vast number of desires, combined with the full opportunity of gratifying them all. Whatever contributes, in this sense, to happiness is moral, whatever detracts from it is immoral. He accordingly frames an indictment against civilization, and against philosophers and moralists, because the institutions of the former, and the precepts of the latter, are opposed to the full gratification upon which happiness and therefore morality depend. He observes that marriage is totally unable to satisfy either our affections or our passions, and is the cause of many peculiar evils. He exposes the iniquity of our commercial system; the premium it offers to fraud; the merciless oppression caused by unlimited competition; the horrors to which the poor are exposed. He dwells upon the anarchy produced by rival states, in nearly perpetual conflict one with the other; and the vast accumulation of misery such a system entails. While he thus censures the domestic, social, and political orders that characterize civilization, he denies his obligation to suggest a remedy. These evils are incident to a state of society now passing away. His business is to depict the future into which we are rapidly gravitating, and to guide our course during the transition. He accordingly analyses the various passions of man, which he estimates at twelve, and calculates the exact number of characters their various combinations produce. The problem that is then presented for solution is, in what manner each individual man may fully gratify all his tastes and appetites, without injury to himself, and with direct benefit to the community. The society in which such a line of conduct becomes possible, will be the society of the future—that which Fourier calls by the name of Harmony—and here, we are told, there is need for much caution. If the veil were too suddenly raised, the brightness of the vision might affect the reason of the student. Indeed, notwithstanding all our prudence, it is to be feared that some—particularly women—may be thrown into such a state of enthusiasm as to become indifferent to the enjoyments, and careless of the duties, of civilized life, from the moment they perceive the happiness that is in store for them. For this reason Fourier abstained from giving us a full account of Harmony in his first work; and

when he approached the subject, he was careful to adopt an aridity of style more calculated to deter than to stimulate the reader. He made no pretensions to literary merit; he claimed only to be a discoverer: the Newton, of a nobler science than astronomy; the Columbus, of a fairer world than America. He was a humble *sergent de boutique* destined to confound all philosophers, from Plato to Voltaire, upon whom the eyes of all succeeding generations would be turned with gratitude and admiration. The transition was to be effected within a few years, in view of himself and of those for whom he wrote. They would witness those living "automates," now called peasants, rise to the dignity of educated and happy men. Before the theory could be tested by experience, before even it had been fully explained, he expected to have more proselytes to moderate than sceptics to convince; and, considering how speedily the revolution will be accomplished, he laid down some general rules for the guidance of his readers during the interval. Do not, he said, build houses, for such as you contrive will shortly become useless. Collect gold and silver and precious stones, their value will increase. Purchase properties abounding with timber and quarries, for such materials will soon be in great demand. Do not emigrate, for there will be plenty for you to do at home. Increase your families for the same reason, and to this end encourage unmarried women to bear children. For yourselves spurn marriage, if you find it insufficient to satisfy your passions. Remember how speedily the established system of society is passing away, and regulate your conduct accordingly. But, above all, disregard the sarcasm of envious or hostile critics who venture to attack the pioneer of the new order of Harmony.

Fourier had the mortification to find that his book remained almost unnoticed. His disappointment was great, for he at least anticipated a *succès de scandale*. There was much indeed to rouse the champions of morality, and to excite the sarcasm of critics: but the book was probably considered of too little importance: and only a few obscure newspapers made any mention of it. The first edition remained for many years upon a dusty shelf in the back room of the publisher's office, till at length, in 1834, a sect of Fourierists had arisen, and the first work of their master was eagerly sought for. A second edition did not appear till 1841, some years after the death of Fourier.

In 1812 his mother died, and he inherited from her a small fortune, estimated at about £60 a year. He left his business in Lyons, which was far from lucrative; and determined to devote his time to the elaboration of a more complete treatise on the new order of society. For the sake of quiet and economy he retired to Belley, where one of his married sisters lived, and he there spent some

years. His retreat was only once interrupted, and that for but a short time. During the Hundred Days, a namesake, Baron Fourier, was appointed prefect of the Rhone, and Fourier received from him the appointment of Chief of the Statistical Office in the department.

In the following year he made his first disciple. M. Just Muiron was attracted by the "Théorie des Quatre Mouvements," and, after considerable difficulty, put himself into communication with the author. A warm friendship arose, and in 1818 M. Muiron passed some months with Fourier at Belley, to become thoroughly acquainted with the great discovery. It was through his assistance, and that of a few other friends, that Fourier obtained the means of publishing his complete treatise. It appeared in 1822, under the title of "Traité de l'Association Domestique, Agricole; ou Attraction Industrielle," a name which was subsequently changed into "Théorie de l'Unité Universelle." It professes to perform upon the reader the operation for cataract in the eye—and, lest the light might break in too suddenly, much ingenuity is displayed in refracting it through four volumes of great length and unexampled dulness. As in his previous work, Fourier here dilates upon the complicated evils of the civilized state. He characterizes it as a condition of perpetual war carried on in all the relations of life, from the domestic circle to the feuds of rival nations. The husband is at issue with his wife—the child with its parent. Class is arrayed against class, and nation against nation. Marriage gives rise to interests opposed to that of the community. The unlimited competition, which is the foundation of our mercantile system, encourages fraud in every department of industry. A few successful speculators attain to affluence, and excite envy and hatred by contrast with the poverty of the masses of the people. Indeed, the position of civilized man compares unfavourably with that of the savage, or even with that of wild animals. The savage has at least full liberty to indulge his passions. He can enjoy the pleasures of the chase and of fishing. He is free to gather whatsoever lies within his reach. He may turn his flocks out upon the fields. He may even rob neighbouring tribes; but, above all, he is exempt from care, either as regards the present or the future. These may be termed the natural rights of savage man. Civilization has withdrawn these privileges, and offers no compensation. For the free life of the forest, for fresh air and changing scene, it has substituted the dull monotony of ceaseless labour, and the poisonous atmosphere of manufactories or of great cities. For the right to gather freely of the abundance of the earth, the right to die of starvation in view of extravagant luxury; or, if the inalienable right to live be claimed, the gallies or the scaffold is the consequence. When the curse of God descended upon man, it doomed him to earn

his bread by the sweat of his brow ; but civilization has imposed an additional curse, and one harder to bear, for it has forbidden him even the right to that labour which is his only means of life. It is little wonder, therefore, that civilization should be rapidly disintegrating, that revolutionary principles should spread among the oppressed classes, and threaten the destruction of society. The influence of our present disorders extend even to the climate. The earth is oppressed by the duration of civilization. It exhibits its uneasiness by the earthquakes that have recently devastated Java, Chili, and Sicily, and by the appearance of the new and terrible disease of cholera. In considering the measures that should be adopted for the relief of such numerous disorders, the complete extirpation of poverty is among the most important. This can only be effected by society providing each of its members with a minimum of food, and clothing, and lodging. Yet civilization is unequal even to this elementary duty.

Fourier has pointed out with admirable clearness, though he has produced but little effect upon many of his followers, that the principle of *Droit au Travail* is entirely incompatible with civilization. For it depends, as he has shown, upon two conditions that are as yet far from being realised. It depends, first, upon industry being made so attractive in itself that such a state as that of idleness becomes wholly unknown. Not till every human being of both sexes, and of all ranks, is engaged with the zeal of enthusiasts in labour, from the cradle to the grave, can the socialist dream of *Droit au Travail* be realised. It depends, secondly, upon great economy being introduced into all the relations of life. And this economy can only be effected by substituting association for the separate or individual system, by the increased skill and zeal of the labourers, by the abolition of many useless classes, and by the productiveness of the earth being largely augmented by more favourable climatic conditions. But another measure, not less important than the entire abolition of pauperism, is the establishment of a state of society wherein mankind can attain to perfect happiness, by the complete gratification of all the higher and lower passions of his nature. Many thousands of years have been spent, many millions of treatises written, and sermons preached, in a fruitless endeavour to change the constitution of man's nature, to adapt it to the artificial constitution of society. The opposite task has now to be attempted. It is to alter the constitution of society to suit the unalterable constitution of man. For this constitution has been created by God, and the passions of which it is composed are the work of His hands ; whereas the institutions of society, and the precepts of moralists, are but the invention of man. In truth, the passions are like the magnetic needle, pointing through all time in the same direction ; they are the exponents of the divine will, and obedience to their dictates is

at once a duty towards God and the path to happiness upon earth. If this were not so, mankind would be excluded from the harmony pervading the rest of the universe. He would be in a condition of perpetual conflict: his passions leading him in one direction, his interest, or his duty, or his religion, in another. He would be at war with himself and with his Maker. It is impossible to imagine that Providence designed such a result. When, therefore, He created the passionate nature of man He had in view a state of society wherein that nature would conduce to happiness. If no such state can exist, then we must necessarily be led to doubt of the providence of God. It is one of the happiest results of the great theory of passionate attraction, that it removed for ever those dark misgivings that must continue at times to recur to the mind so long as the conflict of passions and the existence of misery appear inherent to the lot of man upon earth. To Fourier was revealed the future condition of society wherein these evils will be unknown.

II.

The reader must endeavour to imagine the aspect of his country completely changed; the large towns, with their crowded streets and narrow lanes; the country, with its stately mansions and its solitary cottages, have all alike passed away. In their stead, there have arisen palaces of vast and imposing appearance, one upon the average to every square league of land. These are called phalanstères, and are the residences of the population of Harmony. They are all constructed upon a uniform plan, and are adapted to accommodate one thousand six hundred persons. Besides sleeping apartments and living rooms, the building contains numerous workshops, where many trades, and even manufactures, are carried on. But each phalanx is in itself a complete agricultural association; for agriculture is the chief occupation in Harmony, and manufactures and commerce are resorted to as little as possible. Both the rich and poor are sheltered under the same roof, and for reasons that will shortly be explained, are engaged in similar occupations. But the distinctions of rank and wealth are not lost sight of. As regards the former, there are few persons who are without hereditary honours or orders of merit. As regards the latter, the society is divided into three classes, who live apart in different degrees of luxury, though among the Harmonians the difference is not so marked as that which distinguishes our upper, middle, and lower classes; because, in Harmony, all persons are equally well educated, and they are constantly engaged together in the field or in the workshop. Moreover, there is no distressing poverty, and hence, the bitter jealousy that exists between the rich and poor in civilization, is quite unknown amongst them. The

phalanstère consists of a centre and two wings. The centre is appropriated to the least noisy purposes. It contains several coffee-rooms, a library and council hall, a temple, an observatory, and many other requisites. One of the wings is occupied exclusively by workshops, where noise is inevitable. The building, like the Louvre, is pierced at intervals by entrance-gates. It has at least three principal floors, besides the ground-floor, entresol, and garrets. A covered gallery surrounds the interior of the edifice; it is kept at a uniform temperature, and affords ready means of communication to all portions of the building. A passage divides each floor; the rooms upon one side look out into the gallery, the rooms upon the other into the country. Each room is fitted with an alcove, and every one, no matter how poor, has a separate apartment to himself. The richest Harmonian rarely has more than three or four rooms, because his life is passed in the fields or in the workshops, or in the public halls. Care is taken that no portion of the edifice is regarded as the aristocratic quarter; and, for that reason, the rooms occupied by the rich and poor are indifferently distributed. The ground-floor is occupied by the aged, the entresol by the children, the garrets by strangers, and the remainder by the rest of the community. Between the wings of the phalanstère, there is a large covered winter-garden and promenade, planted with evergreens. The stables are placed in front of the central edifice, with which they communicate by an underground passage. Upon every side extends the land belonging to the phalanx. About half-way between the phalanstère and the limit of the property, four châteaux are erected in different directions for the accommodation of the members engaged in agriculture. Here breakfast and other refreshments may be had. All labour is purely voluntary. It is never undertaken from a sense of duty, still less from necessity, but always to gratify some taste or passion. It has, indeed, become so attractive, that it is pursued with far greater eagerness than any field-sports, or than any game with us. It is carried on through the means of series and groups. A series is composed of a number of associates of similar tastes; it undertakes only one particular form of labour. It is constituted of a number of groups, each group applying itself to one special branch or subdivision of the work of the series. There are generally seven or nine persons in each group, and not less than seven or nine groups to each series. The number of series in a phalanx is, of course, very considerable, at least one hundred and thirty-five, for every employment is carried on by its own special series. Each Harmonian is a member of a great variety, making his selection according to his tastes.

It is found that in this manner an eager rivalry is excited between the members of each group, between the various groups in each series, and between the corresponding series in neighbouring phalanxes.

Labour, when stimulated in this manner, becomes a source of the keenest pleasure; but even thus, it cannot be continued for too long without fatigue. Hence, every hour and a half, or two hours, the Harmonian changes his employment. If he has been engaged in the workshop, he proceeds into the fields, or to the garden. If he is tired with out of door, or manual labour, he finds recreation in the library. He is rarely idle, yet he is never conscious that he is at work. However he is employed it is a source of pleasure to him, and for that reason only does he undertake it. It follows from this, that all labour engaged in is conducted by men who are passionately attracted to it; and it may easily be imagined how much more earnest and skilful it is than any to which we are usually accustomed. The rich and the noble are no less eagerly attracted by it, and the happiest consequences arise from their working side by side with their poorer fellow creatures. The Harmonians display also considerable skill in adding to the natural charm of labour. Their system of agriculture is an apt illustration of this. The land surrounding the phalanstère belongs to the community, and it is cultivated with a special view to the picturesque. There are no large fields of pasture or fallow fatiguing the eyes by the monotony of the prospect. Different kinds of culture are to be found side by side—flowers and fruits interspersed amidst corn or pasture, or forest—their position determined with a view to artistic effect quite as much as to profit. The labour is itself of the nature of a fête; brightly coloured tents afford a shelter from the rays of the sun, or from rain; flags and banners, ornamented with the devices of the series, representing their triumphs in industry, indicate the parties at work. Tasteful kiosks are erected at convenient distances, and are supplied with exquisite pastry and sparkling wine. The labourers go to the field and return again accompanied by the strains of music, and the sweet singing of the youthful choirs. Women join in labour with the men, and their presence gives to it an additional charm. Skill in every department of industry is rewarded with high titles of honour, and even with large pecuniary grants; for, as has been already remarked, the Harmonians covet and obtain the distinctions of rank and wealth.

Notwithstanding these ingenious devices, it may perhaps be objected that in an assembly of one thousand six hundred persons many necessary tastes might be completely wanting; and that, at best, some forms of labour are so repulsive that no art can invest them with charm. The character of the Harmonians is, however, in some important respects different from ours. Our passions tend to egoism, theirs to "unitéisme"—a desire that arises from the harmonious action of the three primary passions, whereby the interest of the individual is at all times made to harmonise with that

of the community. These three passions are known as "Luxisme," "Groupisme," and "Seriisme." The first includes the five sensitive passions corresponding to the five senses. The second, or affective passion, is divided into major and minor; from the former proceed ambition and friendship, from the latter familism and love. The third, or distributive passion, includes the Cabaliste or dissidente, the Papillonne or alternante, and the Composite or coincidente. These last are but little known to us; they exist only among our great men, and their influence is generally unfortunate. Their exact nature is rather obscure; they are not at all times known by the same name, and are even occasionally differently defined. The Cabaliste appears, however, to be the passion for intrigue; it is particularly active in women and philosophers. The Papillonne represents the passion for constant variety and change. The Composite is said to be the noblest of all, for it enhances the pleasure of the others by uniting them. By its happy influence, for example, love is invested with a double charm; for, while it gratifies our senses, it at the same time delights our heart. So also with ambition, when it is pursued from the mixed motive of self-interest and a desire of fame. Every Harmonian possesses all these twelve secondary passions, more or less fully developed; and the various combinations of which they are capable give rise to exactly eight hundred and ten different characters. The existence of representatives of these eight hundred and ten characters in a phalanx constitutes an exact equilibrium, and for this reason it is a matter of great importance to develop them in childhood. On this account the system of education pursued in Harmony is of special importance.

The Harmonians agree with the Lilliputians that the parents are the least competent persons to undertake the education of their children; and, therefore, they place them shortly after birth in one of the nurseries appropriated to babies. Of these there are three in every phalanstère—one for the quiet children, another for the mutinous, and a third for the diabolical. The rooms are large, and, being specially constructed for the purpose, they are fitted with every requisite for health and comfort. The cradles are rocked by machinery; and, besides cradles, there are cages of network, wherein the baby can crawl and tumble about at pleasure without risk of injury. A uniform temperature is maintained, and but little clothing is therefore necessary, which enables the infant to exercise his limbs with freedom. A physician attends morning and evening; but his fees depend, in Harmony, upon the health, not upon the illness of those whom he visits. For this reason his presence excites no alarm. The nurse tending is carried on by a "series," and is of course composed of persons who have a particular taste for that occupation, and who, in consequence, acquire great skill. They are frequently relieved according to the principle of variety. Under their

direction elder children are employed, who are also formed into series, and frequently relieved. In this manner the infants are far better cared for than among us; for it may happen that a mother has no aptitude and little patience or skill in nursing, and she is, at the best, continually distracted by other occupations. It is here especially—"qu'on reconnaîtra combien le plus riche potentat civilisé est au-dessous des moyens de bien-être que l'Harmonie prodigue au plus pauvre des hommes et des enfants."¹ As the child gets older every care is taken to develop the muscular system. To such perfection is this carried that the left hand is made quite as useful as the right; and the Harmonians can use their toes with nearly the same facility as we can our fingers. At the age of nine the education of the mind is begun. Long before this indeed the child can write, for that is merely a mechanical art.

It is one of the most striking peculiarities in the Harmonian system of education that no child is taught anything except at his own request. The object of the teacher is to awaken the interest and to stimulate the curiosity of his pupil, and to excite his vanity by continually rewarding his exertions. As soon as ever a child can walk, he is allowed to go into the workshops, under proper superintendence. His astonishment and delight may be readily imagined; and at three or four years of age the peculiar bent of his mind can be already discerned. Miniature tools and implements, adapted to every age, are to be found in the workshops and farm. When he takes a fancy to any handicraft he is placed among other children a little older than himself, with a view to learning it, so that he may not be discouraged by too great a difference in skill. When fatigued by one employment he turns to another; at one time acquiring a knowledge of carpentry, and at another of husbandry, and so on with the rest. Practice naturally precedes the study of the theory. The use of machinery leads the learner to the science of mechanics, the care of animals to natural history, a love of flowers and fruits to botany or agriculture. At each stage of his progress the intimate connection between one branch of knowledge and another is pointed out, and no sooner is his curiosity satisfied in one direction than it is excited in another. To encourage studious habits, the information he desires is often adroitly refused; he is told he will find it in the library, to which he accordingly repairs with ardour. If at any time his interest should flag, so that he becomes careless and inattentive, no punishment is inflicted. The teachers simply suspend his instruction till curiosity is once more aroused. Besides all this, however, the incentives to work are very great. Children are divided into numerous classes, called by different names, such as Bambins, chérubins, séraphins, Lycéens, gymnasians, and jouvenceaux—through each of which they are obliged to pass successively.

(1) *Œuvres Complètes*, vol. v. p. 53.

These classes are again subdivided into three different degrees; and each degree and each class possesses peculiar privileges that are ardently coveted. A cherub, for example, has the privilege of using a knife, or driving a cart drawn by a dog; a seraph is allowed a hatchet; a Lycean may ride a pony, and appear in a gay uniform; a gymnasian is permitted to go out shooting. To rise from one class to the other, the candidate must pass an examination suited to his age. He is allowed six months after the regular time to qualify; if he fails, he is placed in a class composed of those who are of a demi-caractère. But if, as is generally the case, he succeed, he is forthwith installed in his new order with great ceremony; and receives from a patriarch the insignia of his higher rank. It will be seen that education in Harmony is directed principally to the useful arts, and to the sciences directly bearing upon them. Such is the degree of skill early obtained, that infant labour is a source of great profit. The valuable time is saved which is spent now at a later period of life, when the faculties are less flexible, in acquiring a trade; and a child of four years of age is not unfrequently quite equal in skill to a man of thirty with us; while a boy of nine is quite as expert and efficient as any of our mechanics. For this reason the phalanx opens an account with every child when he is four-and-a-half years of age; and, by the he reaches manhood, he already finds himself in possession of capital.

The Harmonians class the kitchen and the opera as among the most efficient of educational agencies. As respects the former, they are extremely fond of good eating, and regard the palate as a great source of happiness. Hence they are careful to train the taste at an early age, and in this they experience no formidable difficulty. The children of both sexes early become most excellent cooks. The subject is pursued through all its branches; it leads to the study of chemistry; to the skilful culture of fruits and vegetables; to new and improved methods of feeding stock, and to many other equally important matters. Every phalanx has an opera of its own more splendid than that at Paris. Of the one thousand six hundred associates, at least one thousand two hundred are fully qualified to take part in the representations. While yet in arms a baby is brought to a distant gallery, where his occasional noises cannot be heard, and there his ear is early formed to melody. He cannot rise to the class of cherubim till he is qualified to take some part in the representation. His carriage is thus early perfected in grace, and his taste for fine clothes and display are gratified.

Besides education, children have another important duty to perform. It is a leading principle among the Harmonians that no labour, however humble or repulsive, can be degrading. It is clear, however, that if such services are performed only by one class, that

class will be inevitably treated as inferior. When once a badge of inferiority is attached to one description of labour, it will have a tendency to extend to others, till, in the end, the Harmonians would find themselves as badly off as we are, where all labour is more or less despised, and the idle and useless classes alone held in esteem. To children, between nine and fifteen, is confided the honour of averting this danger from Harmony. They are called the *Petites Hordes* or *Milice de Dieu*. It is observed that children have a natural taste for dirt, and this merciful provision of nature is skillfully utilised. No compulsion is of course employed, and about one-third of the little boys, and two-thirds of the little girls, absolutely refuse to join the *Petites Hordes*, and are enrolled in another order, called the *Petites Bandes*. The *Petites Hordes* are divided into two orders; the one undertakes the dangerous work, the other the dirty. Both must undergo torture to test their courage. Upon the day of reception they present their arms to be branded with a hot iron. The first order are marked with the figure of a lion, the latter with that of an eagle. Like the gladiators of old they must learn to suffer with grace. They rise at three o'clock in the morning and proceed to clean the stables, to remove impurities, to slaughter the animals, to mend the roads. Great care is taken of their health. They are carefully perfumed before and after the discharge of their more noisome functions, and the buildings are so arranged that there is no suffering from exposure to climate. The inducements to enter this order are very numerous. Youth is the age of *dévouement*. The very existence of Harmony depends upon successfully breaking the neck of ancient servitude. Those who undertake to do so perform a service of the nature of a religious duty, of devotion to God, of charity to mankind. They are rewarded by the respect of the entire community, they are addressed with high-sounding titles of honour, they are entitled to a seat within the sanctuary, they wear gorgeous uniforms, and are mounted upon splendid horses, so that they are held to be the best cavalry in the world. Their accoutrements are especially superb, and their manners in contrast with their occupations are distinguished by extreme politeness. Besides this, they are charged with the execution of one function of a judicial character. In Harmony animals are treated with great kindness and care; they are much better fed and lodged than our peasants. Instead of being driven by blows they are taught to obey the sound of musical calls, and one uniform system prevails through the whole of Harmony. Great care is taken to avoid inflicting any unnecessary pain upon them, and whenever any cruelty is practised the offender, whether young or old, is brought for trial before the *Petites Hordes*. As there are some little girls who take quite as much delight in dirt as

boys, about one-third of the Petites Hordes are generally girls, so also a few exceptional little boys have no taste whatever for dirt, and about one-third are admitted into the Petites Bandes. The remainder are girls. The Petites Bandes are composed of children between nine and fifteen, but with refined tastes. They are generally of a less active and more melancholy disposition. Instead of a love of dirt, they early manifest a taste for dress. It is quite a mistake to imagine that such a tendency should be discouraged; on the contrary, carefully cultivated, it leads to a taste for the fine arts, and becomes a source of refinement. Both the Petites Hordes and the Petites Bandes are permitted to spend a portion of their private fortune, if they have any, upon their respective corps. The Petites Bandes, likewise, exercise judicial functions. They censure all bad language and faulty pronunciation. They keep guard over flowers and fruits. They sit in judgment upon whoever plucks a flower without cause, or whoever negligently tramples a plant under foot.

Domestic services are performed by "series," composed of persons specially attracted thereto. Cooking attracts great numbers of artists. Housemaids and valets appear to be drawn to these functions by considerations of a sentimental character. They are called pages and pageses. Not even the richest man has any personal servant, but, in common with the poorest, he has the constant attendance of a series, wherein some one or more are attached to his person. From thence there arise a regard and sympathy between the two parties, quite unlike the relation between master and servant. It may happen that in another employment the person who has just acted as servant will find himself superior to those he has served. These domestic functions have therefore nothing servile about them. They are performed by a free and honourable series, like the rest, who are attracted either by a taste for the function itself, or for the persons whom they attend.

The system of education, as practised in Harmony, is very cheap, and indeed it soon becomes self-supporting. For this reason the children of both rich and poor can enjoy equal advantages. The members of a phalanx are regarded as members of one family, and it would be highly unjust to make distinctions amongst them in the matter of education. One of the most glaring of the many injustices of civilization is thus removed.

Whatever differences arise in after-life proceed from differences of character or ability, or from such differences in previous generations, enabling them to bequeath to their descendants fortune and rank. But these inequalities produce none of the evils with which we are familiar. Universal education has caused universal good-manners, and all classes mix with one another with ease and cordiality. Great

wealth or exalted rank are known only in their favourable aspects, as bestowing upon society an additional splendour and refinement. Those who are engaged upon the education of children, as well as the nurses who tend their infancy, are among the most highly esteemed classes in society.

The teachers are called the Sibyls, and are selected by universal suffrage from among the most competent persons in each department of knowledge, industry, or art. Quite as many women as men occupy this important post: they are assisted by candidate-teachers, of whom there are a great many. Indeed the principle is that whoever knows a little shall assist in teaching those who know less, so that even children are much employed in tuition. There are never more than twelve pupils in one class. It is of course impossible that every phalanx can possess all the requisite books and scientific appliances necessary for higher education, and therefore it is the custom for students to resort to special places where these are to be found, and where they can also obtain the assistance of the most eminent professors.

We have now reached the period when the child is opening into manhood or womanhood, and when a new course is given to its ideas and pleasures. Every precaution is taken to delay as long as possible this inevitable transition. The great muscular development which the child received in infancy has a beneficial influence in this direction. In addition to this, however, special means are taken to encourage the exercise of restraint for some time after reaching maturity. Accordingly, when the child emerges from the *jouvenceaux* which is the last stage of boyhood or girlhood, they pass first into the *Corps de Vestalité*, and subsequently into that of the *Demoisellat*. It will depend partly upon natural force of character, and partly upon physical conditions, how long they continue in the first of these stages. Every encouragement is offered to protract the period, which, however, rarely extends beyond the age of nineteen. The girls enjoy the title of vestal virgins, and their position is one of distinguished honour. They occupy the principal places at all great ceremonies; they are deputed to meet all distinguished visitors, whom they conduct to the phalanstère in a triumphal chariot, drawn by twelve white horses, caparisoned in velvet. In their presence kings and princes forget their rank, and figure as mere private persons. From their hands the army receives the *Oriflamme*. They are decorated with the jewels and precious stones belonging to the phalanx, and choirs of cherubim and seraphim serve at the foot of their throne. The *Petites Hordes* offer to them a reverence approaching to worship. At length, towards her eighteenth or nineteenth year, the vestal bestows her love upon some favoured suitor. Not unfrequently, when exceptionally beautiful, she obtains the hand of

a sovereign, or of some very exalted personage. In a similar manner young men who have successfully combated the ardour of youth, are rewarded about the same age by a lady of their choice. It frequently happens that youths prefer partners much older than themselves, and that ladies of mature age respond to their passion. Notwithstanding the advantage and honour pertaining to the position, but few of either sex can long withstand the charms of love. They perhaps manage to pass a few months in the Corps de Vestalité, and then they quit it for the Demoisellat, a condition requiring less fortitude. In Harmony life is so much in public that concealment is impossible, and no lapse from the sternest restraint can escape detection. No moral reprobation pursues the frail. They are only obliged to desert the early meetings of the children, who alone regard them with contempt; for, being unable to appreciate the cause, they regard their desertion as a crime. Yet the Demoisellat have only attained comparative liberty. For two or three years they are expected to remain faithful to their first love, and are not permitted to enjoy the license practised by their elders. The position of women in Harmony is one of complete independence, and their industry contributes nearly as much as that of men to the productive resources of the community. The burden of maternity is greatly lightened by the system adopted with regard to children; and the associative principle relieves them from many of the household cares arising from separate establishments. The Harmonians point out how unreasonable it is to suppose that all women shall have the same tastes. Yet civilized people are accustomed to complain that their wives are more addicted to society than to domestic duties—fonder of dress or literature or art than of the care of their children. The blame should rest upon their own absurd institutions, that demand the same qualifications from all women. They have been created for Harmony, not for civilization, and they have therefore received varied endowments adapted to that higher existence. Quite enough of them possess naturally these maternal and domestic virtues, if properly economised, as under the associative order. The education of girls is conducted upon exactly the same principles as that of the boys. They are left equally free to follow the bent of their own inclination, care being taken to stimulate and strengthen the tastes they evince. It is found that about one-third have naturally a masculine disposition, in the same manner as about one-third of the boys develop a feminine character. But quite enough remain to discharge all the duties that fall more particularly to their province. The profit arising from female industry is of course their own, and it is nearly as great as that of men. They form themselves into series, and direct all their own operations. It would be altogether incompatible with their dignity to require assistance.

All high functions have female as well as male officers. No man confers his title upon his partner; she has her own quite independent of his. In his later writings Fourier was very reticent as to the relations of the sexes, and some passages bearing upon the subject have been expurgated by his later editors. We are therefore driven to his first work, "The *Théorie des Quatre Mouvements*," for our information. In it we find that relation described as of an extremely transitory character, and we are presented with a scene of intrigue and coquetry that must be peculiarly disagreeable to a timid and bashful nature. No mere civilized being is, however, qualified to appreciate this subject, and it is one that may be left with advantage to the imagination. Of course many disadvantages that would arise from mutable connections with us are absent in Harmony. The position of the lady being one of complete independence, the fickleness of her lover cannot compromise it. Nor does it appear that she has any cause to apprehend neglect as she advances in years. Indeed, a thrilling incident is recorded to illustrate how a youth, in all the ardour of virgin passion, may be irresistibly attracted by the personal charms of a lady more than one hundred years of age.

We are now in a position to estimate the prodigious sources of wealth possessed by such a community as has been described. The Harmonians distinguish three sexes—men, women, and children; and of these none, except the very young, are idle; and means are even taken to utilise the play of babies. There are, in reality, few unproductive classes. There are no soldiers, or policemen, or criminals, or lawyers; no metaphysicians, or moralists, or political economists; no usurers or stock-jobbers; no political agitators and demagogues. The persons employed in distribution are reduced to a minimum. Labour is conducted with unflagging energy and constantly increasing skill. It is never interrupted for recreation, for it is in itself both business and recreation. Every department of industry, every branch of agriculture, is carried to the utmost perfection, and the fertility of the earth is immeasurably increased. Nor is the economy less remarkable. No land is wasted in useless fences; no iron in bolts and bars; no labour is expended in heaping up mud fortifications, or constructing angry forts; no lives are lost in rotten ships, or blown away from cannon-mouths. Whatever is made is intended for use and not for destruction, and the greatest possible amount of use is extracted from it. In this respect association affords extraordinary advantages. A single fire will cook a hundred dinners, or warm a hundred rooms. One warehouse or granary will suffice where with us one hundred would be required; and the same economy may be observed in every other department.

The wealth arising from the united labour of the entire community

is divided amongst them once every year, in proportion to the capital, labour, and talent of each individual. Four-twelfths are awarded to the first, five-twelfths to the second, and three-twelfths to the third. Labour is rewarded in proportion as it is necessary, useful, and agreeable. The first is paid the highest, the latter the lowest. The opera is classed among the *necessaries*, and is paid the next highest after the repugnant offices belonging to that class. A girl of unusual personal beauty may be rewarded far beyond the value of her actual labour, because her presence causes enthusiasm and greatly stimulates the exertions of her companions. From the age of four-and-a-half an account is opened, as we have seen, with every member, wherein an accurate record is kept of his claim to recompense under each of the three heads. Such is the happy effect of the harmonious action of the twelve secondary passions, that disputes seldom occur respecting the justice or the accuracy of the division. In fact, each person is a member of so many series, that if one of them happens to be slightly under-paid he is quite sure to find himself compensated by the higher award given to another. If any difference should arise it is referred to a court of arbitrators, whose decision is final. Indeed, money is of small importance in Harmony. Wives and children are self-supporting. Food and lodging and all necessary service is provided in abundance. There are no taxes to pay. Hospitality is exercised at small expense. Guests, belonging to the same class as their entertainer, cost, in fact, nothing; those belonging to a lower, only the amount of the difference between them, for every Harmonian has the privilege of dining at whatever table, in any phalanx, he chooses to select. It thus becomes the custom of the rich to spend large sums in furthering studies or employments to which they are attached, and in increasing the splendour of the paraphernalia belonging to their series. They not unfrequently give up the greatest part of their earnings in favour of poor children. They engage in industry only because it is a source of amusement to them, for without it the interest of their capital affords them an ample income.

Adoption is practised to a great extent. The Harmonians do not usually bequeath their property exclusively among their own family or near relations. Their children are certain of being provided for, and their future therefore excites no anxiety. Accordingly, a Harmonian can exercise generosity to others without compunction. It not unfrequently occurs that the tastes and disposition of parent and child are wholly different, and there is in consequence but little sympathy between them. In such cases adoption is the natural remedy. A parent may happen to meet in the field or workshop with a child without fortune, whose skill or address pleases him. He at once names him as one of his heirs, and bequeathes to him a

portion of his property. In this manner there is a constant tendency to a voluntary subdivision of property, and poverty can scarcely be said to exist. Indeed, the minimum supplied by the phalanx to what they term the poor is extremely sumptuous. They are provided with five meals a day, all necessary clothes for labour and parade, one separate room and alcove, entrance to the public rooms, fêtes, and to the seats reserved for them at the opera; and they are, of course, supplied with all the tools they require for their various occupations. The three sexes generally eat at separate tables, for their tastes in food do not always agree. Sometimes an exception is made to this practice at breakfast or supper, but never at dinner. That is a time when gastronomic tastes are discussed and gratified with too much solemnity and ardour, to admit of the attention being diverted by the presence of the other sexes. Yet dinner is not a scene of gluttony. It lasts but an hour, and then other pleasures summon the Harmonians from the table.

Their food is of great variety. At least thirty or forty dishes are served, and a dozen kinds of wine from the choicest vintages in France, Spain, and Hungary. Yet this is the table for the poor. The second and first classes are of course fed still more sumptuously; but of this we cannot, in civilization, form any adequate conception. The food itself is very different from ours, for it is largely composed of sugar; bread is but little eaten, and, in its stead, there is a most delicious compote, which, besides being highly agreeable to the palate, is one-eighth cheaper than bread. It possesses also the advantage that it can be made in large quantities, and will keep for a long time. Potatoes and fruit are also much used. The vine is cultivated to perfection, and beer or cider are rarely seen; in their stead there is a light sparkling drink resembling lemonade, which is highly esteemed. As a precaution against famine, provisions for two years are always kept in each phalanx. The Harmonians are extremely vigorous. Many causes contribute to this: the admirable device of paying doctors in proportion to the amount of health enjoyed by the community, and not in proportion to the sickness; the great muscular training received in youth; the complete extirpation of the physical evils proceeding from marriage; the absence of exhausting labour and great cities with crowded populations; the fresh air of the country, and the excellent dietary system, all contribute to form a race of men and women of extraordinary vigour. It is said that one of their men is equal in strength to three of ours; and one hundred Harmonian ladies would be quite able to knock down one hundred of Napoleon's finest grenadiers. They are generally seven feet high, and live to be one hundred and forty-four years of age, and retain to the very last the fullest enjoyment of life, and even of the most juvenile passions.

It might be feared that their existence would be somewhat monotonous, but such is far from the case. In youth they enter the army, which, unlike ours, is employed in conquering deserts and forests, and increasing the productiveness of the earth. In this they pass some years, and march to many climes. Here the love of adventure and the love of pleasure peculiar to youth are amply gratified; for women accompany the industrial armies, and while the soldiers are employed in subjugating the barren places of nature, they find also ample opportunity for subjugating the hearts of their tender companions-in-arms. Those who serve three campaigns rise to the dignity of *aventuriers*, and three more campaigns qualify for that of *paladins*. These persons enjoy the privilege of travelling from one end of the earth to the other in the capacity of strolling-player or singer—a position that is greatly envied. Wherever they go they are received with the highest honour, and win the smiles of the fairest women. Their arrival at a phalanx is of itself sufficient to dispel all monotony, and is the signal for the commencement of a series of fêtes of extraordinary brilliancy.

There is every facility for foreign travel. The roads are excellent, and are traversed by public coaches. Every phalanstère is a sumptuous hotel, open for the reception of the traveller. The evils arising from over population are unknown. The industrial armies are the pioneers of emigration. New phalanxes arise in every part of the world. When all the deserts are fertilised, and the whole earth covered, natural causes will then intervene to limit the total population to three milliards. The vigour of the women will have greatly increased, adding immeasurably to the fascination of their love, but decreasing their fertility, which will be still farther checked by the system of mutable connections. It has been said that great inequalities of rank exist in Harmony. Indeed, there are no less than thirteen different orders of noblemen and princes. A phalanx has the power to confer the title of unarch or baron; three or four together that of duarch or viscount; twelve of triarch or earl, and so on through all the various grades of marquis, duke, king, sultan, emperor, up to the highest of all, the Omniarch. These honours are both hereditary and elective. They may be filled indifferently by men or women. Those that are hereditary, are derived principally from the nobles and princes belonging to civilization, who have retained their territorial designations. They are recruited also from those who contribute, either by their wealth or talent, to establish phalanxes. No less than two hundred empires, as large as that of France, will finally cover the world. Of these, Australia alone will furnish fifteen; and, in them, all the gradations of hereditary rank with which we are now familiar will be found. The elective titles are extremely numerous, because it would appear that every phalanx

may confer the dignity of unarch or baron upon as many persons as they please. In like manner three or four phalanxes can confer the title of viscount, and so on, up to the omniarchat, which is obtained by the universal suffrage of the entire world. These titles are given for various services: for eminence in industry, science, art, or literature; for wealth when devoted to public purposes; for charm of character, or even of person. The Harmonians observe the passion for high-sounding titles, for stars and ribbons, and they gratify it to the very fullest extent. Few persons are without some distinction of this kind. The poor can attain to the coveted position equally with the rich. Even the hereditary honours are not altogether beyond their reach. The humblest girl may be chosen by a prince to be the mother of his child. The poorest man may be selected by a queen to become the father of a king. These elective titles are by no means purely honorary; they are generally accompanied by a substantial present, raised by the vote of those by whom they are awarded. Yet the expenses to which these personages are exposed are not in proportion to their exalted station. They live, indeed, much like other men who belong to the first class in their phalanx. It will be seen, therefore, that the Harmonians are very far from abolishing the distinctions of rank, or of equalising property. On the contrary, they assert that the existence of both is essential to their society. "L'association," says Fourier, "ne peut s'allier avec les rêves d'égalité et de nivellement de nos philosophes." It does not appear, however, that the nobles and princes of Harmony have any special functions attached to their highly ornamental offices.

ARTHUR J. BOOTH.

(To be concluded in the next Number.)

THE GOLD QUESTION AND THE MOVEMENT OF PRICES IN GERMANY.

THE theoretical principles involved in what is called the gold question are matters, for the most part, about which little controversy exists, although there may be much respecting their application to facts, from the difficulty of ascertaining the real facts. The effect on prices of a great increase in the quantity of the precious metals in the world, depends on their distribution; on the proportions converted into money on one hand, and articles of use or ornament on the other, the latter constituting, in the hands of dealers, an addition to the demand for money, not to the supply of it; on the activity of the part converted into money, and the degree to which the volume of metallic circulation is swollen by instruments of credit; and, lastly, on the course which the additional expenditure takes in each country, and the conditions affecting the supply of the things on which it is laid out. The mere statement of these conditions shows such a multiplicity of agencies at work that the necessity of proceeding by observation to determine the actual movements of prices is evident; indeed, extensive and careful observation on the part of many inquirers is likely, after all, to leave us in ignorance or doubt on some points, but it cannot fail to afford much information, especially as foreign countries must be the principal field of inquiry. On the distribution of the precious metals, first of all, and the opening up of new channels for the new streams of treasure, hang the gravest issues affecting the classes with stationary incomes in this country. The rise of prices has for some months attracted considerable attention in England, and with good reason, but in many parts of the Continent it has been for more than a decade the subject of remark and complaint, and in the earlier attention to it abroad one may perceive the main reason why it has received comparatively little at home until now. A much rapider fall must have taken place in the value of money in England had there been no considerable fall in other parts of the world, had the chief part of the additional gold which has come into circulation in the last twenty-two years been poured into English markets; a matter in itself sufficient to show how deeply we are concerned in its distribution, and in the movement of prices in other regions. The movement in Germany in particular deserves investigation, as a country which has undergone great economic as well as political changes in the period of the new gold, and one in which several of the conditions determining its action on prices can be most advantageously studied. German statistics afford

fuller information respecting local prices than are obtainable with respect to England or any other great country. But in every country the real movement of prices has been a number of different local movements, and in Germany we can trace the causes governing the modern changes not in German prices only, but in prices throughout the world. Wide miscalculations respecting the effects of the American silver mines on the value of money in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries arose from attending only to some statistics of prices in a few principal markets. Even two centuries after the discovery of the American silver mines prices had not risen all over Europe in the manner commonly supposed. It was a partial, local, and irregular rise over a limited area, whence the prodigious effect of the streams of additional money in the localities which actually received them; prices rising enormously in London, for example, while wholly unaffected in parts of the Highlands of Scotland and of the west of Ireland, and but little affected even in some parts of England itself not far from the metropolis. The monetary phenomenon which now first strikes the eye on an inspection of German statistics is the extraordinary inequality of local prices, and it is one which throws a flood of light on both the past and the probable future distribution of the produce of the new mines of our own time.

In the month of December, 1870, to take official statistics published by Dr. Engel, Director of the Royal Prussian Statistical Office,¹ the price of beef, putting silbergroschen and pfennigen into English money, was 3*d.* a pound at Neidenburg, in the province of Prussia, at the east of the kingdom, while it was 8½*d.* at Aix-la-Chapelle, in the Rhine province. In the same month butter was 9½*d.* at Neidenburg, 12½*d.* at Berlin, 14½*d.* at Magdeburg, in the province of Saxony, 15*d.* at Dortmund, in Westphalia, and 16*d.* at Aix-la-Chapelle. Straw was 10*s.* the schock at Braunsberg, in the province of Prussia, and £2 12*s.* at Saarbrücken, west of the Rhine. Take again the following statistics of a number of the most important articles at various towns. See table on next page. The prices are given in silbergroschen and pfennigen in Dr. Engel's tables, but the proportions will be sufficiently indicated by the figures.

Dr. Engel's tables give prices at other towns in each of the different provinces, the naked statistics being presented in all cases without theory or comment. The war in France may probably have disturbed the markets in the towns nearest the military operations during the latest period for which the official statistics are published, and the military element is one which we shall have to notice again as one of the conditions besides the new gold affecting the movement of prices in Europe. But it by no means accounts for the inequali-

(1) "Zeitschrift des Königlich Preussischen Statistischen Bureau's." Elfter Jahrgang 1871. See also the statistics of prices in the volume published in 1867.

AVERAGE PRICES IN THE HARVEST YEAR AUGUST 1, 1870, TO JULY 31, 1871.

Town.	Province.	Wheat.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.	Peas.	Potatoes.	Butter.	Beef.	Pork.	Straw.
Neidenburg	Prussia	82	48.9	34.1	30.5	54	15.1	6.7	2.8	3.8	180
Thorn	"	91	58.6	49.1	39.8	62.9	22.10	10.3	4.4	5	308.8
Dantzig	"	92.8	59.11	46.11	32.6	62.6	23.11	10.3	7.1	6.1	222.9
Berlin	Brandenburg	90.4	65	52.9	37.3	96	22.6	10.4	5.3	5.9	304.7
Magdeburg	Saxony	91.7	67.3	54.6	39.6	97.1	25.5	11.10	6.8	6.8	342.3
Münster	Westphalia	101.8	73.3	63.11	43.4	98.1	40.10	8.11	4.8	5	291.6
Dortmund	"	105.5	74.9	58.7	41.11	108.6	37.3	10.9	5.7	6.3	406.7
Bochum	"	104.6	76.11	63.2	41.8	109.7	40.9	11.9	5.4	6.6	437.6
Düsseldorf	Rhine Province . . .	109.2	78	65.7	43.2	115.8	40.4	12.6	6.5	8.7	408
Aix-la-Chapelle	"	112.3	82	70.9	45.5	115	42	13.3	7.1	8.6	487.6

ties, as is evident from the statistics of a number of years before the war. Going back, for instance, to 1865, we find butter 7*d.* a pound at Neidenburg, 10*d.* at Thorn, in the same eastern province, and 13½*d.* at Aix-la-Chapelle, at the extreme west of the kingdom. The value of money, in short, is a local affair, even in Prussia, though one of the most advanced countries in Europe, and one of the best provided with internal communications. Some of the differences are partially accounted for by differences in the fertility or in the harvests of different regions. Great fortifications, as at Cologne, Coblenz, Mayence, Königsberg, Dantzic, and Stettin, obstructing the growth and business of towns, and raising the rents of houses, occasion other diversities. Other local causes affecting supply or demand were recently assigned on the spot at other places in reply to my own inquiry. But if special local causes alone were at work, the rise in some localities would be attended by a fall in others, because the same sum of money cannot be in two places at once, and if part of the money previously current had been drawn off to new localities, there would be less left in the old ones; whereas we find a higher range of prices than formerly everywhere throughout Germany, though the differences are surprising. In Germany, as in England, combinations and strikes are now often referred to as the chief cause of rise in the present year in the prices of many things, and of the greater cost of living at particular towns. But this explanation fails to account for a continuous rise of prices for twenty years before strikes or combinations (which are of very recent appearance in Germany) were heard of; nor could a rise of the mass of commodities take place without either an increase in the money demand, or a diminution, which is not pretended, of the supply. A rise in money wages at the expense of employers may cause a change in relative prices, and a rise of things produced mainly by labour, but in that case things produced mainly by fixed capital, and whose price consists largely of profit, would sustain a corresponding fall. An altered distribution of money to the advantage of the working classes, again, would lead to an increased expenditure on their part; their comforts and luxuries might accordingly rise. But this in turn would be met by a corresponding diminution of expenditure on the part of other classes, and a corresponding fall in some articles. A fall in the house-rents of the middle classes, for example, would ensue, whereas what is particularly complained of is a rise. The payments of France on account of the war are in some places spoken of as one cause of advanced prices in the present year. The chief part of the money coming from that source seems, however, as yet either to have been withheld from circulation by the Government, or to have been expended west of the Rhine, in Alsace and Lorraine; and in any case those payments afford no explanation of the continuous advance of prices before July,

1871, the last month to which Dr. Engel's statistics come down. There are, I must allow, anomalies in German prices which remain inexplicable to me after much recent local inquiry ; but some general results of importance seem to emerge beyond doubt from their examination in a number of different places.

The lesson, it is true, which investigation of facts impresses more and more on one's mind is distrust of economic generalisations ; still they are of incalculable utility if we are careful both as far as possible, to cover under them only the proper particulars, and also to use them as guides to, instead of as concluding inquiry. A generalisation which may be advanced with reference to the present subject is that, in the first place, a much lower scale of the prices of land, labour, animal food, and other main elements of the cost of living to large classes, will usually be found to prevail in places without steam communication than in places similarly situated in other respects, but possessing railways or steam transport by water ; in the next place, among places possessing steam communication, a considerably higher scale of prices of the staples referred to will for the most part be found in those which are centres of industrial or commercial activity or of foreign resort than in such as are of a stationary or colourless character ; and, thirdly, as a general rule, there is a marked tendency to a higher elevation of prices in Germany as we travel from east to west. Hence Germany may be roughly divided into four monetary regions :—(1) places in arrear of the world's progress in respect of their means of locomotion as in other respects ; (2) places communicating by steam with good markets, but not themselves the sites of much enterprise, or possessing any special attractions ; (3) places which unite the best means of communication with local activity, or considerable resort from without ; (4) among places falling within the last category, a higher scale of rents, wages, the price of animal food and other essentials will be found, *cæteris paribus*, in those which lie nearest the traffic and movement of western Europe. Of the effect of the want of steam communication the reader may observe an example in the comparative prices given above, of Neidenburg on the one hand, without either railway or steam transport by water, and Thorn on the other hand in the same province, seated both on the Vistula and on a railway. Again, for an example of the lower range of prices in comparatively stationary places, though well provided with means of locomotion, than in centres of industrial activity, compare prices, stated above, at Münster, in Westphalia, with those of Dortmund and Bochum, in the same province, but among the busiest spots in the Ruhr Basin. For an illustration, lastly, of the ascent of prices as we move westward in Germany, compare prices in the chief towns of the province of Prussia with those of Saxony and Westphalia, and these

again with the prices of Aix-la-Chapelle, on the borders at once of Belgium, Holland, and Prussia, and on the high road to France and to the English Channel. This upward movement of prices as we move westward seems to be connected both with proximity to the best international markets, the increase of the manufacturing element and of industrial and commercial activity, and also with a third condition, itself not remotely allied to the two others—namely, the influence of education. In the two most eastern provinces of the kingdom, Prussia and Posen, it appears that above twelve per cent. of the recruits annually enlisted are unlettered; in Brandenburg, Saxony, and the Rhine Provinces, the percentage of unlettered recruits is considerably below one per cent. One discovers some correspondence between this scale of education, and the following scale of the average prices, in the decade 1861—70, of towns in the different provinces from Dr. Engel's statistics:—

Province.	Wheat.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.	Peas.	Potatoes.	Butter.	Beef.	Pork.	Hay.	Straw.
Prussia	81·11	53·11	41·7	30·4	59·2	20·4	7·11	3·7	4·8	24·8	188·8
Posen	79·7	55·8	44·10	31·8	58·5	15·3	8·7	3·10	4·10	25·7	194·2
Brandenburg . .	83·7	59·11	47·4	34·1	73·2	18·10	9·8	4·7	5·2	27·7	249
Saxony	83·3	64·7	51·3	33·8	79·3	21·4	9·7	4·9	5·4	36·2	234·2
Westphalia . .	91·8	69·1	57·7	38·7	88·4	29·3	8·9	4·8	5·5	31·11	282·2
Rhine Province	93·6	67·11	56·9	35·6	90·10	27·10	9·5	5·3	5·11	37·3	275·4

The higher range of prices in western Germany, in short, springs from the greater abundance of money where business and traffic are best situated and most active, the manufacturing element furthest developed, and general intelligence highest. Knowledge, industrial energy, the value of land, labour, and time increase, and the commercial and money-making spirit becomes keener, for better for worse, as communication with the wealthiest and busiest countries of western Europe becomes closer, and the German approaches the principal lines of western traffic, travel, civilisation, and money expenditure.

Those who are conversant with the theory of the international distribution of the precious metals expounded by Mr. Senior and Mr. Mill, may find evidence in the local prices of Germany that the principles which govern the partition of the world's currency among different countries, and the scale of international prices, apply also to the distribution of a national currency and the comparative prices of different places in the same country. The more efficient, productive, and valuable the industry of any country, or of any locality, and the cheaper and faster its produce can be carried to the best

markets, the higher will be the scale of pecuniary earnings and incomes, and the higher consequently the prices for the most part of things in great demand, such as labour, land, and fresh animal food, of which the supply is limited, and which make a great figure in the cost of living. The producers for the foreign market get higher profits and wages; money flows in from abroad, and producers for home consumption, though no such nice equality of wages and profits as book theorems assume really exists, earn more than can be earned in less active and less advantageously situated places. If Yorkshire cloths and Lancashire cottons, carried by steam, could be made to suit the convenience and taste and awaken a demand on the part of the whole population of European Russia and Asia, what would follow with respect to prices in England? Yorkshire and Lancashire would have a larger claim on the money of the world; there would be a rise in Yorkshire and Lancashire wages and profits in general, though by no means in the exactly equal ratio which economic fictions assume for wages and profits throughout the whole kingdom; both the working classes and their employers would have more to spend, and the comforts and luxuries of both, of which there was not a proportionately increased supply forthcoming, or not without additional cost, would advance in price. So in Germany, although one cause of prices being higher in places of great industrial activity or resort than in more purely agricultural or less frequented localities, may be that the supply needed, or part of it, must be brought from a greater distance, yet the principal cause is the difference of money demand and expenditure. The great rise in the cost of living at Berlin in the last year and a half springs in the main from the fact that Berlin has become the capital not merely of Prussia, but of Germany, its political, intellectual, and financial centre. Hence a great influx of capital, people, and money, a great activity of business, an extraordinary demand for houses, building materials, and labour, an exorbitant rise in the prices of things into which they enter as principal elements, and a condition of the labour market which enables workmen in some trades to exact what are thought by employers exorbitant terms. The same monetary phenomenon presents itself likewise in small towns, which situation and local advantage have made places of much resort. At Heidelberg, for instance, I was lately told by a resident, who is a high authority with respect to German prices, that the cost of living to persons of moderate income, though rising for many years before 1866, had advanced fifty per cent. since that date, and is still advancing, the main proximate cause in the last twelve months being the exactions by the working classes, in one trade after another, of a great advance in wages. But Heidelberg lies on the high road of travel, and almost at the intersection of the principal lines of European railway communication; it is one of a ring of towns of

much resort, and itself possesses special attractions; the demands for higher wages have been grounded on the rise of commodities, and the increased pecuniary expenditure, of which the higher wages and prices afford proof, could not be forthcoming without a more plentiful circulating medium.

The comparison of local prices in Germany reconciles in principle two seemingly opposite theories respecting the international movement of prices consequent on the new gold mines, though neither theory is quite in accordance with facts. According to one theory, prices should have risen earliest and most in the countries whose industrial efficiency and whose means of communication were furthest advanced, and therefore more in England than in Germany or France. Another theory is that steam communication equalises prices, raising them, therefore, most where they were formerly lowest, and therefore most in what formerly were backward and cheap countries and localities. Each theory contains a measure of truth, but the first overlooks the rapid diffusion of industrial inventions, activity, and improvements in transit, the consequent changes in the distribution of money and in the relative prices of different countries and different localities in the period of the new gold; while the second exaggerates the equalising influences of steam locomotion. The real movement of comparative national and comparative local prices has not been a general equalisation, nor as yet even a tendency towards it. What we find is, not a uniform elevation of the whole level, but the rise, as it were, of a great number of monetary peaks of different altitudes—a rise, that is to say, at a great number of points in continental countries to or near to the highest ranges in England, and again at a still greater number of other points to altitudes considerably below the pitch reached at the points of highest development, but much above the level of places without improved communication. Railways and steamers are said to equalise prices; and so they do, creating equalities and tendencies to equality of two kinds. They tend to raise prices at many of the most advanced places on the Continent to, or nearly to a par with those of the principal English markets, and again to bring prices in previously remote and cheap places up towards the range generally prevailing along the lines of steam transport. But they also create new inequalities, and these, too, of two kinds. They raise prices at places obtaining the new means of communication above the range prevailing at places obtaining no similar advantage; and again, they concentrate capital, business, and money expenditure plethorically, as it were, at particular spots with peculiar natural resources or advantages of situation, and thus elevate prices enormously there at a time when an unwonted abundance of money is in the world. Improvements in locomotion develop the resources of the world, but the resources of different countries and of different localities are unequal,

on the one hand, and the new means of locomotion develop their actual resources unequally, on the other hand, because not equally distributed. It is not, we must remember, the mere acquisition of means of rapid communication that raises money-earnings to the highest point, or that makes the greatest change in habits of expenditure and the pecuniary cost of living; what does so is the ingress of wealth, enterprise, and outlay, the generation not only of opportunities for pecuniary gain, but also of the habit of taking advantage of them, the influx not only of money, but also of the money-making spirit, the creation of a custom of looking, not for customary prices, but for the highest prices to be got for everything, every inch of ground, every trifling exertion, every minute of time; while, at the same time, the habits of consumers naturally become costlier as their incomes as producers become larger. So far are railways and steamers from diffusing these causes of extraordinary pecuniary gains and extraordinary prices equally throughout all the regions they traverse, or even all the places they actually touch, that they often draw capital, business, and money, not to but from places on the very lines of steam communication, to others with greater advantages. Even at spots whose position and opportunities are such that the money-making spirit, the habit of seeking the utmost price, and the organization often necessary to obtain it, might be expected to develop themselves at once, they sometimes do not do so for years. In a district, for example, where the bulk of the inhabitants are owners of land, growing chiefly for their own consumption, they may not be tempted immediately by the offer which a new railway makes of high prices at a distance, to send their produce to market. People are often reluctant to change their ways of life, even where they would be great pecuniary gainers. A few weeks ago, at a place in the Ruhr Basin, which must soon be absorbed in the whirl of industrial activity round it, but where life is still comparatively cheap, tranquil, and old-fashioned, an hotel-keeper answered the question, whether there were any great factories or industrial establishments yet?—"No, thank God!" It must be confessed that the new movement does not always add to the comfort or happiness of the district it invades. Take those little hamlets which one sees from time to time nestling in a ravine on the side of one of the low mountains of Siegerland, where every householder has his twenty acres of land, his share in a wood, his three or four cows, his pig, and perhaps a few sheep, whose own land produces his food, and the sale of whose wood supplies all his other wants. The mountain has ribs and bowels of iron; tall chimneys and high prices will soon rise at its base; the peasant may find that his wood buys less than before; he will probably descend from the rank of a landowner to that of a labourer, and perhaps be tempted to begin a new, anxious, and uncertain career in a town. But there is another side of the picture.

The progress of industrial and commercial activity is inseparably bound up with that of science and art, as both cause and effect; and it is the chief of the agencies which by a number of influences, direct and indirect, are elevating at last the condition of the toiling masses of Europe in one place after another.

The movement in place of prices in Germany, or of comparative local prices, is obviously connected with the movement in time, or the comparative prices of different periods, and therefore with the question concerning the changes in the value of money since the new mines were discovered, or the gold question. With a view to the solution of a different though closely related question to which we shall have to recur, and which the title of his essay explains,¹ an eminent German statistician has recently published an elaborate analysis of the prices of 312 commodities from 1846 to 1865 in the market of Hamburg. Among the results is a classification of the 312 commodities in eleven groups, with the comparative prices of successive quinquennial periods indicated in the following table, in which the prices of the first period, 1846—50, are represented by 100:—

Group.	Class of Commodities.	Number of commodities.	5 years, 1846-50.	5 years, 1851-55.	5 years, 1856-60.	5 years, 1861-65.	15 years, 1851-65.
I.	Products of South European plants—wines, fruits, &c. .	23	100	121	143	136	133.7
II.	Agricultural products of Central Europe—corn, peas, beans, &c.	41	100	122	133	128	127.8
III.	Hunting and fishery products	19	100	116	135	131	127.8
IV.	Products of sylviculture	17	100	109	113	160	127.2
V.	Products of European cattle rearing	29	100	113	137	125	124.1
VI.	Edible colonial products	44	100	110	125	129	121.8
VII.	Non-edible colonial products	44	100	105	115	123	114
VIII.	Fibrous manufactures—linen, woollens, spun silk, &c. .	12	100	102	107	127	112.2
IX.	Chemical manufactures	40	100	111	117	102	109.9
X.	Mineral and metal manufactures	22	100	107	111	101	106.4
XI.	Products of mining and smelting—coal, iron, &c.	24	100	107	108	97	104.1
		312	100	111.2	122.1	123.3	118.98

(1) Welche Waaren werden in Verlaufe der Zeiten immer theurer? [What com-

If, however, the reader examines the prices of the particular articles comprised in the eleven groups, he will find that the average prices of the groups do not show the real rise, the greater number of the more important commodities having risen much more in the periods subsequent to 1846—50 than the averages indicate. Unfortunately, too, the table stops at the end of 1865, while a great rise in some commodities has taken place in subsequent years. Group xi. in the table shows, in fact, a fall in coal and iron in 1861—65 compared with 1846—50, whereas those great staples are now at extravagant prices in Germany as in England. The statistics presented by Dr. Laspeyres¹ do not enable us to make any close comparison between the movement of prices at Hamburg and at London, but so far as they go they indicate a considerably greater rise at Hamburg since the discovery of the new mines. On this point it seems to me that the reason assigned by Dr. Laspeyres for a greater rise of cereals, &c. (group ii.), at Hamburg than at London, namely, that England has derived greater benefit than Germany from improvements in transport and free trade in corn, hides the real distribution of benefits. Improvements in transport and trade tend to raise the pecuniary value of raw produce exported to the benefit of producers in the exporting countries, and to lower the price in the importing countries to the benefit of consumers. But Germany is a great exporting, England a great importing country in the matter of corn, Germany being, in fact, one of the chief sources of the English supply. Dr. Carl Knies, the eminent professor of political economy at Heidelberg, pointed out in an essay on the Depreciation of Money in 1859, that there were causes tending to a greater rise of prices in Germany than in England. "First and foremost," he observed, "among the agencies creating important changes in prices come railways, diminishing the differences in the local values of money, by causing its influx into places where prices were low from places where they were high. Germany may be classed among the former, England among the latter. At a time when a general fall in the value of money is taking place in consequence of the abundance of gold, the change is diminished in England and augmented in Germany by the change in the movement of money." But the same movement which has given Germany railways and steamers has given it steam for manufacture and mining as well as for locomotion, and all the mechanical and chemical inventions of England and France in addition to its own. If we add great legal and administrative reforms removing obstacles to production and trade, and the spread of education, we may see reason for

modities become constantly dearer in the lapse of periods of time?] "*Statistische Studien zur Geschichte der Preise.*" Von Dr. E. Laspeyres. Tübingen, 1872.

(1) See p. 58 of his *Essay*.

Province.	Decade.	Wheat.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.	Peas.	Potatoes.	Butter.	Tallow.	Beef.	Pork.	Hay.	Straw.
Prussia {	1841—50	67.4	42.1	31.11	22	46.7	15.9	5.5	4.6	2.4	3	19.1	143.11
	1861—70	81.11	53.11	41.7	30.4	59.2	20.4	7.11	5.2	3.7	4.8	24.8	188.8
Posen {	1841—50	66	44	34.5	24.4	47.8	14	5.10	3.9	2.9	3.4	22.8	166.4
	1861—70	79.7	55.8	44.10	31.8	58.5	15.3	8.7	5.3	3.10	4.10	25.7	194.2
Pomerania . . . {	1841—50	68.8	45.7	33.4	24.7	48.4	16.1	6.7	3.10	2.9	3.4	19.7	172.3
	1861—70	85.10	59.11	46.9	33.7	64.7	19.4	9.3	4.4	3.11	5.4	22.3	232.1
Silesia {	1841—50	65.2	46.2	35.11	24.4	52.4	17.1	5.7	4.4	2.9	3.5	22.5	141.3
	1861—70	79.9	58.1	45.4	30.8	65.9	18.3	8.5	4.9	3.11	4.11	30.3	188.3
Brandenburg . . {	1841—50	69.9	46.3	47.4	26.6	56.9	14.6	6.9	4.6	3	3.6	22.7	184.9
	1861—70	83.7	59.11	35.10	34.1	73.2	18.10	9.8	6.2	4.7	5.2	27.7	249
Westphalia . . . {	1841—50	76.4	56.6	42.10	28.9	68.5	20.9	5.5	4	2.11	3.9	20.6	160.3
	1861—70	91.8	69.1	57.7	38.7	88.4	29.8	8.9	5.8	4.8	5.5	31.1	275.4
Saxony {	1841—50	66.2	49.2	36.11	25.5	59	16.9	6.10	5.6	3.4	3.9	27.1	176.9
	1861—70	83.3	64.7	51.3	33.8	77.3	21.4	9.7	6.9	4.9	5.4	36.2	234.2
Rhine Provinces . {	1841—50	82.1	61	46.2	28.7	72.5	20.9	6.1	4.9	3.2	4.2	28.1	201.4
	1861—70	93.10	67.11	56.9	35.6	90.10	27.10	9.5	5.8	5.3	5.11	37.3	275.4

greater relative progress and a greater relative increase of pecuniary incomes in many parts of Germany than in England, though the actual scale of incomes and prices may still be higher in England. The prices of Hamburg, it should be added, must not be taken as representing the movement of prices throughout Germany, where the real movement is made up of a number of different local movements. Hamburg, long one of the chief seats of German trade, has advanced much less in respect of industrial activity, means of communication, wealth, and the increase of money, than many other towns which have come to the front in the last twenty years. Dr. Engel's tables supply some additional information, showing, for example, the average prices of some important commodities in the chief towns of each province of Prussia in the two decades 1841—50 and 1861—70 respectively. (See table on preceding page.)

If, however, we compare the average prices of 1861—70 with those of the immediately preceding decade 1851—60, we find that while the rise in butter, tallow, beef, pork, hay, and straw, has been a continuous one, wheat, barley, oats, peas, and potatoes were, on the contrary, on the average of years, higher in the decade 1851—60 than in 1861—70. The articles, however, which have risen continuously are much better measures of the purchasing power of money in Prussia than those which ranged higher in the first decade of the new gold period than in the second, above the prices of 1841—50. The prices of butter, tallow, beef, and pork are taken on a more uniform system throughout the different markets of the kingdom than those of the other articles. The seasons produce much more violent fluctuations in grain and potatoes than in animal food; and animal food is both a much more important item than bread and potatoes in the economy of the middle and wealthier classes, and one better adapted to test an increased expenditure on the part of the working classes—butter especially, on which the working classes in the mining and manufacturing districts at least of Prussia spend much more than on meat. Not to encumber our pages with too many figures on one hand, and because, on the other hand, butter, of all the articles in Dr. Engel's statistics, affords the best criterion of the movement of prices and the cost of living, let us take the price of that article during a succession of years at various towns; the year 1841 affording, as Dr. Engel's tables show, a fair standard of pre-Californian prices for comparison.

PRICE OF THE POUND OF BUTTER IN PFENNIGEN.

	Königsberg.	Danzig.	Posen.	Stettin.	Berlin.	Breslau.	Magdeburg.	Münster.	Cologne.	Aix-la-Chapelle.
1841	73	71	70	96	84	64	81	64	75	75
1851	71	72	70	88	84	78	89	60	68	67
1852	80	80	84	95	86	90	89	64	77	93
1854	90	91	101	100	91	93	97	75	85	96
1855	95	103	106	110	91	98	104	82	93	100
1856	101	110	104	113	112	97	108	85	102	112
1857	104	104	102	117	120	102	118	88	113	129
1859	103	101	98	107	119	90	109	80	109	130
1860	92	95	88	104	108	82	95	75	91	111
1862	106	106	107	125	111	94	111	89	110	124
1863	105	107	109	120	114	102	108	73	104	122
1864	104	105	110	120	117	110	114	87	118	128
1865	110	112	116	125	118	113	120	92	125	137
1870	111	118	128	132	124	115	140	105	134	161

These statistics exhibit, amid some curious irregularities, a continuous rise at all the towns in the list, but a much greater rise at Aix-la-Chapelle, where the price has more than doubled, than at Königsberg, where the rise is little more than 50 per cent. We have, however, no statistics of places where the rise has been greatest; places, that is to say, which before 1850 had neither railway communication nor industrial activity, and which now are in the front rank with respect to both. Aix-la-Chapelle was a considerable town and had the advantage of a railway before the discovery of the new gold mines; but there are now mining and manufacturing centres which twenty years ago were not to be found on the map, and it is in such places that the scale of wealth, wages, rents, and the prices of animal food has changed most.

Dr. Engel's statistics do not come down to the present year, but Mr. Scott's report on "the condition of the industrial classes, and the purchase power of money" in Würtemberg, supplies figures showing a continuous rise in that part of Germany since 1850:—

	April, 1870.	April, 1872.
	d.	d.
Beef	6	6½
Pork	6	7
Veal	6½	6½
Butter	7½	10½
Milk	2½	3½

The recent advance in these articles has I am assured been greater in some parts of Germany, though I am not enabled to authenticate the results of personal inquiry by official statistics. It is more im-

portant to note that no statistics exhibit the real increase in the cost of living in many German towns, since they do not exhibit the increase of town wages and house-rents, and of the retail prices of many things into which wages and house-rent enter as principal elements. The practical change in the value of money varies, of course, for different classes and different individuals, according to the course of their habitual expenditure, since some things have risen more than others, and some, both imported and manufactured in the country, not at all. The classes who seem to be least affected by it as consumers, are those who have no wages to pay, while their own wages have risen considerably, and who have often a cottage, a garden, and cow of their own. The classes with stationary incomes, in whose expenditure house-rent, animal food, and the wages of servants form the chief items, are, of course, the chief sufferers.

On the whole, it is evident that there has been a great change in the value of money in Germany in the last twenty years, though it has been different in different localities, and we have no such array of statistics as would be necessary to determine the exact amount of the fall in any locality. Still less can we determine exactly the share of the new gold mines in the fall. There were causes tending to raise prices in Germany, though no new mines of extraordinary fertility had been discovered. One cause, altogether distinct from the mines in its nature, though indistinguishably associated with them in its operation, is the improvement in the industrial and commercial position of the Germans. In a country which has gold mines of its own, the production of gold depends partly on the powers and skill of the miners, and partly in the fertility of the mines. Let both the efficiency of the miners and the productiveness of the mines largely increase, and there will be a vast increase in the production of gold, but it will be impossible to say how much is due to the miners, and how much to the mines. Foreign trade, as economists put it, is the gold mine from which nations without actual mines of their own get their gold, and the fertility of the foreign mine and the efficiency of the Germans who work at it have increased together.

Both causes together, nevertheless, fall short of explaining the changes in German prices. Two other sets of causes have been at work at the same time; one augmenting the amount of the circulating medium and the rapidity of its circulation, the other affecting the supply of some of the chief articles on which the cost of living mainly depends. The improvements in locomotion and in commercial activity which have so largely augmented the money-making power of the Germans, have also quickened prodigiously the circulation of money; and the development of credit, likewise following industrial progress, has added to the volume of the circulating medium a mass of substitutes for money which move with greater velocity. You can

send money by steamer and railway, but you can send credit by telegram, and a new million at New York may raise prices in a few hours at Frankfort and Berlin. A much smaller amount of money than formerly now suffices to do a given amount of business, or to raise prices to a given range; and to the increased amount of actual money now current in Germany, we must add a brisk circulation of instruments of credit. It is true that some of the principal means of substituting credit for coin, and economising the use of the latter, have little or no operation in Germany. Cheques, strange to say, are hardly in use, and there is no Clearing House. But there is a mass of bank notes; and bills of exchange, for very small as well as for large amounts, pass from hand to hand among people in business almost as freely as bank-notes; the same bill making often a great number of purchases before it reaches maturity. The transactions are, of course, liable to be reopened if the bills be not met in the end, but otherwise they answer as payment in cash. A small proportion of coin thus supports an immense volume of circulating credit. Were the circulating medium composed of coin alone, whatever the amount of the precious metals issuing from the mines or circulating in other countries, whatever the price of German commodities in the gold market abroad, no rise of prices of German commodities at home could take place without additional coin enough to sustain it. It might be the conviction of people in business in Germany, that, looking to international prices, and the relative cost of production of German exports and other German commodities, prices generally ought to be double their former amount; yet, in the absence of instruments of credit, only a doubled quantity of coin, or a doubled rapidity of its circulation could actually double prices, and give German labour and productions their natural value in relation to money. But, when credit comes in as a substitute for coin, it may, with a small proportion of money as a support, raise prices at home to the pitch which equal amounts of labour and abstinence fetch in the foreign market.

There has, then, been a plurality of causes, besides the increased quantity of gold in the world, augmenting what for shortness we may call the money-demand for German commodities,—the increased industrial and commercial powers of the Germans, the more rapid circulation of money, and the rapid augmentation of the circulating medium by a volume of credit. But the question of prices is a question concerning the supply of commodities no less than the money demand. An increased money demand does not of necessity raise the prices of commodities. That depends on the conditions affecting the supply of each class of thing, for which there is a greater money demand. A nation like the United States, possessing a vast territory of prodigious fertility, might, with peace and free trade, see the prices of almost all things falling in the markets of

California itself. An important class of considerations, connected with the rise of prices in both Germany and England, is contained in the question Dr. Laspeyres has raised: "What commodities become constantly dearer in the lapse of periods of time?" Adam Smith has given an answer which at least points in the right direction, if it involves an erroneous distinction between corn and other sorts of rude produce in the case of old countries which do not import the former: "If you except corn and such other vegetables as are raised altogether by human industry, all other sorts of rude produce—cattle, poultry, game of all kinds, the useful fossils and minerals of the earth, &c.—naturally grow dearer as the society advances in wealth and improvement." Among the sorts of rude produce particularly referred to by Adam Smith in his elaborate exposition of the subject as naturally growing dearer in the lapse of periods of time is wood, and German statistics afford an illustration. In Professor Rau's "*Grundsätze der Volkswirthschaftslehre*," the following prices of a given measure of the same wood at Würtemberg, in successive periods, are given:—

			Fl.	Kr.
1640—1680	.	.	0	37
1690—1730	.	.	0	57
1740—1780	.	.	2	14
1790—1830	.	.	8	22

Dr. Engel, again, gives statistics which show the continuous rise of carpenters' wood in another part of Germany since 1830:—

	1830	1840	1851	1860	1865
Carpenter's wood per klafter, in silbergroschen .	50	75	102	130	180

Of course, the rise in price of things which grow naturally dearer in the progress of society is enhanced by any sudden increase of money and fall in its general value, and it then becomes impossible to apportion the influence of the different agencies—increased consumption with growing scarcity, or greater cost of production on the one hand, and greater abundance of money on the other. Every artificial obstruction to the supply of important commodities inflicts an aggravated loss on those whose money incomes remain stationary while money is falling in value. The rise in the price of animal food in Germany, where there is a wide distribution of landed property and a simple system of land transfer, may be ascribed mainly to natural causes; and a large part of the German population are either gainers by it as sellers, or unaffected by it as producers for their own consumption. It is otherwise in a country like England, in which laws in the supposed interest of an insignificant number limit the supply of land in the market, diminish its produce, and make food unnaturally dear. The gold question has added enormously to

the importance of the land question in England, and the classes with fixed incomes are especially concerned in both.

Persons with stationary incomes in this country are, as it were, between several fires. They suffer from high prices, whether they spring from abundance of gold, from natural dearth of commodities, or from the increase of population and wealth. They suffer along with other classes, and the prosperity of other classes is a calamity to them. The main resources they had to look to on the discovery of the new gold mines were reforms in the laws relating to land in their own country on the one hand, augmenting and cheapening the produce of land, and industrial and economical progress in other countries on the other, assigning to these the principal share of the new treasure. Of all parts of Europe, England is that in which the fall in the value of money, measured in commodities—I do not say measured in labour—ought to have been least sensible, on account of the nature of its imports, the natural cheapening of manufactures, the improvements in husbandry which legislation might have indirectly effected, the example which all the rest of the civilised world had set with respect to land laws, and the immense demand for the treasure from the new mines which peace, liberty, industry, and trade might have opened up in other countries to circulate a vast increase of produce at much higher pecuniary value than remoteness and poverty have hitherto allowed them to bear. The new area in Europe, not to speak of Asia, which civilisation would open for the employment of new money is enormous. The inequalities in the local prices of Germany, the rise in its most progressive localities, the comparatively low prices in its backward localities, point to one of the chief outlets to which people here, with fixed incomes, might have reasonably looked for the absorption of the new gold. Low as prices still are in many places in Germany, they are lower over great districts of Austria, and yet lower over the greater part of Russia, two countries, moreover, where inconvertible paper currencies resist the circulation of the precious metals.

As matters stand, the increase of money in England has far outstripped the increase of the most important commodities. And when one reflects that the money comes from a new world of peace and liberty, in which production never flags, while the demand for it in Europe is limited by the policy of an old military world, and the supply of commodities by the law of an old feudal world, the prospect before those in England with whom money does not increase with the price of commodities seems the reverse of encouraging.

T. E. CLIFFE LESLIE.

ROUSSEAU IN PARIS.¹

(1744—56.)

I have fancied an uninhabited island, in which one man, nourished only by the bread-fruit tree, had seen no living thing, nothing but waves and sky and his own reflection in the water, and from which he was suddenly transported to a country peopled with animated beings. To the islander, who knows no other form than his own, a hairy monkey grinning at him from a tree would seem a wicked spirit or a mis-shapen man.—*RICHTER'S Levana.*

By what subtle process did Rousseau, whose ideal had been a summer life among all the softnesses of sweet gardens and sun-dappled orchards, turn into panegyrist of the harsh austerity of old Cato, and the civic devotion of grim Brutus? The amiability of eighteenth century France—and France was amiable in spite of the atrocities of White Penitents at Toulouse and black Jansenists at Paris and the men and women who dealt in lettres-de-cachet at Versailles—was revolted by the name of the cruel patriot who slew his son for the honour of discipline.² How came Rousseau of all men, the great humanitarian of his time, to rise to the height of these unlovely rigours?

The answer is that he was a citizen of Geneva transplanted; one bred in puritan and republican tradition, with love of god and love of law and freedom and love of country penetrating it, accidentally removed to a strange city then actively fermenting with ideas that were the direct abnegation of all these. In Paris the idea of a god was either repudiated along with many other ancestral conceptions, or else it was fatally entangled with the worst superstition and not seldom with the vilest cruelties. The idea of freedom was unknown, and that of law was benumbed by abuses and exceptions. The idea of country was enfeebled in some and displaced in others by a growing passion for the captivating something, styled citizenship of the world. If Rousseau could have ended his days among the tranquil lakes and hills of Savoy, Geneva might possibly never have come back to him; for it depends on circumstances, which of the chances that slumber within us shall awake, and which shall fall unroused with us into the darkness. The fact of Rousseau ranking among the greatest of the writers of the French language, and the yet more important fact that his ideas found their most ardent disciples and exploded in their most violent form in France, constantly make us forget that he was not a Frenchman, but a Genevese, deeply imbued

(1) Portion of a chapter from a forthcoming monograph.

(2) *Réponse à M. Bordes*, 163.

with the spirit of his native city. He was thirty years old before he began even temporarily to live in France; he had only lived there some five or six years when he wrote his first famous piece, so un-French in all its spirit; and the ideas of the Social Contract began to germ before he settled in France at all.

There have been two great Christian reactions, and the name of Geneva has a fundamental association with each of them: the first was that against the paganised catholicism of the Renaissance, of which Calvin was a prime leader, and the second was that against the materialism of the eighteenth century, of which the prime leader was Rousseau. The diplomatist was right who called Geneva the fifth part of the world; nor was he wrong at the congress of Vienna who, when some one, wearied at the enormous place taken by the hardly visible Geneva in the midst of negotiations involving momentous issues for the whole habitable globe, called out that it was no more than a grain of sand after all, made bold to reply—"Geneva is no grain of sand; 'tis a grain of musk that perfumes all Europe."¹ We have to remember that it was at all events as a grain of musk ever pervading the character of Rousseau. It happened in later years that he repudiated his allegiance to her, but however bitterly a man may quarrel with a parent, he cannot change blood, and Rousseau ever remained a true son of the city of Calvin. We may perhaps conjecture without excessive fancifulness that the constant spectacle and memory of a community, free, energetic, and prosperous, whose institutions had been shaped and whose political temper had been inspired by one great lawgiver, contributed even more powerfully than what he had picked up about Lycurgus and Lacedæmon to give him a turn for utopian speculation, and a conviction of the artificiality and easy modifiableness of the social organization. This, however, is less certain than that he unconsciously received impressions in his youth from the circumstances of Geneva, both as to government and religion, as to freedom, order, citizenship, manners, which formed the deepest part of him on the reflective side, and which made themselves visible whenever he exchanged the life of beatified sense for moods of speculative energy. "Never," he says, "did I see the walls of that happy city, I never went into it, without feeling a certain faintness at my heart, due to excess of tender emotion. At the same time that the noble image of freedom elevated my soul, those of equality, of union, of gentle manners, touched me even to tears."² His soul never ceased to haunt city and lake to the end,³ and he only paid the debt of an owed acknowledgment in the dedication of his *Discourse on Inequality* to the republic of Geneva. It was there it had its root. The honour in which industry was held in Geneva, the democratic phrases which constituted the dialect of its govern-

(1) *Pictet de Serigny*, i. 18.

(2) *Conf.*, iv. 248.

(3) *Ibid.*, ix. 270.

ment, the proud tradition of the long battle which had won and kept its independence, the severity of its manners, the simplicity of its pleasures,—all these things awoke in his memory as soon as ever occasion drew him to serious thought. More than that, he had in a peculiar manner drawn in with the breath of his earliest days in this theocratically constituted and theocratically administered city, the vital idea that there are sacred things, objects of reverence among men, and hence came to him, though with many stains and much misdirection, the most priceless excellence of a capacity for devout veneration.

There is certainly no real contradiction between the quality of reverence and the more equivocal quality of a sensuous temperament, though a man may well seem on the surface, as the first succeeds the second in rule over him, to be the contradiction to his other self. The objects of veneration and the objects of sensuous delight are externally so unlike and incongruous, that he who follows both in their turns is as one playing the part of an ironical chorus in the tragi-comic drama of his own life. You may perceive these two to be mere false, imperfect, or illusory opposites, when you confront the man with the true opposite of his own type, with those who are from their birth analysts and critics, keen, restless, urgent, inexorably questioning, denying, like the poet's Achilles, that laws exist for them, and claiming all things in the universe for their arms. That energetic type, though not often dead or dull on the side of sense, yet is as incapable of steeping itself in the manifold delights of eye and ear, of nostril and touch, with the peculiar intensity of passive absorption which seeks nothing further nor deeper than unending continuance of this profound repose of all filled sensation, as it is of the kindred mood of elevated humility and joyful unasking devoutness in the presence of emotions and thoughts that are beyond the compass of words.

The citizen of Geneva with this unseen fibre of Calvinistic veneration and austerity strong and vigorous within him, found a world that had nothing sacred, and took nothing for granted; that held the past in contempt, and ever like old Athenians asked for some new thing; that counted simplicity of life an antique barbarism, and literary curiousness the master virtue. There were giants in this world, like the panurgic Diderot. There were industrious, worthy, disinterested, men who used their minds honestly and actively with sincere care for truth, like Helvétius and D'Holbach. There was poured around the whole, like a high stimulating atmosphere to the stronger, and like some evil mental aphrodisiac to the weaker, the influence of the great indomitable chieftain of them all at Ferney. Intellectual size half redeems want of perfect direction by its generous power and fulness, and it was not the strong men, atheists

and philosophizers as they were, who first irritated Rousseau into revolt against their whole system of thought in all its principles. The dissent between him and them was fundamental and enormous, and in time it flamed out into open war. Conflict of theory, however, was brought home to him first by slow-growing exasperation at the follies in practice of the minor disciples of the gospel of knowing and acting, as distinguished from his own gospel of placid being. He craved beliefs which would uphold men in living their lives, substantial helps on which they might lean without examination and without mistrust: his life in Paris was thrown among people who lived in the midst of open questions, and revelled in a reflective and didactic morality, which had no root in the heart and so made things easy for the practical conscience. He sought tranquillity and valued life for its own sake, not as an arena and a theme for endless argument and debate: he found friends who knew no higher pleasure than the futile polemics of mimic philosophy over dessert, who were as full of quibble as the wrong interlocutors in a Platonic dialogue, and who babbled about god and state of nature, about virtue and the spirituality of the soul, much as Boswell may have done when Johnson complained of him for asking questions that would make a man hang himself, as why an apple is a round while a pear is pointed. The highest things were thus brought down to the level of the banalities of discourse, and subjects which the wise take care only to discuss with the wise were here everyday topics for all comers.

The association with such high themes of those light qualities of tact, gaiety, complaisance, which are the life of the superficial commerce of men and women of the world, probably gave almost as much offence to Rousseau as the doctrines which some of his companions had the honest courage or the heedless fatuity to profess. It was an outrage to all the serious side of him to find persons of quality introducing materialism as a new fashion, and atheism as the liveliest of condiments. The perfume of good manners only made what he took for bad principles the worse, and heightened his impatience at the flippancy of pretensions to overthrow the beliefs of a world between two wines. He set no value on those social arts which ought to smoothe and adorn our relations with one another, and which had at that time become not only the adornment, but the actual body and substance of such relations.

Doctrine and temperament united to set him angrily against the world around him, for the one was austere, and the other was sensuous, and the sensuous temperament in its full strength is essentially solitary. The play of social intercourse, its quick transitions and incessant demands, are fatal to free and uninterrupted abandonment to the flow of soft internal emotions; and Rousseau, dreaming, moody, indolently meditative, profoundly enwrapped in the brooding

egoism of his own sensations, had to mix with men and women whose egoism took the contrary form of an eager desire to produce flashing effects on other people. We may be sure that as the two sides of his character, his notions of serious principle, and his notions of personal comfort, both went in the same direction, the irritation and impatience with which they inspired him towards society did not lessen with increased communication, but naturally deepened with a more profoundly settled antipathy.

Rousseau lived in Paris for twelve years, from his return from Venice in 1744, until his departure in 1756 for the rustic lodge in a wood, which the good will of Madame d'Epinaÿ provided for him. We have already seen one very important side of his fortunes during these years, in the relations he formed with his wife, and the relations which he repudiated with his children. We have heard, too, the new words with which during these years he first began to make the hearts of his contemporaries wax hot within them. It remains to examine the current of daily circumstances on which his life was embarked, and the shores to which it was bearing him.

His patrons were at present almost exclusively in the circle of finance. Richelieu, indeed, took him for a moment by the hand, but even the introduction to him was through the too frail wife of one of the greatest of the farmers general.¹ Madame Dupin and Madame d'Epinaÿ, his two chief patronesses, were also both of them the wives of magnates of the farm. The society of the great people of this world was marked by all the glare, artificiality, and sentimentalism of the epoch, but it had also one or two specially hollow characteristics of its own. As is always the case when a new rich class rises in the midst of a community possessing an old caste, the circle of Parisian financiers made it their highest social aim to thrust and strain into the circle of the Versailles people of quality. They had no normal life of their own, with independent traditions and self-respect; and for the same reason that an essentially worn-out aristocracy may so long preserve a considerable degree of vigour and even of social utility under certain circumstances, by means of tenacious pride in its own order, a new plutocracy is demoralised from the very beginning of its existence by want of a similar kind of pride in itself, and by the ignoble necessity of which it chooses to bear the yoke, of craving the countenance of an upper class that loves to despise and humiliate it. Besides the more obvious evils of a position resting entirely on material opulence, and maintaining itself by coarse and glittering ostentation, is a fatal moral hollowness, which infects both serious conduct and social diversion. The result is seen in imitative manners, affected culture, and a mixture of timorous

(1) Madame de la Popelinière, whose adventures and the misadventures of her husband are only too well known to the reader of Marmontel's *Memoirs*.

self-consciousness within and noisy self-assertion without, which completes the most distasteful scene that any collected spirit can witness.

Rousseau was, as has been said, the secretary of Madame Dupin and her step-son, Francueil. He occasionally went with them to their country seat in Touraine, one of Henry the Second's castles built for Diana of Poitiers, and here he fared sumptuously every day, growing fat as a monk.¹ In Paris his means, as we know, were too strait. For the first two years he had a salary of nine hundred francs: then his employers raised it to as much as fifty louis. For the first of the Discourses the publisher gave him nothing, and for the second he had to extract his fee penny by penny and after long waiting. His comic opera, the *Village Soothsayer*, was a greater success; it brought him the round sum of two hundred louis from the court, and some five and twenty more from the bookseller, and so, he says, "the interlude which cost me five or six weeks of work, produced nearly as much money as *Emile* afterwards did, which had cost me twenty years of meditation and three years of composition."² Before the arrival of this windfall, M. Francueil, who was receiver general, offered him the post of cashier in that important department, and Rousseau attended for some weeks to receive the necessary instructions. His progress was tardy as usual, and the complexities of accounts were as little congenial to him as notarial complexities had been three and twenty years previously. It is, however, one of the characteristics of times of national break-up not to be peremptory in exacting competence, and Rousseau gravely sat at the receipt of custom, doing the day's duty with as little skill as liking. Before he had been long at his post, his official chief, going on a short journey, left him in charge of the chest, which happened at the moment to contain no more portentous amount than some twelve hundred pounds sterling. The disquiet with which the custody of this moderate treasure harassed and afflicted Rousseau; not only persuaded him that nature had never designed him to be the guardian of money chests, but also threw him into a fit of very painful illness. The surgeons let him understand that within six months he would be in the pale kingdoms. The effect of such a hint on a man of his temper, and the train of reflections which it would be sure to set aflame, are to be foreseen by us who know Rousseau's fashion of dealing with the irksome. Why sacrifice the peace and charm of the little fragment of days left to him, to the bondage of an office

(1) *Conf.*, vii. 119.

(2) The passages relating to income during his first residence in Paris (1744—1756) are at pp. 119, 145, 153, 165, 200, 227, in books vii.—ix. of the Confessions. Rousseau told Bernardin de St. Pierre (*Œuv.*, xii. 74) that *Emile* was sold for 7,000 livres. In the Confessions (xi. 126), he says 6000 livres, and one or two hundred copies. It may be worth while to add that Diderot and D'Alembert received 1,200 livres a year apiece for editing the Encyclopædia.

for which he felt nothing but disgust? How reconcile the austere principles which he had just adopted in his denunciation of sciences and arts, and his panegyric on the simplicity of the natural life, with such duties as he had to perform; and how preach disinterestedness and frugality from amid the cash-boxes of a receiver general? Plainly it was his duty to pass in independence and poverty the little time that was yet left to him, to bring all the forces of his soul to bear to break the fetters of opinion, and to carry out courageously whatever seemed best to himself, without suffering the judgment of others to interpose the slightest embarrassment or hindrance.¹

With Rousseau to conceive a project of this kind for simplifying his life was to hasten urgently towards its realisation, because such projects harmonized with all his strongest predispositions. His design mastered and took whole possession of him. He resolved to earn his living by copying music, as that was conformable to his taste, within his capacity, and compatible with entire personal freedom. His patron did as the world is so naturally ready to do with those who choose the stoic's way; he declared that Rousseau was gone mad.² Talk like this had no effect on a man whom self-indulgence led into a path that others would only have been forced into by self-denial. Let it be said, however, that this is a form of self-indulgence of which society is never likely to see an excess, and meanwhile we may continue to pay it respect as assuredly leaning to virtue's side. Energetic moral reform was not a common sight in a generation whose chiefs placed all their hopes for the race in perfecting intellectual power, nor is it very common in most generations. Rousseau's many lapses from grace perhaps deserve a certain gentleness of treatment after the time when with deliberation and collected effort he set himself to the hard task of fitting his private life to his public principles. Anything that heightens the self-respect of the race is good for us to behold, and it is a permanent source of comfort to all who thirst after reality in teachers, whether their teaching happens to be our own or not, to find that the apostle of social equality was not a fine gentleman, nor the preacher of democracy a hanger-on to the silly skirts of fashion.

Rousseau did not merely throw up a post which would one day have made him rich. Stoicism on the heroic peremptory scale is not so difficult as the application of the same principle to trifles. Besides this greater sacrifice, he gave up the pleasant things for which most men value the money that procures them, and instituted an austere sumptuary reform in truly Genevese spirit. His sword was laid aside; for flowing peruke was substituted the small round wig; he left off gilt buttons and white stockings, and he sold his watch with

(1) *Conf.*, viii. 154—7.

(2) *Ibid.*, viii. 160.

the joyful and singular thought that he would never again need to know the time. One sacrifice remained to be made. Part of his equipment for the Venetian embassy had been a large stock of fine linen, and for this he retained a particular affection, for both now and always Rousseau had a passion for personal cleanliness, as he had for corporeal wholesomeness. He was seasonably delivered from bondage to his fine linen by aid from without. One Christmas eve it lay drying in a garret, in the rather considerable quantity of forty-two shirts, when a thief, always suspected to be the brother of Theresa, broke open the door and carried off the treasure, leaving Rousseau henceforth to be the contented wearer of coarser stuffs.¹

We may place this reform towards the end of the year 1750, or the beginning of 1751, when his mind was agitated by the busy discussion which his first Discourse excited, and by the new ideas of literary power which its reception by the public naturally awakened in him. "It takes," wrote Diderot, "right above the clouds; never was such a success."² We can hardly have a surer sign of a man's fundamental sincerity than that his first triumph, the first revelation to him of his power, instead of seducing him to frequent the mischievous and disturbing circle of his applauders, should throw him inwards upon himself and his own principles with new earnestness and refreshed independence. Rousseau very soon made up his mind what the world was worth to him; and this, not as the ordinary sentimentalist or satirist does by way of set-off against the indulgence of personal foibles, but from full recognition of his own qualities, of the limits of our capacity of life, and of the limits of the world's power to satisfy us. "When my destiny threw me into the whirlpool of society," he wrote in his last meditation on the course of his own life, "I found nothing there to give a moment's solace to my heart. Regret for my sweet leisure followed me everywhere, and shed indifference or disgust over all that might have been within my reach leading to fortune and honours. Uncertain in the disquiet of my desires, I hoped for little, I obtained less, and I felt even amid gleams of prosperity that if I obtained all that I supposed myself to be seeking, I should still not have found the happiness for which my heart was greedily athirst, though without distinctly knowing its object. Thus everything served to detach my affections from society, even before the misfortunes which were to make me wholly a stranger to it. I reached the age of forty, floating between indigence and fortune, between wisdom and disorder, full of vices of habit without any evil tendency at heart, living at hazard, distracted as to my duties without despising them, but often without much clear knowledge what they were."³

A brooding nature gives to character a connectedness and unity,

(1) *Conf.*, viii. 160—1.

(2) *Ibid.*, viii. 129.

(3) *Réveries*, iii. 168.

that is in strong contrast with the dispersion and multiformity of the active type. The attractions of fame never cheated Rousseau into forgetfulness of the commanding principle that a man's life ought to be steadily composed to oneness with itself in all its parts, and not crowded with a wild mixture of aim and emotion, like distracted masks in high carnival. He complains of the philosophers with whom he came into contact, that their philosophy was something foreign to them and outside of their own lives. They studied human nature for the sake of talking learnedly about it, not for the sake of self-knowledge, and laboured to instruct others, not to enlighten themselves within. When they published a book, its contents only interested them to the extent of making the world accept it, without applying any of it to their own use, and without seriously troubling themselves whether it were true or false, provided that it was not refuted. "For my own part, when I desired to learn, it was to know things myself and not to teach others; I always believed that before instructing others, it was proper to begin by knowing enough for one's self; and of all the studies that I have tried to follow in my life in the midst of men, there is hardly one that I should not have followed equally if I had been alone and shut up in a desert island for the rest of my days."¹

When we think of Turgot, whom Rousseau occasionally met among the society which he denounces, such a denunciation sounds a little outrageous. But then Turgot was the one sane Frenchman of the eighteenth century. Voltaire who ranks next in this respect, chose to be an exile from the society of Paris and Versailles as pertinaciously as Rousseau did, and he spoke more bitterly of it in verse than Rousseau ever spoke bitterly of it in prose.² It was, as has been so often said, a society dominated by women, from the king's mistress who helped to ruin France, down to the financier's wife who gave suppers to flashy men of letters. The eighteenth century salon has been described as having three stages;³ the salon of 1730, still retaining some of the stately domesticity, elegance, dignity, of the age of Lewis XIV.; that of 1780, grave, cold, dry, given to dissertation; and between the two the salon of 1760, full of stir, excitement, brilliance, frivolous originality, glittering wastefulness. Though this division of time must not be pressed too closely, it is certain that the era of Rousseau's advent in literature with his Discourses fell in with the climax of social unreality in the surface intercourse of France, and that the same date marks the highest point of feminine activity and power.

The common mixture of much reflective morality in theory, with

(1) *Rév.* iii. 166.

(2) See the *Epître à M^{me}. la Marquise du Châtelet, sur la Calomnie*.

(3) *La femme au 18^{ième} siècle*, par M^{ms}. de Goncourt, p. 40.

much light-hearted immorality in practice, never entered so largely into manners. We have constantly to wonder how they analyzed and defined the word Virtue, to which they so constantly appealed in letters, conversation, and books, as the sovereign object for our deepest and warmest adoration. A whole company of habitual adulterers and adulteresses would melt into floods of tears over a hymn to virtue, which they must surely have held of too sacred an essence to mix itself with any one virtue in particular, except that very considerable one of charitably letting all do as they please. It is much, however, that these tears if not very burning were really honest. Society, though not believing deeply or at all in the supernatural, was not cursed with an arid, parching, and hardened scepticism about the genuineness of good emotions in man, and so long as people keep this baleful poison out of their hearts, their lives remain worth living.

It is true that cynicism in the case of some women of this time occasionally sounded in a truly diabolic key, as when one said, "It is your lover to whom you should never say that you don't believe in god; but to one's husband that does not matter, because in the case of a lover one must reserve for one's self some door of escape, and devotional scruples cut everything short."¹ Or here: "I do not distrust anybody, for that is a deliberate act; but I do not trust anybody, and there is no trouble in this."² Or again in the word thrown to a man vaunting the probity of some one: "What, can a man of intelligence like you accept the prejudice of *meum* and *tuum*?"³ Such speech, however, was probably most often a mere freak of the tongue, a mode and fashion, as who should go to a masked ball in guise of Mephistopheles, without anything more Mephistophelian about him than red apparel and peaked toes. "She was charming," said one of a newcomer; "she did not utter a word which was not a paradox."⁴ This was the passing taste. Human nature is able to keep itself wholesome in fundamentals even under very great difficulties, and it is as wise as it is charitable in judging a sharp and cynical tongue to make large allowances for mere costume.

In respect of the light companionship of common usage, however, it is exactly the costume which comes closest to us, and bad taste in that is most jarring and least easily forgiven. There is a certain stage in an observant person's experience of the heedlessness, indolence, and native folly of men and women—and if his observation be conducted in a catholic spirit he will probably see something of this not merely in others—when the tolerable average sanity of human arrangements strikes him as the most marvellous of all the fortunate accidents in the universe. Rousseau could not even accept the fact

(1) Madame d'Epinay's *Mém.*, i. 295.

(2) Quoted in Goncourt's *Femme au 18ième siècle*, p. 376.

(3) *Ib.*, p. 337.

(4) *Mdlle. L'Espinasse's Lettres*, ii. 89.

of this miraculous result, the provisional and temporary sanity of things, and he confronted society with eyes of haggard chagrin. A great lady asked him how it was that she had not seen him for an age. "Because when I wish to see you, I wish to see no one but you. What do you want me to do in the midst of your society? I should cut a sorry figure in a circle of mincing tripping coxcombs; they do not suit me." This provoked the lady to ask him his opinion of herself. "If you are not absolutely content with what you are now, you may be so with what I undertake that you shall become, if these fine gentlemen and dainty ladies do not meddle; but I declare that they would degrade the best nature that heaven ever created. Shall I tell you what people say of *you*? They believe you to have no character, a kindly soul, but hollow, with some turn for intrigue, inconstant, light, a good deal of finesse, a good deal of pretension to wit, which is after all, they say, only superficial in you."¹ We cannot wonder that on some occasion when her son's proficiency was to be tested before a company of friends, Madame d'Epinay prayed Rousseau to be of them, on the ground that he would be sure to ask the child outrageously absurd questions, which would give gaiety to the affair.² As it happened, the unwise father rewarded the child's performance with the gift of a superb suit of cherry-coloured velvet extravagantly trimmed with costly lace—the peasant from whose sweat and travail the money had been wrung went in heavy rags, and his children lived as the beasts of the field. The poor youth was ill dealt with. "That is very fine," said rude Duclos, "but remember that a fool in lace is still a fool." Rousseau, in reply to the child's importunity, was still blunter: "Sir, I am no judge of finery, I am only a judge of man; I wished to talk with you a little while ago, but I wish so no longer."³

There were circumstances when exasperation at the flippant tone about him carried him beyond the ordinary bounds of that polite time. A guest at table asked contemptuously what was the use of a nation like the French having reason, if they did not use it. "They mock the other nations of the earth, and yet are the most credulous of all." ROUSSEAU: "I forgive them for their credulity, but not for condemning those who are credulous in some other way." Some one said that in matters of religion everybody was right, but that everybody should remain in that in which he had been born. ROUSSEAU, with warmth: "Not so, by God, if it is a bad one, for then it can do nothing but harm." Then some one contended that religion always did some good, as a kind of rein to the common people who had no other morality. All the rest cried out at this in indignant remonstrance, one shrewd person remarking that the common people had much livelier fear of being hanged than of being damned. The conversation was

(1) Madame d'Epinay's *Mém.*, i. 390.(2) *Ib.*, ii. 47—8.(3) *Ib.*, ii. 55.

broken off for a moment by the hostess calling out, "After all, one must nourish the tattered affair we call our body, so ring and let them bring us the joint." This done, the servants dismissed, and the door shut, the discussion was resumed with such vehemence by Duclos and Saint Lambert, that, says the lady who tells us the story, "I feared they were bent on destroying all religion, and I prayed for some mercy to be shown at any rate to natural religion." There was not a whit more for that than for the rest. Rousseau declared himself *paullo infirmior*, and clung to the morality of the gospel, as the natural morality which in old times constituted the whole and only creed. "But what is a god," cried one impetuous disputant, "who gets angry and is appeased again?" Rousseau began to murmur between grinding teeth, and a tide of pleasantries set in at his expense, to which came this: "If it is a piece of cowardice to suffer ill to be spoken of one's friend behind his back, 'tis a crime to suffer ill to be spoken of one's god, who is present; and for my part, sirs, I believe in god." "I admit," said the atheistic champion, "that it is a fine thing to see this god bending his brow to earth and watching with admiration the conduct of a Cato. But this notion is like many others very useful in some great heads, such as Trajan, Marcus Aurelius, Socrates, where it can only produce heroism, but it is the germ of all madnesses." ROUSSEAU: "Sirs, I leave the room, if you say another word more," and rising he was proceeding to fulfil his threat, when the entry of a newcomer stopped the discussion.¹

His words on another occasion show how all he saw helped to keep up a fretted condition of mind, in one whose soft tenacious memory turned daily back to simple and unsophisticated days among the green valleys, and refused to acquiesce in the conditions of changed climate. So terrible a thing is it to be the bondsman of reminiscence. Madame d'Epinay was suspected, wrongfully as it afterwards proved, of having destroyed some valuable papers belonging to a dead relative. There was much idle and cruel gossip in an ill-natured world. Rousseau, her friend, kept steadfast silence: she challenged his opinion. "What am I to say," he answered: "I go and come, and all that I hear outrages and revolts me. I see the one so evidently malicious and so adroit in their injustice; the others so awkward and so stupid in their good intentions, that I am tempted (and it is not the first time) to look on Paris as a cavern of brigands, of whom every traveller in his turn is the victim. What gives me the worst idea of society is to see how eager each person is to pardon himself, on account of the number of the people who are like him."²

Notwithstanding his hatred of this cavern of brigands, and the little pains he took to conceal his feelings from any individual

(1) Madame d'Epinay's *Mém.*, i. 378—81.

(2) *Ib.*, i. 443.

brigand, whether male or female, with whom he had to deal, he found out that "it is not always so easy as people suppose to be poor and independent." Merciless invasion of his time in every shape made his life weariness. Sometimes he had the courage to turn and rend the invader, as in the letter to a painter who sent him the same copy of verses three times, requiring immediate acknowledgment. "It is not just," at length wrote the exasperated Rousseau, "that I should be tyrannized over for your pleasure; not that my time is precious, as you say; it is either passed in suffering, or it is lost in idleness; but when I cannot employ it usefully for some one, I do not wish to be hindered from wasting it in my own fashion. A single minute thus usurped is what all the kings of the universe could not give me back, and it is to be my own master that I flee from the idle folk of towns,—people as thoroughly wearied as they are thoroughly wearisome—who not knowing what to do with their own time, waste that of others."¹ The more abruptly he treated visitors, persecuting dinner-givers, and all the tribe of the importunate, the more obstinate they were in possessing themselves of his time. In seizing the hours they were keeping his purse empty, as well as keeping up constant irritation in his soul. He appears to have earned forty sous for a morning's work, and to have counted this a fair fee, remarking modestly that he could not well subsist on less.² He had one chance of a pension, which he threw from him in a truly characteristic manner.

When he came to Paris he composed his musical diversion of the *Muses Galantes*, which was performed (1745) in the presence of Rameau, under the patronage of M. de la Popelinière. Rameau apostrophized the unlucky composer with much violence, declaring that one half of the piece was the work of a master, while the other was that of a person entirely ignorant of the musical rudiments; the bad work therefore was Rousseau's own, and the good was a plagiarism.³ This repulse did not daunt the hero who had conducted a piece of his own at Neuchâtel, before he knew a single element of composition. Five or six years afterwards on a visit to Passy, as he was lying awake in bed, he conceived the idea of a pastoral interlude after the manner of the Italian comic operas. In six days the *Village Soothsayer* was sketched, and in three weeks virtually completed. Duclos procured its rehearsal at the opera, and after some debate it was performed before the court at Fontainebleau. The Plutarchian stoic, its author, went from Paris in a court coach, but his Roman tone deserted him, and he felt shamefaced as a school-boy before the great world; such divinity doth hedge even a Lewis XV., and even

(1) *Corr.*, i. 317. Sept. 14, 1756.

(2) Letter to Madame de Créqui, 1752.—*Corr.*, i. 171.

(3) *Conf.*, vii. 104.

in the soul of Genevan temper. The piece was played with great success, and the composer was informed that he would the next day have the honour of being presented to the most christian king, who would probably mark his favour by the bestowal of a pension.¹ Rousseau was tossed with many doubts. He would fain have greeted the king with some word that should show sensibility to the royal graciousness without compromising republican severity, "clothing some great and useful truth in a fine and deserved compliment." This moral difficulty was heightened by a physical one, for he was liable to an infirmity which, if it should overtake him in presence of king and courtiers, would land him in an embarrassment worse than death. What would become of him if mind or body should fail, if either he should be driven into precipitate retreat, or else there should escape him, instead of the great truth wrapped delicately round in veracious panegyric, a heavy shapeless word of foolishness? He fled in terror, and flung up the chance of pension and patronage. We perceive the born dreamer, with a phantasmagoric imagination, seizing nothing in just proportion and true relation, paralysing the spirit with terror of unrealities; in short, with the most fatal form of moral cowardice, which perhaps it is a little dangerous to try to analyze into fine names. After all it is only the lad who ran away from Geneva to avoid a beating, and charged the innocent servant at Turin with his own theft, who has grown up into a man.

When Rousseau got back to Paris he was amazed to find that Diderot spoke to him of this abandonment of the pension, with a fire that he could never have expected from a philosopher, Rousseau plainly sharing the opinion of more vulgar souls that philosopher is but fool writ large. "He said that if I was disinterested on my own account I had no right to be so on that of Madame Le Vasseur and her daughter, and that I owed it to them not to pass by any possible and honest means of giving them bread. . . . This was the first real dispute I had with him, and all our quarrels that followed were of the same kind; he laying down for me what he insisted that I should do, and I refusing because I thought that I ought not to do it."² Our relish for the adviser's good sense is blunted by the circumstance that Diderot kept his own wife and household in penury, while he was earning a little money for a greedy mistress by writing one of the filthiest books in the world. After all, zeal that another should be discreet is well known to be the most glowing of all restoratives for the moral languor that follows one's own indiscretion, and your moralist is not seldom a man who pays for his own

(1) The *Devin du Village* was played at Fontainebleau on October 18, 1752, and at the opera at Paris in March, 1753. Madame de Pompadour took a part in it in a private performance. See Rousseau's note to her, *Corr.*, i. 178.

(2) *Conf.*, viii. 190.

senselessness and disorder by the hearty stripes which he deals to the back of a friend.

Let us abstain, at this and all other points, from being too sure that we easily see to the bottom of our Rousseau. When we are most ready to fling up the book and pronounce him all selfishness and sophistry, some trait is at hand to revive moral interest in him, and show him unlike common men, reverent of truth and human dignity. There is a slight anecdote of this kind connected with his visit to Fontainebleau. The day after the representation of his piece, he happened to be taking his breakfast in some public place. An officer entered and proceeding to describe the performance of the previous day, told at great length all that had happened, depicted the composer with much minuteness, and gave a circumstantial account of his conversation. In this story, which was told with equal assurance and simplicity, there was not a word of truth, as was clear from the fact that the author of whom he spoke with such intimacy, sat unknown and unrecognised before his eyes. The effect on Rousseau was singular enough. "The man was a certain age; he had no coxcombical or swaggering air; his expression bespoke a man of merit, and his cross of St. Lewis showed that he was an old officer. While he was retailing his untruths I grew red in the face, I lowered my eyes, I sat on thorns; I tried to think of some means of believing him to have made a mistake in good faith. At length, trembling lest some one should recognise me and confront him, I hastened to finish my chocolate without saying a word; and stooping down as I passed in front of him, I went out as fast as possible, while the people present discussed his tale. I perceived in the street that I was bathed in sweat, and I am sure that if any one had recognised me and called me by name before I got out, they would have seen in me the shame and embarrassment of a culprit, simply from a feeling of the pain the poor man would have had to suffer, if his lie had been discovered."¹ One who can feel thus vividly humiliated by the meanness of another, assuredly has in himself the wholesome salt of respect for the erectness of his fellows, as well as the rare sentiment that the compromise of integrity in one of them is as a stain on his own self-esteem and a lowering of his own moral stature. There is more deep love of humanity in this than in giving many alms, and it was not the less deep for being the product of impulse and sympathetic emotion, and not of a logical sorites.

In the summer of 1754, Rousseau, in company with his Theresa, went to revisit the city of his birth, partly because an exceptionally favourable occasion presented itself, but in yet greater part because he was growing increasingly weary of the uncongenial world in which he moved. On his road he turned aside to visit her who had been

(1) *Conf.*, viii. 183.

more than even his birthplace to him, and he felt the shock known to all who cherish a vision for a dozen years and then suddenly front the changed reality, forgetful of the commonplace which we only remember for others, that time wears hard and ugly lines into the face that recollection at each new energy makes lovelier with an added sweetness. "I saw her," he says, "but in what a state, oh god, in what debasement! Was this the same Madame de Warens, in those days so brilliant, to whom the priest of Pontverre had sent me? How my heart was torn by the sight!" Alas, as has been said with a truth that daily experience proves to those whom pity and self-knowledge have made most indulgent, as to those whom pinched maxims have made most rigorous,—*morality is the nature of things*.¹ We may have a humane tenderness for our Manon Lescaut, but we have a deep presentiment all the time that the poor wretch must die in a penal settlement. It is partly a question of time; whether death comes fast enough to sweep you out of reach of the penalties which the nature of things may appoint, but which, in their fieriest shape, are mostly of the loitering kind. Death was unkind to Madame de Warens, and the unhappy soul lived long enough to find that morality does mean something after all; that our old hoary world has not fixed on prudence in the outlay of money as a good thing, out of avarice or pedantic dryness of heart, nor on some continence and order in the relations of men and women as a good thing, out of cheerless grudge to the body, but because the breach of such virtues is in the long run deadly to mutual trust, to strength, to freedom, to collectedness, which are the reserve of humanity against days of ordeal.

Rousseau says that he tried hard to prevail upon his fallen benefactress to leave Savoy, to come and take up her abode peacefully with him, while he and Theresa would devote their days to making her happy. He had not forgotten her in the little glimpse of prosperity; he had sent her money when he had it.² She was sunk in indigence, for her pension had long been forestalled, but still she refused to change her home. While Rousseau was at Geneva she came to see him. "She lacked money to complete her journey; I had not enough about me; I sent it to her an hour afterwards by Theresa. Poor Maman! Let me relate this trait of her heart. The only trinket she had left was a small ring; she took it from her finger to place it on Theresa's, who instantly put it back, as she kissed the noble hand, and bathed it with her tears." In after years he poured bitter reproaches upon himself for not quitting all to attach his lot to hers until her last hour; and he was always haunted by the liveliest and most enduring remorse.³ Here is the worst of

(1) Madame de Staël insisted that her father said this, and Necker insisted that it was his daughter's.

(2) *Corr.*, i. 176. Feb. 13, 1753.

(3) *Conf.*, viii. 208—10.

measuring duty by sensation instead of principle; if the sensations happen not to be in right order at the critical moment, the chance goes by, never to return, and then, as memory in the best of such temperaments is long though not without intermittence, old sentiment revives and drags the man into a burning pit. Rousseau appears not to have seen her again, but the thought of her remained with him to the end like a soft vesture, fragrant with something of the sweet mysterious perfume of many-scented night in the silent garden at Charmettes. She died in a hovel eight years after this, sunk in disease, misery, and neglect, and was put away in the cemetery on the heights above Chambéri.¹ Rousseau consoled himself with thoughts of another world that should re-unite him to her and be the dawn of new happiness; like a man who should illusorily confound the last glistening of a wintry sunset seen through dark yew-branches with the broad-beaming strength of the summer morning. "If I thought," he said, "that I should not see her in the other life, my poor imagination would shrink from the idea of perfect bliss which I would fain promise myself in it."² To pluck so gracious a flower of hope on the edge of the sombre echoless gulf of nothingness into which our friend has slid silently down, is a natural impulse of the sensitive soul, numbing remorse and giving a moment's relief to the hunger and thirst of a tenderness that has been robbed of its object; yet would not men be more likely to have deeper love for those about them and a keener dread of filling a house with aching hearts, if they courageously realised from the beginning of their days that we have none of this perfect companionable bliss to promise ourselves in other worlds, that the black and horrible grave is indeed the end of our communion, and that we know one another no more?

The first interview between Rousseau and Madame de Warens was followed by his ludicrous conversion to catholicism (1728); the last was contemporary with his re-conversion to the faith in which he had been reared. The sight of Geneva gave new fire to his republican enthusiasm; he surrendered himself to transports of patriotic zeal. The thought of the Parisian world he had left behind, with its frivolity, its petulance, its disputation over all things in heaven and on the earth, its profound deadness to all civic activity, quickened his admiration for the simple, industrious, and independent community from which he never forgot that he was sprung. But no catholic could enjoy the rights of citizenship; so Rousseau proceeded to reflect that the gospel is the same for all christians, and the substance of dogma only differs because people interposed with

(1) Her death must have taken place in August, 1762; see a letter of M. de Conzié to Rousseau, in M. Streckeisen-Moulton's collection, ii. 445.

(2) *Conf.*, xii. 233.

explanations of what they could not understand ; that therefore it is in each country the business of the sovereign only to fix both the worship, and the amount and quality of unintelligible dogma ; that consequently it is the citizen's duty to admit the dogma and follow the worship by law appointed. "The society of the encyclopædists, far from shaking my faith, had confirmed it by my natural aversion for partisanship and controversy. The reading of the bible, especially of the gospel, to which I had applied myself for several years, had made me despise the low and childish interpretation put upon the words of Christ by the people who were least worthy to understand him. In a word, philosophy by drawing me towards the essential in religion, had drawn me away from that stupid mass of trivial formulas with which men had overlaid and darkened it."¹ We may be sure that if Rousseau had a strong inclination towards a given course of action, he would have no difficulty in putting his case in a blaze of brightest light, and surrounding it with endless emblems and devices of superlative conviction. In short, he submitted himself faithfully to the instruction of the pastor of his parish ; was closely catechised by a commission of members of the consistory ; received from them a certificate that he had satisfied the requirements of doctrine in all points ; was received to partake of the communion, and finally restored to all his rights as a citizen.²

This was no farce, such as Voltaire played now and again at the expense of an unhappy bishop or unhappier parish priest ; nor such as Rousseau himself had played six and twenty years before, at the expense of those honest catholics of Turin whose helpful donation of twenty francs in small money had marked their enthusiasm over a soul that had been lost and was found again. He was never a catholic any more than he was ever an atheist, and if it might be said in one sense that he was no more a protestant than he was either of these two, yet he was emphatically the child of protestantism. It is hardly too much to say that one bred in catholic tradition and observance, accustomed to think of the whole life of men as only a manifestation of the unbroken life of the church, and of all the several communities of men as members of that great organization which binds one order to another and each generation to those that have gone before and those that come after, would never have dreamed that monstrous dream of a state of nature as a state of perfection, never have held up the idea of society as an organism with normal parts and conditions of growth to ridicule and hate, and never have left the spirit of man standing in bald isolation from history, from his fellows, from a church, from a mediator, face to face with the great vague phantasm. Nor, on the other hand, is it likely that one born and reared in the religious

(1) *Conf.*, viii. 210.(2) Gaberel's *Rousseau et les Genevois*, p. 62. *Conf.*, viii. 212.

school of authority with its elaborately disciplined hierarchy, would have conceived that passion for political liberty, that zeal for the rights of peoples against rulers, that energetic enthusiasm for a free life, which constituted the fire and essence of Rousseau's writing. As illustration of this let us remark how Rousseau's teaching fared when it fell upon a catholic country like France; so many of its principles were assimilated by the revolutionary tools as were wanted for violent dissolvents, and the rest dropped away, and in this rejected portion was precisely the most vital part of his system; in other words, in no country has the power of collective organization been so pressed and exalted as in revolutionized France, and in no country has a truly free life been made to count for so little. With such force does the ancient system of temporal and spiritual organization reign in the minds of those who think most confidently that they have cast it wholly out of them. The use of reason may lead a man far, but the past has cut the groove.

In re-embracing the protestant confession, therefore, Rousseau was not leaving catholicism, to which he had never really passed over; he was only undergoing in entire gravity of spirit a formality which reconciled him with his native city and re-united the strands of spiritual connection with it, which had never been more than superficially parted. There can be little doubt that the four months which he spent in Geneva in 1754 marked a very critical time in the formation of some of the most memorable of his opinions. He came from Paris full of inarticulate and smouldering resentment against the irreverence and denial of the materialistic circle which used to meet at the house of D'Holbach, and of which the leader was his own intimate friend Diderot. What sort of opinions he found prevailing among the most enlightened of the Genevese pastors we know from an abundance of sources. D'Alembert had three or four years later than this to suffer a bitter attack from them, but the account of the creed of some of the ministers which he gave in his article on Geneva in the *Encyclopædia* was substantially correct. "Many of them," he wrote, "have ceased to believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ. Hell, one of the principal points in our belief, is no longer one with many of the Genevese pastors, who contend that it is an insult to the divinity to imagine that a being full of goodness and justice can be capable of punishing our faults by an eternity of torment. In a word they have no other creed than pure-socinianism, rejecting everything that they call mysteries, and supposing the first principle of a true religion to be that it shall propose nothing for belief which clashes with reason. Religion here is almost reduced to the adoration of one single god, at least among nearly all who do not belong to the common people; and a certain respect for Jesus Christ and the scriptures is nearly the only thing

that distinguishes the christianity of Geneva from pure deism."¹ And it would be easy to trace the growth of these rationalising tendencies. Throughout the seventeenth century men sprung up who anticipated some of the rationalistic arguments of the eighteenth, in denying the trinity,² and so forth, but the time was not then ripe. The general conditions grew more favourable. Burnet who was in Geneva in 1635-6 says that though there were not many among the Genevese of the first form of learning, "yet almost everybody here has a good tincture of a learned education."³ The pacification of civic troubles in 1738 was followed by quarter of a century of extreme prosperity and contentment, and it is in such periods that the minds of men previously trained are wont to turn to the great matters of speculation. There was at all times a constant communication, both public and private, going on between Geneva and Holland, as was only natural between the two chief protestant centres of the continent. The controversy of the seventeenth century between the two churches was as keenly followed in Geneva as at Leyden, and there is more than one Genevese writer who deserves a place in the history of the transition in the beginning of the eighteenth century from theology proper to that metaphysical theology, which was the first marked dissolvent of dogma within the protestant bodies. To this general movement of the epoch, of course, Descartes supplied the first impulse. The leader of the movement in Geneva, that is of an attempt to pacify the christian churches on the basis of some such deism as was shortly to find such passionate expression in the Savoyard Vicar's Confession of Faith, was John Alphonse Turretini (1661-1737). He belonged to a family of Italian refugees from Lucca, and his grandfather had been sent on a mission to Holland for aid in defence of Geneva against catholic Savoy. He went on his travels in 1692; he visited Holland where he saw Bayle, and England where he saw Newton, and France where he saw Bossuet. Chouet initiated him into the mysteries of Descartes. All this bore fruit when he returned home, and his eloquent exposition of rationalistic ideas aroused the usual cry of heresy from the people who not unnaturally insist that deism is not christianity. There was much stir for many years, but he succeeded in holding his own, and in finding many considerable followers.⁴ For

(1) The Venerable Company of Pastors and Professors of the Church and Academy of Geneva appointed a committee, as in duty bound, to examine these allegations, and the committee, equally in duty bound, reported (Feb. 10, 1758) with mild indignation, that they were unfounded, and that the flock was untainted by unseasonable use of its mind. See on this Rousseau's *Lettres écrites de la Montagne*, ii. 231.

(2) See Picot's *Hist. de Genève*, ii. 415.

(3) *Letters containing an account of Switzerland, Italy, &c., in 1685-6.* By G. Burnet. P. 9.

(4) J. A. Turretini's complete works were published as late as 1776, including among much besides that no longer interests men, an *Oratio de Scientiarum Vanitate et Præstantia*

example, some three years or so after his death, or towards 1740, a work appeared in Geneva under the title of *La Religion essentielle à l'Homme*, showing that faith in the existence of a god suffices, and treating with contempt the belief in the inspiration of the gospels.¹

Thus we see what vein of thought was running through the graver and more active minds of Geneva about the time of Rousseau's visit. Whether it be true or not that the accepted belief of many of the preachers was a pure deism, it is certain that the theory was fully launched among them, and that those who could not accept it were still pressed to refute it, and in refuting, to discuss. Rousseau's friendships were, according to his own account, almost entirely among the ministers of religion and the professors of the academy, precisely the sort of persons who would be most sure to familiarise him in the course of frequent conversations, with the current religious ideas and with the arguments by which they were opposed or upheld. We may picture the effect on his mind of the difference in tone and temper in these grave, candid, and careful men, and the tone of his Parisian friends in discussing the same high themes; how this difference would strengthen his repugnance, and corroborate his own inborn spirit of veneration; how he would here feel himself in his own world, for as wise men have noticed, it is not so much difference of opinion that stirs resentment in us, at least in great subjects where the difference is not trivial but profound, as difference in gravity of humour and manner of moral approach. He returned to Paris (Oct. 1754) warm with the resolution to give up his concerns there, and in the spring go back once and for all to the city of liberty and virtue, where men revered wisdom and reason instead of wasting life in the trivialities of literary good taste.²

This project, however, grew cool. The dedication of his Discourse on Inequality to the republic was received with indifference by some and indignation by others.³ Nobody thought it a compliment, and some thought it an impertinence. This was one reason which turned his purpose aside. Another was the fact that the illustrious Voltaire now also signed himself Swiss, and boasted that if he shook his wig the powder flew over the whole of the tiny republic.

(vol. iii. 427), not at all in the vein of Rousseau's Discourse, and a treatise in four parts, *De Legibus Naturalibus*, in which, among other matters, he refutes Hobbes and assails the doctrine of Utility (i. 173, etc.), by limiting its definition to *τὰ πρὸς τὰν ἑαυτὸν* in its narrowest sense. He appears to have been a student of Spinoza (i. 326). Francis Turretini, his father, took part in the discussion as to the nature of the treaty or contract between God and man in a piece entitled *Fœdus Natura a primo homine raptum, ejusque Prævaricationem posteris imputatam* (1675).

(1) Gaberel's *Eglise de Genève*, iii. 188.

(2) *Corr.*, i. 223 (to Vernes, April 5, 1755).

(3) *Conf.*, viii. 215—6. *Corr.*, i. 208 (to Perdriau, Nov. 28, 1754).

Rousseau felt certain that he would make a revolution in Geneva, and that he should find in his native country the tone, the air, the manners, which were driving him from Paris. From that moment he counted Geneva lost. Perhaps he ought to make head against the disturber, but what could he do alone, timid and bad talker as he was, against a man arrogant, rich, supported by the credit of the great, of brilliant eloquence, and already the very idol of women and young men. Perhaps it would not be uncharitable to suspect that this was a reason after the event, for no man was ever so fond as Rousseau, or so clever a master in the art, of covering an accident in a fine envelope of principle, and, as we shall see, he was at this time writing to Voltaire in strains of effusive panegyric. In this case he almost tells us that the one real reason why he did not return to Geneva was that he found a shelter from Paris close at hand. Even before then, he had begun to conceive characteristic doubts whether his fellow-citizens at Geneva would not be nearly as hostile to his love of living solitarily and after his own fashion as the good people of Paris. "Those people," he complained of his Genevese acquaintances on his return, "barely know me, yet they write to me as if I were their brother. I know that this is the advantage of the republican spirit, but I rather distrust such hot friends, there must be some object in it."¹ This is the first word of that mania of suspicion which now so rapidly reached such ghastly and crushing proportion.

Rousseau has told us a pretty story, how one day he and Madame d'Epinau wandering about the park came upon a dilapidated lodge surrounded by fruit-gardens, in the skirts of the forest of Montmorency; how he exclaimed in delight at its solitary charm that here was the very place of refuge made for him; and how on a second visit he found that his good friend had in the interval had the old lodge pulled down and replaced by a pretty cottage exactly arranged for his own household. "My poor bear," she said, "there is your place of refuge; it was you who chose it, 'tis friendship offers it; I hope it will drive away your cruel notion of going from me."² Though moved to tears by such kindness, Rousseau did not decide on the spot, but continued to waver for some time longer between this retreat and return to Geneva.

When our born solitary, wearied of Paris and half afraid of the too friendly importunity of Geneva, at length determined to accept

(1) *Madame d'Epinau*, ii. 113.

(2) *Conf.*, viii. 217. It is worth noticing as bearing on the accuracy of the Confessions that Madame d'Epinau herself (*Mém.*, ii. 115) says that when she began to prepare the Hermitage for Rousseau he had never been there, and that she was careful to lead him to believe that the expense had not been incurred for him. Moreover her letter to him describing it, could only have been written to one who had not seen it, and though her Memoirs are full of sheer imagination and romance, the documents in them are authentic, and this letter is shown to be so by Rousseau's reply to it.

Madame d'Epinay's offer of the Hermitage on conditions which left him an entire sentiment of independence of movement, and freedom from all sense of pecuniary obligation, he was immediately exposed to a very copious torrent of pleasantry and remonstrance from the highly social circle who met round D'Holbach's dinner table, and who deemed it sheer midsummer madness or even a sign of secret depravity to quit their cheerful world for the dismal solitude of woods and fields. "Only the bad man is alone," wrote Diderot in words which Rousseau kept resentfully in his memory as long as he lived. The men and women of the eighteenth century had no comprehension of solitude, the strength which it may impart to the vigorous, the poetic graces which it may shed about the life of those who are less than vigorous; and what they did not comprehend, they dreaded and abhorred, and thought monstrous in the one man who did comprehend it. Sarcasms fell on him like hail, and the prophecies usual in cases where a stray soul does not share the common tastes of the herd. He would never be able to live without the incense and the amusements of the town; he would be back in a fortnight; he would throw up the whole enterprise within three months. Amid a shower of such words, springing from men's perverse blindness to the binding propriety of keeping all propositions as to what is the best way of living in respect of place, hours, companionship, strictly relative to each individual case, Rousseau stubbornly shook the dust of the city from off his feet and sought new life away from the stridulous hum of men. Perhaps we are better pleased to think of the unwearied Diderot spending laborious days in factories and quarries and workshops and forges, while friendly toilers patiently explained to him the structure of stocking looms and velvet looms, the processes of metal-casting and wire-drawing and slate-cutting, and all the other countless arts and ingenuities of fabrication, which he afterwards reproduced to a wondering age in his spacious and magnificent repertory of human thought, knowledge, and practical achievement. And it is yet more elevating to us to think of the true stoic, the great high-souled Turgot, setting forth a little later to discharge beneficent duty in the hard field of his distant Limousin intendance, enduring many things and toiling late and early for long years that the burden of others might be lighter, and the welfare of the land more assured. But there are many paths for many men, and if only magnanimous self-denial has the power of inspiration, and can move us with the deep thrill of the heroic, yet every truthful protest even of excessive personality against the gregarious trifling of life in the social groove, has a side which it is not ill for us to consider, and perhaps for some men and women in every generation to seek to imitate.

EDITOR.

THE EUSTACE DIAMONDS.

CHAPTER LXV.

TRIBUTE.

LIZZIE put off her journey to Scotland from day to day, though her cousin Frank continually urged upon her the expediency of going. There were various reasons, he said, why she should go. Her child was there, and it was proper that she should be with her child. She was living at present with people whose reputation did not stand high,—and as to whom all manner of evil reports were flying about the town. It was generally thought,—so said Frank,—that that Lord George de Bruce Carruthers had assisted Mr. Benjamin in stealing the diamonds, and Frank himself did not hesitate to express his belief in the accusation. “Oh no, that cannot be,” said Lizzie, trembling. But, though she rejected the supposition, she did not reject it very firmly. “And then, you know,” continued Lizzie, “I never see him. I have actually only set eyes on him once since the second robbery, and then just for a minute. Of course, I used to know him,—down at Portray,—but now we are strangers.” Frank went on with his objections. He declared that the manner in which Mrs. Carbuncle had got up the match between Lucinda Roanoke and Sir Griffin was shameful,—all the world was declaring that it was shameful,—that she had not a penny, that the girl was an adventurer, and that Sir Griffin was an obstinate, pig-headed ruined idiot. It was expedient on every account that Lizzie should take herself away from that “lot.” The answer that Lizzie desired to make was very simple. Let me go as your betrothed bride, and I will start to-morrow, —to Scotland or elsewhere, as you may direct. Let that little affair be settled, and I shall be quite as willing to get out of London as you can be to send me. But I am in such a peck of troubles that something must be settled. And as it seems that after all the police are still astray about the necklace, perhaps I needn’t run away from them for a little while even yet. She did not say this. She did not even in so many words make the first proposition. But she did endeavour to make Frank understand that she would obey his dictation if he would earn the right to dictate. He either did not or would not understand her, and then she became angry with him,—or pretended to be angry. “Really, Frank,” she said, “you are hardly fair to me.”

“In what way am I unfair?”

“You come here and abuse all my friends, and tell me to go

here and go there, just as though I were a child. And,—and,—and——”

“And what, Lizzie?”

“You know what I mean. You are one thing one day and one another. I hope Miss Lucy Morris was quite well when you last heard from her.”

“You have no right to speak to me of Lucy,—at least, not in disparagement.”

“You are treating her very badly, you know that.”

“I am.”

“Then why don't you give it up? Why don't you let her have her chances,—to do what she can with them? You know very well that you can't marry her. You know that you ought not to have asked her. You talk of Miss Roanoke and Sir Griffin Tewett. There are people quite as bad as Sir Griffin,—or Mrs. Carbuncle either. Don't suppose I am speaking for myself. I've given up all that idle fancy long ago. I shall never marry a second time myself. I have made up my mind to that. I have suffered too much already.” Then she burst into tears.

He dried her tears and comforted her, and forgave all the injurious things she had said of him. It is almost impossible for a man,—a man under forty and unmarried, and who is not a philosopher,—to have familiar and affectionate intercourse with a beautiful young woman, and carry it on as he might do with a friend of the other sex. In his very heart Greystock despised this woman; he had told himself over and over again that were there no Lucy in the case he would not marry her, that she was affected, unreal,—and, in fact, a liar in every word and look and motion which came from her with premeditation. Judging, not from her own account, but from circumstances as he saw them and such evidence as had reached him, he did not condemn her in reference to the diamonds. He had never for a moment conceived that she had secreted them. He acquitted her altogether from those special charges which had been widely circulated against her; but, nevertheless, he knew her to be heartless and bad. He had told himself a dozen times that it would be well for him that she should be married and taken out of his hands. And yet he loved her after a fashion; and was prone to sit near her, and was fool enough to be flattered by her caresses. When she would lay her hand on his arm, a thrill of pleasure went through him. And yet he would willingly have seen any decent man take her and marry her, making a bargain that he should never see her again. Young or old, men are apt to become Merlins when they encounter Vivians. On this occasion he left her, disgusted indeed, but not having told her that he was disgusted. “Come again, Frank, to-morrow, won't you?” she said. He made her no promise as he went, nor had she

expected it. He had left her quite abruptly the other day, and he now went away almost in the same fashion. But she was not surprised. She understood that the task she had in hand was one very difficult to be accomplished,—and she did perceive, in some dark way, that, good as her acting was, it was not quite good enough. Lucy held her ground because she was real. You may knock about a diamond, and not even scratch it; whereas paste in rough usage betrays itself. Lizzie, with all her self-assuring protestations, knew that she was paste, and knew that Lucy was real stone. Why could she not force herself to act a little better, so that the paste might be as good as the stone,—might at least seem to be as good? “If he despises me now; what will he say when he finds it all out?” she asked herself.

As for Frank Greystock himself, though he had quite made up his mind about Lizzie Eustace, he was still in doubt about the other girl. At the present moment he was making over two thousand pounds a year, and yet was more in debt now than he had been a year ago. When he attempted to look at his affairs, he could not even remember what had become of his money. He did not gamble. He had no little yacht, costing him about six hundred a year. He kept one horse in London, and one only. He had no house. And when he could spare time from his work, he was generally entertained at the houses of his friends. And yet from day to day his condition seemed to become worse and worse. It was true that he never thought of half-a-sovereign; that in calling for wine at his club he was never influenced by the cost; that it seemed to him quite rational to keep a cab waiting for him half the day; that in going or coming he never calculated expenses; that in giving an order to a tailor he never dreamed of anything beyond his own comfort. Nevertheless, when he recounted with pride his great economies, reminding himself that he, a successful man, with a large income and no family, kept neither hunters, nor yacht, nor moor, and that he did not gamble, he did think it very hard that he should be embarrassed. But he was embarrassed, and in that condition could it be right for him to marry a girl without a shilling?

In these days Mrs. Carbuncle was very urgent with her friend not to leave London till after the marriage. Lizzie had given no promise,—had only been induced to promise that the loan of one hundred and fifty pounds should not be held to have any bearing on the wedding present to be made to Lucinda. That could be got on credit from Messrs. Harter and Benjamin; for though Mr. Benjamin was absent,—on a little tour through Europe in search of precious stones in the cheap markets, old Mr. Harter suggested,—the business went on the same as ever. There was a good deal of consultation about the present, and Mrs. Carbuncle at last decided, no doubt with

the concurrence of Miss Roanoke, that it should consist simply of silver forks and spoons,—real silver as far as the money would go. Mrs. Carbuncle herself went with her friend to select the articles,—as to which, perhaps, we shall do her no injustice in saying that a ready sale, should such a lamentable occurrence ever become necessary, was one of the objects which she had in view. Mrs. Carbuncle's investigations as to the quality of the metal quite won Mr. Harter's respect; and it will probably be thought that she exacted no more than justice,—seeing that the thing had become a matter of bargain,—in demanding that the thirty-five pounds should be stretched to fifty, because the things were bought on long credit. "My dear Lizzie," Mrs. Carbuncle said, "the dear girl won't have an ounce more than she would have got, had you gone into another sort of shop with thirty-five sovereigns in your hand." Lizzie growled, but Mrs. Carbuncle's final argument was conclusive. "I'll tell you what we'll do," said she; "we'll take thirty pounds down in ready money." There was no answer to be made to so reasonable a proposition.

The presents to be made to Lucinda were very much thought of in Hertford Street at this time, and Lizzie,—independently of any feeling that she might have as to her own contribution,—did all she could to assist the collection of tribute. It was quite understood that as a girl can only be married once,—for a widow's chance in such matters amounts to but little,—everything should be done to gather toll from the tax-payers of society. It was quite fair on such an occasion that men should be given to understand that something worth having was expected,—no trumpery thirty-shilling piece of crockery, no insignificant glass bottle, or fantastic paper-knife of no real value whatever, but got up just to put money into the tradesmen's hands. To one or two elderly gentlemen upon whom Mrs. Carbuncle had smiled, she ventured to suggest in plain words that a cheque was the most convenient cadeau. "What do you say to a couple of sovereigns?" one sarcastic old gentleman replied, upon whom probably Mrs. Carbuncle had not smiled enough. She laughed and congratulated her sarcastic friend upon his joke;—but the two sovereigns were left upon the table, and went to swell the spoil.

"You must do something handsome for Lucinda," Lizzie said to her cousin.

"What do you call handsome?"

"You are a bachelor and a Member of Parliament. Say fifteen pounds."

"I'll be——if I do!" said Frank, who was beginning to be very much disgusted with the house in Hertford Street. "There's a five-pound note, and you may do what you please with it." Lizzie gave over the five-pound note,—the identical bit of paper that had come

from Frank; and Mrs. Carbuncle, no doubt, did do what she pleased with it.

There was almost a quarrel because Lizzie, after much consideration, declared that she did not see her way to get a present from the Duke of Omnium. She had talked so much to Mrs. Carbuncle about the duke, that Mrs. Carbuncle was almost justified in making the demand. "It isn't the value, you know," said Mrs. Carbuncle; "neither I nor Lucinda would think of that; but it would look so well to have the dear duke's name on something." Lizzie declared that the duke was unapproachable on such subjects. "There you're wrong," said Mrs. Carbuncle. "I happen to know there is nothing his grace likes so much as giving wedding presents." This was the harder upon Lizzie as she actually did succeed in saying such kind things about Lucinda, that Lady Glencora sent Miss Roanoke the prettiest smelling-bottle in the world. "You don't mean to say you've given a present to the future Lady Tewett," said Madame Max Goesler to her friend. "Why not? Sir Griffin can't hurt me. When one begins to be good-natured, why shouldn't one be good-natured all round?" Madame Max remarked that it might, perhaps, be preferable to put an end to good-nature altogether. "There I daresay you're right, my dear," said Lady Glencora. "I've long felt that making presents means nothing. Only if one has a lot of money and people like it, why shouldn't one? I've made so many to people I hardly ever saw that one more to Lady Tewett can't hurt."

Perhaps the most wonderful affair in that campaign was the spirited attack which Mrs. Carbuncle made on a certain Mrs. Hanbury Smith, who for the last six or seven years had not been among Mrs. Carbuncle's more intimate friends. Mrs. Hanbury Smith lived with her husband in Paris, but before her marriage had known Mrs. Carbuncle in London. Her father, Mr. Bunbury Jones, had, from certain causes, chosen to show certain civilities to Mrs. Carbuncle just at the period of his daughter's marriage, and Mrs. Carbuncle being perhaps, at that moment, well supplied with ready money, had presented a marriage gift. From that to this present day Mrs. Carbuncle had seen nothing of Mrs. Hanbury Smith, nor of Mr. Bunbury Jones, but she was not the woman to waste the return-value of such a transaction. A present so given was seed sown in the earth,—seed, indeed, that could not be expected to give back twenty-fold, or even ten-fold, but still seed from which a crop should be expected. So she wrote to Mrs. Hanbury Smith, explaining that her darling niece Lucinda was about to be married to Sir Griffin Tewett, and that, as she had no child of her own, Lucinda was the same to her as a daughter. And then, lest there might be any want of comprehension, she expressed her own assurance that her friend would be

glad to have an opportunity of reciprocating the feelings which had been evinced on the occasion of her own marriage. "It is no good mincing matters now-a-days," Mrs. Carbuncle would have said, had any friend pointed out to her that she was taking strong measures in the exaction of toll. "People have come to understand that a spade is a spade, and £10, £10," she would have said. Had Mrs. Hanbury Smith not noticed the application, there might, perhaps, have been an end of it, but she was silly enough to send over from Paris a little trumpery bit of finery, bought in the Palais Royal for ten francs. Whereupon Mrs. Carbuncle wrote the following letter;—

"MY DEAR MRS. HANBURY SMITH,

"Lucinda has received your little brooch and is much obliged to you for thinking of her; but you must remember that, when you were married, I sent you a bracelet which cost £10. If I had a daughter of my own, I should, of course, expect that she would reap the benefit of this on her marriage;—and my niece is the same to me as a daughter. I think that this is quite understood now among people in society. Lucinda will be disappointed much if you do not send her what she thinks she has a right to expect. Of course you can deduct the brooch if you please.

"Yours very sincerely,

"JANE CARBUNCLE."

Mr. Hanbury Smith was something of a wag, and caused his wife to write back as follows;—

"DEAR MRS. CARBUNCLE,

"I quite acknowledge the reciprocity system, but don't think it extends to descendants,—certainly not to nieces. I acknowledge, too, the present quoted as £10. I thought it had been £7 10s."—"The nasty mean creature," said Mrs. Carbuncle, when showing the correspondence to Lizzie, "must have been to the tradesman to inquire! The price named was £10, but I got £2 10s. off for ready money."—"At your second marriage I will do what is needful; but I can assure you I haven't recognised nieces with any of my friends.

"Yours very truly,

"CAROLINE HANBURY SMITH."

The correspondence was carried no further, for not even can a Mrs. Carbuncle exact payment of such a debt in any established court; but she inveighed bitterly against the meanness of Mrs. Smith, telling the story openly, and never feeling that she told it against herself. In her set it was generally thought that she had done quite right.

She managed better with old Mr. Cabob, who had certainly received many of Mrs. Carbuncle's smiles, and who was very rich. Mr. Cabob did as he was desired, and sent a cheque,—a cheque for £20; and added a message that he hoped Miss Roanoke would buy with it any little thing that she liked. Miss Roanoke,—or her aunt for her,—liked a thirty-guinea ring, and bought it, having the bill for the balance sent in to Mr. Cabob. Mr. Cabob, who probably knew that he must pay well for his smiles, never said anything about it.

Lady Eustace went into all this work, absolutely liking it. She had felt nothing of anger even as regarded her own contribution,—much as she had struggled to reduce the amount. People, she felt, ought to be sharp;—and it was nice to look at pretty things, and to be cunning about them. She would have applied to the Duke of Omnium had she dared, and was very triumphant when she got the smelling-bottle from Lady Glencora. But Lucinda herself took no part whatever in all these things. Nothing that Mrs. Carbuncle could say would induce her to take any interest in them, or even in the trousseau, which, without reference to expense, was being supplied chiefly on the very indifferent credit of Sir Griffin. What Lucinda had to say about the matter was said solely to her aunt. Neither Lady Eustace, nor Lord George, nor even the maid who dressed her, heard any of her complaints. But complain she did, and that with terrible energy. "What is the use of it, Aunt Jane? I shall never have a house to put them into."

"What nonsense, my dear! Why shouldn't you have a house as well as others?"

"And if I had, I should never care for them. I hate them. What does Lady Glencora Palliser or Lord Fawn care for me?" Even Lord Fawn had been put under requisition, and had sent a little box full of stationery.

"They are worth money, Lucinda; and when a girl marries she always gets them."

"Yes;—and when they come from people who love her, and who pour them into her lap with kisses, because she has given herself to a man she loves, then it must be nice. Oh,—if I were marrying a poor man, and a poor friend had given me a gridiron to help me to cook my husband's dinner, how I could have valued it!"

"I don't know that you like poor things and poor people better than anybody else," said Aunt Jane.

"I don't like anything or anybody," said Lucinda.

"You had better take the good things that come to you, then; and not grumble. How I have worked to get all this arranged for you, and now what thanks have I?"

"You'll find you have worked for very little, Aunt Jane. I shall never marry the man yet." This, however, had been said so often that Aunt Jane thought nothing of the threat.

CHAPTER LXVI.

THE ASPIRATIONS OF MR. EMILIUS.

It was acknowledged by Mrs. Carbuncle very freely that in the matter of tribute no one behaved better than Mr. Emilius, the fashionable foreign *ci-devant* Jew preacher, who still drew great congregations in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Carbuncle's house. Mrs. Carbuncle, no doubt, attended regularly at Mr. Emilius's church, and had taken a sitting for thirteen Sundays at something like ten shillings a Sunday. But she had not as yet paid the money, and Mr. Emilius was well aware that if his tickets were not paid for in advance, there would be considerable defalcations in his income. He was, as a rule, very particular as to such payments, and would not allow a name to be put on a sitting till the money had reached his pockets; but with Mrs. Carbuncle he had descended to no such commercial accuracy. Mrs. Carbuncle had seats for three,—for one of which Lady Eustace paid her share in advance,—in the midst of the very best pews in the most conspicuous part of the house,—and hardly a word had been said to her about money. And now there came to them from Mr. Emilius the prettiest little gold salver that ever was seen. "I send Messrs. Clerico's docket," wrote Mr. Emilius, "as Miss Roanoke may like to know the quality of the metal." "Ah," said Mrs. Carbuncle inspecting the little dish, and putting two and two together; "he's got it cheap, no doubt,—at the place where they commissioned him to buy the plate and candlesticks for the church; but at £3 16s. 3d. the gold is worth nearly twenty pounds." Mr. Emilius no doubt had had his outing in the autumn through the instrumentality of Mrs. Carbuncle's kindness; but that was past and gone, and such lavish gratitude for a past favour could hardly be expected from Mr. Emilius. "I'll be hanged if he isn't after Portray Castle," said Mrs. Carbuncle to herself.

Mr. Emilius was after Portray Castle, and had been after Portray Castle in a silent, not very confident, but yet not altogether hopeless, manner ever since he had seen the glories of that place, and learned something of truth as to the widow's income. Mrs. Carbuncle was led to her conclusion not simply by the wedding present, but in part also by the diligence displayed by Mr. Emilius in removing the

doubts which had got abroad respecting his condition in life. He assured Mrs. Carbuncle that he had never been married. Shortly after his ordination, which had been effected under the hands of that great and good man the late Bishop of Jerusalem, he had taken to live with him a lady who was—, Mrs. Carbuncle did not quite recollect who the lady was, but remembered that she was connected in some way with a step-mother of Mr. Emilius who lived in Bohemia. This lady had for awhile kept house for Mr. Emilius; but ill-natured things had been said, and Mr. Emilius, having respect to his cloth, had sent the poor lady back to Bohemia. The consequence was that he now lived in a solitude which was absolute, and, as Mr. Emilius added, somewhat melancholy. All this Mr. Emilius explained very fully, not to Lizzie herself, but to Mrs. Carbuncle. If Lady Eustace chose to entertain such a suitor, why should he not come? It was nothing to Mrs. Carbuncle.

Lizzie laughed when she was told that she might add the reverend gentleman to the list of her admirers. "Don't you remember," she said, "how we used to chaff Miss Macnulty about him?"

"I knew better than that," replied Mrs. Carbuncle.

"There is no saying what a man may be after," said Lizzie. "I didn't know but what he might have thought that Macnulty's connections would increase his congregation."

"He's after you, my dear, and your income. He can manage a congregation for himself."

Lizzie was very civil to him, but it would be unjust to her to say that she gave him any encouragement. It is quite the proper thing for a lady to be on intimate, and even on affectionate, terms with her favourite clergyman, and Lizzie certainly had intercourse with no clergyman who was a greater favourite with her than Mr. Emilius. She had a dean for an uncle, and a bishop for an uncle-in-law; but she was at no pains to hide her contempt for these old fogies of the Church. "They preach now and then in the cathedral," she said to Mr. Emilius, "and everybody takes the opportunity of going to sleep." Mr. Emilius was very much amused at this description of the eloquence of the dignitaries. It was quite natural to him that people should go to sleep in church who take no trouble in seeking eloquent preachers. "Ah," he said, "the Church of England, which is my Church,—the Church which I love,—is beautiful. She is as a maiden, all glorious with fine raiment. But, alas! she is mute. She does not sing. She has no melody. But the time cometh in which she shall sing. I, myself,—I am a poor singer in the great choir." In saying which Mr. Emilius, no doubt, intended to allude to his eloquence as a preacher.

He was a man who could listen as well as sing, and he was very careful to hear well that which was being said in public about Lady

Eustace and her diamonds. He had learned thoroughly what was her condition in reference to the Portray estate, and, was rejoiced rather than otherwise to find that she enjoyed only a life-interest in the property. Had the thing been better than it was, it would have been the further removed from his reach. And in the same way, when rumours reached him prejudicial to Lizzie in respect of the diamonds, he perceived that such prejudice might work weal for him. A gentleman once, on ordering a mackerel for dinner, was told that a fresh mackerel would come to a shilling. He could have a stale mackerel for sixpence. "Then bring me a stale mackerel," said the gentleman. Mr. Emilius coveted fish, but was aware that his position did not justify him in expecting the best fish in the market. The Lord Fawns and the Frank Greystocks of the world would be less likely to covet Lizzie, should she, by any little indiscretion, have placed herself under a temporary cloud. Mr. Emilius had carefully observed the heavens, and knew how quickly such clouds will disperse themselves when they are tinged with gold. There was nothing which Lizzie had done, or would be likely to do, which could materially affect her income. It might indeed be possible that the Eustaces should make her pay for the necklace; but, even in that case, there would be quite enough left for that modest, unambitious comfort which Mr. Emilius desired. It was by preaching, and not by wealth, that he must make himself known in the world!—but for a preacher to have a pretty wife with a title and a good income,—and a castle in Scotland,—what an Elysium it would be! In such a condition he would envy no dean, no bishop, —no archbishop! He thought a great deal about it, and saw no positive bar to his success.

She told him that she was going to Scotland. "Not immediately!" he exclaimed.

"My little boy is there," she said.

"But why should not your little boy be here. Surely, for people who can choose, the great centre of the world offers attractions which cannot be found in secluded spots."

"I love seclusion," said Lizzie, with rapture.

"Ah; yes; I can believe that." Mr. Emilius had himself witnessed the seclusion of Portray Castle, and had heard, when there, many stories of the Ayrshire hunting. "It is your nature;—but, dear Lady Eustace, will you allow me to say that our nature is implanted in us in accordance with the Fall?"

"Do you mean to say that it is wicked to like to be in Scotland better than in this giddy town?"

"I say nothing about wicked, Lady Eustace; but this I do say, that nature alone will not lead us always aright. It is good to be at Portray part of the year, no doubt; but are there not blessings in

such a congregation of humanity as this London which you cannot find at Portray?"

"I can hear you preach, Mr. Emilius, certainly."

"I hope that is something, too, Lady Eustace;—otherwise a great many people who kindly come to hear me must sadly waste their time. And your example to the world around;—is it not more serviceable amidst the crowds of London than in the solitudes of Scotland? There is more good to be done, Lady Eustace, by living among our fellow-creatures than by deserting them. Therefore I think you should not go to Scotland before August, but should have your little boy brought to you here."

"The air of his native mountains is everything to my child," said Lizzie. The child had, in fact, been born at Bobsborough, but that probably would make no real difference.

"You cannot wonder that I should plead for your stay," said Mr. Emilius, throwing all his soul into his eyes. "How dark would everything be to me if I missed you from your seat in the house of praise and prayer!"

Lizzie Eustace, like some other ladies who ought to be more appreciative, was altogether deficient in what may perhaps be called good taste in reference to men. Though she was clever, and though, in spite of her ignorance, she at once knew an intelligent man from a fool, she did not know the difference between a gentleman and a—"cad." It was in her estimation something against Mr. Emilius that he was a clergyman, something against him that he had nothing but what he earned, something against him that he was supposed to be a renegade Jew, and that nobody knew whence he came, nor who he was. These deficiencies or drawbacks Lizzie recognised. But it was nothing against him in her judgment that he was a greasy, fawning, pawing, creeping, black-browed rascal, who could not look her full in the face, and whose every word sounded like a lie. There was a twang in his voice which ought to have told her that he was utterly untrustworthy. There was an oily pretence at earnestness in his manner which ought to have told that he was not fit to associate with gentlemen. There was a foulness of demeanour about him which ought to have given to her, as a woman at any rate brought up among ladies, an abhorrence of his society. But all this Lizzie did not feel. She ridiculed to Mrs. Carbuncle the idea of the preacher's courtship. She still thought that in the teeth of all her misfortunes she could do better with herself than marry Mr. Emilius. She conceived that the man must be impertinent if Mrs. Carbuncle's assertion were true; but she was neither angry nor disgusted, and she allowed him to talk to her, and even to make love to her, after his nasty pseudo-clerical fashion.

She could surely still do better with herself than marry Mr.

Emilius! It was now the twentieth of March, and a fortnight had gone since an intimation had been sent to her from the headquarters of the police that Patience Crabstick was in their hands. Nothing further had occurred, and it might be that Patience Crabstick had told no tale against her. She could not bring herself to believe that Patience had no tale to tell, but it might be that Patience, though she was in the hands of the police, would find it to her interest to tell no tale against her late mistress. At any rate, there was silence and quiet, and the affair of the diamonds seemed almost to be passing out of people's minds. Greystock had twice called in Scotland Yard, but had been able to learn nothing. It was feared, they said, that the people really engaged in the robbery had got away scot-free. Frank did not quite believe them, but he could learn nothing from them. Thus encouraged, Lizzie determined that she would remain in London till after Lucinda's marriage,—till after she should have received the promised letter from Lord Fawn, as to which, though it was so long in coming, she did not doubt that it would come at last. She could do nothing with Frank,—who was a fool! She could do nothing with Lord George,—who was a brute! Lord Fawn would still be within her reach, if only the secret about the diamonds could be kept a secret till after she should have become his wife.

About this time Lucinda spoke to her respecting her proposed journey. "You were talking of going to Scotland a week ago, Lady Eustace."

"And am still talking of it."

"Aunt Jane says that you are waiting for my wedding. It is very kind of you;—but pray don't do that."

"I shouldn't think of going now till after your marriage. It only wants ten or twelve days."

"I count them. I know how many days it wants. It may want more than that."

"You can't put it off now, I should think," said Lizzie; "and as I have ordered my dress for the occasion I shall certainly stay and wear it."

"I am very sorry for your dress. I am very sorry for it all. Do you know;—I sometimes think I shall——murder him."

"Lucinda,—how can you say anything so horrible! But I see you are only joking." There did come a ghastly smile over that beautiful face, which was so seldom lighted up by any expression of mirth or good humour. "But I wish you would not say such horrible things."

"It would serve him right;—and if he were to murder me, that would serve me right. He knows that I detest him, and yet he goes on with it. I have told him so a score of times, but nothing

will make him give it up. It is not that he loves me, but he thinks that that will be his triumph."

"Why don't you give it up, if it makes you unhappy?"

"It ought to come from him,—ought it not?"

"I don't see why," said Lizzie.

"He is not bound to anybody as I am bound to my aunt. No one can have exacted an oath from him. Lady Eustace, you don't quite understand how we are situated. I wonder whether you would take the trouble to be good to me?"

Lucinda Roanoke had never asked a favour of her before;—had never, to Lizzie's knowledge, asked a favour of any one. "In what way can I be good to you?" she said.

"Make him give it up. You may tell him what you like of me. Tell him that I shall only make him miserable, and more despicable than he is;—that I shall never be a good wife to him. Tell him that I am thoroughly bad, and that he will repent it to the last day of his life. Say whatever you like,—but make him give it up."

"When everything has been prepared!"

"What does all that signify compared to a life of misery? Lady Eustace, I really think that I should—kill him, if he really were,—were my husband." Lizzie at last said that she would, at any rate, speak to Sir Griffin.

And she did speak to Sir Griffin, having waited three or four days for an opportunity to do so. There had been some desperately sharp words between Sir Griffin and Mrs. Carbuncle, with reference to money. Sir Griffin had been given to understand that Lucinda had, or would have, some few hundred pounds, and insisted that the money should be handed over to him on the day of his marriage. Mrs. Carbuncle had declared that the money was to come from property to be realised in New York, and had named a day which had seemed to Sir Griffin to be as the Greek Kalends. He expressed an opinion that he was swindled, and Mrs. Carbuncle, unable to restrain herself, had turned upon him full of wrath. He was caught by Lizzie as he was descending the stairs, and in the dining-room he poured out the tale of his wrongs. "That woman doesn't know what fair dealing means," said he.

"That's a little hard, Sir Griffin, isn't it?" said Lizzie.

"Not a bit. A trumpery six hundred pounds! And she hasn't a shilling of fortune, and never will have, beyond that! No fellow ever was more generous or more foolish than I have been." Lizzie, as she heard this, could not refrain from thinking of the poor departed Sir Florian. "I didn't look for fortune, or say a word about money, as almost every man does,—but just took her as she was. And now she tells me that I can't have just the bit of money that I wanted for our tour. It would serve them both right if I were to give it up."

"Why don't you?" said Lizzie. He looked quickly, sharply, and closely into her face as she asked the question. "I would, if I thought as you do."

"And lay myself in for all manner of damages," said Sir Griffin.

"There wouldn't be anything of that kind, I'm sure. You see, the truth is, you and Miss Roanoke are always having,—having little tiffs together. I sometimes think you don't really care a bit for her."

"It's the old woman I'm complaining of," said Sir Griffin, "and I'm not going to marry her. I shall have seen the last of her when I get out of the church, Lady Eustace."

"Do you think she wishes it?"

"Who do you mean?" asked Sir Griffin.

"Why;—Lucinda?"

"Of course she does. Where'd she be now if it wasn't to go on? I don't believe they've money enough between them to pay the rent of the house they're living in."

"Of course, I don't want to make difficulties, Sir Griffin, and no doubt the affair has gone very far now. But I really think Lucinda would consent to break it off if you wish it. I have never thought that you were really in love with her."

He again looked at her very sharply and very closely. "Has she sent you to say all this?"

"Has who sent me? Mrs. Carbuncle didn't."

"But Lucinda?"

She paused a moment before she replied;—but she could not bring herself to be absolutely honest in the matter. "No;—she didn't send me. But from what I see and hear, I am quite sure she does not wish to go on with it."

"Then she shall go on with it," said Sir Griffin. "I'm not going to be made a fool of in that way. She shall go on with it; and the first thing I mean to tell her, as my wife, is, that she shall never see that woman again. If she thinks she's going to be master, she's very much mistaken." Sir Griffin, as he said this, showed his teeth, and declared his purpose to be masterful by his features as well as by his words;—but Lady Eustace was, nevertheless, of opinion that when the two came to an absolute struggle for mastery, the lady would get the better of it.

Lizzie never told Miss Roanoke of her want of success, or even of the effort she had made; nor did the unhappy young woman come to her for any reply. The preparations went on, and it was quite understood that, on this peculiar occasion, Mrs. Carbuncle intended to treat her friends with profuse hospitality. She proposed to give a breakfast; and as the house in Hertford Street was very small, rooms had been taken at an hotel in Albemarle Street. Thither, as

the day of the marriage drew near, all the presents were taken,—so that they might be viewed by the guests, with the names of the donors attached to them. As some of the money given had been very much wanted indeed, so that the actual cheques could not conveniently be spared just at the moment to pay for the presents which ought to have been bought,—a few very pretty things were hired, as to which, when the donors should see their names attached to them, they should surely think that the money given had been laid out to great advantage.

CHAPTER LXVII.

THE EYE OF THE PUBLIC.

It took Lord Fawn a long time to write his letter, but at last he wrote it. The delay must not be taken as throwing any slur on his character as a correspondent or a man of business, for many irritating causes sprang up sufficient to justify him in pleading that it arose from circumstances beyond his own control. It is, moreover, felt by us all that the time which may fairly be taken in the performance of any task depends, not on the amount of work, but on the importance of it when done. A man is not expected to write a cheque for a couple of thousand pounds as readily as he would one for five,—unless he be a man to whom a couple of thousand pounds is a mere nothing. To Lord Fawn the writing of this letter was everything. He had told Lizzie, with much exactness, what he would put into it. He would again offer his hand,—acknowledging himself bound to do so by his former offer,—but would give reasons why she should not accept it. If anything should occur in the meantime which would, in his opinion, justify him in again repudiating her, he would, of course, take advantage of such circumstance. If asked himself what was his prevailing motive in all that he did or intended to do, he would have declared that it was above all things necessary that he should “put himself right in the eye of the British public.”

But he was not able to do this without interference from the judgment of others. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hittaway interfered; and he could not prevent himself from listening to them and believing them, though he would contradict all they said, and snub all their theories. Frank Greystock also continued to interfere, and Lady Glencora Palliser. Even John Eustace had been worked upon to write to Lord Fawn, stating his opinion, as trustee for his late brother's property, that the Eustace family did not think that there was ground of complaint against Lady Eustace in reference to the diamonds which

had been stolen. This was a terrible blow to Lord Fawn, and had come, no doubt, from a general agreement among the Eustace faction, —including the bishop, John Eustace, and even Mr. Camperdown, —that it would be a good thing to get the widow married and placed under some decent control.

Lady Glencora absolutely had the effrontery to ask him whether the marriage was not going to take place, and when a day would be fixed. He gathered up his courage to give her ladyship a rebuke. "My private affairs do seem to be uncommonly interesting," he said.

"Why yes, Lord Fawn," said Lady Glencora, whom nothing could abash;—"most interesting. You see, dear Lady Eustace is so very popular, that we all want to know what is to be her fate."

"I regret to say that I cannot answer your ladyship's question with any precision," said Lord Fawn.

But the Hittaway persecution was by far the worst. "You have seen her, Frederic?" said his sister.

"Yes,—I have."

"You have made her no promise?"

"My dear Clara, this is a matter in which I must use my own judgment."

"But the family, Frederic?"

"I do not think that any member of our family has a just right to complain of my conduct since I have had the honour of being its head. I have endeavoured so to live that my actions should encounter no private or public censure. If I fail to meet with your approbation, I shall grieve; but I cannot, on that account, act otherwise than in accordance with my own judgment."

Mrs. Hittaway knew her brother well, and was not afraid of him. "That's all very well; and I am sure you know, Frederic, how proud we all are of you. But this woman is a nasty, low, scheming, ill-conducted, dishonest little wretch; and if you make her your wife you'll be miserable all your life. Nothing would make me and Orlando so unhappy as to quarrel with you. But we know that it is so, and to the last minute I shall say so. Why don't you ask her to her face about that man down in Scotland?"

"My dear Clara, perhaps I know what to ask her and what not to ask her better than you can tell me."

And his brother-in-law was quite as bad. "Fawn," he said, "in this matter of Lady Eustace, don't you think you ought to put your conduct into the hands of some friend?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"I think it is an affair in which a man would have so much comfort in being able to say that he was guided by advice. Of course, her people want you to marry her. Now, if you could just tell them that the whole thing was in the hands of,—say me,—or any other

friend, you would be relieved, you know, of so much responsibility. They might hammer away at me ever so long, and I shouldn't care twopence."

"If there is to be any hammering, it cannot be borne vicariously," said Lord Fawn,—and as he said it, he was quite pleased by his own sharpness and wit.

He had, indeed, put himself beyond protection by vicarious endurance of hammering when he promised to write to Lady Eustace, explaining his own conduct and giving reasons. Had anything turned up in Scotland Yard which would have justified him in saying,—or even in thinking,—that Lizzie had stolen her own diamonds, he would have sent word to her that he must abstain from any communication till that matter had been cleared up; but, since the appearance of that mysterious paragraph in the newspapers, nothing had been heard of the robbery, and public opinion certainly seemed to be in favour of Lizzie's innocence. He did think that the Eustace faction was betraying him, as he could not but remember how eager Mr. Camperdown had been in asserting that the widow was keeping an enormous amount of property, and claiming it as her own, whereas, in truth, she had not the slightest title to it. It was, in a great measure, in consequence of the assertions of the Eustace faction, almost in obedience to their advice, that he had resolved to break off the match; and now they turned upon him, and John Eustace absolutely went out of his way to write him a letter which was clearly meant to imply that he, Lord Fawn, was bound to marry the woman to whom he had once engaged himself! Lord Fawn felt that he was ill-used, and that a man might have to undergo a great deal of bad treatment who should strive to put himself right in the eye of the public.

At last he wrote his letter,—on a Wednesday, which with him had something of the comfort of a half-holiday, as on that day he was not required to attend Parliament.

"India Office, 28th March, 18—

"MY DEAR LADY EUSTACE,

"In accordance with the promise which I made to you when I did myself the honour of waiting upon you in Hertford Street, I take up my pen with the view of communicating to you the result of my deliberations respecting the engagement of marriage which, no doubt, did exist between us last summer.

"Since that time I have no doubt taken upon myself to say that that engagement was over; and I am free to admit that I did so without any assent or agreement on your part to that effect. Such conduct no doubt requires a valid and strong defence. My defence is as follows:—

"I learned that you were in possession of a large amount of property, vested in diamonds, which was claimed by the executors under your late husband's will as belonging to his estate; and as to which they declared, in the most positive manner, that you had no right or title to it whatever. I consulted friends and I consulted lawyers, and I was led to the conviction that this property certainly did not belong to you. Had I married you in these circumstances, I could not but have become a participator in the lawsuit which I was assured would be commenced. I could not be a participator with you, because I believed you to be in the wrong. And I certainly could not participate with those who would in such case be attacking my own wife.

"In this condition of things I requested you,—as you must, I think, yourself own, with all deference and good feeling,—to give up the actual possession of the property, and to place the diamonds in neutral hands,"—Lord Fawn was often called upon to be neutral in reference to the condition of outlying Indian principalities,—“till the law should have decided as to their ownership. As regards myself, I neither coveted nor rejected the possession of that wealth for my future wife. I desired simply to be free from an embarrassment which would have overwhelmed me. You declined my request,—not only positively, but perhaps I may add peremptorily; and then I was bound to adhere to the decision I had communicated to you.

"Since that time the property has been stolen, and, as I believe, dissipated. The lawsuit against you has been withdrawn; and the bone of contention, so to say, is no longer existing. I am no longer justified in declining to keep my engagement because of the prejudice to which I should have been subjected by your possession of the diamonds;—and, therefore, as far as that goes, I withdraw my withdrawal." This Lord Fawn thought was rather a happy phrase, and he read it aloud to himself more than once.

"But now there arises the question whether, in both our interests, this marriage should go on, or whether it may not be more conducive to your happiness and to mine that it should be annulled for causes altogether irrespective of the diamonds. In a matter so serious as marriage, the happiness of the two parties is that which requires graver thought than any other consideration.

"There has no doubt sprung up between us a feeling of mutual distrust, which has led to recrimination, and which is hardly compatible with that perfect confidence which should exist between a man and his wife. This first arose, no doubt, from the different views which we took as to that property of which I have spoken,—and as to which your judgment may possibly have been better than mine. On that head I will add nothing to what I have already said;

but the feeling has arisen ; and I fear it cannot be so perfectly allayed as to admit of that reciprocal trust without which we could not live happily together. I confess that for my own part I do not now desire a union which was once the great object of my ambition,—and that I could not go to the altar with you without fear and trembling. As to your own feelings, you best know what they are. I bring no charge against you;—but if you have ceased to love me, I think you should cease to wish to be my wife, and that you should not insist upon a marriage simply because by doing so you would triumph over a former objection.” Before he finished this paragraph, he thought much of Andy Gowran and of the scene among the rocks of which he had heard. But he could not speak of it. He had found himself unable to examine the witness who had been brought to him, and had honestly told himself that he could not take that charge as proved. Andy Gowran might have lied. In his heart he believed that Andy Gowran had lied. The matter was distasteful to him, and he would not touch it. And yet he knew that the woman did not love him, and he longed to tell her so.

“As to what we might each gain or each lose in a worldly point of view, either by marrying or not marrying, I will not say a word. You have rank and wealth, and, therefore, I can comfort myself by thinking that if I dissuade you from this marriage I shall rob you of neither. I acknowledge that I wish to dissuade you, as I believe that we should not make each other happy. As, however, I do consider that I am bound to keep my engagement to you if you demand that I shall do so, I leave the matter in your hands for decision.

“I am, and shall remain,

“Your sincere friend,

“FAWN.”

He read the letter and copied it, and gave himself great credit for the composition. He thought that it was impossible that any woman after reading it should express a wish to become the wife of the man who wrote it; and yet,—so he believed,—no man or woman could find fault with him for writing it. There certainly was one view of the case, which was very distressing. How would it be with him if, after all, she should say that she would marry him? After having given her her choice,—having put it all in writing,—he could not again go back from it. He would be in her power, and of what use would his life be to him? Would Parliament, or the India Office, or the eye of the public be able to comfort him then in the midst of his many miseries? What could he do with a wife whom he married with a declaration that he disliked her? With such feelings as were his, how could he stand before a clergyman and take an oath that he would love her and cherish her? Would

she not ever be as an adder to him,—as an adder whom it would be impossible that he should admit into his bosom? Could he live in the same house with her; and, if so, could he ask his mother and sisters to visit her? He remembered well what Mrs. Hittaway had called her;—a nasty, low, scheming, ill-conducted, dishonest, little wretch! And he believed that she was so! Yet he was once again offering to marry her, should she choose to accept him.

Nevertheless, the letter was sent. There was, in truth, no alternative. He had promised that he would write such a letter, and all that had remained to him was the power of cramming into it every available argument against the marriage. This he had done, and, as he thought, had done well. It was impossible that she should desire to marry him after reading such a letter as that!

Lizzie received it in her bedroom, where she breakfasted, and told of its arrival to her friend Mrs. Carbuncle as soon as they met each other. "My lord has come down from his high horse at last," she said, with the letter in her hand.

"What,—Lord Fawn?"

"Yes; Lord Fawn. What other lord? There is no other lord for me. He is my lord, my peer of Parliament, my Cabinet minister, my right honourable, my member of the Government,—my young man, too, as the maid-servants call them."

"What does he say?"

"Say;—what should he say?—just that he has behaved very badly, and that he hopes I shall forgive him."

"Not quite that! does he?"

"That's what it all means. Of course, there is ever so much of it,—pages of it. It wouldn't be Lord Fawn if he didn't spin it all out like an Act of Parliament, with 'whereas' and 'whereis,' and 'whereof.' It is full of all that; but the meaning of it is that he's at my feet again, and that I may pick him up if I choose to take him. I'd show you the letter, only perhaps it wouldn't be fair to the poor man."

"What excuse does he make?"

"Oh,—as to that he's rational enough. He calls the necklace the—bone of contention. That's rather good for Lord Fawn; isn't it? The bone of contention, he says, has been removed; and, therefore, there is no reason why we shouldn't marry if we like it. He shall hear enough about the bone of contention if we do 'marry.'"

"And what shall you do now?"

"Ah; yes; that's easily asked; is it not? The man's a good sort of man in his way, you know. He doesn't drink or gamble; and I don't think there is a bit of the King David about him,—that I don't."

"Virtue personified, I should say."

"And he isn't extravagant."

"Then why not have him and have done with it?" asked Mrs. Carbuncle.

"He is such a lumpy man," said Lizzie;—"such an ass; such a load of Government waste-paper."

"Come, my dear;—you've had troubles."

"I have, indeed," said Lizzie.

"And there's no quite knowing yet how far they're over."

"What do you mean by that, Mrs. Carbuncle?"

"Nothing very much:—but still, you see, they may come again. As to Lord George, we all know that he has not got a penny piece in the world that he can call his own."

"If he had as many pennies as Judas, Lord George would be nothing to me," said Lizzie.

"And your cousin really doesn't seem to mean anything."

"I know very well what my cousin means. He and I understand each other thoroughly; but cousins can love one another very well without marrying."

"Of course you know your own business, but if I were you I would take Lord Fawn. I speak in true kindness,—as one woman to another. After all, what does love signify? How much real love do we ever see among married people? Does Lady Glencora Palliser really love her husband, who thinks of nothing in the world but putting taxes on and off?"

"Do you love your husband, Mrs. Carbuncle?"

"No;—but that is a different kind of thing. Circumstances have caused me to live apart from him. The man is a good man, and there is no reason why you should not respect him, and treat him well. He will give you a fixed position,—which really you want badly, Lady Eustace."

"Tooriloo, tooriloo, tooriloo, looriloo," said Lizzie, in contemptuous disdain of her friend's caution.

"And then all this trouble about the diamonds and the robberies will be over," continued Mrs. Carbuncle. Lizzie looked at her very intently. What should make Mrs. Carbuncle suppose that there need be, or, indeed, could be, any further trouble about the diamonds?

"So;—that's your advice," said Lizzie. "I'm half inclined to take it, and perhaps I shall. However, I have brought him round, and that's something, my dear. And either one way or the other, I shall let him know that I like my triumph. I was determined to have it, and I've got it."

Then she read the letter again very seriously. Could she possibly marry a man who in so many words told her that he didn't want her? Well;—she thought she could. Was not everybody treating

everybody else much in the same way. Had she not loved her Corsair truly,—and how had he treated her? Had she not been true, disinterested, and most affectionate to Frank Greystock; and what had she got from him? To manage her business wisely, and put herself upon firm ground;—that was her duty at present. Mrs. Carbuncle was right there. The very name of Lady Fawn would be a rock to her,—and she wanted a rock. She thought upon the whole that she could marry him;—unless Patience Crabstick and the police should again interfere with her prosperity.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

THE MAJOR.

LADY EUSTACE did not intend to take as much time in answering Lord Fawn's letter as he had taken in writing it; but even she found that it was a subject which demanded a good deal of thought. Mrs. Carbuncle had very freely recommended her to take the man, supported her advice by arguments which Lizzie felt to be valid; but then Mrs. Carbuncle did not know all the circumstances. Mrs. Carbuncle had not actually seen his lordship's letter; and, though the greater part of the letter, the formal repetition, namely, of the writer's offer of marriage, had been truly told to her, still, as the reader will have perceived, she had been kept in the dark as to some of the details. Lizzie did sit at her desk with the object of putting a few words together in order that she might see how they looked, and she found that there was a difficulty. "My dear Lord Fawn. As we have been engaged to marry each other, and as all our friends have been told, I think that the thing had better go on." That, after various attempts, was, she thought, the best that she could send, if she should make up her mind to be Lady Fawn. But, on the morning of the 30th of March she had not sent her letter. She had told herself that she would take two days to think of her reply,—and, on the Friday morning the few words she had prepared were still lying in her desk.

What was she to get by marrying a man she absolutely disliked? That he also disliked her was not a matter much in her thoughts. The man would not ill-treat her because he disliked her; or, it might perhaps be juster to say, that the ill-treatment which she might fairly anticipate would not be of a nature which would much affect her comfort grievously. He would not beat her, nor rob her, nor lock her up, nor starve her. He would either neglect her, or preach sermons to her. For the first she could console herself by the atten-

tion of others ; and should he preach, perhaps she could preach too, —as sharply if not as lengthily as his lordship. At any rate, she was not afraid of him. But what would she gain ? It is very well to have a rock, as Mrs. Carbuncle had said, but a rock is not everything. She did not know whether she cared much for living upon a rock. Even stability may be purchased at too high a price. There was not a grain of poetry in the whole composition of Lord Fawn, and poetry was what her very soul craved ;—poetry, together with houses, champagne, jewels, and admiration. Her income was still her own, and she did not quite see that the rock was so absolutely necessary to her. Then she wrote another note to Lord Fawn, a specimen of a note, so that she might have the opportunity of comparing the two. This note took her much longer than the one first written.

“ My Lord,—I do not know how to acknowledge with sufficient humility the condescension and great kindness of your lordship’s letter. But perhaps its manly generosity is more conspicuous than either. The truth is, my Lord, you want to escape from your engagement, but are too much afraid of the consequences to dare to do so by any act of your own ;—therefore you throw it upon me. You are quite successful. I don’t think you ever read poetry, but perhaps you may understand the two following lines ;—

‘ I am constrained to say, your lordship’s scullion
Should sooner be my husband than yourself.’

“ I see through you, and despise you thoroughly.

“ E. EUSTACE.”

She was comparing the two answers together, very much in doubt as to which should be sent, when there came a message to her by a man, whom she knew to be a policeman, though he did not announce himself as such, and was dressed in plain clothes. Major Mackintosh sent his compliments to her, and would wait upon her that afternoon at three o’clock, if she would have the kindness to receive him. At the first moment of seeing the man she felt that after all the rock was what she wanted. Mrs. Carbuncle was right. She had had troubles and might have more, and the rock was the thing. But then the more certainly did she become convinced of this by the presence of the major’s messenger, the more clearly did she see the difficulty of attaining the security which the rock offered. If this public exposure should fall upon her, Lord Fawn’s renewed offer, as she knew well, would stand for nothing. If once it were known that she had kept the necklace,—her own necklace,—under her pillow at Carlisle, he would want no further justification in repudiating her, were it for the tenth time.

She was very uncivil to the messenger, and the more so because she found that the man bore her rudeness without turning upon her and rending her. When she declared that the police had behaved very badly, and that Major Mackintosh was inexcusable in troubling her again, and that she had ceased to care twopence about the necklace,—the man made no remonstrance to her petulance. He owned that the trouble was very great, and the police very inefficient. He almost owned that the major was inexcusable. He did not care what he owned so that he achieved his object. But, when Lizzie said that she could not see Major Mackintosh at three and objected equally to two, four, or five; then the courteous messenger from Scotland Yard did say a word to make her understand that there must be a meeting,—and he hinted also that the major was doing a most unusually good-natured thing in coming to Hertford Street. Of course, Lizzie made the appointment. If the major chose to come, she would be at home at three.

As soon as the policeman was gone, she sat alone, with a manner very much changed from that which she had worn since the arrival of Lord Fawn's letter,—with a fresh weight of care upon her, greater perhaps than she had ever hitherto borne. She had had bad moments,—when, for instance, she had been taken before the magistrates at Carlisle, when she found the police in her house on her return from the theatre, and when Lord George had forced her secret from her. But at each of these periods hope had come renewed, before despair had crushed her. Now it seemed to her that the thing was done and that the game was over. This chief man of the London police no doubt knew the whole story. If she could only already have climbed upon some rock, so that there might be a man bound to defend her,—a man at any rate bound to put himself forward on her behalf and do whatever might be done in her defence, she might have endured it!

What should she do now,—at this minute? She looked at her watch and found that it was already past one. Mrs. Carbuncle, as she knew, was closeted up-stairs with Lucinda, whose wedding was fixed for the following Monday. It was now Friday. Were she to call upon Mrs. Carbuncle for aid, no aid would be forthcoming unless she were to tell the whole truth. She almost thought that she would do so. But then, how great would have been her indiscretion if, after all, when the major should come, she should discover that he did not know the truth himself! That Mrs. Carbuncle would keep her secret she did not for a moment think. She longed for the comfort of some friend's counsel, but she found at last that she could not purchase it by telling everything to a woman.

Might it not be possible that she should still run away? She did not know much of the law, but she thought that they could not

punish her for breaking an appointment even with a man so high in authority as Major Mackintosh. She could leave a note saying that pressing business called her out. But whither should she go? She thought of taking a cab to the House of Commons, finding her cousin, and telling him everything. It would be so much better that he should see the major. But then, again, it might be that she should be mistaken as to the amount of the major's information. After a while, she almost determined to fly off at once to Scotland, leaving word that she was obliged to go instantly to her child. But there was no direct train to Scotland before eight or nine in the evening, and during the intervening hours the police would have ample time to find her. What, indeed, could she do with herself during these intervening hours? Ah, if she had but a rock now, so that she need not be dependent altogether on the exercise of her own intellect!

Gradually the minutes passed by, and she became aware that she must face the major. Well! What had she done? She had stolen nothing. She had taken no person's property. She had, indeed, been wickedly robbed, and the police had done nothing to get back for her her property, as they were bound to have done. She would take credit to tell the major what she thought about the negligence of the police. The major should not have the talk all to himself.

If it had not been for one word with which Lord George had stunned her ears, she could still have borne it well. She had told a lie;—perhaps two or three lies. She knew that she had lied. But then people lie every day. She would not have minded it much if she were simply to be called a liar. But he had told her that she would be accused of—perjury. There was something frightful to her in the name. And there were, she knew not what, dreadful penalties attached to it. Lord George had told her that she might be put in prison,—whether he had said for years or for months she had forgotten. And she thought she had heard of people's property being confiscated to the Crown when they had been made out to be guilty of certain great offences. Oh, how she wished that she had a rock!

When three o'clock came, she had not started for Scotland or elsewhere, and at last she received the major. Could she have thoroughly trusted the servant, she would have denied herself at the last moment, but she feared that she might be betrayed, and she thought that her position would be rendered even worse than it was at present by a futile attempt. She was sitting alone, pale, haggard, trembling, when Major Mackintosh was shown into her room. It may be as well explained at once that, at this moment, the major knew, or thought that he knew, every circumstance of the two robberies, and that his surmises were in every respect right. Miss

Crabstick and Mr. Cann were in comfortable quarters, and were prepared to tell all that they could tell. Mr. Smiler was in durance, and Mr. Benjamin was at Vienna, in the hands of the Austrian police, who were prepared to give him up to those who desired his society in England, on the completion of certain legal formalities. That Mr. Benjamin and Mr. Smiler would be prosecuted, the latter for the robbery and the former for conspiracy to rob, and for receiving stolen goods, was a matter of course. But what was to be done with Lady Eustace? That, at the present moment, was the prevailing trouble with the police. During the last three weeks every precaution had been taken to keep the matter secret, and it is hardly too much to say, that Lizzie's interests were handled not only with consideration but with tenderness.

"Lady Eustace," said the major, "I am very sorry to trouble you. No doubt the man who called on you this morning explained to you who I am."

"Oh yes, I know who you are,—quite well." Lizzie made a great effort to speak without betraying her consternation; but she was nearly prostrated. The major, however, hardly observed her, and was by no means at ease himself in his effort to save her from unnecessary annoyance. He was a tall, thin, gaunt man of about forty, with large, good-natured eyes;—but it was not till the interview was half over that Lizzie took courage to look even into his face.

"Just so; I am come, you know, about the robbery which took place here,—and the other robbery at Carlisle."

"I have been so troubled about these horrid robberies! Sometimes I think they'll be the death of me."

"I think, Lady Eustace, we have found out the whole truth."

"Oh, I daresay. I wonder why—you have been so long—finding it out."

"We have had very clever people to deal with, Lady Eustace;—and I fear that, even now, we shall never get back the property."

"I do not care about the property, sir;—although it was all my own. Nobody has lost anything but myself; and I really don't see why the thing should not die out, as I don't care about it. Whoever it is, they may have it now."

"We were bound to get to the bottom of it all, if we could; and I think that we have,—at last. Perhaps, as you say, we ought to have done it sooner."

"Oh—I don't care."

"We have two persons in custody, Lady Eustace, whom we shall use as witnesses, and I am afraid we shall have to call upon you also,—as a witness." It occurred to Lizzie that they could not lock her up in prison and make her a witness too, but she said

nothing. Then the major continued his speech,—and asked her the question which was, in fact, alone material. “Of course, Lady Eustace, you are not bound to say anything to me unless you like it,—and you must understand that I by no means wish you to criminate yourself.”

“I don’t know what that means.”

“If you yourself have done anything wrong, I don’t want to ask you to confess it.”

“I have had all my diamonds stolen, if you mean that. Perhaps it was wrong to have diamonds.”

“But to come to my question,—I suppose we may take it for granted that the diamonds were in your desk when the thieves made their entrance into this house, and broke the desk open, and stole the money out of it?” Lizzie breathed so hardly, that she was quite unable to speak. The man’s voice was very gentle and very kind,—but then how could she admit that one fact? All depended on that one fact. “The woman Crabstick,” said the major, “has confessed, and will state on her oath that she saw the necklace in your hands in Hertford Street, and that she saw it placed in the desk. She then gave information of this to Benjamin,—as she had before given information as to your journey up from Scotland,—and she was introduced to the two men whom she let into the house. One of them, indeed, who will also give evidence for us, she had before met at Carlisle. She then was present when the necklace was taken out of the desk. The man who opened the desk and took it out, who also cut the door at Carlisle, will give evidence to the same effect. The man who carried the necklace out of the house, and who broke open the box at Carlisle, will be tried,—as will also Benjamin, who disposed of the diamonds. I have told you the whole story, as it has been told to me by the woman Crabstick. Of course, you will deny the truth of it, if it be untrue.” Lizzie sat with her eyes fixed upon the floor, but said nothing. She could not speak. “If you will allow me, Lady Eustace, to give you advice,—really friendly advice——”

“Oh, pray do.”

“You had better admit the truth of the story, if it is true.”

“They were my own,” she whispered.

“Or, at any rate, you believed that they were. There can be no doubt, I think, as to that. No one supposes that the robbery at Carlisle was arranged on your behalf.”

“Oh, no.”

“But you had taken them out of the box before you went to bed at the inn?”

“Not then.”

“But you had taken them?”

"I did it in the morning before I started from Scotland. They frightened me by saying the box would be stolen."

"Exactly;—and then you put them into your desk here, in this house?"

"Yes,—sir."

"I should tell you, Lady Eustace, that I had not a doubt about this before I came here. For some time past I have thought that it must be so; and latterly the confessions of two of the accomplices have made it certain to me. One of the housebreakers and the jeweller will be tried for the felony, and I am afraid that you must undergo the annoyance of being one of the witnesses."

"What will they do to me, Major Mackintosh?" Lizzie now for the first time looked up into his eyes, and felt that they were kind. Could he be her rock? He did not speak to her like an enemy;—and then, too, he would know better than any man alive how she might best escape from her trouble.

"They will ask you to tell the truth."

"Indeed I will do that," said Lizzie,—not aware that, after so many lies, it might be difficult to tell the truth.

"And you will probably be asked to repeat it, this way and that, in a manner that will be troublesome to you. You see that here in London, and at Carlisle, you have—given incorrect versions."

"I know I have. But the necklace was my own. There was nothing dishonest;—was there, Major Mackintosh? When they came to me at Carlisle I was so confused that I hardly knew what to tell them. And when I had once—given an incorrect version, you know, I didn't know how to go back."

The major was not so well acquainted with Lizzie as is the reader, and he pitied her. "I can understand all that," he said.

How much kinder he was than Lord George had been when she confessed the truth to him. Here would be a rock! And such a handsome man as he was, too,—not exactly a Corsair, as he was great in authority over the London police,—but a powerful, fine fellow, who would know what to do with swords and pistols as well as any Corsair;—and one, too, no doubt, who would understand poetry! Any such dream, however, was altogether unavailing, as the major had a wife at home and seven children. "If you will only tell me what to do, I will do it," she said, looking up into his face with entreaty, and pressing her hands together in supplication.

Then at great length, and with much patience, he explained to her what he would have her do. He thought that, if she were summoned and used as a witness, there would be no attempt to prosecute her for the—incorrect versions—of which she had undoubtedly been guilty. The probability was, that she would receive assurance to this effect before she would be asked to give her

evidence, preparatory to the committal of Benjamin and Smiler. He could not assure her that it would be so, but he had no doubt of it. In order, however, that things might be made to run as smooth as possible, he recommended her very strongly to go at once to Mr. Camperdown and make a clean breast of it to him. "The whole family should be told," said the major, "and it will be better for you that they should know it from yourself than from us." When she hesitated, he explained to her that the matter could no longer be kept as a secret, and that her evidence would certainly appear in the papers. He proposed that she should be summoned for that day week,—which would be the Friday after Lucinda's marriage, and he suggested that she should go to Mr. Camperdown's on the morrow. "What!—to-morrow?" exclaimed Lizzie, in dismay.

"My dear Lady Eustace," said the major, "the sooner you get back into straight running, the sooner you will be comfortable." Then she promised that she would go on the Tuesday,—the day after the marriage. "If he learns it in the meantime, you must not be surprised," said the major.

"Tell me one thing, Major Mackintosh," she said, as she gave him her hand at parting,—“they can't take away from me anything that is my own;—can they?”

"I don't think they can," said the major, escaping rather quickly from the room.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CRITICAL NOTICE.

The Elements of Inductive Logic. By THOMAS FOWLER, M.A. Second Edition. Clarendon Press, 1872.

ONE has been accustomed to regard the study of the inductive processes of science as the work of a few advanced minds that combine a certain amount of knowledge of the several sciences with considerable philosophic culture. But the recent publication of several manuals of Inductive Logic specially designed for young students, may be taken to show that this subject is now passing into the educational stage, and means to compete for the suffrages of the younger intellects with such well-recognised claimants as Physical Science and History. We recently noticed the elaborate attempt of Mr. Bain to adapt the wide fields of Induction to the first rank of young explorers. In a much slighter manual of Logic designed for the higher schools, Mr. Jevons has sought to sketch out, in addition to the many details of the deductive branch, a few main lines of the inductive scheme. There remains the work of Mr. Fowler, lying, in respect to elementary character, midway between the other two, which we propose to examine in this place.

Nobody, one supposes, will be otherwise than satisfied with the spreading attention to the second and fundamental part of the Theory of Inference which is here implied; and few, perhaps, will object to the absorption of so abstruse a subject into the best didactic courses. It might, indeed, occur to one, only superficially acquainted with the science, that its principles have been constructed too recently to allow of its being adapted to an easy expository form. Those who best know what firmness and clearness of outline much of the structure showed as it left the hands of Mr. Mill, will at once recognise the groundlessness of such an objection. As positive reasons for the progress of the study, it may be sufficient to refer to the prominence in education which is gradually being acquired by the physical sciences, as well as to the large measure of practical utility attaching to the rules of inductive argument; an ignorance of which, still more frequently than inexactness in syllogistic interpretation, is the cause of oft-repeated fallacies; and which act as a healthy stimulus to doubt and wise restraint of faith, even in those cases of moral and social propositions which do not lend themselves as yet to the prescribed test.

Mr. Fowler's treatise bears throughout the marks of a well-sustained attention to the design announced at the commencement. This is to assist those—chiefly students at the universities—"who have not time or opportunity to consult larger works, or who require some preliminary knowledge before they can profitably enter upon the study of them." It is for this reason, probably, that the author treats Induction as coextensive with generalisations of Causation, and takes no account of the laws of mathematical and other phenomena. For the laws of Causation are the only examples of induction reducible to definite rules and formula. At the same time it might be well, one supposes, to remind the student of the large number of unassailable truths that do not admit of this precise scientific revision. In addition to the laws of space and number, there is the large body of truths relating to properties of kind, or the "co-inherence of attributes," as it has been called, which cannot yet, and perhaps never will, be brought under facts of causation. The omission of

all reference to these extra causal inductions appears to us a certain drawback to Mr. Fowler's account of Empirical Generalisations. For instance, when he is contrasting the Method of Agreement and the process of Simple Enumeration (p. 209), he does not mention that there are orders of facts, as the complex coexistences of animal and vegetal organism, to which the former, as an instrument for detecting *a single* attendant of a phenomenon, is obviously inapplicable. Similarly is the subject of analogy quite exhausted by supposing this kind of argument to be invariably based on a chance of community of cause between the analogical phenomena? Many inferences of this class have nothing to do with causation, but proceed upon the primitive instinct of the mind to infer the existence of the like with the like; as, for example, in arguing with respect to the corporeal nature of intelligences conceived as existing elsewhere than on our planet.

Consistently with the same purpose of making the exposition available for beginners, Mr. Fowler manages to keep clear of one-sided and inadequate statement when he discusses the more fundamental questions of the science. Where there are opposing theories, a clear *résumé* of each is given, without attempting an exact settlement of the question. Only in one or two cases could one object to the re-statement of a controverted point. For example, when it is said (p. 14) that it is indifferent whether the mind of the young reasoner infers directly from particulars to particulars, or indirectly through generals, it seems to be forgotten that on this point turns what we may call the historical prestige of deduction as the sole form of argument.

In the account of the methods and their canons Mr. Fowler strikes us as highly successful. Not only is there great clearness of language and reasonableness of arrangement, but, in spite of the limits imposed by the nature of the treatise, care is taken to show the mutual relations of the methods, and to analyse their principles, at least approximately. "It may be noticed," says Mr. Fowler (p. 196), "that the inductive methods are strictly reducible to two only—the method of agreement and the method of difference; the joint method of agreement and difference being a double employment of the method of agreement supplemented by an employment of the method of difference, the method of concomitant variations being a series of employments of the method of difference, and the method of residues being, strictly speaking, a deductive method employed in an inductive inquiry."

Similarly the attention of the reader is called to those circumstances which occasionally render the methods inoperative. Thus an attempt is made (p. 136) to determine the cases in which we may presume on the disturbing action either of the plurality of causes or of the intermixture of effects. This line of remark might, we think, be carried still further. It could be shown that we are very seldom able to apply the methods in the easy and mechanical way in which they have to be set out in logic. Both in observation and in experiment the use of the methods can be of little avail apart from that seemingly instinctive sense of the locus of the required phenomenon, which is the fruit of all previous study and discovery in the same order of facts. It is this distinguishing possession of the scientific mind which is ever tending to enlarge the possible field for the employment of the methods. It is gradually enabling explorers in the region of mental and social phenomena to detect the needed concomitant even when it cannot be absolutely eliminated, and its connection is not made obvious by large and conspicuous co-variations.

In one or two places the critical reader may perhaps find Mr. Fowler's remarks on the methods questionable improvements on Mr. Mill's account of them. Thus he seems to think (p. 153) that the positive branch of the joint method is only necessary as putting the observer on the track of the circumstance, the connection of which is proved solely by the negative instances. But, as Mr. Mill has pointed out, it is rarely possible to obtain the required negative instances agreeing in the absence of nothing but the particular phenomenon, and for this reason the positive instances constitute not only a step towards proof, but a considerable element of it.

Another disputable point may be found in the author's view of the precise logical character of the method of residues (p. 165). According to this the method in question is really deductive, and is included among the processes of induction, simply because it deals with the results of previous inductions and leads to the discovery of new ones. Surely there is no need for such a modest defence of the place assigned to this type of inquiry. First of all, the discovery of a connection between a group of antecedents and a group of consequents, which is the first step in this method, is as much an induction as the establishing of a single connection. Secondly, the virtual removal of the known elements, though effected deductively, is, as Mr. Mill says, "a peculiar modification of the method of difference." Hence this method is just as much a process of induction as the other methods, in which, as Mr. Bain has well shown, there is always an element of deduction as well.

A principal criterion of excellence in any new work on Induction consists in the range and appositeness of the illustrations selected. Mr. Fowler may be congratulated on having satisfied these conditions. The examples chosen are of very various orders, and appear to be wisely selected for their purpose. Possibly a word or two appended to some of the longer quotations from scientific works might enable the student to grasp more effectually the significance of the example.

The fallacious simulations of logical induction are discussed and illustrated quite as fully as its genuine varieties, and a careful perusal of this part may be safely recommended as a wholesome piece of intellectual discipline to every student. The division of fallacies that owes its existence to inherent infirmities of the mind is wisely perhaps left undiscussed, though the author does not hesitate in places (e.g. p. 242) to point out very distinctly the prevailing psychological sources of crude belief. As a valuable element in Mr. Fowler's classification of fallacies, one may refer to the careful attempt to determine the classes of error that are incidental to the several methods (p. 278). On the whole the examples selected to illustrate the particular fallacy are sufficiently clear. Yet in one or two examples Mr. Fowler appears to us to have confounded different varieties of logical blunder. For example, the theory of the French grammarian respecting the derivation of the Romance languages through the Provençal (p. 296) does not, so far as we can see, illustrate any species of induction, the reasoning in such cases being, in fact, deductive, and derived from a consideration of a complex set of resemblances.

These slight matters, however, do not affect the highly careful and trustworthy character of the whole, and we would cordially recommend it as eminently fitted to render interesting and profitable a first approach to what may have been unwisely considered a repellingly abstruse department of science.

J. SULLY.

THE

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THE NATIONALISATION OF THE LAND.¹

IN the economic revolution which the members of the International and other modern Socialists hope to inaugurate, it is evident that the change upon which they have most set their hearts is the nationalisation of the land and other instruments of production. I have endeavoured, by a careful perusal of the documents of the International, and by frequent conversations with many of its members, to ascertain with as much accuracy as possible the precise meaning which is attributed to nationalising the land and all the other instruments of production. So far as I am able to judge, it is apparently proposed that the land of the country and all its industrial appliances should be purchased by the State, and when thus converted into national property, the land and the other instruments of production should be used by the people, on the understanding that they should pay to the State for such use a fair rent or price. An impression no doubt prevails that this national property is to be acquired without giving existing owners an adequate compensation. It cannot be denied that there is some warrant for such an opinion in the language which is occasionally employed by some of the advocates of this new socialistic movement. Thus it has not been unfrequently said that private property is a crime and a blunder; that the land was originally the people's, that it has wrongly been taken away from them, and therefore ought to be restored to them. I think, however, such phrases are to be regarded as the language of excited rhetoric, and that they do not represent the serious intentions of modern Socialists. When the question is calmly put to them, I have always found that they protest against such a policy of confiscation, and they invariably admit that a proper compensation should be given to the owners of land and of any other property which may be taken over by the State.

(1) This essay forms part of a course of lectures delivered in the University of Cambridge in the Lent Term of 1872.

It should, however, be remarked that some who repudiate the idea of immediate confiscation really advocate a policy analogous to it. Such persons maintain that if no existing owners were dispossessed, but if the State took possession of the land at the death of existing owners, there would be no confiscation and no injustice. It is, however, at once evident that the adoption of such a plan would be equivalent to wholesale confiscation; the exact pecuniary amount of which can be estimated by the difference in value between a life interest in any particular estate and its fee-simple. It must be also borne in mind that no inconsiderable portion of the land of the country is held by various corporations, such as colleges and schools. A corporate body cannot die; therefore it may be presumed that all the land which is thus held would be immediately taken over by the State. As, however, the idea most prevalent among Internationalists and other modern Socialists is the immediate purchase of the land by the State, I will proceed to trace some of the consequences which would result from carrying out the policy of nationalisation in the manner just indicated.

It will be well, in the first instance, to confine our attention to the land, and assume that after it has been fairly valued, the State compulsorily purchases the whole of it at its present market price. It is not necessary now to consider whether such an enforced dispossession of the owners of property, even if they receive a pecuniary compensation, can be defended on any recognised principles of justice. Some, no doubt, would maintain that, even if the landlords were unfairly treated, it is quite justifiable to inflict an injury on a limited class, in order to secure the greater happiness of the whole community. There will, however, be no occasion to consider whether such a theory is or is not defensible; for I believe it will not be difficult to show that the purchase of the land by the State would, on the contrary, make the social and economic condition of the country in every respect far more unsatisfactory than it is at the present time.

It is difficult to estimate with precision the present value of the whole landed property of the country. Competent authorities say that the value of all the land and houses in this country, exclusive of mines and railways, cannot be less than £4,500,000,000. This enormous sum, exceeding by six times our national debt, would have to be raised in the form of a State loan, in order to carry out the first part of this policy of nationalising the instruments of production. For, after such an expenditure had been incurred in acquiring land and houses, it is probable that at least an equal outlay would be involved in purchasing the railways, mines, buildings, machinery, and various other appliances which constitute the industrial plant of the community. But, confining our attention to the first transaction, let us inquire in what way, and upon what terms, the State would

obtain this £4,500,000,000. In order to put the case as fairly as possible, let it be assumed that the financial credit of the country has not been in the slightest degree injured by the social and political revolution which the members of the International themselves admit must in all probability take place before they can hope to see their schemes practically realised. It may, therefore, be granted that the loan would be raised on the same terms as if nothing had occurred to disturb the credit of the country. Our Government is now able to borrow money at the rate of three and a quarter per cent. Sir John Lubbock, who, as one of the leading London bankers, has had great experience in monetary affairs, expresses a confident opinion that the raising of so large a loan would increase the rate of interest at least one per cent. It therefore appears, after making proper allowance for the cost of collection and management, that the Government would not be able to borrow this £4,500,000,000 at less than four and a half per cent. There is, in fact, every reason to suppose that it would be necessary to pay a considerably higher rate of interest. If, however, what may be regarded as the minimum rate of only four and a half per cent. were paid, the annual charge involved in such a loan would be £202,500,000. This sum exceeds by nearly three times our present national revenue. After making due allowance for expenses involved in management, in collection of rents, in repairs, and in the erection of new buildings, it can scarcely be doubted that the land and house property in this country does not yield upon its present market price a return of more than three and a quarter per cent. There would, therefore, be a loss of one and a quarter per cent. upon the purchase, or, in other words, there would be an annual deficit of £50,000,000. This large deficiency would exist, even if the rent of land and of houses was in every single instance maintained at its present high level. But is not a reduction in rent the chief advantage which the advocates of this nationalising policy hope to secure? The belief that land is too dear and that house-rent is too high is the chief cause which has led to the enthusiastic adoption of the proposal; and the members of the International and other Socialists would be the first to admit that they had been bitterly disappointed and cruelly deceived if they found, after their schemes had been realised, that they were obliged to pay just as high a price as ever for permission to cultivate the land or for the privilege of obtaining a certain amount of house accommodation. It may, therefore, be fairly concluded that if the State purchased the land and houses, the transaction would involve an annual loss of at least £50,000,000, and the loss would be far greater than this if rents were not maintained at what is so generally denounced as their present extravagant rate.

Whilst, however, remarking on the financial aspects of the ques-

tion, it is well to direct attention to the fact that mismanagement, extravagance, and jobbery are almost invariably associated with the trading and commercial undertakings of governments. When the English telegraphs were recently bought for the nation, it is well known that an extravagant price was paid for them. It is scarcely too much to say a kind of extortion was practised on our Government, and the result was that more than a million pounds was virtually taken out of the pockets of the taxpayers to be distributed amongst the fortunate holders of telegraph shares. It must also be borne in mind that all governments try to strengthen their position by the exercise of patronage; and the more patronage a government has to bestow, the more will pecuniary and political corruption flourish. It is obvious that if the land and other instruments of production were purchased by the State, the amount of Government patronage would be indefinitely increased. The Government would at once have placed at their disposal an infinite number of opportunities of rewarding friends and of injuring opponents. When the land, for instance, was being bought, what would be more easy than to recompense on a scale of great liberality a proprietor who happened to be a political supporter, or who was in a position to exercise influence? On the other hand, it would be equally easy to deprive of a portion of their just compensation those landowners who were either not well affected to the Government of the day or who had not the support of powerful friends. Jealousy and discontent would thus be produced, and a most demoralising and corrupting temptation would be brought to bear upon the people and upon the Government.

Serious as are the evils which are thus shown to be associated with the purchase of the land by the State, there would, however, ensue far graver mischief when the land and the other instruments of production came to be distributed at a fair price amongst the people. Hitherto our State officials have appeared to be incapable of successfully carrying on the business connected with the existing departments. The public will not soon forget the condition of affairs in one of the greatest of the departments, revealed in the evidence given by officials before the Megæra Commission. May it not be confidently assumed that the utter incapacity for business which was there disclosed would manifest itself in the department for the administration of the land and the other instruments of production after they had become the property of the State? An enormous pecuniary loss would of course be the result of this mismanagement. The subject must be thus considered, in order to form an adequate conception of the extent to which the annual net return from the land would fall short of the amount which would each year have to be paid as interest upon the purchase-money. The deficiency which would in this way have to be made good

would be enormous. It would in all probability exceed £100,000,000 per annum.

But this does not represent the most serious obstacle which the scheme would have to surmount. No adequate conception can be formed of its hopeless impracticability, and of the disastrous consequences it would produce, unless we endeavour to picture to ourselves what would take place when the process of letting the land to the people at a fair price commenced. What method of selection is it proposed to adopt in order to decide who shall be the favoured tenants to be located on fertile and picturesque land within easy reach of large towns? and who, on the other hand, are to be the unfortunates who are to be deported to the bleak moors of Yorkshire or to the dreary wastes of Sutherlandshire? If it were attempted to regulate the allotment and apportionment of the land by competition, it will at once be perceived that equally great difficulties would ensue, and the advocates of the scheme would be landed in a still worse dilemma. The most fertile and the most favourably situated land would be actively competed for. The wealthy would obtain the best situations, the poor would be driven to the most impoverished soils. Thus competition, so hateful to Socialism, would act with uncontrolled force, and would exercise as much influence as ever.

When such considerations as these were on one occasion pointed out to some of the leading supporters of the nationalisation of the land, they made some such rejoinder as the following:—It would be our first duty and our chief anxiety to prevent the force of competition coming into operation. It has done more than anything else to make our present condition so unsatisfactory; we lay to its charge much of the misery which we have to endure, and most of the misfortunes under which we suffer. It is because competition so much raises the price of land that we are crowded into unwholesome courts. If land were cheaper, instead of being thus huddled together we might each of us have a house surrounded by a plot of ground; and our children, instead of breathing a pestilential air, and being reared surrounded by vice and squalor, might dwell in some sunny and salubrious situation, enjoying the pleasures of a country life.—All this, it is thought, might be realised by banishing competition; because, it is maintained, if the land were cheaper, and were more equally divided, there would be far more than enough for all. But even if this utopian idea could be realised, and if the State let the land at an uniform price, it at once becomes evident that the influence of competition would neither cease nor diminish. It would simply exert its activity in a somewhat different direction. If the State decided to let every plot of land at an uniform rate, it is obvious that there would be as active a competition as there is now to obtain the most fertile and the most

conveniently situated allotments. As previously remarked, the Government would have placed in its hands an entirely unprecedented opportunity of rewarding friends and of punishing foes. The vast sum which is represented by the difference in value between the more productive and the less productive land would be virtually placed at the disposal of the State to dispense as patronage. As a natural consequence, the whole community would be demoralised and degraded by bringing into activity an incalculable amount of jobbery, intrigue, and favouritism. Again, it must be borne in mind that if the land were thus let at an uniform price, the purchase of it by the State would inevitably be financially so disastrous as to involve the nation in bankruptcy. The particular pecuniary amount which is meant when this uniform price is spoken of has never been clearly defined. It is probably intended that the rent should be what is vaguely called a fair and moderate one. But if the imposition of moderate rents is that which is desired, it is manifest that the charging of an uniform price for the use of land would entirely defeat the object sought to be attained. A pound an acre would be an extremely moderate price to pay for some land; but, in other instances, it would represent a rent so excessive, that if it were imposed land would be thrown out of cultivation. Five pounds an acre charged for land in the neighbourhood of large towns may be very much lower rent than two shillings an acre for land on the Scotch or North of England moors. There cannot be a greater fallacy than to suppose that the highest-rented land is the dearest, or that the lowest-rented land is the cheapest. For the additional rent which is paid, at least an equivalent is given in consequence of the land being more fertile or more conveniently situated. The farmer who cultivates highly rented land virtually pays a premium for the use of an efficient machine; and it is just as unreasonable to say that he is placed in a worse position than the man who cultivates land for which a low rent is charged, as it would be to suppose that a manufacturer who pays a certain annual sum for the use of a machine is in a worse position than those by whom the machine is not used. It therefore appears that if it were possible to fix the rent of land at some uniform rate, the only result would be that some land would be greatly underlet, whilst some would be so enormously overrented that its remunerative cultivation would be impossible.

Innumerable as thus appear to be the difficulties which would arise if an attempt were made to levy an uniform rent on agricultural land, the proposal is far more absurd and impracticable when it is applied to building land. Although agricultural land varies greatly in value—some letting for seven pounds an acre, whereas, in other instances, a rent of not more than one shilling an acre is yielded, yet such differences in value appear trifling when we consider the price

which is realised by the most eligible sites for building. Within the last few years land has been sold in the City of London at the rate of a hundred thousand pounds an acre.

When, however, the visionary nature of the proposal to charge an uniform price for the use of land is brought distinctly home to the advocates of nationalisation, they not unfrequently shift their ground and maintain that what they desire is not uniform rents, but a general reduction in all rents. Feeling that the conditions of life are too hard, that an adequate maintenance cannot be obtained without too great a struggle and without an undue amount of toil, observing that there is too much poverty and misery, they at once hurry to the conclusion that all this which is so unsatisfactory would be to a considerable extent remedied if the rent paid for land, houses, and the other instruments of production could be reduced. They further urge that as long as these things are permitted to remain private property, no such general reduction of rents is possible; for competition will always force the price up to the highest point. If, however, the proposed policy of nationalisation were carried out, the State, it is argued, would become the proprietor, and could charge just such rents as would most promote the well-being of the community. With no little plausibility it is, for instance, asked whether the condition of the great mass of the people would not be greatly improved, and whether the happiness and prosperity of the vast majority of the nation would not be promoted if the rent of land and of houses were reduced—say twenty or thirty per cent. The land being thus distributed amongst the people, and let to them on easy terms, all who devoted themselves to agriculture would find that they were engaged in a lucrative industry. Under this new system, thus inaugurated, every one who wished to cultivate land would be able to do so upon easy terms. Would not this, it is asked, present a favourable contrast with what exists at the present time, when the mass of the people are divorced from the soil, when farmers find that high rents absorb an undue share of the results of their toil, and when the labourer who tills the land lives in ignorance and dependence, and has to work hard for a beggarly pittance of ten or eleven shillings a week?

In a similar way a description is given of the not less striking advantages which would result from a general reduction in house-rent. There would be no longer the same necessity for the poor to herd together in over-crowded dwellings. Tens of thousands of families who are now compelled to live in a single room would be able to afford two or three rooms; and if land and houses were both cheapened, the artisans of our large towns could reside in healthy country homes, surrounded with good gardens. If such an improvement in the condition of the people could be effected, it would

be the duty of every one to spare no effort to bring it about. I am as little satisfied with the present state of things as the most ardent Socialist can be. I think, however, it can be shown that, in order to improve the social condition of the people, agencies entirely different from those which have been suggested must be brought into operation.

It will now, however, be desirable to revert to a discussion of the consequences which would result if the State, after having purchased all the land and houses in the country, tried to effect a general reduction in rents. In the first place, it is to be observed that the more rents were reduced, the greater would be the difference between the interest on the money expended by the State in the purchase of the property, and the amount which this property would annually yield. Thus, referring to the figures already quoted, it has been shown that the annual interest on the loan which would be required for the purchase of the land and houses would be about £200,000,000. The property, if let at existing rents, would annually yield about £150,000,000. If, therefore, rents were maintained at their present rate, there would be a deficiency of not less than £50,000,000 each year. If, however, there was, as is proposed, a general reduction of rents, say of one-third, it is evident that this deficiency would be at once increased from £50,000,000 to £100,000,000. The scheme, therefore, is at once met with this most formidable difficulty—How is such an enormous annual loss to be made good? The members of the International say that all revenue which the State requires is to be obtained by a graduated tax on property. They would therefore look to this source to supply the annual deficiency. But they apparently forget that simultaneously with the imposition of this graduated tax on property, the State is to become the possessor of all the real property in the country. Consequently, they would tax the State in order to provide the State with money. This is nothing more nor less than attempting to create wealth by taking money out of one pocket and putting it into another. It will perhaps, however, be said that although it is contemplated that the State should own the land and the other instruments of production, yet there would be a great deal of other property in the country upon which the graduated tax might be imposed. For instance, the former proprietors will be in possession of the money which has been paid to them when the State purchased their property. But if a heavy and increasing tax is to be levied from them in order to provide for a deficiency created by an artificial reduction in rents, it would have been far simpler, and would have involved no greater injustice, if they had been in the first instance compelled to sell their property at less than its market value. It is therefore evident that an attempt thus artificially to reduce rents would prove financially

disastrous, and would in fact overwhelm the country with insurmountable pecuniary difficulties.

Probably, however, the most serious objections to nationalising the land and the other instruments of production still remain to be noticed. It is evident that if the scheme were carried out, the Government would not only be compelled to buy the estates of large proprietors, and the manufactories and workshops of wealthy capitalists, it would also be equally necessary for the State to purchase the small freeholds of the peasant farmers, as well as the stores and workshops of co-operative societies, and the houses which workmen have become the owners of through the agency of building societies. Great landholders and small freeholders, the capitalist with his hundreds of thousands embarked in business, and the workman with his few pounds invested in some co-operative or building society, would all alike have to submit to the decree that henceforward all the instruments of production shall be vested in the State. Such considerations as these will probably exert little influence upon the advocates of the policy, for they may very possibly say the labourers who either own land or have capital invested in business are so few, that the interests of so small a minority ought not to impede the adoption of measures which would so greatly promote the well-being of the whole community. It can scarcely, however, be doubted that the amount of property owned by workmen is rapidly increasing, when it is borne in mind that the extension of building and co-operative societies may be regarded as one of the most marked and satisfactory characteristics of the age. It is, moreover, essential to remember that many agencies may in future years be brought into operation which will either directly or indirectly afford workmen much greater facilities of becoming the proprietors of land and the other instruments of production. The experience of Ireland shows that when a large landed estate is sold the tenants are sure, in numerous instances, to become the owners of the land they cultivate. The Londonderry estates of Lord Waterford were recently sold in the Landed Estates Court for £280,000; the greatest part of the property was purchased by the tenants, who often paid as much as forty or fifty years' purchase for the land. It is well known that in England the quantity of land which is brought into the market is artificially restricted by various causes which are under legislative control. There is no reason why an encumbered estates court should not be established in England. Many a proprietor would gladly avail himself of such a tribunal, in order to free himself from mortgages, intricate settlements, and numberless other encumbrances. Again, the present costly method of conveying seriously impedes the acquisition of small properties in land by workmen and others of limited means. The whole policy of our

law has been to favour the aggregation of land; primogeniture has been sanctioned and encouraged by the fundamental distinction which is adopted in the distribution of the real and personal property of intestates. Other circumstances may be alluded to, such, for instance, as the settlement of land upon an unborn child, which exert a powerful influence in diminishing the quantity of land which is annually brought into the market. It is the fault of the people themselves if they do not abolish these artificial impediments upon the sale of land. If they like to express themselves with sufficient determination upon the subject an encumbered estates court will be established, the conveyance of land will be simplified, and cheapened by a system of compulsory registration; primogeniture will be deprived of its present sanction and encouragement, and no one will be permitted to settle property upon an unborn child. It cannot be doubted that the people have the power to bring about all these reforms. If they were carried out, it is certain that the quantity of land annually brought into the market would be greatly augmented, and, consequently, labourers, either individually or by means of associations, would have much greater facilities for becoming landed proprietors.

It may perhaps be said that reform is slow, and that abuses die hard. It may be also urged that the changes here indicated have often been advocated before, but with little or no effect. The people are tired of waiting; they place no confidence in remedies that come so tardily, and they are consequently prepared to support schemes which will bring about what they desire much more rapidly, and much more thoroughly. Such, I have reason to know, is not an inaccurate description of the state of feeling which has induced so many of our workmen to become adherents of the doctrines of modern Socialism. I think, however, that the existence of such a state of feeling is to be regretted, and particularly so in our own country. The reason why it is so difficult to carry out the reforms which have been suggested, and why the remedies indicated are so slowly brought to bear, is chiefly to be traced to the fact that the working classes, because they are divided in purpose, lose a considerable portion of the influence which they might legitimately exercise upon the legislature. The propagation of socialistic ideas which is at the present time so actively going on, will still further divert the workmen from striving, by a persistent and united effort, to obtain various changes in the law, and other reforms which are practically within their reach.

There is probably no chance of preventing so much of the energy of some of our best workmen being thus misdirected, except by proving to them that the new schemes in which they place so much faith are either utopian or, if practicable, distinctly mischievous. It can, for

instance, be scarcely doubted, that many who have given their adherence to these new socialistic ideas, would have been debarred from doing so if they could have been induced to see that the carrying out of the policy of nationalisation would deprive every small freeholder of his plot of land, would take from co-operative associations their plant and their buildings, and would prevent the prudent workman from enjoying the satisfaction of feeling that the house in which he lived was his own. All the various socialistic schemes which have from time to time been propounded possess one common characteristic—they would, one and all, tend to enable a man to make others bear a considerable portion of the consequences which result from his own voluntary acts. From this point of view our Poor Law is distinctly socialistic in its tendencies, because, if a man refuses to provide maintenance for himself by his own labour, our Poor Law gives him a right to claim this maintenance from the public. This weakening and lessening of individual responsibility, which may be regarded as the most prominent characteristic of Socialism, may be traced through every part of the programme of the International. Thus, the nationalisation of the land is intended to secure to each individual an opportunity to cultivate a plot of land at a reasonable price. He is to enjoy this privilege even if he should have taken no trouble to qualify himself for the industry, and even if he should have made no effort by previous saving to obtain sufficient to pay his rent, to furnish him with capital, and to provide him with adequate security against the vicissitudes of trade. Again, general gratuitous education would transfer a portion of the expense of maintaining children from those who are responsible for bringing them into the world to the general public. A right to demand work from the State at remunerative wages would confer upon a man the power to compensate himself at other people's expense for any loss he might incur, through wilfully remaining in a locality where his labour is not wanted, or through persistently continuing in a trade in which the supply of labour far exceeds the demand. A right to claim loans from the State to establish co-operative societies would enable those who had lost their capital through mismanagement or extravagance to recoup themselves at other people's expense. The adoption of a general scheme of State emigration would really confer upon any one who might desire to settle in another country a right to claim from the State the payment of his travelling expenses. If, moreover, the whole revenue of the country, as so many of the advocates of Socialism propose, were raised entirely by a graduated property-tax, the majority of the people would make no contribution to the revenue at all, and therefore such luxuries as work at remunerative wages, low-rented land, cheap and commodious houses, education for their children, the payment of their travelling expenses if they

wished to emigrate, and many other good things would be provided for them at the sole expense of the unfortunate minority, who happened to possess the property on which the graduated tax would be imposed. If such ideas could ever be realised, the possession of wealth might become a misfortune, and the rich might indeed have reason to say, "Blessed are the poor!"

Although Socialism, in its broader aspects, may be easily detected, yet its influence is so subtle, that it often spreads itself unnoticed, and it is found where least expected. Many of our most popular charitable institutions exercise a baneful socialistic influence, for they not only help those who make no effort to help themselves, but they also serve more or less to protect people against the consequences of their improvidence and their want of self-denial. Those who are engaged in works of philanthropy and charity cannot too constantly remember, that nothing tends so much to perpetuate misery and to increase poverty as diffusing among the people a belief that it is the duty of the State to protect them from the consequences of their own improvidence, indolence, and self-indulgence. Any one who studies the causes which are chiefly instrumental in producing pauperism, and in rendering the social condition of the people in every country so unsatisfactory, must, I think, come to the conclusion that, above all things, it is important to enforce the truth that it is by industry and thrift alone that wealth can be made and accumulated. If it can be shown that any laws impede the full use and efficient application of man's industrial powers, let no effort be spared to get such laws repealed or modified. It is, however, not difficult to show that all the socialistic schemes now being put forward possess this fatal defect, that they would spread among the people the belief that they could, with comparative impunity, disregard prudence, self-denial, and other most essential industrial virtues. Thus, reverting to the proposal for the nationalisation of the land, and the other instruments of production, it can scarcely be denied that the desire to be either a landowner, the possessor of one's own house, or to become one of the proprietors of a co-operative association, often produces in labourers the most active industry, the most careful economy, and the most admirable prudence. On the other hand, all these social and industrial virtues will gradually vanish if men are induced to think that, even if they are indolent, and even if they gratify every passion which self-indulgence can suggest, an adequate maintenance and many of the comforts of life will still be guaranteed to them either by the bounty of individuals or by the State. It should never be forgotten that our old Poor Law was administered with so much laxity, that men were rewarded in proportion to their recklessness, and the lazy pauper thus often found himself better off

than the hard-working labourer. So much encouragement was in this way given to improvidence and indolence, that if the system had been continued a few years longer England's industry would have been ruined, and her finances would have become as much involved as those of a bankrupt State. The realisation of the ideas of modern Socialism would vastly extend the evil influence of the old Poor Law. Can it, for instance, be doubted that the nationalisation of the land and the other instruments of production would directly discourage thrift and prudence? A man would cease to have any adequate motive to save, or to live with ordinary prudence, if he knew that, however indolent he might be, however reckless in living, and however improvident with regard to marriage, the State was bound to provide him, and as many children as he chose to call into the world, with land, machinery, and implements, at a cheap rate, with a house at a low rent, and with work at remunerative wages.

It is to be particularly observed that in the proposals for improving the condition of mankind which are from time to time put forth, by far the most important consideration is almost always kept out of view. Thus modern Socialists carefully avoid making the slightest allusion to the provision which must be made for an increase of population. It is easy to show that it would be not less unreasonable to try to build a house without first laying the foundation, than it is to attempt to construct a new social system without providing for an increase of population. The necessity of making such a provision is a stern reality which has to be faced. If it could be ignored, many of the dreams of the Socialist might be realised. A community might then attain exactly that condition which so many seem to think most to be desired; every man being able to marry without thought of the future, wealth being so distributed that, however many mouths there were to feed, there would never be any lack of food. A social reformer who keeps out of sight the question of an increase of population is as dangerous a guide as a navigator who, steering his ship without chart, is almost sure to find himself wrecked on some sunken rock or hidden reef.

Impracticable as the scheme of nationalisation has been shown to be, yet the insurmountable difficulties which lie in its way cannot be fully appreciated until we inquire what provision would be made under such a scheme for the maintenance and employment of an increased population. At the present time it is known that the population of this country is augmented during each ten years by about fourteen per cent. At this rate of increase population doubles itself in about fifty years. A rapid acceleration in the rate of increase of population would be an inevitable result of adopting the principles of Socialism. It has been shown that the leading characteristic of all

socialistic schemes is to lessen individual responsibility. But if individual responsibility is lessened, and if a man is able to depend more upon others and less upon his own exertions for maintenance, it is obvious that he will have much less reason than he has now to exercise any prudence with regard to incurring the expense involved in supporting a numerous family. Although, therefore, it may be fairly assumed that population would be greatly stimulated as a consequence of bringing any socialistic scheme into operation, yet, in order to avoid all risk of over-stating the case, it may be supposed that after the land and the other instruments of production have been nationalised, the rate of increase of population remains what it is at the present time. It is to be presumed that the State, after having purchased the land and the various appliances of industry, distributes them amongst the people as far as possible on cheap and equitable terms. Every one would thus, it is supposed, be provided for; there would be general equality of condition; the wealthy might be less wealthy, but the poor would be less poor; and the land, instead of being portioned among the few, would be divided approximately in equal shares among the whole people. It may be assumed that the allotment which each would thus have would be sufficient to provide a comfortable maintenance. At the end of ten years, however, there would be fourteen per cent. more people in the country; as this extra number would have to be provided for, it would be necessary to make another apportionment of the land amongst the people. If the land was fully occupied before, each individual's allotment would have to be reduced by about one-seventh; either this must take place, or the increased population would be driven to unproductive soils which had not previously been regarded as worth cultivating. This would be, however, the re-introduction of a system of inequality; the occupiers of the productive land would be regarded as privileged persons, whereas those who were compelled to obtain a maintenance from unproductive land would be in the unfortunate position of outcasts. Those who were placed in the advantageous position would soon become wealthy; whereas gradual impoverishment would only too certainly be the lot of those who had to struggle against the difficulty of cultivating a sterile soil. The inequality thus commenced would rapidly increase, and the difference between the rich and the poor would steadily widen. At the end of fifty years the population would be doubled, and the number of those to be located on the land would also be doubled. Again, in order to provide for this extra population, it would be necessary either that they should seek subsistence from poor and unoccupied soils, or the size of the original allotments must be reduced one-half.

It is not difficult to imagine the sense of injustice which would be aroused, and the envy and discontent which would be excited, the

very moment men found that either a part of the land which they were cultivating, or a portion of the machinery and other industrial plant which they were using, was taken away in order to make provision for an extra population. In the first place, it is evident that the prudent and the improvident would receive the same treatment; the prudent man would have to make the greater sacrifice, because it would be said that if a person had been so provident as not to incur the expenses involved in the maintenance of a large family, he was just the very person who could best afford to help those who had to support a great number of children. Therefore as population increased those would be expected to make the greatest sacrifice who were least responsible for the increase. A heavy fine would, in fact, be placed on prudence; the injustice of such a system would be so obvious as to arouse discontent; an inevitable result, moreover, of thus rewarding the improvident at the expense of the provident would be to destroy the influence of all prudential motives. The most effective checks upon an undue increase of population would be removed, and a far greater rate of increase would have to be provided for than that which has been here assumed. The encouragement which would in this way be given to a reckless increase of population, and to every other form of improvidence, may be regarded as the most serious evil connected with the nationalisation of the land, and with other popular socialistic schemes. If there is one fact in reference to the social condition of man which is more clearly proved than any other, it is this: that without some adequate motive, prudence will be rarely exercised, and that if men can throw upon others the responsibility of maintaining their children, population will multiply with utter disregard to the consequences which will result to the general well-being of society. It can scarcely be denied that saving, to the great majority of those who do save, involves a considerable sacrifice of present enjoyment. To those who are comparatively wealthy, the setting aside of a portion of their incomes generally signifies nothing more than abstaining from some pleasure or the relinquishment of some luxury. But those of whom this can be said represent a very small minority of a nation. By far the larger number have a hard struggle to provide themselves and those who are dependent upon them with a sufficient maintenance. Persons thus circumstanced can rarely save without personal privation, or without adding some extra toil to a life of severe labour. In such cases, therefore, there is a strong temptation not to save. This temptation, too often unresisted now, would seldom be resisted at all if men were led to believe that either through the aid of some organization, or by the intervention of the State, the misery, the suffering, and all the other misfortunes that saving averts, would without its assistance be warded off. This will be the more clearly seen if, for a moment, we ask—What are the chief advantages which

prudence now secures, and what are the chief evils which it averts? As a first example, it is scarcely necessary to say that a man is induced to set aside a portion of his income for life insurance because he desires that, in the event of his death, a due provision should be secured not only for his wife, but also for the maintenance and education of his children. All motive, however, for life insurance would be gone, and a man would feel that money spent in insurance premiums was to a great extent wasted, if the State provided gratuitous maintenance and education, and at the same time guaranteed a proper provision to widows who had not a sufficient income of their own. Again, it cannot be doubted that nothing probably acts so powerfully to promote thrift and industry as the prospect of acquiring property. It is scarcely necessary to repeat what has been so often mentioned before, about the magical effect exerted upon the industrial habits of the people when they have a reasonable prospect of acquiring land. The industry and economy of peasant proprietors have become proverbial. All such incentives to prudence would be removed if the State, having become the proprietor of all the land, was bound always to let it at a very cheap rate. It is also evident that the carrying out of such a policy would inevitably deprive those institutions of their vitality which have done, and are still doing, most to promote the welfare of the working classes. Reference has already been made to the rapid growth of building societies; through their agency tens of thousands of artisans have actually acquired, or are in the process of acquiring as their own property, the houses in which they dwell. Our best artisans seem desirous of gratifying the honourable pride of being able to call the house in which they live their own. They therefore willingly set aside something out of their hard-earned wages in order to subscribe to a building society. The habit of saving being thus once commenced, is often continued, and those who begin by subscribing to a building society, not unfrequently in the end become the proprietors of a considerable amount of capital invested in some flourishing co-operative association. At the present time the number of co-operative societies in England is about 1,500; the amount of capital they possess is not less than £3,000,000, the greater part of which has been subscribed by workmen. There would, however, at once cease to be any advantage in belonging either to a building or to a co-operative society, if the State undertook to provide all applicants with cheap and wholesome dwellings, and also promised to furnish capital, and other industrial appliances, at a reasonable price, to all who may require their use. I will not, however, weary the reader with the repetition of similar illustrations; enough, I hope, has been said to make it clear that such State intervention as is proposed by the advocates of this policy of indus-

trial nationalisation would effectually neutralize the operation of the agencies to which we can most confidently look for human improvement. It is not more but less State intervention that is needed. The Legislature has conferred the most indisputable benefits on the community, not by enacting new laws, but by the repeal of old statutes which have retarded individual energy and impeded freedom of action. As long as the State attempted to regulate trade and to protect industry, there was little industrial progress. During the last twenty years the commerce of this country, released from the shackles by which, through successive generations, it had been fettered, has exhibited an unprecedented development.

It may, however, perhaps be said—Can legislation do nothing to promote the welfare of the people? Nothing can be further from my intention than either to suggest or to recommend a policy of complete legislative inactivity; there still remains much work of the highest utility for Parliament to do. With regard, for instance, to land, reference has already been made to the important reforms which might at once be carried out in its tenure. We have one of the most complicated, costly, and dilatory legal systems that human ingenuity ever devised. Law is so expensive that the poor have constantly to submit to wrong without any chance of obtaining redress. It is a truism to assert that when justice is dear a premium is placed upon fraud. Although it is in the abolition of restrictions which hamper individual freedom, and hinder the development of human faculties, that the country has derived the greatest benefit in the past, and is likely to derive the greatest benefit in the future, yet there is undoubtedly much constructive legislation which might be most advantageously carried out.

As an illustration, it may be mentioned that a statesman could scarcely confer a greater service on the nation than in devising some scheme for improving the application of the vast charitable and other endowments which are possessed by the country. No inconsiderable proportion of these is at the present time worse than wasted. It would of course be entirely out of place to attempt to discuss in detail such subjects as these in an essay on the nationalisation of the land. I thought it, however, incumbent on me thus briefly to refer to them, because those who oppose the demands which modern Socialism puts forward for State interference are sometimes accused of being enslaved to the principle of *laissez faire*. I am quite prepared to admit that nothing is more hazardous than to pay a too implicit obedience to any such general principle. Each demand for Government interference ought to be examined upon its merits; such an examination I have here endeavoured to carry out with regard to the nationalisation of the land and the other instruments of production.

HENRY FAWCETT.

CODIFICATION IN INDIA AND ENGLAND.¹

THE honour you have done me in asking me to address you on the present occasion is due, no doubt, to the fact that, as legal Member of Council in India, I had exceptional opportunities of forming an opinion upon some of the principal topics connected with the reform of the law in that country. I think, therefore, that the best return I can make will be by describing to you the state of the law in India, and by pointing out what appears to me to be the bearing of Indian experience as to codification upon the state of the law in England. No one would, upon a proper occasion, uphold more strenuously than I the substantial merits of the law of England; but I suppose I may assume that its form is in the highest degree cumbrous and intricate, and that consolidation and codification are the proper remedies for those defects. The only points which can be regarded as seriously debatable are two. Is codification possible? If possible, how shall it be carried out? There is a further question which has been less discussed than it ought to have been, and upon which, with your permission, I will say something, namely, What, specifically and apart from generalities, which teach very little, do you understand by a code? On all these points it appears to me that Indian experience throws very great light.

I wish that I had the time to give you a full account of the state of the law in India. It is a topic of the deepest possible general interest, and is connected with the great problems of the government of India. This would lead me too far, and would trespass too much on your patience; but I will try to draw a general sketch of Anglo-Indian law, and I may remark that interesting as the subject is, it is one which, so far as I know, has not been studied either in England or in India with anything like the attention which it deserves.

It has often been said, and with more truth and sincerity than many people suppose, that political power, and especially the responsibility of the direct government of India, was forced on the Company, and afterwards on the Crown, by the course of events, and to a great extent against their will. It is quite certain that the whole history of the empire shows the greatest reluctance on the part of its rulers to interfere with the laws, the habits, and the daily life of their subjects in any case in which they could possibly help it. The battle of Plassy was fought in 1757; and what is called the grant of the Dewanny, by which the Company became the direct governors of

(1) This address was delivered November 11th, 1872, at the opening of the Session of the Social Science Association for 1872-3.

Lower Bengal, took place on the 12th August, 1764. From that date till 1793, that is to say, throughout the whole of the periods of Clive and Warren Hastings, nothing that could be described as legislation took place. The country was governed through native agency and according to native principles. A different system was gradually and cautiously introduced by Warren Hastings, with all sorts of precautions, and under fictions which it would be tedious in these days to dwell upon. Some rules were required for the collection of the revenue and for the administration of justice, in so far as it was administered by the Company's officers; but these rules were rather instructions issued by men of business for the guidance of their agents, than what we in these days should call laws. In many cases, I believe, they were not even printed. They were certainly never published, collected, or translated into the native languages. This was the origin of the body of law known as the Regulations.

As to the exact legal position of the regulations I need say nothing on the present occasion. Their character as laws has been recognised both by parliament and otherwise, and cannot now be questioned; but it is by no means easy to specify with complete precision the authority under which they were enacted. Be this as it may, Lord Cornwallis, in 1793, consolidated all the regulations then in force into one general code, and made at the same time extensive and memorable additions to them. His regulations fell under two great heads, which are still recognised as the leading division in all Indian official transactions. These were the Revenue and the Judicial Regulations. The great Revenue Regulation is Regulation I. of 1793, better known as the Permanent Settlement. This is one of the most important laws ever passed. It forms, for reasons which I will not stop to assign, the foundation of the real property law of the whole population of Lower Bengal, a country which is said to have been ascertained at the recent census to contain nearly 60,000,000 inhabitants, all of whom, with exceptions numerically trifling, are immediately dependent on the produce of the soil. I must, however, warn you, that without a knowledge of Indian law and administration, which it is impossible to get from any book with which I am acquainted, the Permanent Settlement, and the subsequent legislation which has been founded upon and connected with it, will give you very little information about Indian real property law. I will say a few words on that subject in its place; at present I am only treating historically the growth of the system; and I may observe generally, that the law relating to the assessment and collection of the land revenue, and other topics intimately connected with it, forms one great branch of the statute law of British India. So far as Bengal and the North-West Provinces are concerned, it is con-

tained in the Regulations, and in acts of the legislature recognising, consolidating, or altering them.

The other Regulations of 1793 were the foundation of the judicial system of Northern India, which has now reached nearly complete maturity. I need not trace out its history down to the present time, but I may observe in general, that as our knowledge and experience of the country increased, and as our territories extended, changes, experiments, modifications of all kinds became necessary. They were all made by regulation from 1793 to 1834. The result was, that the Regulations became an exceedingly voluminous and intricate body of law. I cannot precisely say what their extent was, but I believe they filled nine or ten large folio volumes; and I know that they presented all the unmistakable features of an English statute book.

The Regulations interfered very little with the daily life of the people, except in regard to land revenue, criminal procedure, and civil procedure; and there can be no question whatever that in these matters their interference was, on the whole, highly beneficial, though much less beneficial at first than it gradually became, as we came by degrees to understand our own position, and to appreciate the nature of the institutions and of the society in which we found ourselves.

The Regulations enact in general terms that in matters relating to "succession, inheritance, marriage, or caste, or any religious usage or institution," the native laws shall be followed: that in other cases, the judges shall proceed according to "justice, equity, and good conscience;" and they assume and recognise the Mahomedan law as the rule for criminal cases. They contain, however, a considerable number of modifications of its more glaring defects, which may be described as excessive cruelty, and a strange alteration of almost ridiculous minuteness, with a vagueness at least equally inconvenient. Speaking generally, therefore, it may be said that the great subjects of the Bengal Regulations were four, namely, land revenue, criminal procedure, civil procedure, and the constitution of the civil and criminal courts. Of the Madras Regulations it is unnecessary for me to speak at length. Their subject-matter was much the same as that of the Bengal Regulations. The Bombay Regulations were the subject of a most remarkable experiment, of which I will say a few words in its place.

In 1834, the Charter of the East India Company was renewed. The legislative powers of the Governments of Madras and Bombay were taken away, and the Governor-General in Council was empowered to legislate for the whole of India. It was considered, too, that the time had come for making an effort to improve the quality of the legislation. The state of the law which I have attempted to sketch combined nearly every defect. It was exceedingly voluminous

and intricate in regard to the matters for which it did provide. It left a vast number of matters of the utmost importance practically unprovided for. It dealt with others in the vaguest and most uncertain manner. Those who wish to see the weak side of the system set out in the most vigorous language, and with great authority and experience, should consult Shore's "Notes on Indian Affairs," written in 1835 or 1836, by a distinguished civilian, the son of Lord Teignmouth. He writes, as reformers usually do, with an almost passionate sense of the evils which he attacks, and with little regard to the other side of the question. He had earned the right to do so by distinguished gallantry and long service. For my own part, I know just enough of the country to feel bound to say that no one who has not been in India can have the faintest conception of the enormous magnitude of the task which we have taken upon ourselves, or of the unspeakable difficulties by which it is encumbered. The wonder is, not that holes can be picked in the institutions and laws by which we have governed India, but that we have governed India at all—that there should be laws and institutions there to criticize. There is plenty of fault to be found, no doubt; and it is right that it should be found; but whatever else may be said of Indian law and government, it has done its work as effectively as Rome itself, and far more humanely.

No doubt, however, continual watchfulness and constant reforms are still more obvious necessities of our position in India than elsewhere; and there was in 1834, and there is now, ample room for improvements, and a pressing necessity for them. The Act of 1834 made provision for the appointment of an Indian Law Commission in India, and for the addition to the Council of a legal member, who, however, was to be entitled to be present at its legislative meetings only. The meetings for the purpose of legislation, as well as for other purposes, were at that time private, and long continued to be so. Lord Macaulay was appointed to be the first legal member of Council. On reaching India he was put at the head of the Indian Law Commission, the other members of which were Sir J. McLeod and Mr. Millet. They published valuable reports, but their great contribution to Indian law reform was the first draft of what is now the Indian Penal Code. It did not become law till 1860, but the Act finally passed did not differ very materially from the draft. I will not trouble you with any criticism upon it at present. Lord Macaulay left India in 1838, and not very long afterwards a period of storms set in which effectually diverted the attention of the Government of India from law reform. The alternate disasters and triumphs of the Affghan war, the struggle with the Sikhs under Lord Hardinge, the conquest of the Punjab, the annexations of Lord Dalhousie, and the mutinies of 1857, turned men's minds in other

directions. There was a good deal of that miscellaneous legislation which is required in every community to provide for the multitude of practical wants which make themselves felt from time to time as society goes on ; but the important parts of the law were left in the state which I have described.

A case, however, occurred which put in the clearest possible light the immense practical importance of the sort of reforms which were subsequently made. I refer to the transactions which took place on the conquest of the Punjab in 1849. These events have been a good deal misrepresented and misunderstood, both in England and in India, and they have a curious bearing on the subject before us.

When the Punjab was conquered it became necessary to provide, at a moment's notice, a whole system of civil government for a country which, speaking roughly, may be said to be as large as Italy, and which had got into a state of utter anarchy. Lord Lawrence declared in the Legislative Council, in 1868, that when he first knew the Punjab there was nothing in it that deserved to be called property in land at all. Criminal justice was little more than organized and authorised massacre and extortion. What then was to be done ? It was utterly impossible to extend the Regulations and Acts as a whole to the province. They were too cumbrous for busy men to work. Lord Dalhousie's view of the subject was that the Punjab should be regarded as a Crown colony, and that the Governor-General in Council, as agent for the Crown, might legislate for it independently of the Parliamentary powers by which he legislated for the rest of India. The legality of this view was afterwards gravely questioned, but practically it was adopted in a curious and intricate fashion, which I will not detain you by explaining. The practical result was that Lord Lawrence, Sir Henry Lawrence, and Mr. Mansel, who formed the Board of Administration, and afterwards Lord Lawrence alone, first as Chief Commissioner and then as Lieutenant-Governor, exercised what for all practical purposes amounted to legislative as well as almost absolute executive authority throughout the province. The extraordinary success of their administration is or ought to be known to every one. When anything which deserves to be called a history of India is written, the most striking pages in it will be those which tell how peace and order were established from the foot of the Passes beyond the Indus to the great Indian Desert on one side, and the North-West Provinces on the other ; how property in land was established and protected ; how the most furious religious animosities were held in check, and above all how only eight years after the conquest, a Sikh army, raised and led by the men who had conquered them, followed English officers with passionate devotion up the breach at Delhi, and into the Residency at Lucknow.

All this is familiar, and is frequently quoted both in England and in India, as a proof of the superiority of personal energy over the dilatory proceedings of law and lawyers. These, it is constantly said, were the fruits of the non-Regulation system. The true secret of government is to give absolute power to a vigorous man, and leave him to be a law to himself. Of course, we all ought to remember that all the laws of all the codes in the world cannot make a good ruler, but the best ruler cannot govern without law. The proof of this is that the very first use which Lord Lawrence and his associates made of the immense authority with which they were invested, was to produce a code of laws for the government of the Punjab. It would have been utterly impossible for busy men to work the cumbrous system which then prevailed in the North-West Provinces, and one of the very first tasks which Lord Lawrence undertook was the production of what were in fact, though not in name, a code of civil procedure, a code of criminal procedure, a penal code, and a work which was commonly called the Punjab civil code. These codes were no doubt very defective in many respects. It would have been a miracle if this had not been the case. Several of them were drawn up by very young men who had had no legal training, and who were pressed by other business. My friend and late colleague, Sir Richard Temple, drew up the Punjab civil code when he was considerably under thirty, and when I, his contemporary, was copying precedents in a conveyancer's chambers. Avowedly imperfect as these productions were, they were beyond all comparison superior to the laws which existed at that time in other parts of India, and they rendered it possible to reduce the province to order. The experience of the Punjab (which was repeated some years afterwards in Oude) proves to demonstration, not that law can be dispensed with in government, but that clear, short, and simple laws are absolutely indispensable to a vigorous form of government which is to produce lasting effects. It is one of the most striking of all possible proofs of the value of any sort of code, of any definite authoritative statement of the law, that when these avowedly crude productions were superseded by a set of laws which I shall mention immediately, and which extend to the whole of India, the change was opposed on the ordinary conservative grounds.

At all events it ought not to be forgotten that Lord Lawrence's celebrated administration of the Punjab is in reality one of the strongest precedents that can be quoted in favour of codification, though it is often represented in another light. He was not, however, the first Indian statesman who had set an example in this direction. Mountstuart Elphinstone, when Governor of Bombay, had done a great and important work of the same kind. Under his administration the whole of the Bombay Regulations were formed

into a code regularly arranged according to their subject-matter. This code consists of twenty-seven regulations, sub-divided into chapters and sections. It refers to the same subjects as the Bengal Regulations, but differs from them in the circumstance that it contains a body of substantive criminal law which remained in force till it was superseded by the penal code, and which had very considerable merits, though it would probably not have supported the test of strict professional criticism, to which, indeed, it was not intended to be subjected.

Although the draft of a penal code had been prepared between 1834 and 1838, although the Indian Law Commissioners had collected a mass of information on the subject of Indian law, and although the experience of the Punjab and some other recent acquisitions had shown the intricacy and cumbrousness of the Regulations, the principal things actually done in the way of legislation, down to the close of the Company's existence, were the repeal and re-enactment, in a more convenient form, of Acts and Regulations on the subjects which I have already mentioned, namely procedure, including the constitution of the courts and land revenue. There had been also a good deal of miscellaneous legislation; but the extreme, I will not venture to say the unwise, caution which naturally had characterized all their dealings with the vast interests under their charge had prevented the Company's servants from undertaking anything further.

When the government of India was transferred from the Company to the Crown, there was, as you will probably remember, a strong reaction against what was described as the traditional policy of the Company. The general opinion was that it had been too timid, and that this timidity had been shown by experience to be exceedingly dangerous. However this may have been, it was determined to make a vigorous effort in the direction of legislation, and arrangements were made for the purpose, both in England and in India.

On the expediency of this policy there are two opinions. My own opinion is strongly in favour of it, upon grounds with which I cannot now trouble you. But I will proceed to state what was actually done.

In the course of the thirteen years, between 1859 and 1872, the law of India may be said, without exaggeration, to have been all but completely codified. By this I mean that all the most important branches of law in daily use there are thrown into a distinct, systematic, written form; and that the miscellaneous laws, which may be described collectively as current legislation, are consolidated in such a manner that there is hardly any subject on which the whole law is not comprised in a single Act, amended, where that is necessary, by Acts so drawn that the alterations can be noted as errata.

I hope you will pardon me if I detain you for a moment on the manner in which this result has been brought about. In a debate, which took place last Session, on law reform, my friend Mr. Fawcett referred to what I had been able to do, in a manner for which I heartily thank him, but which drew from Mr. Lowe the remark—a perfectly just remark—that the share of the Indian Law Commissioners in Indian Law Reform had hardly met with sufficient acknowledgment. The truth is that a very considerable work has been brought very near to completion by the united efforts of several persons, each of whom had their peculiar difficulties and facilities, and all of whom exerted themselves to the best of their ability. The facts are as follows. The draft of the Penal Code was prepared in India, by Lord Macaulay, Sir J. M'Leod, and Mr. Millett; but it remained a draft for twenty-two years, and the Indian Law Commission in India made no further contributions to codification beyond collecting materials. A second Indian Law Commission, which sat in England, was appointed in 1853 to codify the law of procedure. It produced the first drafts of the Codes of Civil Procedure and Criminal Procedure in 1855. A third Indian Law Commission was appointed in 1861, to prepare a code of substantive law for India. It produced the first drafts of the Succession Act, the Contract Act, and the Evidence Act. Besides these it produced three other drafts, which, for various reasons, have not been enacted in India. It resigned about two years ago, on the ground of the delay made by the Government of India in passing its drafts into law. I will say nothing upon this subject, except that the difficulties of discussing the details of intricate and important measures between a commission sitting in London and a legislature sitting in India, are very great, and that such an arrangement must produce great delay. A difference of opinion about three points in the Contract Law, the importance of which would be by no means apparent to a mere English reader, delayed the passing of the Bill for several years. Be this how it may, it is undoubtedly true that every one of the great laws which collectively form what may be called the Indian codes, was originated, and the first drafts of them were prepared, by the Indian Law Commissioners. It should also be noticed that this great service to India, which I hope may eventually prove to be a service to England also, was (except as to the Penal Code) rendered gratuitously by men of the highest eminence in the rare leisure left to them by other public duties of the first importance.

Legislation in India was conducted during the period in question by the Viceroy's Council in its legislative capacity. The constitution of this body was materially different between 1854 and 1861 from what it has been since 1861; but upon this I need not speak. Speaking generally, I may say that the legislative business is under

the management of the legal member of Council, who usually has charge of the more important measures. He is, however, assisted by committees which sit upon every measure introduced, minutely criticize its details, and frequently remodel it. The public debates, though occasionally very animated, are of far less practical importance than the deliberations of the committees.

Sir Barnes Peacock was the legal member of Council who made the first and the most important contribution to codification. During the last three years of his tenure of office, 1859, 1860, and 1861, there were passed the Code of Civil Procedure, Act VIII. of 1859; the Penal Code, Act XLV. of 1860; and the Code of Criminal Procedure, Act XXV. of 1861.

Sir Barnes Peacock was succeeded by Mr. Ritchie, who died a few months afterwards. The third Indian Law Commission was appointed at this time.

Mr. Ritchie was succeeded by Sir Henry Maine. It was his task to introduce the measures drafted by the last of the three Indian Law Commissions, and he introduced three of them accordingly, namely, the Succession Act, the Contract Law, and the Evidence Act. One only of those measures, namely, the Succession Act, was passed during his tenure of office. The reason of this was that controversies arose upon questions which have now lost their interest, but which connected themselves in curious indirect ways with the questions of contract and civil procedure. It was also necessary to amend the procedure codes in various important respects; indeed, the Code of Civil Procedure was redrawn but not re-enacted. The current legislation too was very heavy. A system for the registration of assurances, and several Acts as to marriage and divorce, were required. Many English Acts, as for instance, the Act relating to companies, had to be adapted to India; and a variety of half-legal, half-political questions, affecting the legal position of the European community in India and the interests of the landholders in the Punjab and Oudh, required legislation. Preparations too were made in the shape of indexes and repealing Acts for the consolidation of the existing miscellaneous Acts and Regulations. This most laborious task was performed mostly by Mr. Whitley Stokes as regarded the Acts, and by Mr. Cockerell as regarded the Regulations.

I succeeded Sir Henry Maine. On doing so I found everything prepared for the task of consolidation, and I also found two of the Indian Law Commissioners' drafts, namely, the draft of the Contract Act and the draft of the Evidence Act, under consideration. The Code of Criminal Procedure which had been originally ill-arranged and had been repeatedly amended, seemed to require re-enactment. I was fortunate enough to be able to pass the Contract Act and the Evidence Act, and to re-enact the Code of Criminal Procedure. I

was also able to pass nearly all the consolidation Acts, in number about twenty, required to realize the ideal of having only one Act on each subject. The credit of the consolidation Acts is due to a very great extent to Mr. Cockerell, Mr. Whitley Stokes, and Mr. Cunningham. Of course, this was hard work, as there was current legislation besides; but the preceding statement will show that circumstances enabled us to reap where others had sown. I will now say a few words on the Acts which form collectively the Indian codes, referring to them in the order of time.

The first, and in some respects the most important, of them is Act VIII. of 1859, better known as the Code of Civil Procedure. It was drawn by the second Indian Law Commission, and considerably modified in India, especially by Sir Barnes Peacock and Sir Henry Harrington. It has required some amendment, though not very much, and having been drawn with some looseness of expression, has given rise to a great number of judicial decisions. It would no doubt be a great convenience if it could be re-enacted with greater regard to technical precision of language. A draft for this purpose, as I have already observed, was prepared by Sir H. Maine and Sir H. Harrington. There are some questions of principle and policy connected with it which I will not stop to discuss. These, however, are matters of almost no importance at all in comparison with the more important results of the code. It swept away 147 Regulations and Acts, and it laid down a distinct, precise system of civil procedure, applicable to all courts (with exceptions, which I need not mention), and all descriptions of causes, and capable of being fully mastered by any one who will take the pains to study the Act without reference to any other authority. One of the enormous advantages of this Act is, that it has, I will not say abolished, but prevented by anticipation the growth of the distinction between law and equity. Whether the object is to recover damages for a libel, to obtain specific performance of a contract, to get a declaratory decree with consequential relief, or to compel a trustee to do his duty, the form of procedure is the same, and the competency of the court depends on the value of the suit, and the place of residence of the parties, and not on the nature of the question. There is room for much difference of opinion as to the provisions of the code in regard to appeals, and I cannot commend its provisions as to the execution of decrees, but I never heard more than one opinion on the excellency, the perfect simplicity, and the complete success of the code as a whole.

The next measure to be noticed is Act XLV. of 1860, the Indian Penal Code. Though it was most carefully revised by Sir Barnes Peacock and his colleagues, and was modified by them in many important points, it remains substantially as Lord Macaulay and his

colleagues drew it. It contains, with very few exceptions, the whole criminal law of the whole Indian Empire. It consists of 511 sections. It has been in constant use for eleven years by a large number of unprofessional judges, who understand it with perfect ease, and administer it with conspicuous success. It has required hardly any amendments, additions, or explanations; and the number of cases which have been decided upon it is surprisingly small. It has, I think, some considerable defects. It is often said in India that every act of human life may be brought within one or other of its clauses; and no doubt some of them, especially the sections relating to defamation, intimidation and cheating are of most formidable extent, and might, I think, be curtailed with great advantage whenever the code is re-enacted. Some of its definitions again, such as the definitions of murder and criminal force, are intricate, and rather obscure; and there is a tendency in parts of the code to the unnecessary multiplication of distinctions between offences. All these defects, however, might be easily remedied, and are of little practical importance. To compare the Indian Penal Code with English criminal law is like comparing cosmos with chaos. Any intelligent person interested in the subject could get a very distinct and correct notion of Indian criminal law in a few hours from the Penal Code. I appeal to you to imagine the state of mind of a man who should try to read straight through the very best of English books on criminal law, say, for instance, Mr. Greaves's edition of "Russell on Crimes."

The penal code was followed by Act XXV. of 1861, the Code of Criminal Procedure. This Act was originally drawn by the Indian Law Commissioners, and was by them, I believe, confined to Bengal. It had to be extended to the other presidencies, and owing to this and some other circumstances its arrangement became defective and obscure. It nevertheless consolidated 237 Regulations and Acts, and the work was done thoroughly, and with great care and accuracy. The Act, however, assumed so much knowledge on the part of those by whom it was to be studied and applied, that it could hardly be regarded as a code; that is to say, as a complete statement of the whole of the law on the matters to which it related. Notwithstanding this defect, the advantage of having the whole written law upon the subject contained in a single enactment was so great that the Code of Criminal Procedure was an immense assistance to the administration of justice.

After being amended several times, the code was re-enacted, I hope in an improved shape, a few months ago, as Act X. of 1872, which will come into force on the 1st of next January. The importance of the subject of criminal procedure is much greater in India than it is in England. The Code of Criminal Procedure might

indeed be described as the whole duty of magistrates, and every European government official passes the greater part of his official career as a magistrate. Accordingly this Act is very much more than a mere Code of Criminal Procedure. It provides for the constitution of all the criminal courts in the country, the High Courts only excepted. It defines the relations to each other of the different classes of district magistrates. It disposes of numerous matters connected with the internal government of the country in which magistrates are concerned, such as the removal of nuisances, the provisional settlement of disputes about the possession of land, the making of orders for the maintenance of wives and families, the supervision of vagrants, and the employment of troops in cases of riot. These matters, besides every step of the procedure to be taken in relation to crime, from the discovery and arrest of the offender by the police, down to the execution of the final sentence of the court, is minutely provided for in the code. It contains 541 sections, and is the equivalent of the original code, and of thirty-two other Acts and Regulations which it repeals. It thus represents 270 separate enactments. The new edition of the code disposes also of perhaps 1,500 or 2,000 cases which had been decided on the old one. In most cases this was effected by very slight alterations of the language of the Act.

The passing of this Act was the first case of the re-enactment of a code, a process which I think they ought to undergo—say, once in every ten years. It is a very laborious business, but it is essential to the real utility of a code, and to the maintenance of the simplicity which it is intended to produce. To judge from the notes upon them, the Code Napoleon and the Code Pénal ought to have been re-enacted half a dozen times.

The next Act in the nature of a code, after the Code of Criminal Procedure, was Act X. of 1865, the Indian Succession Act. This Act was one of the very highest legal interest. Its immediate practical importance in the government of India was certainly not great, but it may, as time goes on, become one of the most striking monuments of English rule in that country. It provides a body of territorial law for British India, regulating the great subjects of inheritance, the civil effects of marriage, and testamentary power. It is a curious circumstance, that the vast majority of subjects in India are subject in these respects to personal laws. Thus all Hindoos are subject to the Hindoo law; all Mahommedans to Mahommedan law, and so of Buddhists and Parsees, and other native populations. Europeans, as a rule, are subject to the law of their domicile, whether it be English, Scotch, or Continental. This, of course, accounts for the vast mass of the existing population in India. There are, however, exceptions. The Armenians, for instance, of whom there are many in Calcutta, have no personal law, and till 1865 there was no *lex loci*

by which their rights could be settled, and the same is the case with half-castes, with out-castes, and more or less with native Christians. The Succession Act provides what by analogy to the Code Napoleon may be called a Civil Code, for all persons so situated. The number is already important, and may be expected to increase as the cracks already perceptible in the native religions gradually widen. The Succession Act was one of the principal contributions to Indian law of the Indian Law Commission in England, and was of all their drafts least altered in India. I would recommend any one who doubts the possibility or the advantage of codification to compare the 332 sections of this Act with a whole library of English law books, of which "Jarman on Wills" may be taken as a type.

I may perhaps mention, in connection with this Act, an Act which was passed last spring, after a very animated discussion, of which some of you may perhaps have heard, providing a form of marriage for persons who did not profess any of the recognised religions. The Act was occasioned by the rise of the sect called the Brahmo Samaja. It applied to the whole population of India, except Hindoos, Mahommedans, Christians, Buddhists, Parsees, &c. The issue of such marriages will fall under the Succession Act.

The next Act to be mentioned is the Indian contract law, which was also the work of the Indian Law Commissioners, though the first part of it was considerably modified in India before it became law, rather in form, however, than in substance. It became law early this year, and now stands in the Indian Statute Book as Act IX. of 1872. It was my duty to examine it closely with the authorities from which it was drawn, and to discuss it in minute detail with a committee, two of the members of which were Calcutta merchants of eminence. This enables me to bear witness not only to the care and labour which had been expended on it, but also to the important fact, that when law is divested of all technicalities, stated in simple and natural language, and so arranged as to show the natural relation of different parts of the subject, it becomes not merely intelligible, but deeply interesting to educated men practically conversant with the subject-matter to which it relates. The Act in question deals successively with the general principles of contract, and with the contracts of the sale of goods, indemnity and guarantee, bailment, agency, and partnership. I do not think many lawyers in Westminster Hall could have taken a keener or more intelligent interest in these subjects, or have discussed every enactment relating to them with more acuteness or with a greater disposition to put every sort of case upon them, than my two colleagues, and I am very much mistaken if that Act is not carefully studied by a large proportion of merchants of the Presidency towns with a definite reference to their daily affairs.

Two other Acts may be mentioned as being of the nature of codes, though they are branches of procedure. These are Act IX. of 1871, the Indian Limitation Act; and Act I. of 1872, the Indian Evidence Act. The credit of the first of these Acts is due mainly to Mr. Whitley Stokes, the Secretary to the Legislative Department. It gives in a very small compass the result of about 1,200 decisions which had been given in the course of about twelve years, on Act XIV. of 1859, which it re-enacts, supplements, and supersedes. The Evidence Act, for which, in its present shape, I am in a great measure responsible, is founded on a draft prepared by the Indian Law Commissioners. It includes, I think, everything which was contained in that draft, but is considerably longer, and is arranged on a different principle.

Besides these Acts the constitution of the civil courts in different parts of India has been provided for by eight or nine Civil Courts Acts, which have been passed in the course of the last five or six years, one for every province of the Empire except Madras. I think that, with a little management, the whole of these Acts might be consolidated with the next edition of the Code of Civil Procedure; but as they are, they supersede an amount of obscurity and confusion of which I may give a single example. The civil courts of Bengal derived their jurisdiction from parts of no less than thirteen Regulations and Acts amending and referring to one another, relating to all sorts of different subjects, and passed at different periods between 1793 and 1870. All these are now replaced by an Act of thirty-eight short sections (Act VI. of 1871), which any one can master in an hour.

This concludes what I have to say on codification in India; and I will now pass to the subject of consolidation. I do not think there is any essential difference between the two processes, though when a code is spoken of the word generally implies that a large and important part of the subject codified is then for the first time reduced to writing in an authoritative manner; whereas consolidation is the process of throwing several statutes into one. Every code, however, will always include more or less consolidation, as upon every subject there is a greater or less amount of statute law. On the other hand, consolidation will be of very little use unless the person who consolidates feels himself at liberty to remodel and rearrange the statutes which he throws together, and to mould their language so as to give the effect of judicial decisions on their meaning. The essence of consolidation is that there should never be more than one statute upon one subject; and that if it is necessary to amend a statute in particulars too small to authorize its repeal and re-enactment, the amendment should be made by enacting that certain words should be erased from the amended Act and others inserted in their place. The result of this is, that the original Act can be reprinted as

amended ; and simple as this device may appear, it saves an amount of trouble and confusion which can scarcely be believed without practical experience.

The consolidation of Indian law, thus understood, is very nearly complete. When I left India, four Acts on miscellaneous subjects, and three Acts relating to the land revenue of the North-West Provinces, Oude, and the Central Provinces respectively, remained to be passed. Of these seven Acts, five had been drawn and introduced into the Council, and of these one has since become law. Five or six additional consolidation Acts, most of which are already drawn, will thus put the statute law of India into a satisfactory condition. Every subject of which it treats will then be disposed of in a single Act, or in a single Act amended by other Acts, in such a manner that the two can be printed as one. When that is done there will remain about thirty Regulations, which for various reasons it is undesirable to touch. The total number of unrepealed Acts of the Government of India was, on the 31st December, 1871, 506, of which 295 were restricted in their operation to different provinces, and only 211 were general. Since that time eighteen Acts have been passed. The first fifteen repeal sixty-two existing enactments, and so reduce the number by forty-seven. The total number of Acts thus stands at from 450 to 460, the total number of general Acts being about 160.

To resume, that part of the law of India, for which the Viceroy's Council is responsible, at present stands thus. The subject-matter of the judicial branch of the old Regulations is contained in the Penal Code, the Limitation Act, the Evidence Act, the codes of Civil and Criminal Procedure, and the Civil Courts Acts, of which, as I said, there is one for each province. The revenue branch is represented by consolidated land revenue Acts and by tenancy Acts, which have been passed for the greater part of India, and are under consideration for the rest. The subjects of marriage, inheritance, wills, and the family relations generally, are regulated either by native laws which, for obvious reasons, it is undesirable to touch, or by the Succession Act. The principles of contract in general and the commoner contracts are regulated by the Contract Act, and miscellaneous topics of legislation are each disposed of by a single Act, or by Acts so drawn that they can be printed as a single Act. For the sake of simplicity I have said nothing of Acts of Parliament relating to India, or of the Acts of the local legislatures for Bengal, Madras, and Bombay.

My own opinion is, that if a law of torts were enacted, little more would be required, except current miscellaneous legislation, and the re-enactment from time to time of the existing laws, so as to embody in them the result of judicial decisions. It may strike you that this

review leaves out the greatest subject of all, the law relating to land, and that as the whole population of India is immediately dependent on the produce of the land, this is to omit the part of *Hamlet* from the play. The answer to this is, that the laws relating to land in India are almost entirely of two kinds ; either they are connected with and arise out of the system of land settlement, the law as to which is reduced to writing in the greater part of India ; or else they are native customs as to inheritance and tenure, with which it would be undesirable to interfere, though they are carefully registered in the course of settlement proceedings throughout great part of northern India. A law of easements, and a law of mortgages, might, I think, be passed (a draft Mortgage Act was prepared before I left India) ; but they would require very great consideration and local knowledge.

You will naturally ask how this process of codification has succeeded ? To this question I can answer that it has succeeded to a degree which no one could have anticipated, and the proofs of this fact are to my mind quite conclusive. One is the avidity with which the whole subject is studied, both by the English and by the native students in the universities. The knowledge which every civilian you meet in India has of the Penal Code and the two Procedure Codes is perfectly surprising to an English lawyer. People who in England would have a slight indefinite rule-of-thumb knowledge of criminal law, a knowledge which would guide them to the right book in a library, know the Penal Code by heart, and talk about the minutest details of its provisions with keen interest. I have been repeatedly informed that law is the subject which native students delight in at the universities, and that the influence, as a mere instrument of education, of the codifying Acts, can hardly be exaggerated. I have read in native newspapers detailed criticisms, on the Evidence Act, for instance, which proved that the writer must have studied it as any other literary work of interest might be studied.

A proof of a different kind of the success of the codes is this. A few years ago an Act was passed enabling the Government of India to legislate in a summary way for the wilder parts of India. The Punjab Government were accordingly asked whether they had any proposal to make as to special laws for the government of as wild a frontier as any in the world, the districts between the Indus and the mountains. They replied that they could suggest nothing better than the Penal Code and the Code of Criminal Procedure, with one or two slight modifications and additions. It is a new experience to an English lawyer to see how easy these matters are when they are stripped of mystery. I once had occasion to consult a military officer upon certain matters connected with habitual criminals. His special duty was the suppression of Thugs. Upon some remark which I made he pulled out of his pocket a little Code of Criminal Procedure,

bound like a memorandum-book, turned up the precise section which related to the matter in hand, and pointed out the way in which it worked with perfect precision. The only thing which prevents English people from seeing that law is really one of the most interesting and instructive studies in the world, is that English lawyers have thrown it into a shape which can only be described as studiously repulsive.

Such being the condition of the law of India, I now pass to the question, What can be learnt from it as to codification in England? To this I would reply, that, in the first place, Indian experience shows pretty clearly what in practice is meant by codification. The minds of many persons who write upon the subject appear to me to be haunted by an impression that law is a science inherent in the nature of things, and quite distinct from actual laws, and that to codify the law is to draw out a connected system of propositions which would constitute such an exposition of the science as Euclid gives of the elements of geometry. Of course, if this view of the subject is taken, the codification of the law may well be regarded as a work almost, if not altogether, out of our reach. If, however, we take a truer and more practical view of the matter—if we think about actual laws, and not about abstract law, and if we regard these laws as systems of rules drawn up for practical purposes by the light of common experience—it appears to me as absurd to doubt the possibility of expressing them in plain words, and arranging them in a perspicuous and systematic form, as to doubt the possibility of getting any other sort of skilled labour performed.

All experience, both English and Indian, shows that of the masses of law which are to be found in statutes and text books, the amount with which any one, even a lawyer, need practically concern himself is comparatively small. Turn over "Chitty's Statutes," for instance, and consider of how many of the Acts which it contains any lawyer can wish to know more than the fact of their existence. Who would wish to burden his memory with the contents, for instance, of Acts about sewers, ships and shipping, tithes, the improvement of towns, vestries, or a thousand other subjects which might be mentioned? On the other hand, there are branches of the law of which every lawyer who is really master of his profession ought to have a precise and systematic knowledge, embracing not merely their general principles, but their more important working details. My own opinion is, that every educated man might possess a very considerable amount of such knowledge, and I feel no doubt at all that the law both might and ought to be thrown into such a shape as to render the operation of getting it easy and interesting. If any one is sceptical as to this, I would invite his attention to some illustrations. The constitution of the United States is accurately and familiarly known

to many millions of Americans, and for this simple reason: It is drawn up in a form which every one can read and understand, and is circulated through the whole country, as we circulate the Bible. The Catechism, The Ten Commandments, and the Creeds, are instances of the same thing. Here are documents which relate to the most important and mysterious subjects to which the human mind can address itself. They form an essential part of one of the most important Acts of Parliament ever passed—the Act of Uniformity. Every child in the land learns them by heart, and the highest courts of law in the country put from time to time a judicial construction upon them. The whole national character of Scotland is moulded by the Westminster Confession. Its system of divinity gives a complete account of all things, human and divine, and a large proportion of Scotchmen used, at all events, to be able to repeat it by heart from end to end, together with its Scripture proofs. What are these but cases of codification? and yet there are those who say that it is idle to attempt to popularize a knowledge of law.

It is not, I think, difficult to specify the particular branches of law which might thus be dealt with. Suppose that we had statutes containing expositions of the whole law, whether derived from statutes, text writers, or decided cases on the following subjects:—1. Private relations of life (husband and wife, parent and child, guardian and ward); 2. Succession to property; 3. Landed property; 4. Contract; 5. Wrong; 6. Trust; 7. Crime; 8. Civil procedure; 9. Criminal procedure; 10. Evidence; 11. Limitation and prescription, we should then have not indeed a code in the—I had almost said transcendental—sense which some persons seem to attach to the word, but we should have the working kernel of the law stated in such a shape that, with the necessary amount of sustained industry, any one might acquaint himself with it. If, in addition to this, the process of redrawing and re-enacting the statutes upon other subjects, in a consolidated form and in modern language, were steadily carried on, till on each subject there was only one Act, the law would be as simple as it could be made. Is there any insuperable difficulty in this undertaking? I can see none, if it is seriously taken in hand. It would no doubt be a great undertaking. It would occupy many years, and would cost a considerable amount of money; but the difficulties are by no means greater than those of many other great undertakings. They are not greater, for instance, than the difficulty of draining London, or building new Houses of Parliament, or new courts of law, or constructing a system of railroads. Of course, it is possible to suggest difficulties which may be made to look insurmountable, and I have no doubt that they really are in many instances great, but to suppose that they cannot be overcome by resolute and well-combined efforts, if

only the nation is in earnest in the matter, seems to me mere idleness and faintness of heart. Can any one doubt that if the 4th and 17th sections of the Statute of Frauds had been redrawn, as they ought to have been half a dozen times since they were passed, the law would now be as simple as the nature of the case permits it to be? An Act on that matter might be drawn in a few weeks, which would enable every merchant in England to know where he was in regard to such matters without asking his lawyer.

Of the eleven subjects mentioned, several have been dealt with in the Indian Succession Act, and others in the Contract Act, the Penal Code, the two Procedure Codes, and the Evidence and Limitation Acts. Others are disposed of in the New York Civil Code; and, indeed, distinct precedents might be found for all, with the exception of the law of landed property, which, on account of its enormous importance and great difficulty, might well be left to the last; but I know of no reason why the subjects of crime, contracts, wrong, and procedure, civil and criminal, including evidence and the law of limitation and prescription, should not be undertaken at once, and completed in a few years. Indeed, a single draftsman, who had nothing else to do, might draw the Acts faster than Parliament would be prepared to discuss them. I do not know that the order in which the different Acts should be drawn is a question of very much importance. My own opinion would be in favour of beginning with a Code of Civil Procedure, partly because the Judicature Commission have drawn up in their first report what would amount to instructions to the draftsman, but much more because such a code would at once effect a fusion of law and equity, and thus remove one of the principal causes of the intricacy of English law.

You will perhaps allow me to say a few words on this point. I cannot imagine any litigation taking place which could not be resolved into a question either of law or of fact, or of law and fact. It is easy to understand that some questions of fact can be more conveniently investigated by a jury, others by a judge hearing the witnesses, others by a judge looking at affidavits, others by a judge with skilled assessors. It is also obvious that there may be branches of law with which the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench are more familiar, and other branches with which the Vice-Chancellors or Lords Justices are more familiar: and, lastly, it is clear that different classes of cases require different remedies; damages in some instances, in others a decree for specific performances, in others an injunction, and so forth; but I can see no reason why the course of proceeding by which the question between the parties is stated, and the appropriate remedy applied for at the hands of the court, should not be the same in all instances, or why every court should not be empowered to grant every remedy. If this were done, and it would

not be difficult to do it after the report to which I have referred, the root of the distinction between law and equity would be cut away. When the law of contracts, wrongs, and trusts was codified, it would become apparent that the distinction really is mainly one of procedure. The judges at Westminster and the judges at Lincoln's Inn would each have to turn to the law of contracts, for instance, to determine the rights of the parties as to any particular matter in dispute, but having done so each would be able to order the payment of damages, to make a decree for specific performance, or to issue an injunction, as the case might require. One court would be applied to in one case, and the other in the other, just as one physician is consulted for diseases of the chest, and another for diseases of the head; but the procedure would be the same, and the law would be one. I cannot help thinking that if this matter were disposed of, the question as to the reorganisation of the courts which excites so much attention at present might be greatly simplified.

The question of the order in which such Acts should be drawn need not be considered until the country has made up its mind whether it will or will not have the law codified, and make specific arrangements for that purpose. In the meantime, it would be highly important to show, by specimens, what can be done in this direction, and what sort of a thing a code would be. And this brings me to two personal matters to which I will shortly refer. The Attorney-General lately expressed his intention, both in Parliament and at the meeting of the Social Science Association, at Plymouth, to introduce a Bill into Parliament next session, codifying the law of evidence. He did me the honour to refer to me by name in connection with this scheme, saying, that work done by me, meaning, no doubt, the Indian Evidence Act, would facilitate the undertaking. An Evidence Act for England will of course be a very different thing from an Evidence Act for India, for reasons on which I need not now dwell. I hope, however, that the Act passed in India, for which no doubt I was mainly responsible, may turn out to be capable of being adapted to the wants of this country. There are conveniences in choosing such a subject as a specimen. The subject is one of manageable size, and it cannot be regarded as in any sense a party measure; but, on the other hand, I fear that any such attempt will encounter a good deal of professional opposition. I do, however, most honestly believe, for more reasons than I can trouble you with at present, that to put the rules upon this subject into a short, clear, and definite shape, would be a great benefit both to the public and to the profession, though it would of course inflict some degree of inconvenience on those who have become familiar by long practice with a different system. I can, however, hardly imagine any proposal by which the issue, whether codification, as such, is a good

thing or a bad one, could be raised in a more naked and pointed manner.

The second matter which I have to mention is this. Shortly after my return to England, last May, the Recorder of London told me that Mr. Bright had asked him to draw a Bill defining the offence of murder. Mr. Bright's attention had no doubt been directed to the subject by the evidence given before the Capital Punishment Commission, some years ago, on the unsatisfactory state of the existing law on that subject. Mr. Russell Gurney's engagements prevented him from completing this task, though he had made some progress in it, and at his desire I undertook it. I accordingly drew, and we jointly settled, a Bill which I hold in my hand, which codifies the whole law of homicide. It consists of twenty-four sections, and reduces to that length matter which, in Mr. Greaves's edition of "Russell on Crimes," is spread over no less than 232 royal 8vo. pages. Nine of the sections, which define the cases in which homicide is not criminal, ought properly to be placed in the first chapter of a penal code, as most of them relate to other offences as well as homicide. Mr. Russell Gurney brought the Bill into Parliament, and it was read a first time on one of the last days of last session. I need hardly say that his name is in itself the best possible warrant that the Bill is not a fanciful or theoretical one, but is practically adapted to its purpose. I may also state that some weeks ago I went carefully through it with the Attorney-General, and that he also considered that the Bill substantially represented the existing law, and would constitute a great improvement to it, though he thought some points in it open to discussion. I very much wish that I had the opportunity of discussing this Bill, section by section, with those who doubt the possibility or the advantages of codification. I would undertake to show any person who is acquainted with the subject, that it includes the whole of the existing law, modifying it only in certain particulars, putting it into a form perfectly intelligible to any one who can read English, reducing it in length from 232 pages to seven or less, and settling a variety of moot points, which might at any moment produce great confusion if they should occur in practice.

I will state in a very few words how this is effected, for it is a typical instance of the advantages of codification. As you all know, murder came to be defined upwards of two hundred years ago, as "killing with malice aforethought." From that time to this successive generations of judges have racked their ingenuity, first of all, in affixing strange, unnatural meanings to the two words "malice" and "aforethought;" and then, in reconciling each other's dicta on the subject. "Malice" may be expressed or implied. Its existence is presumed in some cases, and the presumption is

rebutted by particular classes of circumstances. The intricacies arising from this are recorded in the text books, and most fully in "Russell on Crimes," to which I would refer you. After much reading it becomes clear that all of them may be dispensed with, and that the real gist of the law may be reduced to a perfectly plain, straightforward shape, if the unlucky words "malice aforethought" are rejected, and the crime is defined with reference to the intention with which the act which causes death is done. Once hit upon this clue to the labyrinth, and everything falls into its place, like a tangle of which you have found the knot. I cannot, of course, detain you by going into the Bill, but I should like nothing better than to justify what I have said before anybody competent to judge of it.

Mr. Gurney's duties in America will probably detain him there till late in the next session. His object in introducing the Bill at the end of the last session was to bring the matter before the public, in the hope that the Government might take it up. If they should do so, and if the Attorney-General carries out his intention of introducing an Evidence Act, the public attention will be challenged on the subject of codification, and the possibility of preparing such a code as I have tried to sketch out will be clearly established.

The only remaining point on which I shall trouble you is the question, how it can be done? Upon this I have little to add to what I suggested in a letter to Mr. Fawcett, which was published last summer in *The Times*, and which some of you may have noticed. It would obviously be impossible to discuss such matters as I have referred to as ordinary Bills are discussed in Parliament, and a law officer immersed in private practice and in Parliamentary life would probably not be well qualified to draw them. A popular assembly might as well try to paint a picture as to discuss, section by section, a penal code or a law about contracts. On the other hand, it is impossible to ask Parliament to delegate its legislative power. Nothing on earth would or ought ever to induce them to do so. What then is to be done? I would suggest the following plan.

The history of a Bill includes the following stages:—1. The preparation of the draft. 2. The introduction of the Bill into Parliament. 3. Its discussion in Parliament.

For the preparation of the draft I would provide as follows: Appoint a small commission charged with the duty of drawing the Bills referred to, or whatever other Bills might be determined on. Each Bill ought to be drawn by a single person for the same reason for which a picture ought to be painted by a single person; for an Act worthy to be called a code is distinctly a work of art. The size of the commission would thus determine the rapidity with which the

work would be done. If it were desired only to try the experiment, a single draftsman might be employed in the first instance, and a commission might be appointed to test his work when it was done. I will suppose, however, that a commission of three or four persons was appointed. In order to secure their industry, put them under strict conditions as to keeping a regular account of their proceedings. Let them allot the work to be done to particular members of the commission, and record minutes and resolutions, showing the reasons for what they propose. These proceedings might be of the greatest importance both as throwing light afterwards upon the object and meaning of particular enactments, and as a check upon the employment of their time. When any one commissioner had prepared a draft, it ought to be considered by the whole body minutely; and when settled, it should not only be published in the *Gazette*, with a full statement of the objects and reasons, but should be forwarded for opinion and criticism to every person or body likely to give a valuable opinion upon it. The commission should carefully examine the draft and the criticisms, and mould it accordingly. In India, we had hardly any careful criticism of our work in the press, and as the Legislative Council consisted of only fifteen members, its public debates were of little value as an expression of opinion. We used, accordingly, to send copies of all Acts of any importance to each of the ten local governments, to be distributed by them and their officers to every one who was likely to be able to give us any information, and in this way we got masses of highly important criticisms, all of which were carefully considered by committees, which sat in private. When the Code of Criminal Procedure was under discussion, we had before us a folio volume of perhaps three hundred pages of criticisms on various points connected with it. We had also a digest of all the cases decided on the old code, which we obtained from a gentleman who had just prepared a new edition of the old code. We had a committee of nine, of whom five undertook the task of studying these criticisms. We used to sit five, six, or seven hours a day for months together. The secretary read out the whole Bill (541 sections); and as each section was read, the criticisms upon it were referred to by one or other of the members who took charge of them, and were discussed by the committee in private, and the wording of the Bill was settled accordingly. The number of points thus brought to our notice was surprising, and the value of the process could hardly be exaggerated. It is out of all comparison more searching and effective than a discussion by speeches in a popular assembly can possibly be.

When a Bill had been in this way drafted, criticized, and settled, it, together with the criticisms made upon it, and a statement of the

alterations made in consequence, should be brought by the commission before the Chancellor and the law officers, who, if they approved of it, as they probably would, should introduce it into the House of Lords or Commons, as might be most convenient. If they did not choose to do so, they should record their reasons. The commission should record theirs, and the whole should be published for public information, together with the rest of their proceedings.

Up to this point observe what we should have gained. In the first place, we should have a permanent body engaged upon the work, and we should thus avoid the rock on which so many schemes of law reform have split—change of ministry. Continuous and systematic law reform is impossible, so long as it is left entirely to Chancellors and law officers, who cannot be sure of their places for a single session, and whose time is occupied by other duties. In codification the object is not so much to alter the law as to give its equivalent in an improved shape. Hence, the draftsman is, to a very great extent indeed, the important person. So long as he is not recognised as such, so long as he is an unknown man with no authority, no responsibility, no position of his own, you will never get really good legislation upon subjects of this sort. No man who is fit to draw a code will do it merely as the unrecognised servant of some politician who is to get all the credit for it. Give to each his due. Let the author of the code be its author. Let the member of Parliament be what he really is, the advocate who pleads its cause; and if he refuses to plead it, let the public know the reason why, and judge who is right and who wrong.

In the second place, we should have a security for careful drafting, and for industry on the part of the draftsman far greater than we have or can have at present. I do not mean to say that the Government drafting of the present day is bad; it is, I think, admirably good; but that is due to the personal merits of individuals and not to the system.

Lastly, let us suppose the Bill to be introduced into whichever House of Parliament might be preferred. Let it be a standing order of each House that the Commissioners' Bills shall be referred to a Select Committee, and that the Select Committee shall be attended by the commissioner by whom the Bill was drawn; let the committee report to the House, and let the Bill take its course. Perhaps it might be thought right, with regard to Bills of such peculiar character and such importance, to permit them to run on from session to session, instead of being obliged to go through all their stages in one session. It would also be a very great advantage if, after the Bills had gone through committee, they were referred

back to the commission to be considered, not from the legislative, but simply from the drafting point of view.

Now, why should not Parliament accept Bills thus prepared, vouched for, and tested? Its legislative authority would not be trenched upon in the slightest degree. It would not be asked to delegate an atom of it. It would merely provide means for the specially careful preparation of Bills of special importance, and for the steady prosecution of a great national work independently of party changes.

I have a few remarks to make in conclusion. First, it is said that we ought to wait for a general digest of the law before proceeding to a code. It appears to me that to do so would be equivalent to an indefinite postponement of the whole undertaking. The fact is, that we have already the best of all possible digests. I do not refer merely to the works which pass under that title—though I confess I think it would be very difficult to improve upon Mr. Fisher's "Common Law Digest"—I refer to the innumerable text books of every branch of the law. What better digest of criminal law could we possibly hope for than "Russell on Crimes," and the current Roscoe and Archbold, to say nothing of the title "Criminal Law," in "Fisher's Digest." A digest of the law, made at the public expense, would take years to plan and execute, and it would be out of date by the time it was done. Whereas text books, which constitute complete and admirable digests, are continually called into being by supply and demand. Secondly, I would protest against the supposition that the work of codification can ever be final. To suppose that any code will go on by itself for ever is like supposing that a railway can be built which will not want repairs. You must have an engineering staff to keep your works in order, when they are made, as well as to make them in the first instance. I believe that almost any code, any systematic exposition of the law, would be a great improvement on the present state of things, but constant re-enactment would be necessary to make them really complete, and no rational advocate of codification would say more than that codification is a step in advance.

This is the answer to the common criticism on codes, that they yet overrun with commentaries. So would a garden be overrun with weeds if it was not carefully looked after; but the use of a gardener is to look after it. Redraw the codes so as to embody the comments, and you will keep them in shape. The criticism itself involves much exaggeration. I mentioned that we embodied the result of between 1,000 and 2,000 cases in the new Code of Criminal Procedure; but you would have been surprised to see how little they came to. Numbers of them turned upon the alteration of a word or two;

numbers were merely superfluous illustrations ; and numbers turned upon combinations of facts so peculiar that they were unlikely to recur, and carried the law no further. My experience of the three great Indian Codes is that the degree of real uncertainty as to their meaning is singularly small, and that, though a good many cases are decided on particular sections, the vast majority fully explain their own meaning. As an illustration of the kind of points which cases decide, I may observe that most of the 1,200 cases which were disposed of in the Limitation Act arose upon the question at what point of time the right to sue accrued in particular instances. The period of limitation ran from that point. We made a schedule with 169 items, which gave in twenty pages the result of several volumes of reports. A case containing many pages of argument was thus compressed into a very few lines. One item would often dispose of a whole class of cases.

Thirdly, I wish to observe that if such a commission as I have suggested were appointed, it could be made exceedingly useful for many other purposes connected with law reform, besides the principal one of drawing a code ; but upon this large subject I will not enter.

Fourthly and lastly, it is often said that codification would deprive the law of its elasticity, which would be a bad thing. The only plain meaning I have ever been able to attach to this is that it is good that law should be uncertain, and the only sense in which this can possibly be true, is that there are subjects on which it is desirable that the judges should exercise a considerable degree of discretion. To this I entirely agree ; but I must observe that nothing can be easier than to draw enactments in such a manner as to give any required amount of discretion to the judges. It is, indeed, very much easier to give too much than to give too little. A very famous document gave a very famous court more discretion than some of its members liked, by the use of the phrases "due diligence," and "damages growing out of" certain facts. What, again, can be more elastic than the language of the Extradition Act of 1870, which provides that a fugitive criminal shall not be surrendered if the offence is one "of a political character" ? Take, again, such a question as the relation of madness to crime. Several views on the subject are possible ; and if it were thought desirable not to settle various delicate questions on the subject which are still undetermined, nothing would be easier than to find language which would leave that task to the judges. On the other hand, if it was desired to decide them, that could be done too. In short, codification enables the legislature to make its laws as definite or indefinite upon any given point as it thinks proper, and to choose between vagueness and precision in each

particular case. When the law is uncoded, it must be vague in numberless cases in which precision is clearly desirable.

J. FITZJAMES STEPHEN.

P.S.—The remarks on the relation between codification and the elasticity of the law with which this address closes were necessarily compressed into a few words. I am led, however, by criticisms of a very friendly kind, which they have met with in various quarters, to explain my meaning somewhat more fully. All language whatever has in it an element of generality, and this circumstance both gives it its chief utility and is the main source of the errors of every kind which arise from its use. Take such a sentence as this, "I saw a man riding down the Strand on a brown horse." Every one would say, and say truly, that this sentence is perfectly intelligible. Yet there is not a single word in it which does not leave room for further particulars which in particular cases it might be important to state. "I." Who are you? "Saw." When did you see? How did you see? With your naked eyes, or with spectacles? If with your naked eyes, is your sight long or short? If with spectacles, were they convex or concave? "A man." What sort of man? Can you undertake to say more than that it was a person in man's clothes? "Riding." Was the person you saw riding in the common way, or riding like a carter on the horse's back? "Down." Does this mean going east or west? and so on. So "Thou shalt do no murder" is a very plain proposition, but it has given rise to thousands of questions, not merely in law but in morals. Is suicide murder? Is duelling murder? What sorts of killing in war are murder? and so on. These illustrations, which might be multiplied to any conceivable extent, show that precision in the use of language is a question of degree. Spoken words can no more represent the whole of any given fact than a painting can do so. A flat piece of canvas, and colours ranging in shade between black and white, can be made to produce a surprisingly good imitation of space in its three dimensions with colours varying from the blaze of the tropical sun at mid-day to absolute darkness, but the representation is only a symbol which the mind must interpret for itself, and the same is the case with language. Something must always be left to the good faith and good sense of the persons addressed, and this is one of the reasons why judges and courts of justice are necessary to interpret the law. The whole art of legislative expression consists in striking the mean between language so vague as not to convey a definite meaning to a person who in good faith wishes to discover one, and language so minute and precise as to frustrate the efforts of a person who struggles to misunderstand it. Acts of Parliament used to be drawn upon the latter principle. This was the secret of what may

be called the "person or persons" or the "would or should" style, and its result was to make the law so intricate and involved that where it prevented one quibble it suggested fifty. Of late years very great progress has been made in the direction of simplicity.

The way in which this connects itself with the subject of codification, is as follows. The extreme of vagueness is when a law is not written down at all in an authoritative way. If, for instance, there was a mere unwritten tradition that murder was a capital crime, but no authoritative definition of murder at all, the law would be as elastic as the law of high treason was before the Statute of Edward III. The judges would be able to call anything murder which involved the taking of life. When the law is defined by text writers and decided cases, its elasticity is removed to that extent, but in a clumsy way. If the principles of the text writers and the result of the decided cases is reduced to a set of propositions, the law is neither more nor less elastic than it was before it was reduced to propositions, though it is more intelligible and shorter. If, upon reducing the materials to the form of propositions, it appears that the propositions are exceedingly cumbrous and incomplete, and that by a slight alteration they can be much improved; and if the alteration is made, the elasticity of the law may or may not be diminished; but if it is done at all it is done deliberately and under the belief that elasticity in the particular case in question is a defect and not a merit.

The following is a specific illustration of my meaning. I do not say that it is absolutely correct, but it approaches correctness quite enough for my present purpose. If the law of England as to murder were codified just as it stands, part of it would run very nearly thus:—

1. Murder is killing with malice aforethought.
2. Malice aforethought is presumed to exist in all cases of wilful homicide.
3. If the circumstances of the case negative an intention to kill or inflict grievous bodily harm, the presumption of malice aforethought arising from the fact of wilful homicide is rebutted.
4. This does not extend to the cases in which the wilful homicide occurs in resistance to a lawful apprehension, or in the commission of a felony.

If these propositions were enacted as law, they would substantially represent the existing authorities on the subject, and would represent the degree of elasticity which it possesses.

Now a consideration of this definition shows three things: in the first place, it is extremely clumsy; in the second place it all depends on a fictitious presumption; in the third place, it involves the following monstrous consequences. A shoots at a domestic fowl, intending

to steal it, and accidentally kills B. This is murder in A, because his homicide was wilful, *i.e.* in consequence of a voluntary act, and the presumption of malice was not rebutted, as the act was felonious. A, a pickpocket, trips up B, a policeman, who falls on his head and is killed. This again is murder in A, because the wilful act which caused death was resistance to a lawful apprehension.

The elastic part of the definition is in proposition 3. It is obvious that it will cover a great variety of subordinate questions. For instance, what inference is to be drawn from the use of a particular kind of weapon? How far can you take into account the stupidity, or ignorance, or superstition of the criminal in considering what his intention was? and so on. The elasticity here is obviously in its right place. Such points cannot be defined beforehand. Cannot we then keep the elasticity and yet get rid of the clumsiness and the scandal? It is the simplest thing in the world, if the definition is moulded somewhat as follows :—

1. Homicide is murder, when the act by which death is caused is done with the intention of causing death, or with the intention of causing bodily injury likely to cause death.

2. Homicide is manslaughter when the act by which death is caused is done without the intention of causing death, or of causing bodily injury likely to cause death.

This gets rid of the clumsiness of the other definition and of its scandalous consequences, and leaves the law as elastic as it is at present, unless, indeed, any one will say that the law is at present so elastic that the judges have a right to overrule Hale, Foster, and a score of cases in "Russell on Crimes." If so, they are not judges, but legislators, under a fiction, and under restrictions utterly fatal to good legislation. Of course I have given not a definition of murder, but such a specimen of the way in which I think it ought to be defined as is sufficient to illustrate what I have said about elasticity. The process of codification consists in summing up, from time to time, the results of thoughts and experience. One of its principal merits is that in this way it continually supplies, or ought to supply, new points of departure; and this, instead of hampering or fettering the progress of law towards the condition of a science, would contribute to it enormously. To know definitely what the law is, is a great step towards its improvement. We are often told that laws grow, and are not made. In fact they are made in a way which has a certain sort of analogy to growth. If we are to use metaphors at all, I should say that laws grow best in the light, and worst when they multiply like mushrooms in a cellar.

J. F. S.

FOURIER.

(Concluded from the previous number.)

THE polity of Harmony is a confederation of phalanxes, bound together, as the individuals are to their community, by the complex passions of unitéisme. The functions of the central government of the world, seated at Constantinople, seem to be merely honorary; for, in so well-regulated a state, there can be little necessity for the interference of government. Each phalanx, in fact, governs itself; that is to say, a council chosen for the purpose directs the production of wealth and afterwards regulates its distribution. This council is composed of the chiefs of series, of the patriarchs, the magnats, and the principal shareholders or capitalists. They exercise no constraining authority, but their advice is taken as "boussole d'industrie." The books of the phalanx are kept by a series, and are at all times open to inspection. There is no necessity for laws where each man is a law to himself, of police where no crime is committed, of an army where no enemy has to be met. Yet there appears to be a central office attached to the government of the omniarch, wherein the votes of the world are collected by which the great titles and rewards of humanity are discerned. Eminent men will be elevated to the rank of magnats of the globe, and receive the triumphal decorations. Ten millions will be no uncommon fortune for an author to make, and the universal diffusion of education will gradually extirpate all bad taste, so that real merit will alone succeed. Nor need publishers and writers of old-fashioned theology and philosophy fear that the sale of their works will diminish. There is a continual demand for them, in order that their folly may furnish entertainment to the Harmonians.

From what has been said it will be seen that Harmonian society is peculiarly unfavourable to the growth of political agitation. Although there exist, indeed, great inequalities both of rank and wealth, yet all classes are so harmoniously cemented together, that class prejudices and jealousies are completely unknown. This is to be ascribed to the entire absence of anything that can be called poverty, to the facilities afforded to every one to acquire both wealth and title, to the excellent manners diffused through all classes by the system of education, to the total absence of injustice and of class privileges, and, finally, to the admirable way in which persons of exalted stations confer services upon those who are beneath them.

The religious opinions of the Harmonians are not less remarkable than their social arrangements. It is a religion in which the fear of God is unknown. They regard Him with feelings of friendship, equally apart from the awe manifested by a boor in the presence of royalty, and from the insolent affectation of equality into which a democrat is occasionally betrayed. The former they consider to be characteristic of current theology, the latter of sceptical philosophy. They maintain that God desires to share his supreme happiness with his creatures, and that He has not given them passions or aspirations without providing means for their full exercise and enjoyment. We have already seen how this principle is applied to certain questions affecting morality, and how entirely it tends to change the present order of society. It has an influence not less marked upon the views relating to a future existence. No aspiration of man is more ardent than that for immortality ; and the very aspiration affords, according to the Harmonians, a proof of its existence. If it were not so, what opinion could we form of the Being who had vainly created such hopes in the breast of man ? But, connected with the desire of immortality, there is another feeling scarcely less universal : this is none other than to revisit at intervals this earth, the scene of our former labours. For eighty thousand years, therefore, the soul alternates between heaven and earth. In heaven it recovers the memory of the past, but loses it upon its return to earth, where about one-third of its existence is passed. Of this, it is possible that one-eighth or one-ninth has been spent in suffering, caused by the possession of passions imperfectly gratified. Long before the close of its terrestrial career however, all memory of this misery will have been obliterated by ages of unalloyed happiness. Its heavenly abode is situated in the upper atmosphere, from whence it can penetrate to the very centre of the solid earth, or soar to the distant stars ; for it has assumed an incombustible body, composed of two elements, aroma and air, and possesses some of the qualities of the magnetic fluid. Its pursuits and pleasures are very similar to ours, for it is quite a mistake to suppose that the future life is a scene of idleness. Nor has the voluptuary any cause to apprehend that he will cease to delight in the pleasures of the table, or to glow with the ardour of love. It must not be supposed that the happiness of the trans-mundanes, as they are called, is as yet altogether unclouded. They remain sympathetically connected with their terrestrial kindred, and participate in their joy and sorrow. So long as we suffer here below, the etherial spirits participate in our misery ; and the greatest service we can render them, is to lighten our own calamities. The Harmonians believe also that the planets are animated beings, possessing sensitive souls like ours, with bodies that experience similar wants and passions. There are gradations of rank among them, and a comet is a planetary

soul in a state of dissolution, preparing to renew its life in a more elevated sphere. As our bodies are a part of the body of the planet, so are our souls a portion of its soul. We share its fate throughout eternity, living when it lives, and dying when it dies. For a time will come when death will seize even the great planetary soul itself, and it will pass into the form of a comet, and career through space for a season, till, in some distant quarter of the universe, it takes shape and form again, and animates another planet nobler than the one it has quitted. And the memory of our former life will then lose its distinctness, and exist but as a languid consciousness of some long-forgotten happiness.

Each phalanstère is provided with a temple devoted to religious worship. We are not informed as to the exact nature of the service. Doubtless, however, it is conducted with great pomp and splendour; its altars decorated with the choicest flowers, and its music performed by the most accomplished artists from the opera. We can imagine the eloquent lecturer dilating upon the dignity of labour, the charm of terrestrial love, the duty of obedience to the dictates of passion, as being the highest expression of the divine will. He will not forget to remind his hearers of some of the horrors through which humanity has passed. He will illustrate his discourse by quotations from some of the sternest moralists, and most uncompromising theologians of civilisation. He will conclude by a touching allusion to the great Apostle of Harmony, Charles Fourier, who delivered the world from its bondage to these men whose business it was to vilify human nature, and by presuming to judge and condemn the noblest of created beings, blasphemously to asperse the character of his creator. The Harmonians cherish the memory of their great men with the devotion of a Catholic to the saints. Their busts are placed upon the altars belonging to the series whose labours they have adorned, or to whose studies they have contributed some eminent service. Rural altars are erected in every field throughout the phalanx, whereon incense is burnt before the labour of the series is begun. Thus, at every hour of the day, the Harmonian is reminded of the presence of the being who is to him a real God of love, and who communicates to him a portion of his own supreme happiness. His mind naturally dwells upon so pleasing a theme, and he has indeed much cause for thankfulness that the dark and menacing superstition by which it is obscured to us has passed away for ever.

From what has been said, it will be sufficiently clear that the Harmonians, as a race, are very different from ourselves. In character, unitéisme is a type not only unknown to us, but directly opposed to the egotism that generally regulates our actions. In appearance, they have attained to a great height, and their vigour is so much increased, that the ordinary term of life has been vastly extended. In

opinions and customs, the difference is no less striking. Indeed, they maintain that man has developed from a low origin—the ourang-outang being his more direct progenitor—and that the same improvement in form and faculty that has characterized our past, is destined to continue for many thousands of years. The Harmonian is the next step in the series after civilised man. All creation accompanies our progress, and in each successive stage is typical of our condition. “L’analogie,” writes Fourier, “est complète dans les différents règnes : ils sont dans tous leurs détails, autant de miroirs de quelque effet de nos passions, ils forment un immense musée de tableaux allégoriques où se peignent les crimes et les vertus de l’humanité,” and the chapter in which he develops this idea, if highly fantastic, is not quite so dreary as the rest of his big work. The Harmonian will find himself surrounded by animals and plants as different from those with which we are familiar, as he is from us. A lion will appear, of a nature to bear him speedily from one place to another, so that leaving Brussels in the morning, he can breakfast in Paris, dine at Lyons, and sleep at Marseilles. A whale of a pacific character will take his vessels in tow in a calm ; a hippopotamus will help him through canals and narrow channels ; he will even ride through the water upon the back of a seal, and sharks will lend him their friendly assistance in fishing. Scientific discovery will keep pace with other improvements, and means will be found to communicate with the stars. Mercury will be kind enough to teach us the stellar language, which will rapidly become universal upon earth. A permanent aurora will lighten and warm the polar regions, and even the earth will in time get itself properly adjusted upon its axis. Affairs will continue to progress in this manner for thirty-five thousand years, and then we shall enter upon our decline. In thirty-five thousand years more, we shall have sunk back again to civilisation, and in five thousand years afterwards, we shall be dissolved into a comet, and shall have fallen into the eternal sleep of death.

I have now endeavoured to sketch the leading features of that ideal state of Harmony into which it was Fourier’s mission to pilot society. It is impossible, of course, to condense within these limits the three thousand closely printed pages that compose the six volumes of his complete works without making many omissions. The patience of the reader has been already sufficiently taxed, and he is probably willing to dispense with the minute details and the absurd affectation of scientific demonstration with which the pages of Fourier are loaded.

Not the least entertaining portion of his writings are those in which he prophesies the speedy and complete realisation of his views. It only requires a wealthy nobleman to expend two millions upon the foundation of the first phalanx ; the rest will follow of them-

selves. The population of the world, attracted by the success of the experiment, will all rush together into similar combinations. In three years civilisation will have departed from Europe, and in five barbarism from the rest of the world. Mighty empires will start into existence in Australia and America, in Asia and Africa, their hereditary thrones occupied by the families of the enlightened men who assisted in their foundation. One universal language has already arisen, and the contention of rival nations has ceased for ever. The climate is modified by the judicious cultivation of the earth. The polar regions are converted into fertile plains; their seas are the highways of commerce; fogs and hurricanes no longer endanger the safety of ships. Vines are growing upon the barren mountains of Scotland. The limpid purity of the Thames reflects the shadow of the palm, and Italian skies stretch above the dome of St. Paul's. Rival armies have assembled by the banks of the Euphrates; they are composed of chosen legions from sixty empires of the globe, but they have come, not to destroy, but to contend for the prize to be awarded for the best *petit pâté*. Such is the absorbing question in which the peaceful world is now interested. Daily bulletins are published and eagerly read in the four quarters of the earth reporting the progress of the contest. At length the umpires have given their decision, and the series that has produced the victorious *pâté* is entertained at a splendid banquet. Six hundred thousand warriors are assembled. Every form of *pâté* is laid upon the table; but the prize *pâté* is accompanied by three hundred thousand bottles of sparkling wine. At a given signal the whole three hundred thousand corks rise with a simultaneous pop into the air—and this is the only explosion permitted in Harmony.

III.

These singular views were put forward with great gravity and very apparent sincerity; yet it was to be feared that they would encounter a good deal of opposition, and even ridicule. As soon as they were published, Fourier at once proceeded to Paris to endeavour to procure favourable reviews. He had some influence with the press, as he was personally acquainted with the editors of the *Journal des Débats* and the *Revue Encyclopédique*. His efforts were, however, of no avail. Shortly after his arrival he wrote to his friend, M. Muiron, "Pour intriguer à Paris, il faut une voiture et beaucoup d'argent. Puis des bassesses; tout cela me manque." In the following year he published a summary of his great treatise, hoping that those readers who had been dismayed by the extreme length of the original might be attracted by the theory when presented in a condensed form. He contrived, however, to make the summary as

unreadable as can well be imagined, and by a profusion of strange words and hieroglyphics greatly to increase the unfavourable impression. In vain he sent copies, both of the summary and of the treatise, to eminent men in France and England. From some he received no answer, from others a mere formal acknowledgment. In the midst of profound discouragement he made the acquaintance of an English lady, Mrs. Wheeler, and at her house he met a Mr. Smith. Both became ardent disciples. He induced the latter to translate the summary into English, in order that the theory might appear to be the work of an Englishman. Fourier knew that a prophet can expect no honour in his own country; but he fancied that if he represented himself as a foreigner he would at once become popular. We are not informed of the success of this device. At length, however, a M. Mazel copied a portion of Fourier's writings, made some additions of his own, and published the whole as an original work. An article appeared in the *Revue Encyclopédique* upon the subject, in which Fourier had the mortification to find himself satirised. He resolved to quit Paris, and to return to Lyons. Yet his efforts had not been altogether without results: he had succeeded in making two more disciples—Madame Clarisse Vigoureux, a lady of some property and considerable ability, and M. Victor Conidérant, an engineer, and then a very young man. Both of these subsequently became active auxiliaries, and by their writings contributed in no small degree to the spread of the new doctrine. He also became acquainted with a M. Gréa, a gentleman of independent position, who offered him accommodation in his own house if he would undertake to write a condensation of his opinions, freed from the extraneous matter with which his previous works had been disfigured. This, however, Fourier declined to do. He determined to return to business, and he accepted a small situation as cashier in a commercial house at a salary of twelve hundred francs.

He was too satisfied of the importance of his theories to accept failure with resignation. In the following year (1826) he returned to Paris to urge them upon the public. His private resources were not sufficient to enable him to dispense with employment, and he procured a clerkship in an American firm. Here he worked from ten to five for an income of twelve hundred francs; yet he found leisure to write another book which he called "*Nouveau Monde Industriel*." It is little more than a recapitulation of his former treatise, with the great merit of being in one volume instead of in four. He experienced considerable difficulty in finding a publisher. If, he said bitterly, Chateaubriand chose to write a book to prove that two and two make five, the publishers would eagerly compete for the honour of printing it; but the great successor of Newton, the discoverer of the science of passionate attraction, had to go to Besançon for the purpose.

While he was there, he enjoyed the hospitality of Madame Vigoureux, from whom he received whatever assistance he required. His new work appeared in 1829, and was almost as unsuccessful as any of the preceding. It was, however, satirised by the *Revue Française*, of which M. Guizot was then the editor. Fourier replied in a pamphlet that is chiefly remarkable for its extreme violence, and the persistence with which he attributed his own failures to the base motives of others. He says, "Il a été résolu en comité philosophique d'écraser cette découverte," and suggests that the name of the offending journal should be changed to *Revue Vandale*. For some years he had cherished the hope that Mr. Owen, the English socialist, would find him employment at some of his experiments, either in Scotland or America; but now he assails that "sophiste audacieux" as "le plus nuisible qui ait jamais paru," and explains how Owen's attack upon religion was made to obtain the suffrage of the "philosophes," his communism to secure that of the people, and his views on marriage to attract youthful sensualists. It is but fair, however, to add that Fourier had all along consistently opposed these tendencies of Owen. Nor was he at all more favourable to the Saint-Simonians. He attended some of their meetings in the Rue Monsigny, and his contempt found ready expression. He declaimed against those "sacerdotal buffoons" who "believe no more in Saint-Simon than they do in the Alcoran." "How I would thrash those mountebanks," he adds with vigour, "if I had a journal." He accuses them of plagiarism, and is confident that a time will yet come when "I will nonplus these hypocrites." That time was, indeed, drawing near. The increasing extravagance of Enfantin had led, in the autumn of 1831, to the secession of M. Bazard, by far the soberest of the two chiefs of Saint-Simonism. M. Bazard was followed by several other leading disciples. Of these many adopted the views of Fourier. Jules Le Chevalier and Transon embraced them with the ardour that had characterized their former apostleship. They immediately commenced a course of lectures upon the subject, almost before they had time to become fully acquainted with it. They communicated their own inexhaustible energy and enthusiasm to the elder disciples, and in June, 1832, the first journal advocating Fourierism was published. It was called the *Phalanstère, ou la Réforme Industrielle*.

The principal contributors were MM. Muiron and Victor Considérant and Madame Vigoureux, assisted by the new recruits, MM. Transon and Le Chevalier, and subsequently by MM. Lemoyne, Paget, and Pellarin, who had all been formerly Saint-Simonians. M. Pellarin had been a doctor in the navy. He became converted to Saint-Simonism at Brest, through the preaching of M. Charton. He embraced the faith with enthusiasm, and, when required, he cheerfully gave up his profession, sold his small family

property, and brought the proceeds, amounting to 4,000 francs, to the monks at Ménilmontant. The contribution was opportune, as the baker had just then refused to supply more bread, and the disciples had already pawned their watches. For some time his early enthusiasm supported his faith, though he found much to weaken it. At last, one morning, when he was engaged in cleaning the room of the Apostle Lambert, he was attracted by a volume of Fourier. The scales, he says, at once fell from his eyes. He hastened to quit Ménilmontant. He got back one and a half francs of his money to pay for the carriage of his portmanteau, and found himself alone in Paris almost without a friend, and altogether without a sou. In this desperate position he determined to commit suicide. He started off for the Arc de Triomphe, with the intention of throwing himself down; but fortunately he met an acquaintance, who asked him to breakfast. A beefsteak and a glass of wine changed his intention; and, after much difficulty, he found employment upon the staff of the *Phalanstère*. He has remained ever since a faithful disciple of Fourier. He has published an interesting biography of his master, which has this year reached a fifth edition, and an exposition of his opinions, which has the supreme merit of brevity, and is not more unintelligible than might be reasonably expected.

The *Phalanstère* contributed greatly to the spread of Fourierism. In 1832, M. Baudet-Dulary, the Deputy for the Seine et Oise, determined to try the experiment of a phalanx. He purchased an estate for the purpose at Condé-sur-Vesgre, on the borders of the forest of Rambouillet. A company of shareholders was formed, and buildings were commenced. The experiment was not made at all upon the scale that Fourier had desired; and, as was subsequently proved, the resources of the company were wholly inadequate. Nor did the architect carry out the views of Fourier. He built piggeries "ainsi que les cochons seront trois fois mieux logés que les Messieurs," and to which he forgot to put any doors, so that a ponderous sow would have to be hoisted in and out over the wall. It was no wonder that Fourier should write, in July, 1833, "il ne faut pas se le dissimuler—la colonie est ravagée." "On n'a pas suivi," he adds, "une ligne de mes instructions." The failure was complete. Indeed, actual association seems never to have been attempted. The company, says Fourier, "n'a point fait d'essai, mais des préparatifs en culture ordinaire." M. Dulary generously indemnified the shareholders, and himself sustained the entire loss. The disappointment was at least equal. Henceforth superficial inquirers would point to the actual failure when tried of all the fine theories of the new prophet. This failure caused great discouragement among the disciples of Fourier. In August, 1833, the *Phalanstère*, which till then had been a weekly journal, began to appear but once a

month ; and in February, in the following year, it expired altogether. For more than two years Fourierism was unrepresented in the press, and its enemies began to fancy that it had been completely extinguished. But this was by no means the case, and a considerable literature, reflecting the new views, was gradually arising. The first work upon the subject had been published in 1824, by the eldest disciple, M. Muiron. It was entitled "*Âperçus sur les Procédés Industriels*," and in 1846 it reached a third edition. It contains a short exposition of the doctrine, with special reference to its practical application. It was intended to show that "*toutes les améliorations morales proposées sont le développement naturel et facile des bons germes offerts par l'état actuel des choses*." Fourier had already, in many parts of his treatise, pointed out in what manner the transition might be effected from the old to the new state of society. In the transitional period of "*Garantisme*," the principle of association now extensively practised in trade was to be greatly extended, but one of its leading features would be the formation of a "*Comptoir communal actionnaire*." The Comptoir was to be established in every agricultural commune, it was to be a "*maison de commerce et de manutention agricole exerçant l'entrepôt et faisant des avances de fonds au consignateur*." It would purchase all necessary goods at wholesale prices, and retail them at a small profit to its members, who will thus obtain their implements, seed, &c. When the harvest is gathered, the produce will be deposited in the store belonging to the Comptoir, and an immediate advance in money will be made to the depositor upon his goods. The Comptoir will wait for an advantageous condition of the market to effect its sales, and the peasant farmer will consequently derive some of the benefits of capital. Besides this, public kitchens will be established to economize food and fuel, and there will be manufactories attached to each Comptoir to afford employment during the winter to the agricultural community. The Comptoir will always undertake to provide work for its members, who will thus be removed from the risk of want. It was expected that this institution, when once fairly established, would enter the open field of competition with forces so overwhelmingly great, as in the end to beat out all private competitors, and thus to resolve rural society into agricultural companies, each company farming the entire land of the commune. Such an organization would greatly facilitate the ultimate formation of phalanxes. M. Muiron devoted a large part of his book to develop the practical working of this scheme ; and, at the request of the Academy of Besançon, he drew up elaborate rules for the regulation of the Comptoir. His work was favourably reported upon by the local academy, but we do not hear of any effort having been made to test the value of its suggestions by experiment. In 1832 he published "*Transactions Sociales*,"

which has since reached a second edition. In it he has displayed a good deal of ingenuity in proving that Fourierism need not be considered as subversive either of religion or morals, and that it is perfectly compatible with any form of government. Indeed, he argued that self-restraint is a necessary condition of civilisation, and that it becomes our duty to submit, for the present, with all humility to the dictatorship of priests and legislators. The reform he urged was a purely social one, totally independent of religious or political theories; and to attack these would be only to divert our energies from the true business in hand.

In the same year M. Maurice exposed the "*Dangers de la situation actuelle de la France*," and pointed to the peaceful gospel of Fourier as the only means of escape. Between 1832 and 1834 M. Jules Le Chevalier gave his lectures upon Fourierism to the world; and shortly afterwards abandoned the school, to enter into the arena of radical politics. In 1835 M. Transon, who, like Le Chevalier, had formerly been a Saint-Simonian, published his "*Théorie Sociétaire de Fourier*;" but subsequently he also deserted his new master, and found a final refuge in the orthodox Church. Fourier himself added in the same year another to his already numerous writings.

But by far the most zealous contributor to the literature of Fourierism was M. Victor Considérant. He commenced in 1834 the publication of his "*Destinée Sociale*," a work that has since then undergone many alterations and additions, till in 1851 it reached its fourth edition. We may regret indeed that this work is so excessively long, and that it should reproduce so faithfully the barbarous phraseology and the wearisome analytical tables of Fourier, but it possesses no small interest from the prominence it has given to the Commune, as the element in society upon which all measures of reform should be commenced. "*La Commune*," he said, "*est l'atelier social, l'élément alvéolaire de la province, de la nation, de la société*;" and, therefore, "*le premier problème à résoudre pour avoir une bonne organisation sociale est celui d'une bonne organisation de l'élément social—de la Commune*." His work is devoted to explain how Fourierism may be applied to the Commune, and how out of the Commune the phalanxes of the future may arise. In common with the other disciples at that time, he strongly disclaimed all political agitation. A few years after, however, he was induced to take an active part in the Revolutionary Government of 1848; and, as the then acknowledged leader of Fourierism, he somewhat compromised its peaceful character. The faith of M. Dulary had not been shaken by the losses he had sustained at Condé-sur-Vesgre. Nor was his zeal in any degree diminished. In 1834 he wrote a pamphlet respecting the "*Crise Sociale*," and in 1836 he greatly contributed by his fortune to the re-establishment of a Fourierist

journal. It was called *La Phalange; Journal de la Science Sociale*. It was to appear three times a month, and the first number was published on the 10th July. During the seven years of its existence we may follow the gradual progress of the school.

When it began the opinions of Fourier were restricted to a few disciples, and were completely ignored or misunderstood by the general public. When it was transformed, in 1843, into a daily paper, with a new name, those opinions were extensively professed throughout France. They had newspaper organs in England and America; they were expounded in learned treatises in Germany and Spain; they had sent out colonists to many a distant settlement in the Far West, and an experiment had been even begun upon the shores of the Mexican Sea. In France they had raised the most violent opposition. The disciples were attacked by the conservative party as aiming at the destruction of private property; by the radicals they were accused of political cowardice; by the revolutionary communists of the school of Babœuf, by the social innovators of the school of Louis Blanc, they were equally condemned. Theologians had of course raised their usual cry of impiety; and even good men were appalled by what seemed to be the sensual tendency of their tenets. During the years preceding the revolution no writers depicted in darker colours the condition of the suffering poor, or denounced with greater eloquence or earnestness the injustices under which they laboured. Few more excited the imagination by glowing descriptions of the natural rights of man and the happiness which, in a well-ordered state, should be the common lot of all. It was a time of great political ferment, of secret societies, of suppressed revolution, and the burning words of the disciples of Fourier mingled powerfully with the wild elements already gathering for the coming storm. Fourier himself did not live to witness this success. He died in October, 1837, when the fortunes of his school seemed to be again upon the wane. In the preceding May *La Phalange* had to limit its publication to once a month. One of the last acts of Fourier was to preside over the foundation of a society with a view to train up children in the new views. Such was the modest scheme to which at the close of his life he was obliged to limit his hopes.

He is described as a man rather under the usual height, with delicate features, and peculiarly expressive countenance. His blue eyes were brilliant when animated, and remarkable for mildness in repose. His light brown hair, changed by age into a silvery white, encircled a forehead distinguished for the beauty of its form, its height, and smoothness. In youth he is said to have been of a lively and sarcastic humour, which he indulged in satirical verses and lampoons. But as he increased in years his countenance acquired a cast of melancholy,

and he was rarely seen to smile. He became so reticent as seldom to speak, except to answer a direct question, which he did as briefly as possible, and then relapsed into silence. When alone with a few intimate friends, however, he would expound his views with facility and eloquence; his habitual pensiveness would vanish, and the fire of enthusiasm rekindle in his eye. He generally went about with his stick properly notched as a measuring-rule, and would take the dimensions of any building that struck him. He would stop suddenly in the street, or in the middle of a conversation, pull out his note book, and make an entry of whatever brilliant idea had passed through his brain. He lived almost entirely alone, and in his solitary walks he would talk aloud and declaim with energy to himself, a habit that led him not unfrequently to be mistaken for a lunatic. Very different estimates have been formed of the extent of his knowledge. In youth he read much, and collected a great deal of crude information upon many subjects. To this he added his own speculations, which he was apt at times to substitute for more positive knowledge. In later years he read very little, except the current newspapers or magazine literature. His time was principally devoted to writing and the elaboration of his own theories. It was his habit to begin work early in the morning and to go for a short walk after every two hours' application. His works are very long; they are filled with strange words, and endless repetitions. They affect extreme scientific precision, and tables of analysis abound. They are adorned by occasional hieroglyphics, and by letters or numerals turned upside down. They are curious to look at, but most tiresome to read. Fourier spoke in public with clearness and ease, but without any pretension to oratorical effect. He was very fond of animals, and especially of cats. He had an intense horror of caterpillars, the emblem, he said, of civilisation, and would not, on their account, sit upon the grass. He once beheld a spider upon the ceiling over his bed. He jumped up, and, almost naked, rushed frantically about the house to implore assistance to remove the terrible apparition. He was a kind and generous friend. He would take any amount of trouble to perform a service; and, out of his own small income, he was able to do many works of unostentatious charity. He was never married. It was said that he was peculiarly fickle in his attachments, and, notwithstanding the conjecture of his biographer to the contrary, we may doubt if ever his heart had been touched by the purifying influence of love.

After the death of Fourier the leadership devolved upon M. Considérant, the editor of *La Phalange*. The activity of the disciples continued unabated. Every anniversary of the birthday of the founder they celebrated by a public dinner. In 1838 the number of guests was only ninety; in the following year they had increased

to two hundred; and they afterwards rose to more than one thousand. Every anniversary of his death they visited his grave at the cemetery of Montmartre, and decorated it with wreaths of immortelles. Upon these solemn occasions representatives assembled from all parts of the world, and testified by their presence to the faith they had embraced. In January, 1839, the Librairie Sociale, in the Rue de l'Ecole de Medicine, was established, and the works of Fourier and his disciples, with those of other socialist writers, obtained a large circulation. In 1840 a company, with a capital of 700,000 francs, was started to purchase M. Dulary's property at Condé, with a view to found a phalanx. The company, which still exists, is called Société pour la Propagation et la Réalisation de la Théorie Sociétaire. Some time afterwards we are informed that the estate had been purchased, and we hear of some of the disciples visiting it to superintend the works that had been begun. With the pecuniary assistance of Madame Vigoureux, M. Maurize, an architect and disciple, had drawn up plans for a complete phalanstère, which are still carefully preserved in the hope that they may ultimately be required. M. Considérant went to various towns throughout France to lecture upon the new doctrines. At Paris he was frequently heard in the Athénée Royal. Meanwhile the literature of the school rapidly increased. MM. Paget, Charles Pellarin, Villegardelle, and Madame Vigoureux, were active contributors; but the greatest success was reserved for Madame Gatti de Gamond, who was the first to expound the theory with some degree of literary grace. In 1840 *La Phalange* began to appear, as a regular newspaper, three times a week. It commenced with a manifesto, in which the object of its publication is defined to be "La détermination des conditions de l'Association des individus, des familles, et des classes dans la Commune, élément alvéolaire de l'état et de la société. 1. Toute doctrine de réforme sociale qui ne repose pas sur un système particulier et déterminé d'une nouvelle organisation de la Commune n'est qu'une illusion. 2. Toute doctrine qui présente un plan pour une organisation de la Commune peut être mise à l'expérience sur un terrain d'une demi-lieue carrée sans révolutionner la société. 3. Tout système éprouvé par l'expérience locale doit se substituer au système social existant par l'effet de sa propre supériorité."

La Phalange was immediately assailed by the other newspapers; and the more violently it was attacked, the more widely its principles became known. An article upon Fourierism, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, by M. Reybaud, was translated into English and Spanish. M. Blanqui, the Professor of Political Economy, delivered a course of lectures upon the subject. M. Ottavi expounded it to the Institut Historique. Lamennais criticized it in his "Passé et Avenir." M. Chaudes-Aigues reviewed it in his "Ecrivains

Modernes." Some of its principles began to exercise a powerful influence. Several newspapers in Paris, and throughout the country, demanded social revolution rather than political agitation. The cries of "Organisation du Travail," "Droit au Travail," that were now beginning to be heard so frequently in after-dinner toasts, and in the mouths of the populace, were traced back to Fourier. Cabet had already published his "Voyage en Icarie;" Louis Blanc was writing in *La Revue du Progrès*, and many other shades of socialism and communism were springing into existence, and eagerly competing for public favour. Meanwhile riots occurred at Paris and in several towns in the country, and it became evident that the agitation had been already communicated to the classes whose destiny was so vehemently debated. In 1843 *La Phalange* became a daily paper with a new name, *La Démocratie Pacifique*, and continued throughout the revolution of February. At the same time an "Almanach Phalanstérien" was published at fifty centimes to diffuse a knowledge of Fourierism in country districts. It obtained a circulation of thirty thousand copies. The Fourierists regretted that the revolution came so soon. The world they feared was not yet sufficiently prepared to be at once resolved into phalanxes. The result proved that their doubts were well founded. However, they agreed to give it their earnest support, and M. Considérant issued a manifesto of a very inflated character, which it is difficult to read with gravity. He was returned as a deputy to the National Assembly. He took every opportunity to press his views upon the government. He demanded that four sittings should be appropriated to him for the purpose, a request that was not granted. He opposed, with great energy, the rising power of Napoleon; but in this unequal contest he was utterly discomfited. His newspaper was suppressed in August, 1850, and he himself was obliged to quit France for a time.

M. Schneider communicated the theory to his countrymen in Germany, in 1837. The knowledge was farther extended in a series of newspaper articles by M. Gatzkow, in 1842; and separate works treating of the subject were subsequently published by M. Stein and M. Loose. In Spain, it found an active disciple in Don Joachin Abreu; and a plan for realisation was laid before the Regent by Don Manuel de Beloy. In England, Mr. Hugh Doherty was already advocating it in the *Morning Star*. In 1841, his paper appeared with the new name of *London Phalanx*; and it was announced that thousands of pounds, and thousands of acres, were at the disposal of the disciples. The Communists of the school of Owen received the new opinions favourably, and wished them every success in their undertaking. In America, Fourier soon obtained followers; the doctrine seems to have been introduced by M. Jean Manesca, who

was the secretary of a phalansterian society, established in New York so early as 1838. In 1840, no less than fifty German families started from New York, under the leadership of MM. Gaertner and Hempel, both Fourierists, to establish a colony in Texas. They seem to have prospered for a time at least, for their numbers subsequently rose to two hundred thousand. In October of the same year, the first number of the *Phalanx* appeared at Buffalo, in New York State. Mr. Albert Brisbane, who had recently returned from Paris, had just published a work on the "Social Destiny of Man," which is, to a great extent, an abridgment of M. Considérant's "Destinée Sociale." He became the editor of the *Future*, which replaced the *Phalanx*, and was published at New York. This paper obtained but a small circulation, and Mr. Brisbane thought it advisable to discontinue it, and, in its stead, to purchase a column in the *New York Tribune*. In his writings, Mr. Brisbane is very anxious that the reader should distinguish the new principle of association from the communism of Owen, which had fallen, by repeated failure, into discredit. "The views of the latter," he says, "have excited in the public mind the strongest prepossessions against the magnificent problem of association, and raised up the most serious obstacles to its impartial examination. To condemn association because Mr. Owen has advocated a community of property, or attacked religion, shows a want of impartiality and discrimination." When Mr. Brisbane began his propaganda, there was a "Society of Friends of Progress" in existence in Boston. It included among its members some of the most eminent men in the intellectual capital of the New World. Dr. Channing was its leader, and Theodore Parker, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and George Ripley, were to be seen at its meetings. The social system of Fourier did not escape their attention. A paper called the *Dial* was started, to which Emerson, Parker, and Margaret Fuller contributed. Their object was to advocate a community upon the principles of Fourier, but so modified as to suit their own peculiar views. The result was the acquisition of Brook Farm, which consisted of two hundred acres, situated near Mr. Parker's ministry. "The plan of the community is, all who have property to take stock and receive a fixed interest thereon; then to keep house or board in common, as they shall severally desire, at the cost of provisions purchased at wholesale, or raised on the farm; and for all to labour in community, and be paid at a certain rate an hour, choosing their own number of hours, and their own kind of work. With the results of their labour and their interest they are to pay their board; all labour, whether bodily or intellectual, is to be paid at the same rate of wages. After becoming members of the community, none will be engaged merely in bodily labour; the hours redeemed from labour by community will not be re-applied to the acquisition of

wealth, but to the production of intellectual goods." "In order," they say, "to live a religious and moral life worthy the name, they feel it is necessary to come out in some degree from the world, and to form themselves into a community of property, so far as to exclude competition and the ordinary rules of trade, while they reserve sufficient private property, or the means of obtaining it, for all purposes of independence and isolation at will." This community existed for six years, and underwent many vicissitudes. It had begun orthodox in religion, from a Unitarian point of view, but it rapidly drifted, under the influence of Mr. Ripley, into transcendentalism, and was finally associated with the stricter Fourieristic communities that subsequently arose. It was ruined commercially by debt, and by a fire that destroyed a large building upon which they had spent much money. Actuated by religious motives, similar communities were founded, but generally by very different men. The Rev. Idin Ballou, a Universalist clergyman and vigorous writer, originated the Hopedale Community, which he based upon the strictest principles of morality. It has the merit of having lasted longer than any of the others of this period. "It affords," says its founder, "a peaceful and congenial home for all conscientious persons, of whatever religious sect, who now embrace practical Christianity; such need sympathy, co-operation, and fraternal association, without undue interference. Here they may find what they need; here they may give and receive strength by rational, liberal Christian union." About the same time the Nothingarians, a religious sect with rather a negative theology, founded the Northampton Community; and the Skaneateles Association was also established by a gentleman of the name of Collins, who insisted that all candidates should publicly renounce a belief in Revelation and Providential Government before gaining admission. He repudiated licentiousness, yet maintained that, when married persons "have outlived their affections, and cannot longer contribute to each other's happiness, the sooner the separation takes place the better." Mr. Collins was forced to modify some of his regulations, and even then the society had indifferent success; it was broken up in less than three years, and its founder abandoned his philanthropic projects to return, as a newspaper expressed it, "to the decencies and respectabilities of orthodox Whiggery."

But the influence of Mr. Brisbane was not limited to indirectly inspiring these eccentric experiments. It was said that in New York alone, in 1843, there were three newspapers reflecting the opinions of Fourier, and no less than forty throughout the rest of the States. Besides this, many reviews were occupied in discussing them. The first association in America to call itself a phalanx was Sylvania. It was begun in October, 1843, and lasted for about a year and a half. There were one hundred and fifty members, and Mr. Horace

Greeley's name appears among the list of its officers; it consisted of 2,300 acres in Pennsylvania. The money for the undertaking was raised in shares of twenty-five dollars, upon which interest was to be paid. The failure of the experiment was complete; the persons who assembled were of incompatible dispositions. The old story repeats itself—the shareholders lost their shares; and the members, besides their shares, lost their time and temper. It would be a wearisome and profitless task to follow Mr. Noyes, to whose "History of American Socialisms" I owe these particulars, through the details of these ill-fated societies. There were thirty-four undertaken during the Fourier excitement, but of these we have complete statistics of only fourteen. Upon the average they had one hundred and sixty-five members, 1,224 acres of land, and lasted for four years. Hopedale existed the longest—seventeen years; the shortest, only eight months. Some included four hundred and fifty members, others not more than twenty; the largest possessed 2,814 acres; the smallest—Brook Farm—200.

The history of one of these societies is the history of all. A writer denounces in very long words the evils of society. He depicts the beauty, the innocence, the harmony of country life in community. He gathers about him a few enthusiasts like himself—and many knaves. They send out a landscape painter, or some equally qualified person, to choose the site of the new Eden. They select a beautiful farm on the banks of a river. The scenery is very fine, but the land is very poor, and the climate detestable. They raise money in shares amongst themselves, or by subscriptions from philanthropists. A small portion of the purchase is paid in cash, the rest remains upon mortgage. They set out with a heavy debt, an empty purse, many long speeches, and much enthusiasm. When they arrive upon the spot, they find no accommodation. They are "huddled together like brutes" in "loose sheds." They find hard and rough work, very different from that to which they had been accustomed. They get little food. "There was seldom any butter, cheese, or animal food upon the table." The river overflows its banks, and three-fourths of the people are struck down with fever and ague. The Society becomes an asylum for the "needy, sick, and disabled." No one prospers but the doctor. For a time, in spite of every difficulty, the enthusiasm continues. Perhaps the experiment appears on the point of success when internal divisions arise. Persons who all their lives long have had their tempers conveniently isolated in their homes, for the exclusive benefit of their wives and children, are now forced continually into contact with their fellow-men. What wonder if, under so severe a trial, they should not always maintain the equanimity of angels? Dissensions, rivalries, jealousies spring up in every direction. The management of the farm is a constant difficulty. If a field has to be ploughed, some hours are spent in making speeches about

it, and finding out who is to do it ; tools that belong to nobody in particular are abused by everybody in general. "The deficit increases ; meanwhile disease persecutes them. All through the sultry months, which should have been their working time, they lie idle in their loose sheds, sweating and shivering in misery and despair. Human parasites gather about them, like vultures scenting prey from afar. Their own passions torment them ; they are cursed with suspicion and the evil eye ; they quarrel about religion, they quarrel about their food. They dispute about carrying out their principles. Eight or ten families desert ; the rest worry on through the long years. Foes watch them with cruel exultation." "This," adds Mr. Noyes, with sad truth, "this is not comedy, but direst tragedy." Other societies slightly vary in their details, but never vary in their failure. The years 1846-7 proved fatal to most of them. Indeed, Mr. Brisbane acknowledged in July, 1847, that only three then survived ; long since then even these three have succumbed.

Yet Fourierism had still many advocates. In 1848 we find an "American Union of Associationists" existing at New York, with local unions in some of the principal cities throughout the States. They published a weekly newspaper, the *Harbinger*, and Mr. Horace Greeley was their president. George Ripley and Parke Goodwin were among their officers.

It happened that Saint-Simon had numerous disciples in France, and Owen in England, long before Fourier became known, yet his system was formed quite independently of them. All its leading features were explained in the "Théorie des Quatre Mouvements," published in 1801. At that date Saint-Simon had written only his fantastic pamphlet "Lettres d'un Habitant de Genève," which never had any circulation, and long remained unknown. Owen's "Letters on the Formation of Character" did not appear till 1812. To the Socialist writers of the preceding century Fourier was, however, considerably indebted. Both Morelly and Mably attributed moral evil to the institutions of society, not to the disposition of man. They both insisted that equal education should be extended to the children of all, and they relied upon the natural attraction of labour as a sufficient preservative against idleness. Morelly advocated the resolution of society into agricultural associations, composed of one thousand or two thousand persons, who were to live together in the same building, and to cultivate, for the common benefit, the land belonging to the community. They insisted, however, upon an equal distribution of the produce. Talent or skill, according to them, imposed a higher obligation upon the possessor, but no greater claim to reward. They denounced the possession of private property, which Fourier was far from doing. They relied upon a sense of duty as a sufficient incentive for the performance of repulsive services, while Fourier endeavoured rather to invest them with artificial

charms, and to make their execution the pathway to honour and reward. They upheld the sanctity of the family, and their ideal was one of republican simplicity in dress and manner, where sumptuary laws would play an important part. The principles of *Droit au Travail* had been proclaimed by Robespierre in his "Declaration of the Rights of Man." Fourier also maintained its justice, though he denied its possibility during the existence of civilization. He shared with Saint Just the opinion that agriculture, not manufacture, is the fitting employment for man. He agreed with Babœuf that society should provide a minimum for all its members, and that land should be the property of the community and not of individuals; but he differed from them in the points where Socialism diverges from Communism. The influence exercised by Fourier during the years preceding the revolution of 1848 was very great. But it arose chiefly from the earnestness with which his disciples denounced the intolerable misery of the masses, and the expectation of deliverance their words excited. In the ferment of revolutionary ideas numerous apostles of socialism arose; but of these the doctrines of Louis Blanc and Cabet became the most influential. They both were the advocates of a more equal division of property, they both sought to rectify the disabilities of nature no less than to remove the injustices of society. The extreme centralization contemplated by Louis Blanc belongs rather to Saint Simon than to Fourier, and is the exact reverse of the self-governing system prevailing in Harmony. Cabet has, indeed, transported into his ideal State of Icaria some of the magnificence of the phalanstère, and the possibility of attractive industry has been greatly increased by the ingenuity of the Icarians in mechanical contrivances. Fourier has still disciples in Paris, whose confidence has survived the despotism of the empire, and the months of horror that followed its overthrow; and who, adhering to the faith of their master, continue to believe that our present industrial system is but a provisional solution of the great problem of society; but that that problem can never be solved by deluging the world in blood by an armed insurrection; nor yet by transferring political power from the educated classes to those who ruin by their ignorance the cause they desire to serve, and disgrace it by the violence of their passions. There can be no doubt that Fourier sincerely loved humanity and laboured earnestly in its service. He sought to lead mankind to a terrestrial paradise, where there would be much eating of sugar-plums, many courtships and few marriages, where a complete surrender to every passion of our nature would constitute at once the happiest and the noblest life, and where the animating and controlling principle of duty would be almost unknown. For this he has incurred much obloquy, and his name has passed into a byword of reproach among men.

ARTHUR J. BOOTH.

CAUSE AND DESIGN.

THE metaphysical element in our idea of cause is derived from the analogy of the human will. Besides the mere fact that one state of consciousness is followed by another, there must be a sense of effort and intention accompanying the change to lead us to look upon it as the effect of our desire. Rightly or wrongly, this metaphysical element is allowed to influence most theories of physical causation, and wherever we should suspect a motive or an intention in man, we suppose a cause and a tendency in nature. As Leibnitz says:—"L'âme serait une divinité si elle n'avait que des perceptions distinctes;" and if it were clearly understood what we mean by cause, and what we mean by motive, the analogy, which is real up to a certain point, would have no power to mislead us. Unfortunately, philosophy is not content with distinguishing those chains of causal action which are accompanied and preceded by thought, from those in which the regular succession is merely matter of experience. It proceeds to seek a cause for the sufficiency of sufficient reasons, and a reason for the efficiency of efficient causes. The attempt is hopeless, unless cause is essentially rational, or reason essentially a force. Spinoza has a right to speak as he does of *causa sive ratio*, because he begins by postulating the unity of the substance of which matter and thought are modes; but the assumption is a bold one, and it is a chief merit of Schopenhauer's to have pointed out that, till it is made, the two conceptions *Grund* and *Ursache*—reason for a belief and cause of an occurrence—must be kept distinct. But there is a further ambiguity in the use of the word reason; it means indifferently a motive on which the will may act in future, or an explanation to the intellect of an action already past; and in this latter sense again it may take two forms, and, according to the quality of the assumed agent, either content itself with stating the antecedents of the event to be explained, or go on to describe the motives of the actor. Either piece of information satisfies the natural curiosity of the human mind; but the satisfaction is only momentary unless it is possible to repeat the inquiry and ascertain, not only what was the cause of a given effect, but also what caused the cause. When it is discovered that this process, at least in theory, can be prolonged to infinity, the mind, impatient of the length of the clue it has to unravel, looses the immediate tangible satisfaction which is offered to it, in grasping at an imaginary beginning of all things, which, a little further reflection discloses, is as far as concrete

experience from affording a permanent resting place from logical criticism and metaphysical curiosity.

The familiar assumption of a personal First Cause displaced rather than solved the difficulty, as we see in Leibnitz, the most plausible and systematic exponent of the doctrine which deduced both Theism and Optimism from the principle of the Sufficient Reason. His theism rests on the impossibility of conceiving an interminable series of causes, and on the absence of any logically "sufficient reason" against the possibility of a deity. But having reached this point he is obliged, by the incurable intellectual craving which brought him to it, to ask himself whether this personal First Cause, *i.e.* God, is subject or not to the law of causes; and he has no choice but to answer in the negative or admit the nullity of his whole previous reasoning. "God himself, though he always chooses the best, does not act by absolute necessity," *i.e.* according to causal laws; but nature is not so easily baffled, and to pacify her Leibnitz has to shift his ground till the old dilemma reappears. "Bodies work by the laws of efficient causes; souls work according to the laws of final causes" . . . to explain the facts of creation (he instances the laws of motion) "one must have recourse to final causes; these laws do not depend, like logical, geometrical, or mathematical truths, on the principle of necessity, but the principle of fitness," *i.e.* the wise selection of the best possible world out of the infinite possibilities contemplated by creative wisdom. The question asked, the "Why" of the world, is to all appearance the same, but in the answer an intelligible, *quasi* human motive or reason is substituted for the "*asylum ignorantie*," a causeless cause. The popularity of this expedient is easily accounted for; the mystery of creation seemed doubly explained when it was set forth that the Cause of all things, though absolutely free, had, after all, acted reasonably. The infinite lines of successive phenomena, which were the despair of secular wisdom, seemed to bend round to form a self-supporting, comprehensible circle of rational theology. Final causes, however, at least by that name, are so little esteemed now, that it is scarcely necessary to point out that one of the notes of a true cause is wanting to them; they do not invariably precede the effect; on the contrary, the antecedence is always merely ideal; the conception of the effect to be produced is the real motive, and the cause is either the disposition of the agent to be influenced by that motive rather than another, or else it must be supposed to be a kind of transcendental power or virtue in the end in view, in which case the action would have to be conceived as necessarily contingent on the virtue, *i.e.* as no longer free.

Final causes, serving as an inducement rather than a motive, to lead rather than drive the will, were accepted as compromising the abstract metaphysical difficulty of freedom and necessity, but these

difficulties are not felt by the untutored common sense; and the "cosmological proof" is chiefly valued now as an introduction to the "physico-theological proof," the so-called "argument from design," which starts by taking for granted the fact of causation and the possibility of a first cause, and then deduces the moral and intelligent nature of that cause from the *kind* of causal action observed in nature. Thus Leibnitz proved the benevolence of the Creator, because this world is as good as it is, and his wisdom because it is no better, for if it had been, men would have been tempted to forget the next. But if, like the natural theologians, we contemplate creation as a whole, which has its beginning in God, the assertion of purpose is unnecessary and the praises of design are trivial. If everything that exists owes its being to one power, that has disposed and sustains it in stable courses, that power is fitly called divine, and whatever befalls is designed by it: there are no degrees of fatality. He who willed the causes willed the effects, and equally, of course, he who willed the coexistence of different causes, willed the consequences of their coexistence: there is no break in the continuous action of efficient intention, no end till creation is reabsorbed in the Creator: on this side of eternity the end, in the sense of aim, is the sum of all coexisting effects, the whole is purposod, the parts are not final causes. This is expressly, though inconsistently, admitted by Leibnitz, at the end of his discussion of Supralapsarianism, when he says that the whole general order of creation must have been altered, before one man more could be saved, or saved in a different way, because everything that happens is connected together in such wise that "*il n'y aurait qu'un seul Decret total, qui est celui de créer un tel monde.*" Those who wish to praise creation ought therefore to praise the universe, unless they wisely judge the theme too vast; and the world is still *causa sui*, a final cause on a scale befitting omnipotence.

But Paley is not satisfied with finding a cause for the world; he requires the idea of an intelligent personal creator to account for such "things of the mind" as "adaptation," "order," and "design," relations which are very real between things as they appear to us, but which need not, and perhaps cannot, have a positive existence. Paley naïvely admits that organized, and especially animal nature, affords the plainest traces of design and adaptation. Men eat to live, and therefore they admire the appropriateness of a woodpecker's tongue, or the assimilative powers of a polygastrian's digestion; but it is not so plain what a gas gains by turning into a fluid, or a fluid by precipitating a solid, or a solid by dissolving into vapour. We are not yet familiar enough with the action and re-action of chemical elements to be able to dramatise it in thought, and to conceive the historical end as the object all along of senti-

mental desire. The cause of such changes is therefore seen to be the application of the appropriate re-agent, and the reason is allowed to remain hidden in the nature of the elements; for the real reason always seems to be the last fact that is thoroughly familiar, and the popular mind has hardly yet adapted as axiomatic any truth of chemistry less abstract than the general statement that elements *have* natures; *i.e.* affect and are affected according to fixed rules. But it is as impossible to realise the idea of order apart from the things ordered as it is to conceive design or purpose apart from a mind that wills. Relations are not entities causing and being caused; their existence is at most a truth of reason, and it is only that in reference to the natural forms of our thought. A creator is just as necessary to explain the properties of space or number as the existence of causal sequences. Given that things are to exist, there is no antecedent logical probability in favour of their existing in one way rather than another; we are only constrained to think of them as existing in *some* way, because undetermined and unqualified existence is a contradiction in terms. That they exist may prove them to have a creator for cause, but *how* they exist does not increase or diminish the force of the proof, though, if that be already convincing, no doubt it is a certain guide to the nature of the cause. This is, in fact, only one of those identical propositions to which all knowledge is said to be reducible; for the only intelligible nature of a cause, as such, is its habit of producing the observed effects, and natural theology does not pretend to any supernatural insight into things in themselves. But the nature of the cause, thus empirically ascertained, ought to be described without epithets of human import, which take for granted a reference to human standards. Design and plan are words which imply what they profess to prove; because the question is not whether intention is a proof of intelligence, but whether any peculiarities in the arrangement and working of so-called natural causes can be a proof of conscious intention in the First Cause.

If things have causes, they must fall out orderly, that is by rule; to say they are orderly is only to say they obey causal laws. And if there is uniformity in nature, it is impossible but that the various sequences should sometimes meet, and sometimes cross, and sometimes coincide, that they should fall as it were into patterns. Besides, the mere fact of causation implies comparatively complicated relations, for connected phenomena may be connected in three ways, *viz.*: casually, or as the contemporary effects of independent causes; immediately, or as cause and effect; and ideally, or as effects of a common cause; and natural theology does not distinguish between accidental and imaginary relations, and those of matter of fact necessity. The real causes are practically infinite in number

and variety, and they, therefore, as we have said, arrange themselves in patterns, sometimes of stiff, formal symmetry, sometimes of the most elaborately disorderly complexity; but that the pattern actually formed, this multifarious world, is the work of intelligent design, either (a) because it is a pattern, or (b) because it is not a different pattern from what it is, cannot be maintained if (a) a pattern is inevitable, and if (b) there was no "sufficient reason" why this world rather than another is. Paley and the Bridgewater Treatises tacitly assume that a world means *this* world, that creation would feel an aching void if men or shrimps were exterminated, and that therefore the various arrangements which allow them to continue to exist must have been made in reference to their convenience and that of all nature in them. Bentley, on the other hand, in his Boyle Lectures, allows the objection—"He that supposeth any animal to subsist, doth by that very supposition allow them every member and faculty that are necessary to subsistence." And it is not easy to see how the means can be more wonderful than the end, nor what constitutes the superior wonderfulness of one end over another, when everything is undeveloped, and neither force nor matter have differentiated themselves. Natural theology has really two unavowed postulates, which in a manner overlap, namely, that the causal connection of phenomena is not an ultimate fact, and that the forms of causal connection, by which man has been compelled to regulate his action, are an ultimate condition of the existence of such connection. Now it is true that we can, by a stretch of fancy, imagine a world in which occurrences should succeed each other at random, sometimes in one way and sometimes in another, but never so as to repeat the same order. Succession there must be, but law and order there need not. If a first cause is a metaphysical necessity of thought, like space and time, that necessity is neither increased nor diminished by the fact that the universe is not chaotic, for chaos would need a cause just as much as cosmos, or indeed more, for though the actual world is almost infinitely varied, its nature is tame and monotonous compared with a state of things in which no two atoms should be alike for a second together, and no relations be stable. Final causes, that is to say such motives as men can sympathise with and understand, explain the selection of cosmos; but Leibnitz's idea of the best possible world, in which existence is measured by quantity as well as by quality, would be as well realised in chaos: chance, on Paley's own definition, "the operation of causes without design," can manifestly have nothing to say on the question whether there shall be such things as causes. The reason why there are causes is not that there must be either causes or not, and that it is an even chance which, for even chances belong to a world in which we can throw dice or toss halfpence subject to the laws of mechanics and gravi-

tation. The existence of causes is an ultimate fact, and all the more ultimate if the reality of an eternal, self-subsistent being is a necessary antecedent of their existence. The advocates of design confound, no doubt involuntarily, the nugatory question, whether fate was likely to have hit by chance on the present order of the universe, with a question which is worse than nugatory, whether all the consequences of the present order which coexist at any given moment are not too peculiar to have been hit upon by fate when balancing the previous question of any order or none. The popular notion of chance is the absence of cause, or—the two conceptions run into each other—our necessary ignorance of the cause: in this sense to speak of the universe as the work of chance is to place our ignorance of real existence at the beginning of all things, instead of the *asylum ignorantiae*, a First Cause. Then, as ignorance of material antecedents implies ignorance, or rather provisional denial, of a “sufficient reason,” the mind can no more calculate subjective probabilities than actual chances. Existence may be eternal, but knowledge must have a beginning, and if it tries to forestall existence with *a priori* axioms, by its own confession it does but contemplate a blank, or else itself, that is, a very finite existence.

But the causal connection between the workman and the work must be established beyond a doubt before we can form an opinion as to the intention. Thus, if a man were to make a honeycomb, it would not be to hold his children's food, but to exhibit at the South Kensington Museum. The cause would still be the instinct of self-preservation, and the choice of one way of earning a livelihood rather than another is just as free and just as necessary in the case of the man and of the bee; that is to say, neither can by possibility work in any other than the grooves appropriate to its specific natural gifts. Our reason for regarding one action as more intelligent than the other is not that—according to Spinoza's definition of human freedom—the man is ignorant of the cause of his conduct, but that he is conscious of the motive, he goes with it voluntarily, assenting to its validity, not merely necessarily submitting to its cogency. The distinction is perhaps altogether subjective, but so it is in the discussion whether the admitted facts of natural history are the work of intelligence or blind fate. The facts are the same in any case; the only question is whether they are regarded by the force which calls them into being in the same light as we regard an act of productive energy of our own. No one would venture in so many words to say that they are because they might be, or that they must be because within our experience none but intelligent beings have the power of setting a variety of causes in motion to produce a single foreordained result. To say that the result is foreordained is to say that it was desired by a person whose will had power to give

effect to the desire, but it remains to be proved that conscious will is the only possible efficient cause. Natural theology has no explanation for the significant fact that the shortest causal chains are those in which we are least inclined to suppose the intelligent impulse of will, which should naturally be most obvious nearest its source; in long and complicated causal sequences it may be natural (though not necessary) to suppose such an impulse, and then, of course, as Paley would triumphantly point out, will implies a person willing: most people take something for granted, and it is almost a logical impossibility for a theist *not* tacitly to take for granted the fundamental principles of his belief.

But even the study of efficient causes seems really to favour the belief that there is design in their disposition, and great naturalists like Professor Owen and Mr. Darwin are either avowed teleologists, or constantly personify nature as if she embraced in one intention those clusters of effects which men embrace under one name and in one thought. The principle, nature does nothing in vain, is so eminently scientific that we owe to it the discovery of the circulation of the blood. Valves do not open and shut for nothing; but the valves are not the cause of the circulation, nor are they, at least not directly, its effect; and teleology is invented to explain how and why the chemico-vital processes which set the blood in motion in a given direction should chance—the word chance is quite in place here—to synchronize with the appropriate stage of the other chemico-vital processes which provide it with doors of in- and egress. This is what is called “adaptation;” the meeting of two independent chains of material causes to produce an effect which is not material, but a thing of the mind, that is either a relation, or a state of things which can be designated by one name. There are two ways in which “adaptation” and “design” can be explained away. We know next to nothing of the conditions of life, and the existence of the simplest animal is an inscrutable puzzle to mere reason; but if men are to exist—and their existence is a curious and important fact—it does not add to the marvel, as Bentley admits, that their blood should circulate, for if it did not circulate they would not be men, but for anything we can tell big oysters. Those organisms exist which have satisfied the conditions of such existence as they have. The salvation of those who have escaped shipwreck in the storms of life is “designed,” but where are the votive tablets of the drowned? where but in the limbo of the Uncaused.

The question is, does it prove intelligence in the cause of all things that Professor Owen’s expectation of finding a use for the megatherium’s claw is realised? The expectation rests on the experience that effects have causes; that an animal that pulls down trees has means of doing so, that an animal that eats leaves pulls

down trees, if necessary, to get at them; and conversely, that if leaves are the natural food of a beast, the beast must have means of getting at them, especially as he is liable to become extinct if he cannot get at as many as he wants. It might be possible to argue that an extinct mole must have been made to burrow because he would be good for nothing else. If he is to burrow, he must be made on such and such wise, and if so made he will be too helpless to live above ground; but the fact that he burrows proves nothing. If other animals besides men were in the habit of wanting what they cannot have, if the whale wanted to fly, and the lark were bent on swimming, the lark would be drowned, the whale would gasp to death on dry land, and creation would have to try again. But humanly speaking, this way of varying and renewing the species inhabiting the globe is quite as rational as any of the means actually employed, such as intermittent changes of climate, and the constant operation of the law, Eat and be eaten. The preservation of every species is not amongst the effects of the many laws at work in the universe, and therefore it cannot even be the final cause of their working. These laws tend to preserve *something*, and more particularly they tend to preserve and to destroy whatever individuals and classes are destroyed and preserved; but, as we have endeavoured to show, creation has no space for piecemeal intentions. To set a series of causes in motion by will, if *in rerum naturâ* such a thing can be, it is unavoidable that the will must will either the end of all the series exclusively, or else will every part with equal indifference. In nature everything is both cause and effect, in consciousness means and end are distinct. Our difficulty is to see intelligent will in the minute chemical or other changes which minute causes are producing from moment to moment as a necessary condition of the more palpable modifications which we call their effect, and discover presently to be the cause of something else. And if we say that these chains of cause and effect are designed by a single will as means to an end not yet in view, to which everything is so ordered as to converge, then whose is the mind that wills? and—a still more hopeless question—whose is the mind that wills if the causes do not converge, but scatter and produce themselves in wide, confused fatality through endless unknown ages?

When we see many elaborate arrangements for producing a given effect, we reasonably expect that the effect will be produced, for we know by experience that "Nature does nothing in vain." But this is only a less cumbrous and more picturesque way of expressing Spinoza's "*Nihil existit ex cujus naturâ aliquis effectus non sequatur*," the principle from which his famous attack on teleology departs. Both sentences imply the universal validity of the law of cause and effect; but one looks upon nature as working, so to speak,

con amore, the other dwells rather on the equal necessity of the several parts of the whole fabric of the universe. The difference seems to reduce itself to this—are we to say, the world exists *in order that it may exist*, or, it exists *because it does exist*? On the latter hypothesis it is in Spinoza's sense *causa sui*, whilst final causes, even in their most attenuated form, seem unintelligible without a mind to take cognizance of the end. Purpose is the conscious focus of the rays of causation; it obeys one final, but many efficient causes, or, if causeless, it is the “abyss of human reason” from whence these last radiate, no power on earth can tell “why.” Our knowledge of an effect generally precedes an exact acquaintance with its causes, and that is a sufficient reason why it should appear to our imagination as a kind of antecedent. Teleology tries to explain the *Zweckmässigkeit* of a series of causes, or their fitness to produce the effect which they do produce; but unless the series is bound together by the tie of a common purpose or dependence on a single will, the doubt arises why this or that particular series should be supposed, in its corporate capacity, to require a cause more than any other chain of occurrences; whether every series is not arbitrary, and whether what we take for adaptation and design is not really the creation of our own mind; the form in which, for greater convenience of reference, we arrange the phenomena before our eyes, either involuntarily, because the infirmity of our minds necessitates the use of such a *memoria technica*, or else from the mere idle perversity with which a sick man makes pictures out of his bedroom paper, and redistributes the pattern into groups undreamt of by the designer.

In a finite world some of the lines of causes will in space or time cross some of the other lines. They need not if they ran parallel and never branched, but they do branch, and they therefore intersect, and the contact modifies their subsequent career. By a kind of abstraction the mind can limit its attention to a certain portion of one chain of causes, as, for instance, the part which stands in any given relation to another chain; but this restriction of the mental horizon is voluntary, and has no counterpart in the classification of nature. In some cases it is the remoteness, in others, the directness, of the causal action that interests and surprises us. We admire equally that nature should be able to compass her aim in a single stride, and that a number of disconnected facts should lead up to one with which they have manifestly no concern; that the humble bee should be constructed so as to fertilise the red clover, and that the number of bees in a district should depend on the number of cats who eat the mice, who eat the hives. This is the kind of thing we meant by saying that creation falls naturally into patterns; and if the symmetry or pic-

turesqueness of these patterns is alleged as a proof of their having been designed by a rational being, it may be conceded; only that rational being is man, who maps out his experience according to the laws of his own nature.

To make this plainer, let us consider two or three instances in which the causal connection is of this imaginary or ideal kind, since the note of a true cause, invariable antecedence, is wanting between the last physical and the first moral fact. Paley tells us, that in the year 1731-2, Holland was threatened with inundation, by the yielding of the wood-work in a number of the dykes, caused by the ravages of *Teredo navalis*. There is nothing very strange in this fact, but viewed in connection with one of the schemes—the providential government of the world—according to which at different times men have endeavoured to give unity to their experience, it is full of meaning; we can imagine the sermons about the weak things of the world confounding the wise; and, as the foundations of the Dutch Republic were laid in the name of religious truth, such a reminder of the insecurity of human greatness would be most appropriate in the face of a growing lukewarmness to the cause of God. To a man converted, perhaps, to a change of life by these considerations, it would seem a ludicrously inadequate account of the occurrence to say, that the eggs of the destructive little borer were laid and hatched under favourable circumstances. Yet we do not believe that *Teredo navalis* was created for the spiritual edification of Dutch politicians. This may be called the fiction theological, but secular zoology has its flights of fancy as well. There are few cases of “adaptation” more curious at the first glance, than the fact that animals passing through several metamorphoses should always light upon places of residence suitable to their requirements at different stages of development. According to Professor Owen, this is the case with some species of entozoa, which, in their infancy, establish themselves in the body of some simple, easily accessible animal, like a Mollusk, who is devoured by some creature a little higher in the scale of creation, who again may serve for food for some highly organized warm-blooded mammal. The parasite shares in all these involuntary migrations, and does not reach its perfect state till the last, when it, perhaps, sets to work to restore the balance of creation by destroying its host. This arrangement is not particularly beautiful in itself, and it must be always disagreeable to one of the parties engaged in carrying it out. It is curious, and it is, and therewith our knowledge naturally stops. It is only by putting ourselves in the place of the entozoa, that we are tempted to see fitness and arrangement in this little passage of natural history; otherwise we can discover more general causes, and a wider range of effects, which spare us the necessity of looking on the convenience of tape-worms as

the final cause of man. A very similar instance to the above is given by Mr. Darwin ("Origin of Species," p. 438), to explain the wide diffusion of some plants. Fish or birds eat grains of seed, and before they have finished digesting them, they are often devoured by other birds, and these, especially the more rapacious carnivora, frequently disgorge their prey at a distant spot, with many of the seeds still in a condition to germinate. Of course, Mr. Darwin does not suggest that the predatory habits of different birds are specially "adapted," much less "designed," for transplanting weeds from one continent to another, but he would not impossibly assert that the seeds had adapted themselves, by means of natural selection, to survive this peculiar mode of transport, since he does actually say in another place, that "few relations are more manifest" than between the hooks of some seeds, and the purpose sometimes served by them, of catching in the wool or hair of an animal who plants them in fresh soil the next time he takes a roll.

Natural selection, or the survival of the fittest, is an interesting and authentic fact, but when it is expanded into an hypothesis, summarizing the history of all organized nature (and its application to inorganic nature is only a question of time), it looks almost too intelligent to be true. Nature acts by *fixed rules*, but has she any *fixed ideas*? When we idealize the result of some of her rules, is the intelligibility of it hers, or the intelligence ours? She is "careful of the type," but some types perish; she is "careless of the single life," yet there are always lives enough. And, what is more to the purpose, all her forces are co-eternal, so that they must either all co-operate together to this one end, the perfecting and preserving of successive species, in which case this will appear as the goal, the *Endsweck*, and the final cause of all existence, or else the generalization is but a partial empirical truth, one way out of many of putting together the Chinese puzzle of the universe, and liable to be superseded even as a help to memory when a wider knowledge has introduced us to the causes of animal and vegetable life, and the effects of animal and vegetable death. In other words, the survival of the fittest is not the cause of the variation of the species existing at a given moment, unless it is the only cause; and this is not so, because (amongst other reasons), natural selection requires a species from which to select. One explanation of the wide popularity of the theory, no doubt, is that it represents nature as working on an intelligible plan; it gives a reason, if not a cause, for the phenomena, and so humours the teleological propensities of many who believe themselves, under Mr. Darwin's guidance, to have left teleology far behind. Mr. Darwin's own works would mislead no one, and he expressly leaves the real causes of the variation which is the condition of selection unexplored; but his language is sometimes a little over

figurative, as for instance when he speaks (p. 539) of flowers being brightly coloured, "in order that" they may be seen and fertilised by insects. Of course this is only short for the regulation phrase, the brightest flowers being most visible were most often visited by insects who carried the pollen, and so on; but even this seems little better than guesswork, unless we have reason to believe that the insects are more short-sighted in tropical than in temperate climates, and the guess is the more unnecessary, because emeralds are green as well as leaves, and to paint a geranium scarlet looks more like work for the sun than for a nation of butterflies. Mr. Darwin values his theory as the only way of explaining cases of "adaptation" by natural causes; but if we could once get rid of the idea that "adaptation" wants explaining, that facts of relation are intrinsically stranger than other facts, we should have no temptation to ride it too hard.

It is no easier to give a really rational account of a single, common instance of causal modification than it is to explain the tendency of a variety of correlated causes; on the contrary, it is much harder, for all thought is a statement of relations between things, between ideas, and, if the thinker is very courageous, between things and ideas. An ultimate fact is the triumph of sense and the confusion of reason. Creation has no greater mystery than the spontaneous fission of a one-celled animalcule, and if reason has not long since despaired of giving an account of this and many other seemingly irreducible phenomena, it is because experience teaches that the causes of microscopic changes may well escape the microscope, till its powers have been again increased. Concerning facts which are not ultimate, the reason may have much to say, and its verdict on their ordinary nature or their comparative strangeness is trustworthy because it necessarily rests upon experience. But reason is still more unassailably within her own province when she proceeds to point out that a thing does not happen the less necessarily, that is to say, the less naturally, because it only happens once. To reason it is not strange that any effect should follow from its cause. The cause may be unfamiliar; but given its efficiency, the strange thing would be for the effect to fail. And, as has already been shown, reason has no standard by which to measure the antecedent improbability that this or that cause should act seldom, never, or often in this our actual world. Nature has a kind of uniformity, and therefore its rarity is a reason why we should seek to be well assured that its action is authenticated; but we may strain the bow of conjecture till it breaks, and our faculties will never be able to tell us "why" it is rare.

Creation as it is, is our only standard of what it tends to be. Our teleologists seem to halt between two not incompatible opinions, that

whatever is, is right, which, seeing that it is, may be looked on as a luxurious *hors-d'œuvre* of speculation ; and again that, whether good or bad, the world had better stay as it is, because men can live in it now, and there is no saying what would be the consequence of too radical changes. Here too Leibnitz is clearer-sighted than many who have come after him. Perfection is nothing but "*la grandeur de la réalité positive prise précisément.*" In this sense, if in any, Professor Owen's remarks on the almost invisible teeth of a serpent in the genus *Deirodon* must be understood. It is a native of South Africa, and lives in trees. "Its business is to restrain the *undue* increase of the smaller birds by devouring their eggs," and therefore its teeth are fitted for swallowing eggs whole. *Undue* can only mean here contrary to the "*decret total*" which regulated from all eternity the numerical proportion which the birds on that continent were to bear to the snakes and insects. But we cannot help suspecting that such phrases would not have come into use but for the habit of referring everything to one standard of convenience, as the service of man. In modern Europe, for instance, the "*undue*" increase of small birds means their being numerous enough to devour the farmer's crops of grain, and their undue extermination means that there are not enough left to check the multiplication of such insects as also eat and injure the seeds. To our thinking, men and fowling-pieces are just as well and just as little adapted as the toothless tree-serpent to the incidental purpose of regulating the population of the air. The intention of each is to keep supplied from day to day with his natural food ; the intention of fate, nature, providence—if those abstractions have an intention—is that each shall sometimes fail and sometimes succeed in its innocent and necessary endeavour.

There is another case of which a good deal has been heard lately, in which naturalists seem to have put their own words into the mouth of nature. Some animals resemble other animals, some vegetables (remotely) resemble animals, some animals resemble vegetables. Man, for his own purposes, sometimes tries to resemble what he is not, and this is called mimicry. "Why," it is asked, "should animals and plants mimic each other?" Answer—To serve their private ends as an offensive or defensive measure to deceive their enemies. Mr. Darwin does not deny that natural selection may have helped in the carrying out of this deep stratagem ; but, always more cautious than his followers, he puts in a saving clause for the influence of remote common ancestry, and whatever other identical causes may produce a rudimentary similarity in the first instance. The objection to mimicry is that it is a question-begging word ; it assumes that whatever strikes us in an individual or class is the leading idea, the key to its existence ; and yet, as a generalized statement of natural resemblances, the theory need only have been

carried a little further to have answered itself. Crystals do not mimic geometrical diagrams ; star-fish do not mimic our conventional representations of the heavenly bodies ; zoophytes do not mimic strawberries or turban ranunculuses. These so-called sea anemones indeed would plainly consult their own interest by looking less like flowers, at least in lands where they are liable to be gathered and left to wither in extemporised aquariums. Rocks do not mimic the animals after which a fanciful populace christens them ; a coal fire does not mimic the faces we can find in its glowing hollows. Nature has a fertile invention, and we may be sure does not repeat herself without cause ; but the world is wide, and it is just as reasonable to ask why some creatures are a little alike as to ask why none are exactly alike, and why more are not alike with a difference. If we have patience, no doubt the stupendous industry and acuteness of our great naturalists will in time acquaint us with such a pedigree of the walking leaf as will account for his having a shape which is odd for a beetle. But to ask for the cause of such a "thing of the mind" as his resemblance to a vegetable leaf shows a strange confusion of ideas. The reason why the two things are alike is that they *are* alike, *i.e.* to a certain extent of the same shape and colour, the causes of their shape and colour being as different as their nature and history.

There is one more example of intelligence in nature which ought to be considered here, especially as Mr. Darwin was prepared to allow its importance as the crucial test of his theory. How are the social instincts of bees and ants, their "mimicry" of human virtues, and, alas ! of human crimes, to be explained without design or intelligence somewhere ? We venture, with much hesitation, to doubt whether natural selection meets the difficulty, and this for a reason which applies more or less to all attempts to trace serious modifications of type to this agency. Mr. Darwin's idea is that a swarm of, say, bees, which for any reason makes better cells than other swarms, wastes less wax and stores more honey, will have an advantage in the struggle for existence, and tend to survive and transmit its superior architectural talents. But in a corporate body it will not be enough for an individual here and there to rise by chance above the common level, for on this view there is no selection within the hive ; and for one swarm to be sensibly more prosperous than another, all or nearly all its insect members must partake in the improved capacity for building ; but when this is conceded, what is to prevent their descendants from inheriting their talents with little or no help from natural selection ? How bees ever came to build cells at all requires more explanation than how, having once begun, they should gradually have brought the art to perfection. The whole problem of the growth and maintenance of specific characteristics is involved in

obscurity, and we can only say that the laws of inheritance, were they not equally obscure themselves, would be the quarter to which we should turn for instruction. The proximate cause for the instinctive performance of a seemingly intelligent action (as when the butterfly lays her eggs where the caterpillar will find its food) is the creature's descent from a parent that did the like; but this is no explanation till we know how inheritance acts, and our curiosity even then is as little to be satisfied without a first parent as without a first cause. The problem is not hopeless, but our knowledge is still too incomplete for plausible conjectures to be anticipated, unless, indeed, Plato's doctrine of reminiscence be allowed to count as a contribution to the metaphysics of the subject. What we deprecate is the tacit assumption that it is stranger for bees to have a mechanical mind of their own than it is for men to think and feel after their kind. Man is unquestionably the most intelligent of animals, but he does not contain all the perfections of the great orders of nature within himself; he cannot fly, song is not his natural speech, and he has not yet reduced society to a science. So far he is the inferior of birds and the most accomplished insects. His idea of society is doubtless the higher, but meanwhile the bees realise theirs. Their solution of the population difficulty would not satisfy us, but after all it *is* a solution, and many writers are of Montaigne's opinion, that morality is an affair of national usage. Then again why should the transmission of hereditary qualities want more explaining to three sexes or four than two? Mr. Darwin, in his "Descent of Man," is fairly puzzled to give a rational explanation even of the latter fact, because his ruling idea prevents his giving quite sufficient weight to the blind material facts which underlie all trifling variations. The only scientific explanation of a fact is its history, and when we know its history we supply ourselves with reasons out of our knowledge. The natural history of man is not a whit more rational *à priori* than that of brutes, only being more familiar with its facts, we feel a more than common certitude that they are numbered amongst the laws of nature, as indeed they are. Our superior spiritual nature does not give us a right to affect surprise when we are reminded by an obtrusive "mimic"—whether of common ancestry, or merely exposed to similar local influences and conditions—that many of our appetites and instincts are animal still. We have not received an exclusive patent of oppression that we need wonder at the herds of aphidæ and races of slaves that serve the convenience of some ants; nor is the slave-making instinct the mark of such high intelligence that we need be startled by finding it shared by a single variety of insect. It might be commoner if it were not so unnecessary.

Unnecessary, for the principle *sic vos non vobis* seems to be one of

the most universal, the most inevitable, of nature's laws, and whether we try to further the result or not, it is still our destiny to sow where we shall not reap, and to gather where we have not strawed. The law of sacrifice, if we were still bent on reducing our experience of the world to a single formula, would embrace as many of the facts as any other scheme resting on the illusory basis of sentiment and reflection. The solid rock cracks and crumbles away, and vegetable life springs up on the detritus; the flower blooms, withers, and falls, that the seed may be set free to grow and multiply. Animal and vegetable life are at once food and poison to each other, and so indirectly to themselves. The myriad eggs of an insect go to nourish the foes of its race; the little bird that devours them is fattening itself for the kite as surely as the farm-yard chickens are fattening for the poulterer. The boy and girl whose dreams of happiness together are only disturbed by a faint remorse for what they think is selfishness, are really only heaping up toil and trouble for themselves in order that their children may by-and-by try their chance at the lottery-wheel of life. The children repay the debt they do not owe to a posterity as thankless as themselves; and though virtue has its rewards,¹ they seldom reach the hands that earned them. Everything has its price, but everything has to be paid for in a different currency to that which the dealer hopes to receive. The servile work of providing food and security is the tribute money exacted by nature for the pleasures of natural life, and these pleasures, when we reach them, turn out to be nothing but protection from natural destruction. No individual lives for the purpose that it serves, or serves the purpose for which it would fain live. It only snatches such waifs and strays of irrelevant gratification as it can in the midst of its real work as a link in the chain that binds other destinies. Self-indulgence is not wrong, only impossible.

All this is true, even if it is not the whole truth, and yet scarcely any sane person would assert that the world, such as it is, was made to teach impartially to men and minerals a lesson of renunciation and disinterestedness. We believe that nature does teach such a lesson, in sufficiently peremptory terms, and that that is one reason why morality would have little to fear if positive criticism were to weaken its traditional sanctions. A necessity is upon men to sacrifice, in a thousand ways, their interests and inclinations. The wise are those who recognise the necessity and accept it with resignation. Those who obey the necessity without seeing or believing in its presence have always been called good. The necessity is light to

(1) It seems as if natural selection could scarcely fail to have something to do with the strength of benevolent and self-sacrificing instincts; amongst birds, for instance, only those that are good mothers will rear their broods; those that desert their young will leave no heirs to inherit their hardness of heart. The self-devotion of the parent contributes doubly to the preservation of the species.

none, but it falls most heavily on those who resist it, and in that sense Spinoza is right to ascribe the pursuit of pleasure to the suggestion of confused ideas. In all pleasures, in love, ambition, science, and even art, the end in view is only pleasurable so long as we can persuade ourselves that it is an end; but when the end is reached, after the first imperceptible moment of fruition the end becomes a fresh beginning, of which the latter end may very probably be a pain. At any rate, to have tasted the tree of the knowledge of good and evil may be supposed to spoil the palate for the sweetest fruit that ripens outside Paradise, and it is only those who hunger after their neighbour's vineyards that are dangerous to society.

Thus all roads lead to Rome, and all philosophies to very nearly the same conclusions of practical as well as speculative wisdom. However much we pull our experience of existence to pieces, we still each consist of mind and body, and whichever we believe to be the true and original man, the other is its shadow, and do what we will our shadow follows us. The very strength of the temptation to make our thought the measure and test of the realities in nature may only be the consequence of a law of nature making our thought the reflection of what really is. Such a *post-established* harmony, if it could be clearly revealed by science, would be rightly and rapturously welcomed by common sense as affording a safe and lasting harbour of refuge from the vexatious cavils of metaphysical scepticism. But though the reality of the external world and the veracity of experience were to be proved to the satisfaction of every one who believes that things *can* be proved, all our arguments would remain in force against the supposition that nature thinks about herself what we have a perfect right to think about nature. We may describe her works, ourselves included, as picturesquely as we please; we may group and classify, and even admire; but while we think we are deciphering her language, we are in fact but a part of the inscription, mere letters and syllables in the book which writes itself and asks for no readers.

H. LAWRENT.

THE NEW HELOÏSA.¹

THE many conditions of intellectual productiveness are still hidden in such profound obscurity, that we are as yet unable to explain why in certain natures a period of stormy moral agitation seems to be the indispensable antecedent of their highest creative effort. Byron is one instance, and Rousseau is another, in which the current of stimulating force made rapid way from the lower to the higher parts of character, only expending itself after having traversed the whole range of emotion and faculty, from their meanest, most realistic, most personal forms of exercise, up to the summit of what is lofty and ideal. No man was ever involved in such an odious complication of moral maladies as was Rousseau in the winter of 1758. Within three years of this miserable epoch he had completed not only the *New Heloïsa*, which is the monument of his fall, but the *Social Contract*, which was the most influential, and *Emile*, which was perhaps the most elevated and spiritual, of all the productions of the prolific genius of France in the eighteenth century. A poor light-hearted Marmontel thought that the secret of Rousseau's success lay in the circumstance that he began to write late, and it is true that no other author so considerable as Rousseau, waited until the age of fifty for the full vigour of his inspiration. No tale of years, however, could have ripened such fruit without native strength and incommunicable savour; nor can the splendid mechanical movement of those characters which keep the balance of the world even, impart to literature the peculiar quality, peculiar but not the finest, that comes from experience of the black and unlighted abysses of the soul.

The period of actual production was externally calm. The *New Heloïsa* was completed in 1759, and published in 1761. The *Social Contract* was published in the spring of 1762, and *Emile* a few weeks later. Throughout this period Rousseau was, for the last era in his life, at peace with most of his fellows; that is to say, though he never relented from his antipathy to the Holbachians, for the time it slumbered, until a more real and serious persecution than any which he imputed to them, transformed his antipathy into a gloomy frenzy.

As has been already said, it is the business of criticism to separate what is accidental in form, transitory in manner, and merely local in suggestion, from the general ideas which live under a casual and particular literary robe. And so we have to distinguish the external conditions under which a book like the *New Heloïsa* is produced, from the living qualities in the author, which gave the external

(1) A fragment from a forthcoming chapter.

conditions their hold upon him, and turned their development in one direction rather than another. We are only encouraging poverty of spirit, when we insist on fixing our eyes on a few of the minutiae of construction, instead of patiently seizing larger impressions and more durable meanings; nor less so, when we omit to move from the fortuitous incidents of composition, to the central elements of the writer's character, which already awaited them in full preparation for active expression.

These incidents in the case of the New *Heloïsa* we know; the sensuous communion with nature in her summer mood in the woods of Montmorency, the long hours and days of solitary expansion, the despairing passion for the too sage Julie of actual experience. But the power of these impressions from without depended on secrets of conformation within. An adult man with marked character is, consciously or unconsciously, his character's victim or sport; it is his whole system of impulses, ideas, pre-occupations, that make those critical situations ready, into which he too hastily supposes that an accident has drawn him. And this inner system not only prepares the situation for him; it forces his interpretation. Whatever interest the New *Heloïsa* possesses for the critic comes from the fact that it was the outcome, in a sense of which the author himself was probably unconscious, of the general doctrine of life and conduct which he only professed to expound in writings of graver pretension. Rousseau generally spoke of his romance in phrases of deprecation, as the monument of a passing weakness. It was in truth as entirely a monument of the strength, as well as the weakness of his whole scheme, as his weightiest piece. That it was not so deliberately, added to its effect; the slow and musing air which underlies all the assumption of ardent passion, made a way for the doctrine into sensitive natures, that would have been untouched by the pretended ratiocination of the *Discourses*, and the didactic manner of the *Emile*.

Rousseau's scheme, which we must carefully remember was only present to his own mind in an informal and fragmentary way, may be shortly described as an attempt to rehabilitate human nature in as much of its primitive freshness as the hardened crust of civil institutions and social use might allow. In this survey, however incoherently carried out, the mutual passion of the two sexes was the very last that was likely to escape Rousseau's attention. Thus it was with this that he began. The *Discourses* had been an attack upon the general ordering of society, and an exposition of the mischief it has done to human nature at large. The romance treated one set of emotions in human nature particularly, though it also touches the whole emotional sphere indirectly. And this limitation of the field was accompanied by a total revolution in the method.

Polemic was abandoned; the presence of hostility was forgotten in appearance, if not in the heart of the writer; instead of discussion, presentation; instead of abstract analysis of principles, concrete drawing of persons, and dramatic delineation of passion. There is, it is true, a monstrous superfluity of ethical exposition of most doubtful value, but this as we have already said was in the manners of the time. All people in those days with any pretensions to use their minds, wrote and talked in a superfine ethical manner, and violently translated the dictates of sensibility into formulas of morality. The important thing to remark is not that this semi-didactic strain is present, but that there is much less of it, and that it takes a far more subordinate place, than the subject and the reigning taste would have led us to expect. It is true, also, that Rousseau declared his intention in the two characters of Julie and Wolmar, eventually her husband, of leading to a reconciliation between the two great opposing parties, the devout and the rationalistic; of teaching them the lesson of reciprocal esteem, by showing the one that it is possible to believe in a god without being a hypocrite, and the other that it is possible to be an unbeliever without being a scoundrel.¹ This intention, if it was really present to Rousseau's mind while he was writing, and not an afterthought characteristically welcomed for the sake of giving loftiness and gravity to a composition of which he was always a little ashamed, must at any rate have been of a very pale kind. It would hardly have occurred to a critic, unless Rousseau had so emphatically pointed it out, that such a design had presided over the composition, and contemporary readers saw nothing of it. In the first part of the story, which is wholly passionate, it is certainly not visible, and in the second part neither of the two contending factions was likely to learn any lesson with respect to the other, for churchmen would have insisted that Wolmar was really a christian dressed up as an atheist, and philosophers would hardly have accepted Julie as a type of the too believing people, who broke Calas on the wheel, and cut off La Barre's head.

French critics tell us that no one now reads the New Heloïsa in France, except deliberate students of the works of Rousseau, and certainly no one in this generation reads it in our own country.² The action is very slight, and the play of motives very simple, when contrasted with the ingenuity of invention, the elaborate subtleties of psychological analysis, the power of rapid change from one perturb-

(1) *Corr.* ii. 214. *Conf.* ix. 289.

(2) English translations of Rousseau's works appeared very speedily after the originals. "T. Becket in the Strand" announces the *Eloisa* in 4 vols. with cuts, and *Emilius* in the same form, and adds that "the other pieces of Mr. Rousseau's were in the press." A German translation of the Heloïsa appeared at Leipzig [in 1761, in six duodecimos.

ing incident or excited humour to another, which mark the modern writer of sentimental fiction. As the title warns us, it is a story of a youthful tutor and a too fair disciple, straying away from the lessons of cold philosophy into the heated places of passion. The high pride of Julie's father forbade all hope of their union, and in very desperation the unhappy pair lost the self-control of virtue, and threw themselves into the pit that lies so ready to our feet. Remorse followed with quick step, for Julie had with her purity lost none of the other lovelinesses of a dutiful character. Her lover was hurried away from the country by the generous solicitude of an English nobleman, one of the bravest, tenderest, and best of men. Julie left undisturbed by his presence, stricken with affliction at the death of a sweet and affectionate mother, and pressed by the importunities of a father whom she dearly loved in spite of the disasters which his will had brought upon her, at length consented to marry a foreign baron from some northern court. Wolmar was much older than she was; a devotee of calm reason, without a system and without prejudices, benevolent, orderly, above all things judicious. The lover meditated suicide, from which he was only diverted by the arguments of Lord Edward, who did more than argue; he hurried the forlorn man on board the ship of Admiral Anson, then just starting for his famous voyage round the world. And this marks the end of the first episode.

Rousseau always urged that his story was dangerous for young girls, and maintained that Richardson was grievously mistaken in supposing that they could be instructed by romances; it was like setting fire to the house for the sake of making the pumps play.¹ As he admitted so much, he is not open to attack on this side, except from those who hold the theory that no books ought to be written which may not prudently be put into the hands of the young,—a puerile and contemptible doctrine, that must emasculate all literature and all art by excluding the most interesting of human relations and the most powerful of human passions. There is not a single composition of the first rank, outside of science, from the bible downwards, that could undergo the test. The most useful standard for measuring the significance of a book in this respect is found in the manners of the time, and the prevailing tone of contemporary literature. In trying to appreciate the meaning of the New Heloïsa and its popularity, it is well to think of it as a delineation of love, in contrast not only with such a book as the *Pucelle*, where there is at least wit, but with a story like Duclos's, which all ladies both read and were not in the least ashamed to acknowledge that they had read, and a story like Laclos's, which came a generation later, and with its infinite briskness and devilry carried the tradition of artistic impurity to as vigorous a manifestation as it is capable of reaching.²

(1) For instance, *Corr.* ii. 168, Nov. 19, 1762.

(2) Choderlos de La Clos: 1741—1803.

To a generation whose literature is as pure as the best English, German, and American literature is in the present day, the New Heloïsa might without doubt be corrupting. To the people who read Crébillon and the Pucelle it was without doubt elevating.

The case is just as strong if we turn from books to manners. Without looking beyond the circle of names that occur in Rousseau's own history, we see how deep the depravity had become. Madame d'Epinaÿ's gallant sat at table with the husband, and the husband was perfectly aware of the relations between them. M. d'Epinaÿ had notorious relations with two public women, and was not ashamed to refer to them in the presence of his wife, and even to seek her sympathy on an occasion when one of them was in some trouble. Not only this, but husband and lover used to pursue their debaucheries in the town together in jovial comradeship. Reeking disorder such as this illustrates, made the passion of the two imaginary lovers of the fair lake seem like a breath from the garden of Eden. One virtue was lost in that simple paradise, but even that loss was followed with circumstances of mental pain and far circling distress that banished the sin into a secondary place ; and what remained to strike the imagination of the time was a delightful picture of fast union between two enchanting women, of the patience and compassionateness of a grave mother, of the chivalrous warmth and helpfulness of a loyal friend. Any one anxious to pick out sensual strokes and turns of grossness, could make a little collection of such defilements from the New Heloïsa without any difficulty. They were in Rousseau's character, and thus they came out in his work. Saint Preux afflicts us with touches of this kind, just as we are afflicted with similar touches in the Confessions. They were not noticed at that day, when people's ears did not affect to be any chaster than the rest of them.

A historian of opinion is concerned with the general effect that was actually produced by a remarkable book, and with the causes which produced it, rather than with a demonstration that if the readers had all been as wise and as virtuous as the moralist might desire them to be, or if they had all been discriminating and scientific critics, not this, but a very different impression, would have followed. To-day we may wonder at this effect. A long story told in letters has grown a form incomprehensible and intolerable to us. We find Richardson hard to be borne, and he put far greater vivacity and wider variety into his letters than Rousseau did, though he was not any less diffuse, and he abounds in repetitions as Rousseau does not. Rousseau was absolutely without humour ; that belongs to the keenly observant natures, and to those who love men in the concrete, not only humanity in the abstract. The pleasantries of Julie's cousin, for instance, are heavy and misplaced. Thus the whole book is in one key, without the dramatic changes of Richardson, too few

even as these are. And who now can endure that antique fashion of apostrophizing men and women, hot with passion and eager with all active impulses, in oblique terms of abstract qualities, as if their passion and their activity were only the inconsiderable embodiment of fine general ideas? We have not a single thrill, when Saint Preux, being led into the chamber where his mistress is supposed to lie dying, murmurs passionately, "What shall I now see in the same place of refuge where once all breathed the ecstasy that intoxicated my soul, in this same object who both caused and shared my transports! the image of death, virtue unhappy, beauty expiring!"¹ This rhetorical artificiality of phrase, so repulsive to the more realistic taste of a later age, was as natural then as the facility of shedding tears, which appears so deeply incredible a kind of performance to a generation that has lost that particular fashion of sensibility, without realising for the honour of its ancestors the physiological truth of the power of the will over the secretions.

The characters seem as stilted as some of the language, to us who are accustomed to an Asiatic luxuriousness of delineation; yet the New Heloïsa was nothing less than the beginning of that fresh, full, highly-coloured style, which has now taught us to find so little charm in the source and original of it. Saint Preux is a personage whom no widest charity, literary, philosophic, or christian, can make endurable. Egoism is made thrice disgusting by a ceaseless redundancy of fine phrases. The exaggerated conceits of love in our old poets turn graciously on the lover's eagerness to offer every sacrifice at the feet of his mistress. Even Werther, stricken creature as he was, yet had the stoutness to blow his brains out, rather than be the instrument of surrounding his beloved's life with snares. Saint Preux's egoism is unbrightened by a single ray of tender abnegation, or a single trait of the sweet humility of devoted passion. The slave of his sensations, he has no care beyond their gratification; with some rotund nothing on his lips about virtue being the only path to happiness, his heart burns with sickly lustfulness; he writes first like a pedagogue infected by some cantharidean philter, and then like a pedagogue without the philter, which is worse. Lovelace and the Comte de Valmont are manly and hopeful characters in comparison. Werther, again, at least represents a principle of rebellion, in the midst of all his self-centred despair, and he retains strength enough to know that his weakness is shameful. His despair, moreover, is deeply coloured with repulsed social ambition.² He feels the world about him. His French prototype represents nothing but the unalloyed selfishness of a sensual love, for which there is no universe outside of its own fevered pulsation.

(1) *Nouv. Hel.* III. xiv. 48.

(2) E.g. *Letters*, 40—46.

Julie is much less displeasing, partly perhaps for the reason that she belongs to the less displeasing sex. At least, she preserves fortitude, self-control, profound considerateness for others, and at a certain point her firmness even moves a measure of enthusiasm. If the New Heloïsa could be said to have any moral intention, it is here where women learn, from the example of Julie's energetic return to duty, the possibility and the satisfaction of bending character back to comeliness and honour. Excellent as this is from a moral point of view, the reader may wish that Julie had been less of a preacher, as well as less of a sinner. And even as sinner, she would have been more readily forgiven if she had been less deliberate. A maiden who sacrifices her chastity in order that the visible consequences may force her parents to consent to a marriage, is rather too strategical to be perfectly touching. As was said by the cleverest, though not the greatest, of all the women whose youth was fascinated by Rousseau, when one has renounced the charms of virtue, it is at least well to have all the charms that entire surrender of heart can bestow.¹ In spite of this, Julie struck the imagination of the time, and struck it in a way that was thoroughly wholesome. The type taught men some respect for the dignity of women, and it taught women a firmer respect for themselves. It is useless, even if it be possible, to present an example too lofty for the comprehension of an age. At this moment the most brilliant genius in the country was filling France with impish merriment at the cost of the greatest heroine France had then to boast. In such an atmosphere Julie has the very halo of saintliness.

We may say all we choose about the inconsistency, the excess of preaching, the excess of prudence, in the character of Julie. It was said pungently enough by the wits of the time.² Nothing that could be said on all this affected the fact that the women between 1760

(1) Madame de Stael (1765—1817), in her *Lettres sur les écrits et le caractère de J. J. Rousseau*, written when she was twenty, and her first work of any pretensions. *Œuv. i.* 41. Ed. 1820.

(2) Nowhere more pungently than in a little piece of some half-dozen pages, headed, *Prédiction tirée d'un vieux Manuscrit*, the form of which is borrowed from Grimm's squib in the dispute about French music, *Le petit Prophète de Boehmischbroda*, though it seems to me to be superior to Grimm in pointedness. Here are a few verses from the supposed prophecy of the man who should come—and of what he should do. "Et la multitude courra sur ses pas et plusieurs croiront en lui. Et il leur dira : Vous êtes des scélérats et des fripons, vos femmes sont toutes des femmes perdues, et je viens vivre parmi vous. Et il ajoutera, tous les hommes sont vertueux dans le pays où je suis né, et je n'habiterai jamais le pays où je suis né. . . . Et il dira aussi qu'il est impossible d'avoir des mœurs, et de lire des Romans, et il fera un Roman; et dans son Roman le vice sera en action et la vertu en paroles, et ses personnages seront forcenés d'amour et de philosophie. Et dans son Roman on apprendra l'art de suborner philosophiquement une jeune fille. Et l'Ecolière perdra toute honte et toute pudeur, et elle fera avec son maître des sottises et des maximes. . . . Et le bel Ami étant dans un Bateau seul avec sa Maîtresse voudra la jeter dans l'eau et se précipiter avec elle. Et ils appelleront tout cela de la Philosophie et de la Vertu," and so on, humorously enough in this kind.

and the revolution were intoxicated by Rousseau's creation, to such a pitch that they would pay any price for a glass out of which Rousseau had drunk, and kiss a scrap of paper that contained a piece of his handwriting, and vow that no woman of true sensibility could hesitate to consecrate her life to him, if she were only certain to be rewarded by his attachment.¹ The booksellers were unable to meet the demand. The book was let out at the rate of twelve sous a volume, and the volume could not be detained beyond an hour. All classes shared the excitement—courtiers, soldiers, lawyers, and bourgeois.² Gallantry was succeeded by passion, expansion, exaltation; moods far more dangerous for society, as all enthusiasm is dangerous, but also far higher, and pregnant with better hopes for character. To move the sympathetic faculties is the first step towards kindling all the other energies which make life wiser and more fruitful. It is especially worth noticing that nothing in the character of Julie concentrates this outburst of sympathy in subjective broodings. In Germany at that time and later there was a corresponding movement of sentimentalism, with its Order of Mercy and Expiation, its Order of Sentiment, and the like imbecilities. But this was only hysterical egoism disguised by transcendental shriekings. It was attended with the extreme of disorder in the relations between men and women, as such undirected sensational revivals always are, whether they are clothed in religious or philosophical forms. The effect of the New Heloïsa was just the opposite. Julie is the representative of one recalled to the straight path by practical, wholesome, objective sympathy for others, not of one expiring in unsatisfied yearnings for the sympathy of others for herself, and in moonstruck subjective aspirations. The women who wept over her romance, read in it the lesson of duty, not of whimpering introspection. The danger lay in the mischievous intellectual direction which Rousseau imparted to this effusion.

The stir which the Julie communicated in so many ways to the affections, marked progress, but in all the elements of reason she was the most perilous of reactionaries. So hard is it with the human mind constituted as it is, to march forward a space further to the light, without making some fresh swerve obliquely towards old darkness. The great effusion of natural sentiment was in the air before the New Heloïsa appeared, to condense it and turn it into definite channels. One beautiful character, Vauvenargues (1715—47), had begun to teach the culture of emotional instinct in some sayings of exquisite sweetness and moderation, as that 'Great thoughts come from the heart;' but he came too soon, and, alas for us all, he died young, and he made no mark. Moderation can never make a mark in

(1) See passages in Goncourt's *La Femme au 18ième siècle*, p. 380.

(2) Musset-Pathay, ii. 361.

the epochs when men are beginning to feel the urgent spirit of a new time. Diderot strove with more powerful efforts, in the midst of all his herculean labours for the acquisition and ordering of knowledge, in the same direction towards the great outer world of nature, and towards the great inner world of nature in the human breast. His criticisms on the paintings of each year, mediocre as the paintings were, are admirable even now for their richness and their freshness. His two plays drew tears as natural, as simple, as true, as any that have ever flowed under the magic stroke of art enfranchised from convention. If he had been endowed with emotional tenacity, as he was with tenacity of understanding and of purpose, the student of the eighteenth century would probably have been spared the not perfectly agreeable task of threading a way along the sinuosities of the character and work of Rousseau. But Rousseau had what Diderot lacked, sustained ecstatic moods, and fervid trances; his literary gesture was so commanding, his apparel so glistening, his voice so rich in long-drawn notes of plangent vibration. His words are the words of a prophet; a prophet, it is understood, who had lived in Paris, and belonged to the eighteenth century, and wrote in French instead of Hebrew. The mischief of his work lay in this, that he raised feeling, now passionate, now quietist, into the supreme place, which it was to occupy alone, and not on equal throne and in equal alliance with understanding. Instead of supplementing reason, he made emotion its substitute. And he made this evil doctrine come from the lips of a fictitious character, who stimulated fancy and fascinated imagination. Voltaire laughed at the 'baisers âcres' of Madame de Wolmar, and declared that a criticism of the Marquis of Ximénès had crushed the wretched romance.¹ But Madame de Wolmar was so far from crushed, that she turned the flood of feeling which her own charms, passion, remorse, and conversion, had raised, in a direction that Voltaire abhorred, and abhorred in vain.

It is after the marriage of Julie to Wolmar that the action of the story takes the turn which sensible men like Voltaire found laughable. Saint Preux is absent with Admiral Anson for some years. On his return to Europe he is speedily invited by the sage and unprejudiced Wolmar, who knows his past history perfectly well, to pay them a visit. They all meet with leapings on the neck and hearty kisses, the unprejudiced Wolmar preserving an open, serene, and smiling air. He takes his young friend to a chamber, which is to be reserved for him and for him only. In a few days he takes an opportunity of visiting some distant property, leaving his wife and

(1) *Corr.*, Mar. 3, and Mar. 19, 1761. The criticisms of Ximénès, a thoroughly mediocre person in all respects, were entirely literary, and were directed against the too strained and highly coloured quality of the phrases, 'baisers âcres' among them.

Saint Preux together, with the sublime of magnanimity. At the same time he confides to Claire his intention of entrusting Saint Preux with the education of his children. All goes perfectly well, and the household presents a picture of contentment, prosperity, moderation, affection, and evenly diffused happiness, which in spite of the disagreeableness of the situation is even now extremely charming. There is only one cloud. Julie is devoured by a source of hidden chagrin. Her husband, "so sage, so reasonable, so far from every kind of vice, so little under the influence of human passions, is without the only belief that makes virtue precious, and in the innocence of an irreproachable life, he carries at the bottom of his heart the frightful peace of the wicked."¹ He is an atheist. Julie is now a pietist, locking herself for hours in her chamber, spending days in self-examination and prayer, constantly reading the pages of the good Fénelon.² "I fear," she writes to Saint Preux, "that you do not gain all you might from religion in the conduct of your life, and that philosophic pride disdains the simplicity of the christian. You believe prayers to be of scanty service. That is not, you know, the doctrine of Saint Paul nor what our church professes. We are free, it is true, but we are ignorant, feeble, prone to ill. And whence should come light and force if not from him who is their very well-spring? . . . Let us be humble, to be sage; let us see our weakness, and we shall be strong."³ This was the opening of the deistical reaction; it was thus, associated with everything that struck the imagination and moved the sentiment of his readers, that Rousseau brought back the sophistical conclusions which Pascal had drawn from premisses of dark profound truth, and the enervating displacement of reason by celestial contemplation which Fénelon had once made beautiful by the persuasion of virtuous example. He was justified in saying, as he afterwards did, that there was nothing in the Savoyard Vicar's Profession of Faith which was not to be found in the letters of Julie. These were the effective preparations for that more famous manifesto; they surrounded belief with all the attractions of an interesting and sympathetic preacher, and set it to a harmony of circumstance that touched a new and softer fibre.

For, curiously enough, while the first half of the romance is a scene of disorderly passion, the second is the glorification of the family. A modern writer of genius has inveighed with whimsical bitterness against the character of Wolmar, supposed, we may notice in passing, to be partially drawn from D'Holbach,—a man performing so long an experiment on these two souls, with the terrible curiosity of a surgeon in vivisection.⁴ It was, however, much less difficult for contemporaries to accept so unwholesome and prurient a

(1) *Nouv. Hél.*, V. v. 115.

(2) VI. vii.

(3) VI. vi.

(4) Michelet's *Louis XV. et Louis XVI.*, p. 58.

situation, and they forgot all the evil that was in it, in the charm of the account of Wolmar's active, peaceful, frugal, sunny household. The influence of this was immense. We may be sure that Werther (1774) would not have found Charlotte cutting bread and butter if Saint Preux had not gone to see Julie take cream and cakes with her children and her female servants; and perhaps the other and nobler Charlotte of the *Wahlverwandtschaften* (1809) would not have detained us so long with her moss hut, her terrace, her park prospect, if Julie had not had her Elysium, where the sweet freshness of the air, the cool shadows, the shining verdure, flowers diffusing fragrance and colour, water running with soft whisper, and the song of a thousand birds, reminded the returned traveller of Tinian and Juan Fernandez. There is an animation, a variety, an accuracy, a realistic brightness in this picture, which will always make it enchanting, even to those who cannot make their way through any other letter in the New Heloisa,¹ and would seem to place it as an idyllic piece almost above even the clearest and freshest of such pieces in Goethe's two famous romances. There are other admirable landscapes, though not too many of them, and the minute and careful way in which Rousseau made their features real to himself, is accidentally shown in his urgent prayer for exactitude, in the engraving of the striking scene where Saint Preux and Julie visit the monuments of their old love for one another.² These were the compositions that presently inspired the landscapes of *Paul and Virginia* (1788), of *Atala and René* (1801), and of *Obermann* (1804). They were the outcome of eager and spontaneous feeling for nature, and not the mere hackneyed common form and inflated description of the literary pastoral.

One great and important distinction is to be drawn between Rousseau and the school whom in other respects he inspired. His pictures are full of social animation and domestic order. He had exalted the simplicity of the savage state in his Discourses, but when he came to constitute an ideal life, he found it in a household that was more, and not less, systematically disciplined than those of the common society around him. The paradise in which his Julie moved with Wolmar and Saint Preux, was no more and no less than an establishment of the best kind of the rural middle-class, frugal, decorous, wholesome, tranquilly austere. No most sentimental savage could have found it endurable, or could himself without profound transformation of his manners have been endured in it. The New Heloisa ends by exalting respectability, and putting the spirit of insurrection to shame. Self control, not revolt, is its last word. This is what separates Rousseau, here and throughout, from Sénancour, Byron, and the rest. He consummates the triumph of will, while their reigning mood is grave or reckless protest against im-

(1) IV. xi.

(2) IV. xvii: See vol. iii. 423.

tence of will, the little worth of common aims, the fretting triviality of common rules. Franklin or Cobbett might have gloried in the regularity of Madame de Wolmar's establishment. The employment of the day was marked out with precision. By artful adjustment of pursuits it was contrived that the men servants should be kept apart from the maid servants except at their repasts. The women, namely, a cook, a housemaid, and a nurse, found their pastimes in rambles with their mistress and her children, and lived mainly with them. The men were amused by games for which their master made regulated provisions, now for summer, now for winter, offering prizes of a useful kind for prowess and adroitness. Often on a Sunday night all the household met in an ample chamber and passed the evening in dancing. When Saint Preux inquired whether this was not a rather singular infraction of puritan rule, Julie wisely answered that pure morality is so loaded with severe duties, that if you add to them the further burden of indifferent forms, it must surely be at the cost of the essential.¹ The servants were always taken from the country, never from the town; they entered the household young, were gradually trained, and never went away except to establish themselves.

The vulgar and obvious criticism on all this is that it is utopian, that such households do not generally exist, because neither masters nor servants possess the qualities needed to maintain these relations of unbroken order and friendliness. Perhaps not; and masters and servants will be more and more removed from the possession of such qualities, and their relations further distant from such order and friendliness, if writers cease to press the beauty and serviceableness of a domesticity that is at present only possible in a few rare cases, or to insist on the ugliness, the waste of peace, the deterioration of character, that are the results of our present system. Undoubtedly it is much easier for Rousseau to draw his picture of semi-patriarchal felicity, than for the rest of us to realise it. It was his function to press ideals of sweeter life on his contemporaries, and they may be counted fortunate in having a writer who could fulfil this function with Rousseau's peculiar force of masterly persuasion. His scornful diatribes against the domestic police of great houses, and the essential inhumanity of the ordinary household relations, are both excellent and of permanent interest. There is the full breath of a new humane-ness in them. They were the right way of attacking the decrepitude of feudal luxury and insolence, and its imitation among the great farmers-general. The criticism of the conditions of domestic service marks a beginning of true democracy, as distinguished from the mere pulverisation of aristocracy. It rests on the claim of the common people to an equal consideration, as equally useful and

. (1) IV. x. 260.

equally capable of virtue and vice; and it implies the essential priority of social before political reform.

The expatiation on the loveliness of a well-ordered interior may strike the impatient modern as somewhat long, and the movement as very slow, just as people complain of the same things in the *Elective Affinities*. Such complaint only proves inability, which is or is not justifiable, to seize the spirit of the writer. The expatiation was long and the movement slow, because Rousseau was full of his thoughts; they were a deep and glowing part of himself, and did not only skim swiftly and lightly through his mind. Anybody who takes the trouble may find out the difference between this expression of long mental brooding, and a merely elaborated diction.¹ The length is an essential part of the matter. The whole work is the reflection of a series of slow inner processes, the many careful weavings of a lonely and miserable man's dreams of what happiness might be like. And Julie expressed the spirit and the joy of these dreams when she wrote, 'People are only happy before they are happy. Man, so eager and so feeble, made to derive all and obtain little, has received from heaven a consoling force which brings all that he desires close to him, which subjects it to his imagination, which makes it present and sensible to him, which delivers it over to him. The land of chimera is the only one in this world that is worthy for one to dwell in, and such is the nothingness of the human lot, that except the Being who exists in and by himself, there is nothing beautiful except that which does not exist.'²

Closely connected with the vigorous attempt to fascinate his public with the charm of a serene, joyful, and ordered house, is the restoration in the New Heloisa of marriage to a rank among high and honourable obligations, and its representation as the best support of an equable life of right conduct and fruitful harmonious emotion. We may imagine the spleen with which the philosophers, with both their hatred of the faith and their light esteem of marriage bonds, read Julie's eloquent account of her emotions at the moment of her union with Wolmar. 'I seemed to behold the organ of providence and to hear the voice of god, as the minister gravely pronounced the words of the holy service. The purity, the dignity, the sanctity of marriage, so vividly set forth in the words of scripture, its chaste and sublime duties, so important to the happiness, order, and peace of the human race, so sweet to fulfil even for their own sake—all this made such an impression on me that I seemed to feel within my breast a sudden revolution. An unknown power seemed all at once to arrest the disorder of my affections, and to restore them in accordance with the law of duty and of nature. The eternal eye that sees

(1) Rousseau considered that the Fourth and Sixth parts of the New Heloïse were masterpieces of diction. *Conf.*, ix. 334.

(2) vi. viii. 298.

everything, I said to myself, now reads to the depth of my heart,' and so forth.¹ She has all the well-known fervour of the proselyte, and never wearies of extolling the peace of the wedded state. Love is no essential to its perfection. 'Worth, virtue, a certain accord not so much in condition and age as in character and temper, are enough between husband and wife; and this does not prevent the growth from such a union of a very tender attachment, which is none the less sweet for not being exactly love, and is all the more lasting.'² Years after, when Saint Preux has returned and is settled in the household, she even tries to persuade him to imitate her example, and find contentment in marriage with her cousin. The earnestness with which she presses the point, the very sensible but not very delicate references to the physiological drawbacks of celibacy, and the fact that the cousin whom she would fain have him marry had complaisantly assisted them in their past loves, naturally drew the fire of Rousseau's critical enemies. Such matters did not affect the general enthusiasm. When people are weary of a certain way of surveying life, and have their faces eagerly set in some new direction, they read in a book what it pleases them to read; they assimilate as much as falls in with their dominant mood, and the rest passes away unseen. The French public of that day were bewitched by Julie, and were no more capable of criticising her, than Julie was capable of criticising Saint Preux in the height of her passion for him. When we say that Rousseau was the author of this movement, all we mean is that his book and its chief personage awoke emotion to self-consciousness, gave it a dialect, communicated an impulse in favour of social order, and very calamitously at the same moment divorced it from the fundamental conditions of progress, by divorcing it from disciplined intelligence and scientific reason.

EDITOR.

(1) III. xviii. 84.

(2) III. xx. 116.



THE EUSTACE DIAMONDS.

CHAPTER LXIX.

"I CANNOT DO IT."

THE Saturday and the Sunday Lizzie passed in outward tranquillity, though, doubtless, her mind was greatly disturbed. She said nothing of what had passed between her and Major Mackintosh, explaining that his visit had been made solely with the object of informing her that Mr. Benjamin was to be sent home from Vienna, but that the diamonds were gone for ever. She had, as she declared to herself, agreed with Major Mackintosh that she would not go to Mr. Camperdown till the Tuesday,—justifying her delay by her solicitude in reference to Miss Roanoke's marriage; and therefore these two days were her own. After them would come a totally altered phase of existence. All the world would know the history of the diamonds,—cousin Frank, and Lord Fawn, and John Eustace, and Mrs. Carbuncle, and the Bobsborough people, and Lady Glencora, and that old vulturess, her aunt, the Countess of Linlithgow. It must come now;—but she had two days in which she could be quiet and think of her position. She would, she thought, send one of her letters to Lord Fawn before she went to Mr. Camperdown;—but which should she send? Or should she write a third explaining the whole matter in sweetly piteous feminine terms, and swearing that the only remaining feeling in her bosom was a devoted affection to the man who had now twice promised to be her husband?

In the meantime the preparations for the great marriage went on. Mrs. Carbuncle spent her time busily between Lucinda's bedchamber and the banqueting hall in Albemarle Street. In spite of pecuniary difficulties the trousseau was to be a wonder; and even Lizzie was astonished at the jewellery which that indefatigable woman had collected together for a preliminary show in Hertford Street. She had spent hours at Howell and James's, and had made marvellous bargains there and elsewhere. Things were sent for selection, of which the greater portion were to be returned, but all were kept for the show. The same things which were shown to separate friends in Hertford Street as part of the trousseau on Friday and Saturday, were carried over to Albemarle Street on the Sunday, so as to add to the quasi-public exhibition of presents on the Monday. The money expended had gone very far. The most had been made of a failing credit. Every particle of friendly generosity had been

so manipulated as to add to the external magnificence. And Mrs. Carbuncle had done all this without any help from Lucinda,—in the midst of most contemptuous indifference on Lucinda's part. She could hardly be got to allow the milliners to fit the dresses to her body, and positively refused to thrust her feet into certain golden-heeled boots with brightly-bronzed toes, which were a great feature among the raiment. Nobody knew it except Mrs. Carbuncle and the maid,—even Lizzie Eustace did not know it;—but once the bride absolutely ran a muck among the finery, scattering the laces here and there, pitching the glove-boxes under the bed, chucking the golden-heeled boots into the fire-place, and exhibiting quite a tempest of fury against one of the finest shows of petticoats ever arranged with a view to the admiration and envy of female friends. But all this Mrs. Carbuncle bore, and still persevered. The thing was so nearly done now that she could endure to persevere though the provocation to abandon it was so great. She had even ceased to find fault with her niece,—but went on in silence counting the hours till the trouble should be taken off her own shoulders and placed on those of Sir Griffin. It was a great thing to her, almost more than she had expected, that neither Lucinda nor Sir Griffin should have positively declined the marriage. It was impossible that either should retreat from it now.

Luckily for Mrs. Carbuncle Sir Griffin took delight in the show. He did this after a bearish fashion, putting his finger upon little flaws with an intelligence for which Mrs. Carbuncle had not hitherto given him credit. As to certain ornaments, he observed that the silver was plated and the gold ormolu. A "rope" of pearls he at once detected as being false,—and after fingering certain lace he turned up his nose and shook his head. Then, on the Sunday, in Albemarle Street, he pointed out to Mrs. Carbuncle sundry articles which he had seen in the bedroom on the Saturday. "But, my dear Sir Griffin,—that's of course," said Mrs. Carbuncle. "Oh;—that's of course, is it?" said Sir Griffin, turning up his nose again. "Where did that Delph bowl come from?" "It is one of Mortlock's finest Etruscan vases," said Mrs. Carbuncle. "Oh,—I thought that Etruscan vases came from—from somewhere in Greece or Italy," said Sir Griffin. "I declare that you are shocking," said Mrs. Carbuncle, struggling to maintain her good-humour.

He passed hours of the Sunday in Hertford Street, and Lord George also was there for some time. Lizzie, who could hardly devote her mind to the affairs of the wedding, remained alone in her own sitting-room during the greater part of the day;—but she did show herself while Lord George was there. "So I hear that Mackintosh has been here," said Lord George.

"Yes,—he was here."

"And what did he say?" Lizzie did not like the way in which the man looked at her, feeling it to be not only unfriendly, but absolutely cruel. It seemed to imply that he knew that her secret was about to be divulged. And what was he to her now that he should be impertinent to her? What he knew, all the world would know before the end of the week. And that other man who knew it already had been kind to her, had said nothing about perjury, but had explained to her that what she would have to bear would be trouble, and not imprisonment and loss of money. Lord George, to whom she had been so civil, for whom she had spent money, to whom she had almost offered herself and all that she possessed,—Lord George, whom she had selected as the first repository of her secret, had spoken no word to comfort her, but had made things look worse for her than they were. Why should she submit to be questioned by Lord George? In a day or two the secret which he knew would be no secret. "Never mind what he said, Lord George," she replied.

"Has he found it all out?"

"You had better go and ask himself," said Lizzie. "I am sick of the subject, and I mean to have done with it."

Lord George laughed, and Lizzie hated him for his laugh.

"I declare," said Mrs. Carbuncle, "that you two, who were such friends, are always snapping at each other now."

"The fickleness is all on her ladyship's part,—not on mine," said Lord George; whereupon Lady Eustace walked out of the room and was not seen again till dinner-time.

Soon afterwards Lucinda also endeavoured to escape, but to this Sir Griffin objected. Sir Griffin was in a very good humour, and bore himself like a prosperous bridegroom. "Come, Luce," he said, "get off your high horse for a little. To-morrow, you know, you must come down altogether."

"So much the more reason for my remaining up to-day."

"I'll be shot if you shall," said Sir Griffin. "Luce, sit in my lap, and give me a kiss."

At this moment Lord George and Mrs. Carbuncle were in the front drawing-room, and Lord George was telling her the true story as to the necklace. It must be explained on his behalf that in doing this he did not consider that he was betraying the trust reposed in him. "They know all about it in Scotland Yard," he said; "I got it from Gager. They were bound to tell me, as up to this week past every man in the police thought that I had been the master-mind among the thieves. When I think of it I hardly know whether to laugh or cry."

"And she had them all the time?" exclaimed Mrs. Carbuncle.

"Yes;—in this house! Did you ever hear of such a little cat?"

I could tell you more than that. She wanted me to take them and dispose of them."

"No!"

"She did though;—and now see the way she treats me! Never mind! Don't say a word to her about it till it comes out of itself. She'll have to be arrested, no doubt."

"Arrested!" Mrs. Carbuncle's further exclamations were stopped by Lucinda's struggles in the other room. She had declined to sit upon the bridegroom's lap, but had acknowledged that she was bound to submit to be kissed. He had kissed her, and then had striven to drag her on to his knee. But she was strong, and had resisted violently, and, as he afterwards said, had struck him savagely. "Of course I struck him," said Lucinda.

"By — you shall pay for it!" said Sir Griffin.

This took place in the presence of Lord George and Mrs. Carbuncle, and yet they were to be married to-morrow.

"The idea of complaining that a girl hit you,—and the girl who is to be your wife!" said Lord George, as they walked off together.

"I know what to complain of, and what not," said Sir Griffin. "Are you going to let me have that money?"

"No;—I am not," said Lord George,—“so there's an end of that.” Nevertheless they dined together at their club afterwards, and in the evening Sir Griffin was again in Hertford Street.

This happened on the Sunday, on which day none of the ladies had gone to church. Mr. Emilius well understood the cause of their absence, and felt nothing of a parson's anger at it. He was to marry the couple on the Monday morning, and dined with the ladies on the Sunday. He was peculiarly gracious and smiling, and spoke of the Hymeneals as though they were even more than ordinarily joyful and happy in their promise. To Lizzie he was almost affectionate, and Mrs. Carbuncle he flattered to the top of her bent. The power of the man in being sprightly under such a load of trouble as oppressed the household, was wonderful. He had to do with three women who were worldly, hard, and given entirely to evil things. Even as regarded the bride, who felt the horror of her position, so much must be in truth admitted. Though from day to day and hour to hour she would openly declare her hatred of the things around her,—yet she went on. Since she had entered upon life she had known nothing but falsehood and scheming wickedness;—and, though she rebelled against the consequences, she had not rebelled against the wickedness. Now to this unfortunate young woman and her two companions, Mr. Emilius discoursed with an unctuous mixture of celestial and terrestrial glorification, which was proof, at any rate, of great ability on his part. He told them how a good wife was a crown, or rather a chaplet of ætherial roses, to her

husband, and how high rank and great station in the world made such a chaplet more beautiful and more valuable. His work in the vineyard, he said, had fallen lately among the wealthy and nobly born; and though he would not say that he was entitled to take glory on that account, still he gave thanks daily in that he had been enabled to give his humble assistance towards the running of a godly life to those who, by their example, were enabled to have so wide an effect upon their poorer fellow-creatures. He knew well how difficult it was for a camel to go through the eye of a needle. They had the highest possible authority for that. But Scripture never said that the camel,—which, as he explained it, was simply a thread larger than ordinary thread,—could not go through the needle's eye. The camel which succeeded, in spite of the difficulties attending its exalted position, would be peculiarly blessed. And he went on to suggest that the three ladies before him, one of whom was about to enter upon a new phase of life to-morrow, under auspices peculiarly propitious, were, all of them, camels of this description. Sir Griffin, when he came in, received for a while the peculiar attention of Mr. Emilius. "I think, Sir Griffin," he commenced, "that no period of a man's life is so blessed, as that upon which you will enter to-morrow." This he said in a whisper, but it was a whisper audible to the ladies.

"Well;—yes; it's all right, I daresay," said Sir Griffin.

"Well, after all, what is life till a man has met and obtained the partner of his soul? It is a blank,—and the blank becomes every day more and more intolerable to the miserable solitary."

"I wonder you don't get married yourself," said Mrs. Carbuncle, who perceived that Sir Griffin was rather astray for an answer.

"Ah!—if one could always be fortunate when one loved!" said Mr. Emilius, casting his eyes across to Lizzie Eustace. It was evident to them all that he did not wish to conceal his passion.

It was the object of Mrs. Carbuncle that the lovers should not be left alone together, but that they should be made to think that they were passing the evening in affectionate intercourse. Lucinda hardly spoke, hardly had spoken since her disagreeable struggle with Sir Griffin. He said but little, but with Mrs. Carbuncle was better humoured than usual. Every now and then she made little whispered communications to him, telling that they would be sure to be at the church at eleven to the moment, explaining to him what would be the extent of Lucinda's boxes for the wedding tour, assuring him that he would find Lucinda's new maid a treasure in regard to his own shirts and pocket-handkerchiefs. She toiled marvellously at little subjects, always making some allusion to Lucinda, and never hinting that aught short of Elysium was in store for him. The labour was great; the task was terrible; but now it was so nearly

over! And to Lizzie she was very courteous, never hinting by a word or a look that there was any new trouble impending on the score of the diamonds. She, too, as she received the greasy compliments of Mr. Emilius with pretty smiles, had her mind full enough of care.

At last Sir Griffin went, again kissing his bride as he left. Lucinda accepted his embrace without a word and almost without a shudder. "Eleven to the moment, Sir Griffin," said Mrs. Carbuncle, with her best good-humour. "All right," said Sir Griffin as he passed out of the door. Lucinda walked across the room, and kept her eyes fixed on his retreating figure as he descended the stairs. Mr. Emilius had already departed, with many promises of punctuality, and Lizzie now withdrew for the night. "Dear Lizzie, good night," said Mrs. Carbuncle, kissing her.

"Good night, Lady Eustace," said Lucinda. "I suppose I shall see you to-morrow?"

"See me!—Of course you will see me. I shall come into your room with the girls, after you have had your tea." The girls mentioned were the four bridesmaids, as to whom there had been some difficulty, as Lucinda had neither sister or cousins, and had contracted no peculiarly tender friendships. But Mrs. Carbuncle had arranged it, and four properly-equipped young ladies were to be in attendance at ten on the morrow.

Then Lucinda and Mrs. Carbuncle were alone. "Of one thing I feel sure," said Lucinda in a low voice.

"What is that, dear?"

"I shall never see Sir Griffin Tewett again."

"You talk in that way on purpose to break me down at the last moment," said Mrs. Carbuncle.

"Dear Aunt Jane, I would not break you down if I could help it. I have struggled so hard,—simply that you might be freed from me. We have been very foolish, both of us; but I would bear all the punishment,—if I could."

"You know that this is nonsense now."

"Very well. I only tell you. I know that I shall never see him again. I will never trust myself alone in his presence. I could not do it. When he touches me my whole body is in agony. To be kissed by him is madness."

"Lucinda, this is very wicked. You are working yourself up to a paroxysm of folly."

"Wicked;—yes, I know that I am wicked. There has been enough of wickedness certainly. You don't suppose that I mean to excuse myself?"

"Of course you will marry Sir Griffin to-morrow."

"I shall never be married to him. How I shall escape from him,—by dying, or going mad,—or by destroying him, God only

knows." Then she paused, and her aunt looking into her face almost began to fear that she was in earnest. But she would not take it as at all indicating any real result for the morrow. The girl had often said nearly the same thing before, and had still submitted. "Do you know, Aunt Jane, I don't think I could feel to any man as though I loved him. But for this man,—Oh God, how I do detest him! I cannot do it."

"You had better go to bed, Lucinda, and let me come to you in the morning."

"Yes;—come to me in the morning;—early."

"I will,—at eight."

"I shall know then, perhaps."

"My dear, will you come to my room to-night, and sleep with me?"

"Oh, no. I have ever so many things to do. I have papers to burn, and things to put away. But come to me at eight. Good night, Aunt Jane." Mrs. Carbuncle went up to her room with her, kissed her affectionately, and then left her.

She was now really frightened. What would be said of her if she should press the marriage forward to a completion, and if after that some terrible tragedy should take place between the bride and bridegroom? That Lucinda, in spite of all that had been said, would stand at the altar and allow the ceremony to be performed, she still believed. Those last words about burning papers and putting things away, seemed to imply that the girl still thought that she would be taken away from her present home on the morrow. But what would come afterwards? The horror which the bride expressed was, as Mrs. Carbuncle well knew, no mock feeling, no pretence at antipathy. She tried to think of it, and to realise what might in truth be the girl's action and ultimate fate when she should find herself in the power of this man whom she so hated. But had not other girls done the same thing and lived through it all, and become fat, indifferent, and fond of the world? It is only the first step that signifies.

At any rate, the thing must go on now;—must go on, whatever might be the result to Lucinda or to Mrs. Carbuncle herself. Yes; it must go on. There was, no doubt, very much of bitterness in the world for such as them,—for persons doomed by the necessities of their position to a continual struggle. It always had been so, and always would be so. But each bitter cup must be drained in the hope that the next might be sweeter. Of course the marriage must go on; though, doubtless, this cup was very bitter.

More than once in the night Mrs. Carbuncle crept up to the door of her niece's room, endeavouring to ascertain what might be going on within. At two o'clock, while she was on the landing-place, the

candle was extinguished, and she could hear that Lucinda put herself to bed. At any rate, so far things were safe. An indistinct, incomplete idea of some possible tragedy had flitted across the mind of the poor woman, causing her to shake and tremble, forbidding her, weary as she was, to lie down ;—but now she told herself at last that this was an idle phantasy, and she went to bed. Of course Lucinda must go through with it. It had been her own doing, and Sir Griffin was not worse than other men. As she said this to herself, Mrs. Carbuncle hardened her heart by remembering that her own married life had not been peculiarly happy.

Exactly at eight on the following morning she knocked at her niece's door, and was at once bidden to enter. "Come in, Aunt Jane." The words cheered her wonderfully. At any rate, there had been no tragedy as yet, and as she turned the handle of the door, she felt that, as a matter of course, the marriage would go on just like any other marriage. She found Lucinda up and dressed,—but so dressed certainly to show no preparation for a wedding-toilet. She had on an ordinary stuff morning frock, and her hair was close tucked up and pinned, as it might have been had she already prepared herself for a journey. But what astonished Mrs. Carbuncle more than the dress was the girl's manner. She was sitting at a table with a book before her, which was afterwards found to be the Bible, and she never turned her head as her aunt entered the room. "What, up already," said Mrs. Carbuncle,—“and dressed?”

"Yes; I am up,—and dressed. I have been up ever so long. How was I to lie in bed on such a morning as this? Aunt Jane, I wish you to know as soon as possible that no earthly consideration will induce me to leave this room to-day."

"What nonsense, Lucinda!"

"Very well ;—all the same you might as well believe me. I want you to send to Mr. Emilius, and to those girls,—and to the man. And you had better get Lord George to let the other people know. I'm quite in earnest."

And she was in earnest,—quite in earnest, though there was a flightiness about her manner which induced Mrs. Carbuncle for awhile to think that she was less so than she had been on the previous evening. The unfortunate woman remained with her niece for an hour and a half, imploring, threatening, scolding, and weeping. When the maids came to the door, first one maid and then another, they were refused entrance. It might still be possible, Mrs. Carbuncle thought, that she would prevail. But nothing now could shake Lucinda or induce her even to discuss the subject. She sat there looking steadfastly at the book,—hardly answering, never defending herself, but protesting that nothing should induce

her to leave the room on that day. "Do you want to destroy me?" Mrs. Carbuncle said at last.

"You have destroyed me," said Lucinda.

At half-past nine Lizzie Eustace came to the room, and Mrs. Carbuncle, in her trouble, thought it better to take other counsel. Lizzie, therefore, was admitted. "Is anything wrong?" asked Lizzie.

"Everything is wrong," said the aunt. "She says that—she won't be married."

"Oh, Lucinda!"

"Pray speak to her, Lady Eustace. You see it is getting so late, and she ought to be nearly dressed now. Of course she must allow herself to be dressed."

"I am dressed," said Lucinda.

"But, dear Lucinda,—everybody will be waiting for you," said Lizzie.

"Let them wait,—till they're tired. If Aunt Jane doesn't choose to send, it is not my fault. I shan't go out of this room to-day unless I am carried out. Do you want to hear that I have murdered the man?"

They brought her tea, and endeavoured to induce her to eat and drink. She would take the tea, she said, if they would promise to send to put the people off. Mrs. Carbuncle so far gave way as to undertake to do so, if she would name the next day or the day following for the wedding. But, on hearing this, she arose almost in a majesty of wrath. Neither on this day, or on the next, or on any following day, would she yield herself to the wretch whom they had endeavoured to force upon her. "She must do it, you know," said Mrs. Carbuncle, turning to Lizzie. "You'll see if I must," said Lucinda, sitting square at the table, with her eyes firmly fixed upon the book.

Then came up the servant to say that the four bridesmaids were all assembled in the drawing-room. When she heard this, even Mrs. Carbuncle gave way, and threw herself upon the bed and wept. "Oh, Lady Eustace, what are we to do? Lucinda, you have destroyed me. You have destroyed me altogether, after all that I have done for you."

"And what has been done to me, do you think?" said Lucinda.

Something must be settled. All the servants in the house by this time knew that there would be no wedding, and no doubt some tidings as to the misadventure of the day had already reached the four ladies in the drawing-room. "What am I to do?" said Mrs. Carbuncle, starting up from the bed.

"I really think you had better send to Mr. Emilius," said Lizzie; —"and to Lord George."

"What am I to say? Who is there to go? Oh,—I wish that somebody would kill me this minute! Lady Eustace, would you mind going down and telling those ladies to go away?"

"And had I not better send Richard to the church?"

"Oh yes;—send anybody everywhere. I don't know what to do. Oh, Lucinda, this is the unkindest and the wickedest, and the most horrible thing that anybody ever did! I shall never, never be able to hold up my head again." Mrs. Carbuncle was completely prostrate, but Lucinda sat square at table, firm as a rock, saying nothing, making no excuse for herself, with her eyes fixed upon the Bible.

Lady Eustace carried her message to the astonished and indignant bridesmaids, and succeeded in sending them back to their respective homes. Richard, glorious in new livery, forgetting that his flowers were still on his breast,—ready dressed to attend the bride's carriage,—went with his sad message, first to the church and then to the banquetting-hall in Albemarle Street.

"Not any wedding?" said the head-waiter at the hotel. "I knew they was folks as would have a screw loose somewheres. There's lots to stand for the bill, anyways," he added, as he remembered all the tribute.

CHAPTER LXX.

ALAS!

No attempt was made to send other messages from Hertford Street than those which were taken to the church and to the hotel. Sir Griffin and Lord George went together to the church in a brougham, and, on the way, the best man rather ridiculed the change in life which he supposed that his friend was about to make. "I don't in the least know how you mean to get along," said Lord George.

"Much as other men do, I suppose."

"But you're always sparring, already."

"It's that old woman that you're so fond of," said Sir Griffin. "I don't mean to have any ill-humour from my wife, I can tell you. I know who will have the worst of it if there is."

"Upon my word, I think you'll have your hands full," said Lord George. They got out at a sort of private door attached to the chapel, and were there received by the clerk, who wore a very long face. The news had already come, and had been communicated to Mr. Emilius, who was in the vestry. "Are the ladies here yet?" asked Lord George. The woebegone clerk told them that the ladies were not yet there, and suggested that they should see Mr. Emilius. Into the presence of Mr. Emilius they were led, and then they heard the truth.

"Sir Griffin," said Mr. Emilius, holding the baronet by the hand, "I'm sorry to have to tell you that there's something wrong in Hertford Street."

"What's wrong?" asked Sir Griffin.

"You don't mean to say that Miss Roanoke is not to be here?" demanded Lord George. "By George, I thought as much. I did indeed."

"I can only tell you what I know, Lord George. Mrs. Carbuncle's servant was here ten minutes since, Sir Griffin,—before I came down, and he told the clerk that—that——"

"What the d—— did he tell him?" asked Sir Griffin.

"He said that Miss Roanoke had changed her mind, and didn't mean to be married at all. That's all that I can learn from what he says. Perhaps you will think it best to go up to Hertford Street?"

"I'll be —— if I do," said Sir Griffin.

"I am not in the least surprised," repeated Lord George. "Tewett, my boy, we might as well go home to lunch, and the sooner you're out of town the better."

"I knew that I should be taken in at last by that accursed woman," said Sir Griffin.

"It wasn't Mrs. Carbuncle, if you mean that. She'd have given her left hand to have had it completed. I rather think you've had an escape, Griff; and if I were you, I'd make the best of it." Sir Griffin spoke not another word, but left the church with his friend in the brougham that had brought them, and so he disappears from our story. Mr. Emilius looked after him with wistful eyes, regretful for his fee. Had the baronet been less coarse and violent in his language he would have asked for it; but he feared that he might be cursed in his own church, before his clerk, and abstained. Late in the afternoon Lord George, when he had administered comfort to the disappointed bridegroom in the shape of a hot lunch, Curaçoa, and cigars, walked up to Hertford Street, calling at the hotel in Albemarle Street on the way. The waiter told him all that he knew. Some thirty or forty guests had come to the wedding-banquet, and had all been sent away with tidings that the marriage had been—postponed. "You might have told 'em a trifle more than that," said Lord George. "Postponed was pleasantest, my lord," said the waiter. "Anyways, that was said, and we supposes, my lord, as the things ain't wanted now." Lord George replied that, as far as he knew, the things were not wanted, and then continued his way up to Hertford Street.

At first he saw Lizzie Eustace, upon whom the misfortune of the day had had a most depressing effect. The wedding was to have been the one morsel of pleasing excitement which would come before she underwent the humble penance to which she was doomed. That was frustrated and abandoned, and now she could think only of

Mr. Camperdown, her cousin Frank, and Lady Glencora Palliser. "What's up now?" said Lord George, with that disrespect which had always accompanied his treatment of her since she had told him her secret. "What's the meaning of all this?"

"I daresay that you know as well as I do, my lord."

"I must know a good deal if I do. It seems that among you there is nothing but one trick upon another."

"I suppose you are speaking of your own friends, Lord George. You doubtless know much more than I do of Miss Roanoke's affairs."

"Does she mean to say that she doesn't mean to marry the man at all?"

"So I understand ;—but really you had better send for Mrs. Carbuncle."

He did send for Mrs. Carbuncle, and after some words with her, was taken up into Lucinda's room. There sat the unfortunate girl, in the chair from which she had not moved since the morning. There had come over her face a look of fixed but almost idiotic resolution ; her mouth was compressed, and her eyes were glazed, and she sat twiddling her book before her with her fingers. She had eaten nothing since she had got up, and had long ceased to be violent when questioned by her aunt. But, nevertheless, she was firm enough when her aunt begged to be allowed to write a letter to Sir Griffin, explaining that all this had arisen from temporary indisposition. "No ; it isn't temporary. It isn't temporary at all. You can write to him ; but I'll never come out of this room if I am told that I am to see him."

"What is all this about, Lucinda?" said Lord George, speaking in his kindest voice.

"Is he there?" said she, turning round suddenly.

"Sir Griffin ;—no indeed. He has left town."

"You're sure he's not there. It's no good his coming. If he comes for ever and ever he shall never touch me again ;—not alive ; he shall never touch me again alive." As she spoke she moved across the room to the fire-place and grasped the poker in her hand.

"Has she been like that all the morning?" whispered Lord George.

"No ;—not like that. She has been quite quiet. Lucinda!"

"Don't let him come here, then ; that's all. What's the use? They can't make me marry him. And I won't marry him. Everybody has known that I hated him,—detested him. Oh, Lord George, it has been very, very cruel."

"Has it been my fault, Lucinda?"

"She wouldn't have done it if you had told her not. But you won't bring him again ;—will you?"

"Certainly not. He means to go abroad."

"Ah ;—yes ; that will be best. Let him go abroad. He knew it,

all the time,—that I hated him. Why did he want me to be his wife? If he has gone abroad, I will go down-stairs. But I won't go out of the house. Nothing shall make me go out of the house. Are the bridesmaids gone?"

"Long ago," said Mrs. Carbuncle, piteously.

"Then I will go down." And between them, they led her into the drawing-room.

"It is my belief," said Lord George to Mrs. Carbuncle, some minutes afterwards, "that you have driven her mad."

"Are you going to turn against me?"

"It is true. How you have had the heart to go on pressing it upon her, I could never understand. I am about as hard as a milestone, but I'll be shot if I could have done it. From day to day I thought that you would have given way."

"That is so like a man,—when it is all over, to turn upon a woman and say that she did it."

"Didn't you do it? I thought you did, and that you took a great deal of pride in the doing of it. When you made him offer to her down in Scotland, and made her accept him, you were so proud that you could hardly hold yourself. What will you do now? Go on just as though nothing had happened?"

"I don't know what we shall do. There will be so many things to be paid."

"I should think there would,—and you can hardly expect Sir Griffin to pay for them. You'll have to take her away somewhere. You'll find that she can't remain here. And that other woman will be in prison before the week's over, I should say,—unless she runs away."

There was not much of comfort to be obtained by any of them from Lord George, who was quite as harsh to Mrs. Carbuncle as he had been to Lizzie Eustace. He remained in Hertford Street for an hour, and then took his leave, saying that he thought that he also should go abroad. "I didn't think," he said, "that anything could have hurt my character much; but, upon my word, between you and Lady Eustace, I begin to find that in every deep there may be a lower depth. All the town has given me credit for stealing her ladyship's necklace, and now I shall be mixed up in this mock marriage. I shouldn't wonder if Rooper were to send his bill in to me."—Mr. Rooper was the keeper of the hotel in Albemarle Street.—"I think I shall follow Sir Griffin abroad. You have made England too hot to hold me." And so he left them.

The evening of that day was a terrible time to the three ladies in Hertford Street,—and the following day was almost worse. Nobody came to see them, and not one of them dared to speak of the future. For the third day, the Wednesday, Lady Eustace had made her appointment with Mr. Camperdown, having written to the attorney,

in compliance with the pressing advice of Major Mackintosh, to name an hour. Mr. Camperdown had written again, sending his compliments, and saying that he would receive Lady Eustace at the time fixed by her. The prospect of this interview was very bad, but even this was hardly so oppressive as the actual existing wretchedness of that house. Mrs. Carbuncle, whom Lizzie had always known as high-spirited, bold, and almost domineering, was altogether prostrated by her misfortunes. She was querulous, lachrymose, and utterly despondent. From what Lizzie now learned, her hostess was enveloped in a mass of debt which would have been hopeless, even had Lucinda gone off as a bride; but she had been willing to face all that with the object of establishing her niece. She could have expected nothing from the marriage for herself. She well knew that Sir Griffin would neither pay her debts nor give her a home nor lend her money. But to have married the girl who was in her charge would have been itself a success, and would have in some sort repaid her for her trouble. There would have been something left to show for her expenditure of time and money. But now there was nothing around her but failure and dismay. The very servants in the house seemed to know that ordinary respect was hardly demanded from them.

As to Lucinda, Lizzie felt, from the very hour in which she first saw her on the morning of the intended wedding, that her mind was astray. She insisted on passing the time up in her own room, and always sat with the Bible before her. At every knock at the door, or ring at the bell, she would look round suspiciously and once she whispered into Lizzie's ear that, if ever "he" should come there again, she would "give him a kiss with a vengeance." On the Tuesday, Lizzie recommended Mrs. Carbuncle to get medical advice,—and at last they sent for Mr. Emilius, that they might ask counsel of him. Mr. Emilius was full of smiles and consolation, and still allowed his golden hopes as to some Elysian future to crop out;—but he did acknowledge at last, in a whispered conference with Lady Eustace, that somebody ought to see Miss Roanoke. Somebody did see Miss Roanoke,—and the doctor who was thus appealed to shook his head. Perhaps Miss Roanoke had better be taken into the country for a little while.

"Dear Lady Eustace," said Mrs. Carbuncle, "now you can be a friend indeed,"—meaning of course, that an invitation to Portray Castle would do more than could anything else towards making straight the crooked things of the hour. Mrs. Carbuncle, when she made the request, of course knew of Lizzie's coming troubles;—but let them do what they could to Lizzie, they could not take away her house.

But Lizzie felt at once that this would not suit. "Ah, Mrs. Carbuncle," she said. "You do not know the condition which I am in myself!"

CHAPTER LXXI.

LIZZIE IS THREATENED WITH THE TREADMILL.

EARLY on the Wednesday morning, two or three hours before the time fixed for Lizzie's visit to Mr. Camperdown, her cousin Frank came to call upon her. She presumed him to be altogether ignorant of all that Major Mackintosh had known, and therefore endeavoured to receive him as though her heart were light.

"Oh, Frank," she said, "you have heard of our terrible misfortune here?"

"I have heard so much," said he gravely, "that I hardly know what to believe and what not to believe."

"I mean about Miss Roanoke's marriage?"

"Oh, yes;—I have been told that it is broken off."

Then Lizzie, with affected eagerness, gave him a description of the whole affair, declaring how horrible, how tragic, the thing had been from its very commencement. "Don't you remember, Frank, down at Portray, they never really cared for each other? They became engaged the very time you were there."

"I have not forgotten it."

"The truth is, Lucinda Roanoke did not understand what real love means. She had never taught herself to comprehend what is the very essence of love;—and as for Sir Griffin Tewett, though he was anxious to marry her, he never had any idea of love at all. Did not you always feel that, Frank?"

"I'm sorry you have had so much to do with them, Lizzie."

"There's no help for spilt milk, Frank; and as for that, I don't suppose that Mrs. Carbuncle can do me any harm. The man is a baronet, and the marriage would have been respectable. Miss Roanoke has been eccentric, and that has been the long and the short of it. What will be done, Frank, with all the presents that were bought?"

"I haven't an idea. They'd better be sold to pay the bills. But I came to you, Lizzie, about another piece of business."

"What piece of business?" she asked, looking him in the face for a moment, trying to be bold, but trembling as she did so. She had believed him to be ignorant of her story, but she had soon perceived, from his manner to her, that he knew it all,—or, at least, that he knew so much that she would have to tell him all the rest. There could be no longer any secret with him. Indeed there could be no longer any secret with anybody. She must be prepared to encounter a world accurately informed as to every detail of the business which, for the last three months, had been to her a burden so oppressive that, at some periods, she had sunk altogether under the weight. She had already endeavoured to realise her position,

and to make clear to herself the condition of her future life. Lord George had talked to her of perjury and prison, and had tried to frighten her by making the very worst of her faults. According to him she would certainly be made to pay for the diamonds, and would be enabled to do so by saving her income during a long term of incarceration. This was a terrible prospect of things;—and she had almost believed in it. Then the major had come to her. The major, she thought, was the truest gentleman she had ever seen, and her best friend. Ah;—if it had not been for the wife and seven children, there might still have been comfort! That which had been perjury with Lord George, had by the major been so simply, and yet so correctly called an incorrect version of facts! And so it was, —and no more than that. Lizzie, in defending herself to herself, felt that, though cruel magistrates and hard-hearted lawyers and pig-headed jurymen might call her little fault by the name of perjury, it could not be real, wicked perjury, because the diamonds had been her own. She had defrauded nobody,—had wished to defraud nobody, —if only the people would have left her alone. It had suited her to give—an incorrect version of facts, because people had troubled themselves about her affairs; and now all this had come upon her! The major had comforted her very greatly; but still,—what would the world say? Even he, kind and comfortable as he had been, had made her understand that she must go into court and confess the incorrectness of her own version. She believed every word the major said. Ah, there was a man worthy to be believed;—a man of men! They could not take away her income or her castle. They could not make her pay for the diamonds. But still,—what would the world say? And what would her lovers say? What one of her lovers thought proper to say, she had already heard. Lord George had spoken out, and had made himself very disagreeable. Lord Fawn, she knew, would withdraw the renewal of his offer, let her answer to him be what it might. But what would Frank say? And now Frank was with her, looking into her face with severe eyes.

She was more than ever convinced that the life of a widow was not suited for her, and that, among her several lovers, she must settle her wealth and her heart upon some special lover. Neither her wealth nor her heart would be in any way injured by the confession which she was prepared to make. But then men are so timid, so false, and so blind! In regard to Frank, whom she now believed that she had loved with all the warmth of her young affections from the first moment in which she had seen him after Sir Florian's death,—she had been at great trouble to clear the way for him. She knew of his silly engagement to Lucy Morris, and was willing to forgive him that offence. She knew that he could not

marry Lucy, because of his pennilessness and his indebtedness; and therefore she had taken the trouble to see Lucy with the view of making things straight on that side. Lucy had, of course, been rough with her, and ill-mannered, but Lizzie thought that, upon the whole, she had succeeded. Lucy was rough and ill-mannered, but was, at the same time, what the world calls good, and would hardly persevere after what had been said to her. Lizzie was sure that, a month since, her cousin would have yielded himself to her willingly, if he could only have freed himself from Lucy Morris. But now, just in this very nick of time, which was so momentous to her, the police had succeeded in unravelling her secret, and there sat Frank, looking at her with stern, ill-natured eyes, like an enemy rather than a lover.

"What piece of business?" she asked, in answer to his question. She must be bold,—if she could. She must brazen it out with him, if only she could be strong enough to put on her brass in his presence. He had been so stupidly chivalrous in believing all her stories about the robbery when nobody else had quite believed them, that she felt that she had before her a task that was very disagreeable and very difficult. She looked up at him, struggling to be bold, and then her glance sank before his gaze and fell upon the floor.

"I do not at all wish to pry into your secrets," he said.

Secrets from him! Some such exclamation was on her lips, when she remembered that her special business, at the present moment, was to acknowledge a secret which had been kept from him. "It is unkind of you to speak to me in that way," she said.

"I am quite in earnest. I do not wish to pry into your secrets. But I hear rumours which seem to be substantiated; and though, of course, I could stay away from you——"

"Oh,—whatever happens, pray, pray do not stay away from me. Where am I to look for advice if you stay away from me?"

"That is all very well, Lizzie."

"Ah, Frank! if you desert me, I am undone."

"It is, of course, true that some of the police have been with you lately?"

"Major Mackintosh was here, about the end of last week,—a most kind man, altogether a gentleman, and I was so glad to see him."

"What made him come?"

"What made him come?" How should she tell her story? "Oh, he came, of course, about the robbery. They have found out everything. It was the jeweller, Benjamin, who concocted it all. That horrid sly girl I had, Patience Crabstick, put him up to it. And there were two regular housebreakers. They have found it all out at last."

"So I hear."

"And Major Mackintosh came to tell me about it."

"But the diamonds are gone?"

"Oh yes;—those weary, weary diamonds. Do you know, Frank, that, though they were my own, as much as the coat you wear is your own, I am glad they are gone. I am glad that the police have not found them. They tormented me so that I hated them. Don't you remember that I told you how I longed to throw them into the sea, and to be rid of them for ever?"

"That, of course, was a joke."

"It was no joke, Frank. It was solemn, serious truth."

"What I want to know is,—where were they stolen?"

That, of course, was the question which hitherto Lizzie Eustace had answered by an incorrect version of facts, and now she must give the true version. She tried to put a bold face upon it, but it was very difficult. A face bold with brass she could not assume. Perhaps a little bit of acting might serve her turn, and a face that should be tender rather than bold. "Oh, Frank!" she exclaimed, bursting out into tears.

"I always supposed that they were taken at Carlisle," said Frank. Lizzie fell on her knees, at his feet, with her hands clasped together, and her one long lock of hair hanging down so as to touch his arm. Her eyes were bright with tears, but were not, as yet, wet and red with weeping. Was not this confession enough? Was he so hard-hearted as to make her tell her own disgrace in spoken words? Of course he knew well enough now, when the diamonds had been stolen. If he were possessed of any tenderness, any tact, any manliness, he would go on, presuming that question to have been answered.

"I don't quite understand it all," he said, laying his hand softly upon her shoulder. "I have been led to make so many statements to other people, which now seem to have been—incorrect! It was only the box that was taken at Carlisle?"

"Only the box." She could answer that question.

"But the thieves thought that the diamonds were in the box?"

"I suppose so. But, oh! Frank, don't cross-question me about it. If you could know what I have suffered, you would not punish me any more. I have got to go to Mr. Camperdown's this very day. I offered to do that at once, and I shan't have strength to go through it if you are not kind to me now. Dear, dear Frank,—do be kind to me."

And he was kind to her. He lifted her up to the sofa, and did not ask her another question about the necklace. Of course she had lied to him and to all the world. From the very commencement of his intimacy with her, he had known that she was a liar, and what else could he have expected but lies? As it happened, this particular lie had been very big, very efficacious, and the cause of boundless

troubles. It had been wholly unnecessary, and, from the first, though injurious to many, more injurious to her than to any other. He himself had been injured, but it seemed to him now that she had absolutely ruined herself. And all this had been done for nothing,—had been done, as he thought, that Mr. Camperdown might be kept in the dark, whereas all the light in the world would have assisted Mr. Camperdown nothing. He brought to mind, as he stood over her, all those scenes which she had so successfully performed in his presence since she had come to London,—scenes in which the robbery in Carlisle had been discussed between them. She had on these occasions freely expressed her opinion about the necklace, saying, in a low whisper, with pretty little shrug of her shoulders, that she presumed it to be impossible that Lord George should have been concerned in the robbery. Frank had felt, as she said so, that some suspicion was intended by her to be attached to Lord George. She had wondered whether Mr. Camperdown had known anything about it. She had hoped that Lord Fawn would now be satisfied. She had been quite convinced that Mr. Benjamin had the diamonds. She had been indignant that the police had not traced the property. She had asked in another whisper,—a very low whisper indeed,—whether it was possible that Mrs. Carbuncle should know more about it than she was pleased to tell? And all the while the necklace had been lying in her own desk, and she had put it there with her own hands!

It was marvellous to him that the woman could have been so false and have sustained her falsehood so well. And this was his cousin, his well-beloved,—as a cousin, certainly well-beloved; and there had, doubtless, been times in which he had thought that he would make her his wife! He could not but smile as he stood looking at her, contemplating all the confusion which she had caused, and thinking how very little the disclosure of her iniquity seemed to confound herself. “Oh, Frank, do not laugh at me,” she said.

“I am not laughing, Lizzie; I am only wondering.”

“And now, Frank, what had I better do?”

“Ah;—that is difficult; is it not? You see I hardly know all the truth yet. I do not want to know more,—but how can I advise you?”

“I thought you knew everything.”

“I don’t suppose anybody can do anything to you.”

“Major Mackintosh says that nobody can. He quite understands that they were my own property, and that I had a right to keep them in my desk if I pleased. Why was I to tell everybody where they were? Of course I was foolish, and now they are lost. It is I that have suffered. Major Mackintosh quite understands that, and says that nobody can do anything to me;—only I must go to Mr. Camperdown.”

“You will have to be examined again before a magistrate.”

"Yes, I suppose I must be examined. You will go with me, Frank,—won't you?" He winced, and made no immediate reply. "I don't mean to Mr. Camperdown, but before the magistrate. Will it be in a court?"

"I suppose so."

"The gentleman came here before. Couldn't he come again?" Then he explained to her the difference in her present position, and in doing so he did say something of her iniquity. He made her understand that the magistrate had gone out of his way at the last inquiry, believing her to be a lady who had been grievously wronged, and one, therefore, to whom much consideration was due. "And I have been grievously wronged," said Lizzie. But now she would be required to tell the truth in opposition to the false evidence which she had formerly given; and she would herself be exempted from prosecution for perjury only on the ground that she would be called on to criminate herself in giving evidence against criminals whose crimes had been deeper than her own. "I suppose they can't quite eat me," she said, smiling through her tears.

"No;—they won't eat you," he replied gravely.

"And you will go with me?"

"Yes;—I suppose I had better do so."

"Ah;—that will be so nice." The idea of the scene at the police-court was not at all "nice" to Frank Greystock. "I shall not mind what they say to me as long as you are by my side. Everybody will know that they were my own,—won't they?"

"And there will be the trial afterwards."

"Another trial?" Then he explained to her the course of affairs,—that the men might not improbably be tried at Carlisle for stealing the box, and again in London for stealing the diamonds,—that two distinct acts of burglary had been committed, and that her evidence would be required on both occasions. He told her, also, that her attendance before the magistrate on Friday would only be a preliminary ceremony, and that, before the thing was over, she would, doubtless, be doomed to bear a great deal of annoyance, and to answer very many disagreeable questions. "I shall care for nothing if you will only be at my side," she exclaimed.

He was very urgent with her to go to Scotland as soon as her examination before the magistrates should be over, and was much astonished at the excuse she made for not doing so. Mrs. Carbuncle had borrowed all her ready money; but as she was now in Mrs. Carbuncle's house, she could repay herself a portion of the loan by remaining there and eating it out. She did not exactly say how much Mrs. Carbuncle had borrowed, but she left an impression on Frank's mind that it was about ten times the actual sum. With this excuse he was not satisfied, and told her that she must go to Scotland, if only for the sake of escaping from the Carbuncle connection.

She promised to obey him if he would be her convoy. The Easter holidays were just now at hand, and he could not refuse on the plea of time. "Oh, Frank, do not refuse me this;—only think how terribly forlorn is my position!" He did not refuse, but he did not quite promise. He was still tender-hearted towards her in spite of all her enormities. One iniquity,—perhaps her worst iniquity, he did not yet know. He had not as yet heard of her disinterested appeal to Lucy Morris.

When he left her she was almost joyous for a few minutes;—till the thought of her coming interview with Mr. Camperdown again overshadowed her. She had dreaded two things chiefly,—her first interview with her cousin Frank after he should have learned the truth, and those perils in regard to perjury with which Lord George had threatened her. Both these bugbears had now vanished. That dear man, the major, had told her that there would be no such perils, and her cousin Frank had not seemed to think so very much of her lies and treachery! He had still been affectionate with her; he would support her before the magistrate; and would travel with her to Scotland. And after that who could tell what might come next? How foolish she had been to trouble herself as she had done,—almost to choke herself with an agony of fear because she had feared detection. Now she was detected;—and what had come of it? That great officer of justice, Major Mackintosh, had been almost more than civil to her; and her dear cousin Frank was still a cousin,—dear as ever. People, after all, did not think so very much of perjury,—of perjury such as hers, committed in regard to one's own property. It was that odious Lord George who had frightened her, instead of comforting, as he would have done, had there been a spark of the true Corsair poetry about him. She did not feel comfortably confident as to what might be said of her by Lady Glencora and the Duke of Omnium, but she was almost inclined to think that Lady Glencora would support her. Lady Glencora was no poor, mealy-mouthed thing, but a woman of the world, who understood what was what. Lizzie, no doubt, wished that the trials and examinations were over;—but her money was safe. They could not take away Portray, nor could they rob her of four thousand a year. As for the rest, she could live it down.

She had ordered the carriage to take her to Mr. Camperdown's chambers, and now she dressed herself for the occasion. He should not be made to think, at any rate by her outside appearance, that she was ashamed of herself. But before she started she had just a word with Mrs. Carbuncle. "I think I shall go down to Scotland on Saturday," she said, proclaiming her news not in the most gracious manner.

"That is if they let you go," said Mrs. Carbuncle.

"What do you mean? Who is to prevent me?"

"The police. I know all about it, Lady Eustace, and you need not look like that. Lord George informs me that you will probably,—be locked up to-day or to-morrow."

"Lord George is a story-teller. I don't believe he ever said so. And if he did, he knows nothing about it."

"He ought to know, considering all you have made him suffer. That you should have gone on, with the necklace in your own box all the time, letting people think that he had taken them, and accepting his attentions all the while, is what I cannot understand! And however you were able to look those people at Carlisle in the face, passes me! Of course, Lady Eustace, you can't stay here after what has occurred."

"I shall stay just as long as I like, Mrs. Carbuncle."

"Poor dear Lucinda! I do not wonder that she should be driven beyond herself by so horrible a story. The feeling that she has been living all this time in the same house with a woman who had deceived all the police,—all the police,—has been too much for her. I know it has been almost too much for me." And yet, as Lizzie at once understood, Mrs. Carbuncle knew nothing now which she had not known when she made her petition to be taken to Portray. And this was the woman, too, who had borrowed her money last week, whom she had entertained for months at Portray, and who had pretended to be her bosom-friend. "You are quite right in getting off to Scotland as soon as possible,—if they will let you go," continued Mrs. Carbuncle. "Of course you could not stay here. Up to Friday night it can be permitted; but the servants had better wait upon you in your own rooms."

"How dare you talk to me in that way?" screamed Lizzie.

"When a woman has committed perjury," said Mrs. Carbuncle, holding up both her hands in awe and grief, "nothing too bad can possibly be said to her. You are amenable to the outraged laws of the country, and it is my belief that they can keep you upon the treadmill and bread and water for months and months,—if not for years." Having pronounced this terrible sentence, Mrs. Carbuncle stalked out of the room. "That they can sequester your property for your creditors, I know," she said, returning for a moment and putting her head within the door.

The carriage was ready, and it was time for Lizzie to start if she intended to keep her appointment with Mr. Camperdown. She was much flustered and weakened by Mrs. Carbuncle's ill-usage, and had difficulty in restraining herself from tears. And yet what the woman had said was false from beginning to end. The maid, who was the successor of Patience Crabstick, was to accompany her; and, as she passed through the hall, she so far recovered herself as to be able to conceal her dismay from the servants.

CHAPTER LXXII.

LIZZIE TRIUMPHS.

REPORTS had, of course, reached Mr. Camperdown of the true story of the Eustace diamonds. He had learned that the Jew jeweller had made a determined set at them, having in the first place hired housebreakers to steal them at Carlisle, and having again hired the same housebreakers to steal them from the house in Hertford Street, as soon as he knew that Lady Eustace had herself secreted them. By degrees this information had reached him,—but not in a manner to induce him to declare himself satisfied with the truth. But now Lady Eustace was coming to him, — as he presumed, to confess everything.

When he first heard that the diamonds had been stolen at Carlisle, he was eager with Mr. Eustace in contending that the widow's liability in regard to the property was not at all the less because she had managed to lose it through her own pig-headed obstinacy. He consulted his trusted friend, Mr. Dove, on the occasion, making out another case for the barrister, and Mr. Dove had opined that, if it could be first proved that the diamonds were the property of the estate and not of Lady Eustace, and afterwards proved that they had been stolen through her laches,—then could the Eustace estate recover the value from her estate. As she had carried the diamonds about with her in an absurd manner, her responsibility might probably be established ;—but the non-existence of ownership by her must be first declared by a Vice-Chancellor,—with probability of appeal to the Lords Justices and to the House of Lords. A bill in Chancery must be filed, in the first place, to have the question of ownership settled ; and then, should the estate be at length declared the owner, restitution of the property which had been lost through the lady's fault, must be sought at Common Law.

That had been the opinion of the Turtle Dove, and Mr. Camperdown had at once submitted to the law of his great legal mentor. But John Eustace had positively declared when he heard it that no more money should be thrown away in looking after property which would require two lawsuits to establish, and which, when established, might not be recovered. "How can we make her pay ten thousand pounds ? She might die first," said John Eustace ;—and Mr. Camperdown had been forced to yield. Then came the second robbery, and gradually there was spread about a report that the diamonds had been in Hertford Street all the time ;—that they had not been taken at Carlisle, but certainly had been stolen at last.

Mr. Camperdown was again in a fever, and again had recourse to Mr. Dove and to John Eustace. He learned from the police all that

they would tell him, and now the whole truth was to be divulged to him by the chief culprit herself. For, to the mind of Mr. Camperdown, the two housebreakers and Patience Crabstick,—and even Mr. Benjamin himself, were white as snow as compared with the blackness of Lady Eustace. In his estimation no punishment could be too great for her,—and yet he began to understand that she would escape scot-free! Her evidence would be needed to convict the thieves, and she could not be prosecuted for perjury when once she had been asked for her evidence. “After all, she has only told a fib about her own property,” said the Turtle Dove. “About property not her own,” replied Mr. Camperdown stoutly. “Her own,—till the contrary shall have been proved; her own, for all purposes of defence before a jury, if she were prosecuted now. Were she tried for the perjury, your attempt to obtain possession of the diamonds would be all so much in her favour.” With infinite regrets, Mr. Camperdown began to perceive that nothing could be done to her.

But she was to come to him and let him know from her own lips, facts of which nothing more than rumour had yet reached him. He had commenced his bill in Chancery, and had hitherto stayed proceedings simply because it had been reported,—falsely, as it now appeared,—that the diamonds had been stolen at Carlisle. Major Mackintosh, in his desire to use Lizzie’s evidence against the thieves, had recommended her to tell the whole truth openly to those who claimed the property on behalf of her husband’s estate; and now, for the first time in her life, this odious woman was to visit him in his own chambers.

He did not think it expedient to receive her alone. He consulted his mentor, Mr. Dove, and his client, John Eustace, and the latter consented to be present. It was suggested to Mr. Dove that he might, on so peculiar an occasion as this, venture to depart from the established rule, and visit the attorney on his own quarter-deck; but he smiled, and explained that, though he was altogether superior to any such prejudice as that, and would not object at all to call on his friend, Mr. Camperdown, could any good effect arise from his doing so, he considered that, were he to be present on this occasion, he would simply assist in embarrassing the poor lady.

On this very morning, while Mrs. Carbuncle was abusing Lizzie in Hertford Street, John Eustace and Mr. Camperdown were in Mr. Dove’s chambers, whither they had gone to tell him of the coming interview. The Turtle Dove was sitting back in his chair, with his head leaning forward as though it were going to drop from his neck, and the two visitors were listening to his words. “Be merciful, I should say,” suggested the barrister. John Eustace was clearly of opinion that they ought to be merciful. Mr. Camperdown did not

look merciful. "What can you get by harassing the poor weak, ignorant creature?" continued Mr. Dove. "She has hankered after her bauble, and has told falsehoods in her efforts to keep it. Have you never heard of older persons, and more learned persons, and persons nearer to ourselves, who have done the same?" At that moment there was presumed to be great rivalry, not unaccompanied by intrigue, among certain leaders of the learned profession with reference to various positions of high honour and emolument, vacant or expected to be vacant. A Lord Chancellor was about to resign, and a Lord Justice had died. Whether a somewhat unpopular Attorney-General should be forced to satisfy himself with the one place, or allowed to wait for the other, had been debated in all the newspapers. It was agreed that there was a middle course in reference to a certain second-class Chief-Justiceship, — only that the present second-class Chief-Justice objected to shelve himself. There existed considerable jealousy, and some statements had been made which were not, perhaps, strictly founded on fact. It was understood, both by the attorney and by the Member of Parliament, that the Turtle Dove was referring to these circumstances when he spoke of baubles and falsehoods, and of learned persons near to themselves. He himself had hankered after no bauble,—but, as is the case with many men and women who are free from such hankerings, he was hardly free from that dash of malice which the possession of such things in the hands of others is so prone to excite. "Spare her," said Mr. Dove. "There is no longer any material question as to the property, which seems to be gone irrecoverably. It is, upon the whole, well for the world, that property so fictitious as diamonds should be subject to the risk of such annihilation. As far as we are concerned, the property is annihilated, and I would not harass the poor, ignorant young creature."

As Eustace and the attorney walked across from the Old to the New Square, the former declared that he quite agreed with Mr. Dove. "In the first place, Mr. Camperdown, she is my brother's widow." Mr. Camperdown with sorrow admitted the fact. "And she is the mother of the head of our family. It should not be for us to degrade her;—but rather to protect her from degradation, if that be possible." "I heartily wish she had got her merits before your poor brother ever saw her," said Mr. Camperdown.

Lizzie, in her fears, had been very punctual; and when the two gentlemen reached the door leading up to Mr. Camperdown's chambers, the carriage was already standing there. Lizzie had come up the stairs, and had been delighted at hearing that Mr. Camperdown was out, and would be back in a moment. She instantly resolved that it did not become her to wait. She had kept her appointment, had not found Mr. Camperdown at home, and would be off as fast as

her carriage-wheels could take her. But, unfortunately, while with a gentle murmur she was explaining to the clerk how impossible it was that she should wait for a lawyer who did not keep his own appointment, John Eustace and Mr. Camperdown appeared upon the landing, and she was at once convoyed into the attorney's particular room.

Lizzie, who always dressed well, was now attired as became a lady of rank, who had four thousand a year, and was the intimate friend of Lady Glencora Palliser. When last she saw Mr. Camperdown she had been arrayed for a summer, long, dusty journey down to Scotland, and neither by her outside garniture nor by her manner had she then been able to exact much admiration. She had been taken by surprise in the street, and was frightened. Now, in difficulty though she was, she resolved that she would hold up her head and be very brave. She was a little taken aback when she saw her brother-in-law, but she strove hard to carry herself with confidence. "Ah, John," she said, "I did not expect to find you with Mr. Camperdown."

"I thought it best that I should be here,—as a friend," he said.

"It makes it much pleasanter for me, of course," said Lizzie. "I am not quite sure that Mr. Camperdown will allow me to regard him as a friend."

"You have never had any reason to regard me as your enemy, Lady Eustace," said Mr. Camperdown. "Will you take a seat? I understand that you wish to state the circumstances under which the Eustace family diamonds were stolen while they were in your hands."

"My own diamonds, Mr. Camperdown."

"I cannot admit that for a moment, my lady."

"What does it signify?" said Eustace. "The wretched stones are gone for ever; and whether they were of right the property of my sister-in-law, or of her son, cannot matter now."

Mr. Camperdown was irritated, and shook his head. It cut him to the heart that everybody should take the part of the wicked, fraudulent woman who had caused him such infinite trouble. Lizzie saw her opportunity and was bolder than ever. "You will never get me to acknowledge that they were not my own," she said. "My husband gave them to me, and I know that they were my own."

"They have been stolen, at any rate," said the lawyer.

"Yes;—they have been stolen."

"And now will you tell us how?"

Lizzie looked round upon her brother-in-law and sighed. She had never yet told the story in all its nakedness, although it had been three or four times extracted from her by admission. She paused,

hoping that questions might be asked her which she could answer by easy monosyllables, but not a word was uttered to help her. "I suppose you know all about it," she said at last.

"I know nothing about it," said Mr. Camperdown.

"We heard that your jewel-case was taken out of your room at Carlisle and broken open," said Eustace.

"So it was. They broke into my room in the dead of night, when I was in bed, fast asleep, and took the case away. When the morning came, everybody rushed into my room, and I was so frightened that I did not know what I was doing. How would your daughter bear it, if two men cut away the locks and got into her bedroom when she was asleep? You don't think about that at all."

"And where was the necklace?" asked Eustace.

Lizzie remembered that her friend the major had specially advised her to tell the whole truth to Mr. Camperdown,—suggesting that, by doing so, she would go far towards saving herself from any prosecution. "It was under my pillow," she whispered.

"And why did you not tell the magistrate that it had been under your pillow?"

Mr. Camperdown's voice, as he put to her this vital question, was severe, and almost justified the little burst of sobs which came forth as a prelude to Lizzie's answer. "I did not know what I was doing. I don't know what you expect from me. You had been persecuting me ever since Sir Florian's death about the diamonds, and I didn't know what I was to do. They were my own, and I thought I was not obliged to tell everybody where I kept them. There are things which nobody tells. If I were to ask you all your secrets, would you tell them? When Sir Walter Scott was asked whether he wrote the novels, he didn't tell."

"He was not upon his oath, Lady Eustace."

"He did take his oath,—ever so many times. I don't know what difference an oath makes. People ain't obliged to tell their secrets, and I wouldn't tell mine."

"The difference is this, Lady Eustace;—that if you give false evidence upon oath, you commit perjury."

"How was I to think of that, when I was so frightened and confused that I didn't know where I was or what I was doing? There;—now I have told you everything."

"Not quite everything. The diamonds were not stolen at Carlisle, but they were stolen afterwards. Did you tell the police what you had lost,—or the magistrate,—after the robbery in Hertford Street?"

"Yes; I did. There was some money taken, and rings, and other jewellery."

"Did you tell them that the diamonds had been really stolen on that occasion?"

"They never asked me, Mr. Camperdown."

"It is all as clear as a pike-staff, John," said the lawyer.

"Quite clear, I should say," replied Mr. Eustace.

"And I suppose I may go," said Lizzie, rising from her chair.

There was no reason why she should not go; and, indeed, now that the interview was over, there did not seem to be any reason why she should have come. Though they had heard so much from her own mouth, they knew no more than they had known before. The great mystery had been elucidated, and Lizzie Eustace had been found to be the intriguing villain; but it was quite clear, even to Mr. Camperdown, that nothing could be done to her. He had never really thought that it would be expedient that she should be prosecuted for perjury, and he now found that she must go utterly scatheless, although, by her obstinacy and dishonesty, she had inflicted so great a loss on the distinguished family which had taken her to its bosom. "I have no reason for wishing to detain you, Lady Eustace," he said. "If I were to talk for ever, I should not, probably, make you understand the extent of the injury you have done, or teach you to look in a proper light at the position in which you have placed yourself and all those who belong to you. When your husband died, good advice was given you, and given, I think, in a very kind way. You would not listen to it, and you see the result."

"I ain't a bit ashamed of anything," said Lizzie.

"I suppose not," rejoined Mr. Camperdown.

"Good-bye, John," and Lizzie put out her hand to her brother-in-law.

"Good-bye, Lizzie."

"Mr. Camperdown, I have the honour to wish you good morning." And Lizzie made a low curtesy to the lawyer, and was then attended to her carriage by the lawyer's clerk. She had certainly come forth from the interview without fresh wounds.

"The barrister who will have the cross-examining of her at the Central Criminal Court," said Mr. Camperdown, as soon as the door was closed behind her, "will have a job of work on his hand. There's nothing a pretty woman can't do when she has got rid of all sense of shame."

"She is a very great woman," said John Eustace,— "a very great woman; and, if the sex could have its rights, would make an excellent lawyer." In the meantime Lizzie Eustace returned home to Hertford Street in triumph.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Hannibal: a Historical Drama. By JOHN NICHOL. Glasgow: Maclehose.
London: Macmillan.

THE historic or epic drama, as perhaps we might more properly call it, is assuredly one of the hardest among the highest achievements of poetry. The mere scope or range of its aim is so vast, so various, so crossed and perplexed by diverse necessities and suggestions starting from different points of view, that the simple intellectual difficulty is enough to appal and repel any but the most laborious servants of the higher Muse; and to this is added the one supreme necessity of all—to vivify the whole mass of mere intellectual work with imaginative fire; to kindle and supple and invigorate with poetic blood and breath the inert limbs, the stark lips and empty veins of the naked subject: a task in which the sculptor who fails of himself to give his statue life will find no favouring god to help him by inspiration or infusion from without of an alien and miraculous vitality. In this case Pygmalion must look to himself for succour, and put his trust in no hand but his own.

There are two ways in which a poet may treat a historic subject: one, that of Marlowe and Shakespeare, in the fashion of a dramatic chronicle; one, that of the greatest of all later dramatists, who seizes on some point of historic tradition, some character or event proper or possible to the time chosen, be it actual or ideal, and starting from this point takes his way at his will, and from this seed or kernel develops as it were by evolution the whole fabric of his poem. It would be hard to say which method of treatment requires the higher and the rarer faculty; to throw into poetic form and imbue with dramatic spirit the whole body of an age, the whole character of a great event or epoch, by continuous reproduction of historic circumstance and exposition of the recorded argument scene by scene; or to carve out of the huge block of history and chronicle some detached group of ideal figures, and give them such form and colour of imaginative life as may seem best to you. In some of the greatest plays of Victor Hugo there is hardly more than a nominal connection perceptible at first sight with historical character or circumstance. In *Marien de Lorme*, Richelieu is an omnipresent shadow, a spectral omnipotence; Mary Tudor was never convicted before any tribunal but the poet's of any warmer weakness than the religious faith which had heat enough only to consume other lives than her own in other flames than those of illicit love; and Lucrezia Estense Borgia died peaceably in lawful childbed, in the fifteenth year of her fourth marriage. Nevertheless, these great works belong properly to the class of historical drama; they have in them the breath and spirit of the chosen age, and the life of their time informs the chosen types of ideal character. The Cromwell of Hugo, in his strength and weakness, his evil and his good, is as actual and credible a human figure as the Cromwell of Carlyle, whether or not we accept as probable or possible matter of historic fact the alloy of baser metal which we here see mingled with the fine gold of heroic intellect and action. He who can lay hold of truth need fear no charge of falsehood in his free dealing with mere fact; and this first play of Hugo's, in my mind the most wonderful intellectual production of any poet on record at the age of twenty-five, is with all its licence

of invention and diversion of facts, an example throughout of perfect poetic truth and life.

It is to the former school—to the school founded, in his *Edward II.*, by the great father of English tragedy—that we have now to welcome the accession of a new and a worthy disciple. In this large and perilous field of work the labourers of any note or worth have been few indeed. Except for the one noble drama in which Ford has embodied a brief historic episode, the field has lain fallow from the age of Shakespeare to our own, and our own; has produced but one workman equal to the task; for even the single attempt of Mr. Browning in the line of pure historic drama can hardly be counted as successful enough to rank with the master poem of Sir Henry Taylor. Nor indeed are we likely to see the work in this kind which for intellectual majesty and interest, for large and serene possession of character and event, for grasp and mastery of thought and action, may deserve to be matched against *Philip van Artevelde*. But it is to the same class of “chronicle history,” to use the Shakespearian term of definition, that Mr. Nichol’s drama of *Hannibal* must properly be assigned. The daring and magnitude of the design would alone suffice to make it worthy of note, even were the success accomplished less real than we find it to be. The man who attempts in an age of idyllic poetry to write a heroic poem, or to write a dramatic poem in an age of analytic verse, deserves at least the credit due to him who sees and knows the best and highest, and strives to follow after it with all his heart and might. For the higher school of intellectual poetry must always of its nature be dramatic and heroic; these are assuredly the highest and the best things of art, and not the delicacies or intricacies of the idyllic or the analytic school of writing. The two chief masters of song are the dramatist and the lyrist; and in the higher lyric as well as in the higher drama the note sounded must have in it something of epic or heroic breath.

But we find here much more than breadth of scheme or courage of design to praise. The main career of Hannibal down to the battle of the Metaurus is traced scene after scene in large and vigorous outline; and for the action and reaction of dramatic intrigue we have the simpler epic interest of the harmonious succession of great separate events. Throughout the exposition of this vast subject, as act upon act of that heroic and tragic poem, the life of one man weighed against the world and found all but able to overweigh it, is unrolled before us on the scroll of historic song, there is a high spirit and ardour of thought which sustains the scheme of the poet, and holds on steadily through all change of time and place, all diversity of incident and effect, toward the accomplishment of his general aim. The worth of a poem of this kind cannot of course be gauged by any choice of excerpts; if it could, that worth would be little indeed. For in this mixed kind of art something more and other than poetic fancy or even than high imagination is requisite for success; the prime necessity is that shaping force of intellect which can grasp and mould its subject without strain and without relaxation. This power of composition is here always notable. Simple as is the structure of a “chronicle history,” it calls for no less exercise of this rare and noble gift than is needed for the manipulation of an elaborate plot or fiction. It is in this, the most important point of all, that we find the work done most deserving of our praise.

On a stage so vast and crowded, in a scheme embracing so many years and

agents, the greater number of the multitudinous actors who figure in turn before us cannot of course be expected to show any marked degree of elaboration in the outline of their various lineaments; but however slight or swift in handling, the touch of the draughtsman is never indistinct or feeble; Roman and Carthaginian, wise man and unwise, heroic and unheroic, pass each on his way with some recognisable and rememberable sign of identity. Upon one figure alone besides that of his hero the author has expended all his care and power. Of this one ideal character the conception is admirable, and worthy of the hand of a great poet; nor does the execution of the design fail, as it proceeds, to repay our hope and interest at starting. Here as elsewhere the requisite hurry of action and conflict of crowding circumstance forbid any subtle or elaborate analysis of detail; but in a few scenes and with a few strokes the figure of Fulvia stands before us complete. From the slight and straggling traditions of Hannibal's luxurious entanglement in Capua, Mr. Nichol has taken occasion to create a fresh and memorable type of character, and give colour and variety to the austere and martial action of his poem by an episode of no inharmonious passion. To no vulgar "harlot" such as Pliny speaks of has he permitted his hero to bow down. The revolted Roman maiden who casts her life into the arms of her country's enemy is a mistress not unworthy of Hannibal. From the first fiery glimpse of her active and passionate spirit to the last cry of triumph which acclaims the consummation of her love in death, we find no default or flaw in the noble conception of her creator. At her coming into the poem

"She makes a golden tumult in the house
Like morning on the hills;"

and the resolute consistency which maintains and vindicates her passion and her freedom is throughout at once natural and heroic.

We have not time to enlarge further on the scope or the details of the poem, on its merits of character and language, its qualities of thought and emotion. We will only refer, for one instance among others of clear and vigorous description, to the account of the passage of the Alps—

"peaks that rose in storm
To hold the stars, or catch the morn, or keep
The evening with a splendour of regret;
* * * * *
On dawn-swept heights the war-cry of the winds,
The wet wrath round the steaming battlements,
From which the sun leapt upward, like a sword
Drawn from its scabbard;"

and for one example of not less simple or less forcible drawing of character, to the sketch of Archimedes, slain in the mid passion and possession of science; to which the homage here studiously paid by the dramatist who pauses on his rapid way to do it reverence will recall the honoured name of that father to whose memory the poem is inscribed. As an offering worthy of such a name, we receive with all welcome this latest accession to the English school of historic drama.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

An Introduction to the Study of Dante. By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, M.A.
London : Smith & Elder.

ENGLAND has not got, like Germany, a *Dante Society*, nor a separate critical annual devoted to the publication of new researches on Dante. And of the prodigious mass of which Dante literature consists, and which grows and grows till the study will transcend the limits of the human faculties, England may be stated to have contributed a relatively insignificant quota. But there is not on that account any lukewarmness among us towards Dante, or failure of relative appreciation and enthusiasm for him as the great prophet and poet, second to none among the sons of light, in whom the Middle Age is incarnate as no other age was ever incarnate in a single man. Wherever a higher historical and literary culture in any form has penetrated in England, as elsewhere, it has carried with it the name and knowledge—and the knowledge is the worship—of Dante. And there is one department, the department of translation, in which our scholars have really done a great deal for his study. Cary, Cayley, Wright and Ford, Pollock and Carlyle,—these are names to quote for what they have done from that side, when we are charged with having done less than other nations from the side of critical discussion and elucidation,—these, and the names of the sons and daughter of one of his most devoted commentators among his own countrymen, who have made themselves English and published their labours in our language. It is not long since Miss Maria Rossetti published a useful and competent aid for the beginner in her “*Shadow of Dante* :” and now Mr. J. A. Symonds follows up with what, working on a somewhat wider basis, he calls an “*Introduction to the Study of Dante*.” The book consists of materials which were originally arranged as lectures, and which belong, I believe, to those in course of collection by the writer for a wider scheme on the general history of Italian literature. As here put together, they take, like so much of the literature of our time that is fullest of good material, the form and tone proper not so much to a book, as books used to be understood, as to a magnified essay or review article. There was once a famous review article on Dante by the present Dean of St. Paul’s, and it is interesting to compare the two, as expressions of the best Oxford spirit and most enthusiastic Oxford study of these things, at an interval of a little over twenty years. Mr. Symonds’s essay—I speak of it by itself, since here, it is evident, is no place to follow out comparisons, only to send the reader to them on his own account—Mr. Symonds’s essay, according to the broad bases and accurate method of his study, and the sympathetic nature of his enthusiasm, is one of the best pieces that have been written on the general bearings of the subject. For discussion of moot points, and balancing of conflicting evidence, it has no room ; but it gives the best of what is known by agreement, in a manner singularly ripe, full, terse, and eloquent, and in the light of a vivid personal sentiment. I do not, indeed, think Mr. Symonds’s style is at its best when he rises into lyricism, as he is sometimes moved to do : I think it is at its best when it is closest and calmest, and most full of compendious judgments. The power of conveying judgments which are compendious and luminous at once, and which imply at once extensiveness of knowledge, and subtlety in comparing the parts of knowledge together, is a power proper only to organs of criticism that are mature and highly developed ; and Mr. Symonds shows it in a remarkable degree. Witness the passage (p. 28) where he fastens on the parallel, one of the most obvious and attractive in history, between the Greek and the Italian

republics, and points out how and why the parallel is incomplete and the pair of destinies diverge, partly because of the wholly new factor introduced into the Italian destinies by the Papal institution, partly because of the pressure, more instant and constant on the part of Germany, France, and Spain, than it had been on the part of the Persian empire upon the Greek politics, of organized foreign despotisms upon the internal politics of Italy. "It was as if the States of Greece before the age of Pericles had been subject to the continual interference of a flourishing Persia, a greedy Macedonia, a heartless Carthage, and, moreover, had established in the midst of them, say, at Delphi, a selfish theocracy, regardless of their interest, but rendered potent by superstition and by unbounded wealth." That, I think, is criticism of a high class in political history; just as we have criticism of a high class in literary history, where Mr. Symonds, in his closing chapter, compares Dante with Petrarch, in their character and in the ideal passions which they devoted themselves to celebrate, and leaves the reader with a full and lively featured image of what the Middle Age was with Dante for its incarnation, and what the Renaissance was with Petrarch for its precursor. This chapter is the closing one of a series of eight, each carefully divided into sections, the first chapter being given to a summary of the Guelf and Ghibelline history which formed the element of Dante's embittered life, two to the life itself, two to the critical analysis of his poetical qualities, and two to the structural and biographical analysis of the *Divine Comedy*. On the whole I think it a piece of work on which the younger critical school in England may congratulate itself, and that we should hope it is only the fragment to which more will in due time be built on.

Tales of the Teutonic Lands. By G. W. COX, M.A., and E. H. JONES.

London: Longmans.

MR. COX continues his work in translating, or supervising while another translates, the myths of the Aryan races into modern English narratives illuminated by modern German-English scholarship. I use the last words designedly, because we are all aware that Mr. Cox derives his special inspiration, in the work to which he has so zealously applied himself, from the individual teaching of an illustrious German scholar who is an English professor, and who first let off, if one may say so, and with vast effect, the conclusions of scientific philology among the ranks of the English learned and unlearned public. The force of the impact upon Mr. Cox is unexhausted, and he has moved in one line ever since. If some students have thought that in applying and developing in reference to the whole system, and to all the various systems, of the Aryan epics, romances, and fables, the law of the solar origin of myths, as propounded by Professor Max Müller—if some have thought that in the execution of this task Mr. Cox has shown a somewhat inelastic spirit, no one will charge him with having shown an indolent one. A little more play of humour and imagination might not, perhaps, have been without its fruit, even upon the mode of exercise of his scholarship; for there is, I suppose it may be safely said, as little doubt of the truth of the Law of Solar Origin as a positive discovery in the science of religion and language, as there is doubt that Mr. Cox has pushed that law too far, and tried to unlock with it doors of which it is not the key. Granting the independent and exclusive solar origin of some primitive myths common to the race, and granting the tendency of other

history and legend having its origin in fact to mythicise and arrange itself according to the solar model, and so conform to the solar scheme of narrative, it is obvious that the nicest discrimination and play of instinct, as well as a learning far more extended, and a sifting far more thorough, than one generation can bring to bear upon the matter, will be needed before scholars can part the solar from the non-solar elements of fable, and tell in which lock the key of that particular discovery will turn, and in which it will not. In Mr. Cox's zeal there would thus seem to have been not enough of patience, as well as not enough of humour and elasticity. Comic journalists have not been slow to point out the latter deficiencies, and to show, for instance, how the facts of Napoleon's story, with his birth from an island of the sea, his divorce from his first bride, his triumphant mid-career, his down-going, after wide-blazing battle, into another island of the western sea, is at least as solar in its complexion and details as many of those which Mr. Cox's method explains away out of the field of fact altogether. The comic journalist having exhausted this point of view, the lover of scholarship may still, I think, remonstrate against the want of patience (understanding patience in quite a different sense from industry) with which Mr. Cox has proceeded to try his key in all locks. It is true that he does not ignore the contentions of those who criticise him, and that in his present volume, replying to writers who have evidently exaggerated from the other side, he makes much more allowance than he has hitherto seemed willing to make for historical elements falling into the mythical mould. But he does not show himself prepared to make much for the play of the inventive fancy outside of solar traditions, nor yet for elements of mythology and fable imported from non-Aryan races.

The *Nibelungen Lied* and the Scandinavian cycles, the sagas of the *Volsungs*, of *Grettir*, of *Frithiof*, of *Gudrun*, and of *Njal*, are those with which the new volume is occupied. Several of these are in the possession of the English reader in literary forms than which nothing better is to be desired. And that brings us to another point of criticism against Mr. Cox and his method. It is not the most successful method from the literary point of view. While Mr. Cox's tales of the Greek gods and heroes are assuredly preferable, from all points of view, to *Lemprière*, and his mediæval tales, in a less degree of comparison, better and more scholarly than a book like Mr. Ludlow's "*Popular Epics*," they neither of them represent the proper and final form which these things ought to wear, either for children or their elders. They break (I think) a law of literature. Literature demands that the faculties of criticism, and the faculties of imagination, should be addressed separately. Mr. Cox's method of telling stories has tried to address them both together. It tried to keep the narrative interest of the stories, and at the same time to couch them in phrases that shall continually keep the solar origin of them before the mind, and make you remember that you are hearing not of people that lived, but of the sun, the dawn, the noon, evening, and sunset. It tries this, and it fails. The story becomes tedious, thus semi-transparently clothed in a terminology of the atmospheric phenomena. The question of original signification, and the question of narrative interest, ought, I repeat, to be kept apart. The modes by which we ought to possess these ancient cycles for our modern uses are two: either that of exact and faithful translation, without critical afterthought, from each in one or another of its ancient forms; or else by poetical and sympathetic revivification in the ancient spirit, alike without afterthought, as

in the work of Mr. Morris. Those [modes for them in their live use for our imagination; the most rigorous methods] of philological analysis in their description and classification for our understanding: the one when we want to enjoy them—the other when we want to know about them. But not the two together; not (though to say so seems ungrateful to the learning and toil of one of the most zealous and ingenious of workers) this union by which a somewhat premature science is yoked to a somewhat disenchanted poetry. And, that grumble over, it is fair to say that in these condensations by Mr. Cox and Mr. Jones of the Teutonic major and minor epics and sagas, the anatomy is much less displayed, the solar terminology very much less brought into view, than in former ones of the Hellenic cycle.

Gareth and Lynette. By ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate.
London: Strahan.

MR. TENNYSON does not trouble himself about solar or any other origins, or he might have found in his present story of Fairhands, the youngest Son of Lot and Bellicent, one of the most curious phases of the myth, than which none has phases more curious or more multifarious, of a younger son, a Boots, who emerges from sooty servitude into a blaze of glory above his brothers. The two points of view from which alone, may it not be said, Mr. Tennyson regards the material of his Arthur Idylls, are the ethical and the picturesque points of view. And at both he stands, consciously and without compromise, as a modern, although a modern in no way concerned with philological criticism. The aim which presents itself to him is that of re-modelling and re-telling episodes, or fragments of episodes, of the Arthur cycle, such as shall group themselves round a central conception which is a moral conception in the modern sense, and shall yield incidents which are picturesque according to the modern fancy. The central conception is that of the noble ideal institution, the Round Table, of a noble ideal character, King Arthur, doing its work in the world for a time, and by-and-by brought to decay by the lapses towards what is ignoble and un-ideal of the comrades upon whom its founder depends for its maintenance. It is a trite tale to tell how such a conception, very widely applauded among readers of poetry when it was first made apparent, has come to very many to seem by this time mistaken and unmanageable; and how, in his particular management of it, Mr. Tennyson seems to have introduced the poorer and not the finer part of modern ethics, till its effect on that side, in spite of episodes of partial beauty, tenderness, and even dignity, is, on the whole, jejune, petty, unreal, and undignified. In the case of the "Last Tournament," which forms the second member of the small new volume now before us, this quality comes out very painfully, in the treatment of the character of Tristram especially. In "Gareth and Lynette," which forms its first and only new member, the nature of the case fortunately prevents it from coming out at all. No call is made on any more special moral virtues in the hero than reasonable courtesy, patience, and courage, nor is there any exhibition of more special vices in the heroine than pride and pettishness; so from that point of view there is little to say. And from the point of view of picturesqueness and colour Mr. Tennyson has never done better. The description of the carven gateway through which Gareth and his men pass on their way to Arthur's court, the description of the four brothers who beleaguer the castle of Lyonors, and especially the last of them, these are perfect examples of the artist's manner. It is a manner

as much as possible the reverse of the simple, garrulous manner of the original romance writers, and of the modern English poet upon whom the mantle of these has descended. It is the extreme at which art stands farthest from simplicity; both in language and rhythm the research, the polish, the elaboration, the modulation, the labour of chisel and file—nay, of sandpaper—are apparent on the surface, and more apparent the closer you look. And every now and then, as elsewhere, the artist seems even to overstrain and over-subtilize his art by a shade, and to leave on his carving a stroke that looks like trick or affectation. But exquisiteness of workmanship, even in excess, is good, and subtlety of rhythm is good, and picturesque colour and movement of narrative with terseness are good. So Mr. Tennyson has given us plenty to be grateful for, and little to grudge, except this, that he has not chosen to conceive his episode positively or decidedly, but left us to choose, according to a difference between the romance authorities, which lady of two the hero shall marry, after having been unmercifully rated by one of them. That, surely, is not the procedure of organic construction, or of poetry that has realised its subject with power. That, and the want of harmony—the impossibility of perceiving how there can be any harmony—between the sentiment of the heroine in her songs, which are of tender jubilation, and her speeches, which are of shrewish reviling—these deprive the poem of the praise of art in the whole which it deserves in an extreme degree for its art in detail.

Ranolf and Amohia, a South Sea Day-Dream. By ALFRED DOMETT. London: Smith and Elder.

HERE is another volume of verse, not blank, and telling upon different feelings than that of respect. Surprise, annoyance, warm admiration, fatigue, interest, and then again fatigue—these are the feelings which Mr. Domett knows how to touch. If his volume had been about a tenth part of its actual bulk, he might have succeeded in touching only the pleasanter fibres of the chord. For, when you have read the wilderness of verse to an end, and declared to yourself a dozen times that its writer is no poet and will never leave off, you find yourself acknowledging at the close that his work contains the material, and even gives evidence of the gift, necessary for a score of poems. I do not know whether there is truth in the story that this writer is the "Waring" of Mr. Browning's poem, returned from the Antipodes with this to show for himself. But to the Antipodes the writer has been, and his poem is a sort of New Zealand *Atala*, without the Christianity, the self-denial, and the tragic end, and with interminable undisciplined verse in the place of the cadenced and majestic prose. What is strange is that the writer, who has such a genius for the interminable that he can take a score of pages—a hundred—in the description of a single landscape, or a single passage of sentiment between the European lover and his Maori lady, has also a fair talent for condensation when he wants it. Before sending *Ranolf* to New Zealand, our author describes his origin and education in Great Britain; and the education comprises an ardent, if disappointed, study of all systems and philosophies. So the poet gives a metrical history and criticism of modern speculation and its leaders, which is extraordinarily well done for such an attempt, and though ragged enough in form, is neither diffuse nor unreadable. There is a doctrine, or sum of doctrines, of which the poem scarcely ever loses sight, and which develops itself in the mind of the hero as the result alike of his studies, his adventures, his

reflections, his communings with his Antipodal bride, and all the currents of his experience; and that is the doctrine in which theism blends with optimism to assert the immortality and perfectibility of the soul—the doctrine, or very nearly, as I understand it, of Mr. Browning. The New Zealand landscape of Mr. Domett is as new as was Chateaubriand's description of Virgin America in his day, and has all the elements of vividness and enthusiasm which should make it poetical and striking, if it were only not so full of repetition and amplification. A critic with room to quote might quote in a way to make that part of the work seem very admirable. The adventures, on the other hand, are a little dreamy, slow-moving, and unreal; as in fact I imagine they are not meant to be possible in the sphere of reality, but only what a poetically minded colonist might sigh for if imagination could create a Maori maiden to its desire. But here, too, there are passages of very delicate and beautiful feeling, and good things which need separation. The writer describes the scenery of volcanic ground, with geyser jets and subterranean heat, and bubbling processes of geologic change going on before the eye. His own work, shall we say, is in the phase of igneous fusion—a chaos from amid which it is unlucky that the store of good poems, of which it contains the elements, have not been able properly to disengage and integrate themselves.

Memorials of a Quiet Life. By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE. 2 Vols.
London: Strahan.

THIS is a book of a very singular kind. It is impossible to read without a certain interest and attraction (though there is many times too much of it) a collection of letters, notes, and various memorials which record the innermost particulars of family history, when the history in question is that of unusually gifted families, and of persons who, though not in the first, and often not in any rank, of the famous, have represented in their lives special phases and turns in the ever-changing, and so stealthily and imperceptibly changing, stream of our society. On the other hand, it is hard not to feel that there is a certain indelicacy in the revelation of things which passed so near the private hearts of those concerned, and are not of the kind which society is accustomed to summon into publicity, even in the case of the famous themselves. The records of the origin of the families of Hare, and of Leicester, are those of families representative in many ways of English society in the inmost fibres of its history and constitution, and for any student wishing to get these fibres into clear view, there would be no more desirable book to turn to than this one in the earlier chapters of its first volume. For the long dead, there is no indelicacy in intimate revelations; but when we come to the quite lately dead, the revelations are both in themselves much more intimate, and the feeling grows as you read that you have no business to know all this. Not that the book contains much gratification for the eavesdropper, since it relates chiefly the private affairs of pure and estimable and finely gifted men and women, and it relates them, so far from with malice, with a spirit of charity and affectionateness amounting to unctious; but that private affairs ought not to be put in a book at all, unless they are those of figures positively historical; and neither the figures of Julius and Augustus Haro, the Guessers at Truth, nor those of any of their amiable friends and relations, whose correspondence is here opened for us (unless it is the single figure of an illustrious philologist at the origin of his science, Sir W. Jones) can be considered to be of positively historical proportions. And

though there is nothing set down in malice, such, we say, as to gratify the eavesdropper, there may well enough be that set down in indiscretion, which will be such as to grate upon the sensitive survivor of these friendships and family relations. Inasmuch, however, as it appears that the lady to whose memory the book is dedicated by her son, and whom his affection chiefly celebrates, herself designed the greater part of its contents for publication, his may scarcely be called the blame if this is so. And, the sense of indelicacy once waived or got over, the book contains much reading of a wholesome kind, and circles about the memories of many persons, in thinking of whom gossip itself has to change into gentleness and reverence. The perfections of English life and womanhood, as the two latter generations of the last century had developed them by the beginning of this, could for instance find no more beautiful representative than in the gifted mother of these gifted sons—the Mrs. Hare-Naylor, who, after a life of happy poverty with her husband and children in Italy, came back to delusive wealth in England, lost her sight and died.

The Forms of Water in Clouds and Rivers, Ice and Glaciers. By JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D., F.R.S., &c. London: H. S. King.

THIS is the opening volume of a series due to a concerted project of European and American publishers, for which the world of writers and of readers will have alike to thank them. The series is to consist of hand-books within the popular understanding, written by the most eminent professors of special branches of knowledge, and chiefly, for the present, of physical science, with a view of bringing home the latest results in each branch in as comprehensive a form as possible to the most universal circle of readers. The members of the series are to be published simultaneously in England, the United States, France, and Germany. Its programme contains the most powerful list of specialists that could possibly have been hoped: and it is really to be regarded as one of the most promising enterprises of the day. Obviously, no one could have been found to open the ball better than Dr. Tyndall. This volume, taking for basis his old and recent experiments on the Mer de Glace, together with the original ones of Forbes and Winslow, on other glaciers, expounds the fundamental physics of ice, snow, rain and water, with the picturesque and imaginative force of his best style. To criticize here is no business of ignorance, only to thank the writer for helping it to a little understanding in spite of itself.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

THE MORALITY OF MARRIED LIFE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—In answer to numerous correspondents and others who have not understood the closing paragraph of my article on *The Morality of Married Life*, in the *Fortnightly Review* for October, I shall be glad if you will allow me to state that the reference intended is to physiological laws first enunciated about thirty years ago, and since recast with greater exactness of limitation by writers of eminence in that department of science. If authorities are needed, it will be sufficient to mention the treatises of RACIBORSKI (1844), COURTUY (1845), POUCHET (1847), AVRARD (1867). M. Raciborski's latest work (1868), while properly qualifying the absoluteness of his previous conclusions, does not lessen their practical value to the bulk of the community.

Yours faithfully,

November, 1872.

MONTAGUE COOKSON.

JUN 7 - 1928



